

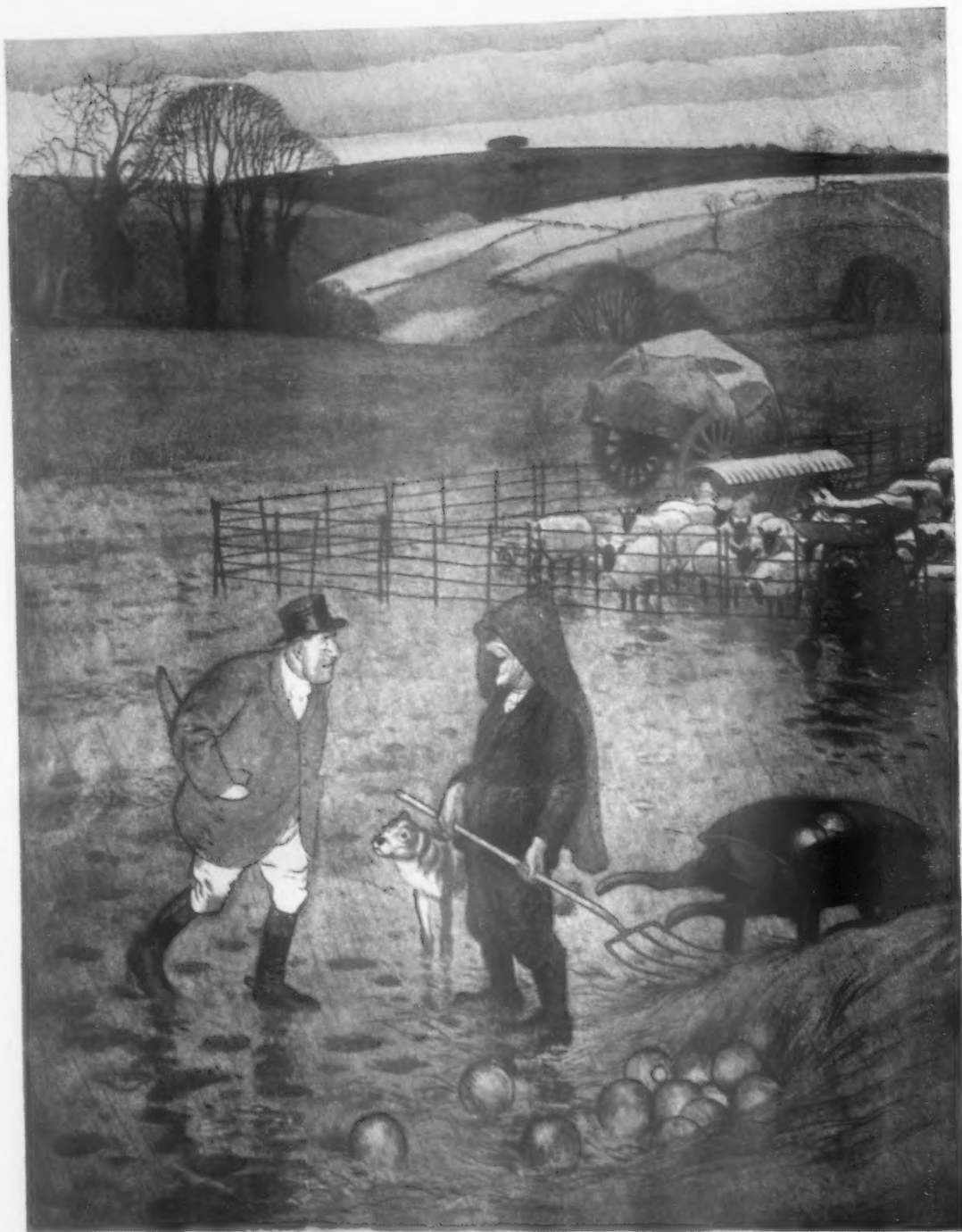
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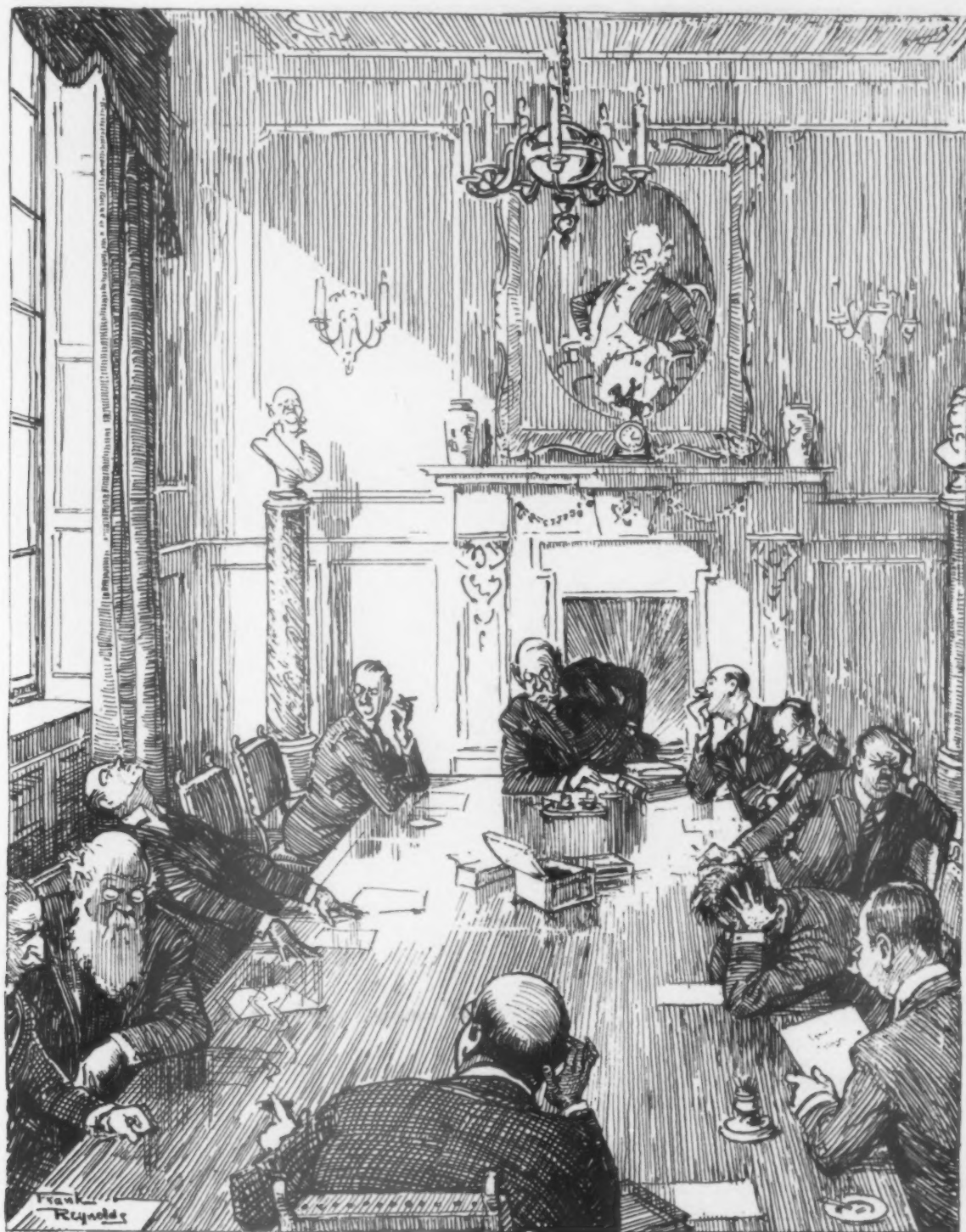
Punch Almanack-1936



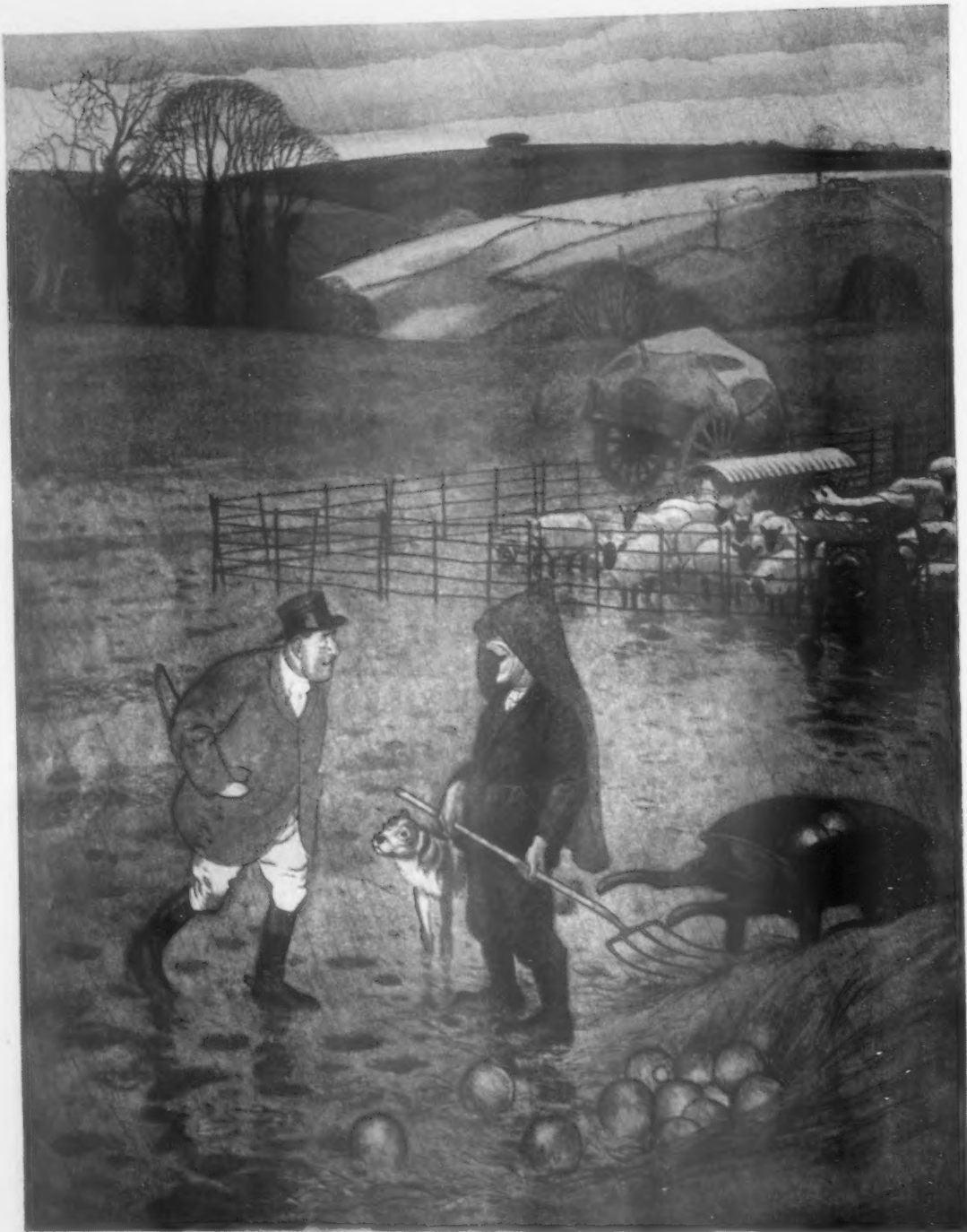
GASTRONOMIC SYMPHONY.
BRINGING IN THE BOAR'S HEAD.



"YOU'VE LOST YER 'ORSE, YOU'VE LOST THE 'UNT AND YOU'VE LOST YER WAY. GAW, MISTER, AIN'T YOU LUCKY YOU AIN'T LOST YER HAT?"



Chairman of Commercial Conference (in search of a slogan). "HOW I WISH SHEDLOCK WERE HERE! IT WAS HE WHO GAVE US—'DON'T FRET: HAVE A GASPERETT.'"



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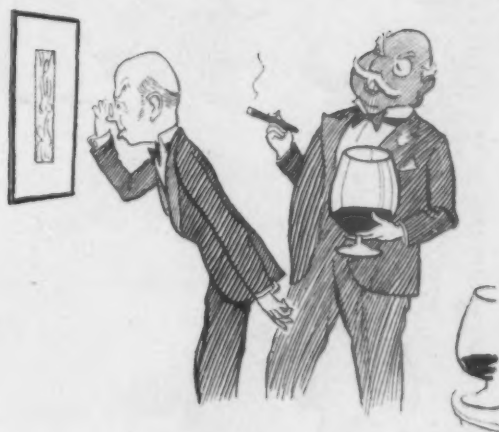


THE SCEPTICS.

"I Q—QUITE AGREE, PROFESSOR, THERE IS *BOUND* TO BE A PURELY PHYSICAL EXPLANATION FOR SUCH PSYCHIC PHENOMENA."

November 4, 1935

Punch Almanack for 1936



THE LIQUEUR BRANDY.



Struwwelpeter Up-to-Date.

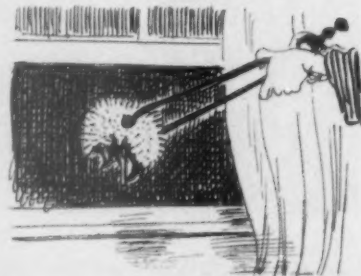
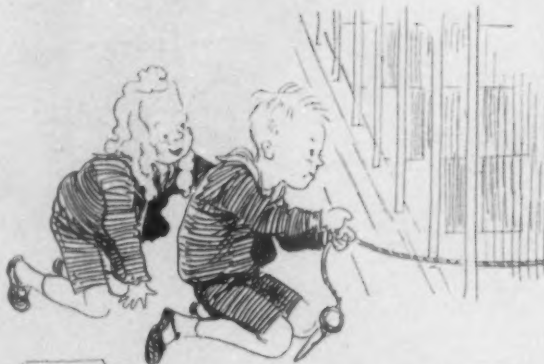
The Story of Ruthless Mike and Reckless John.

As John and Michael did not like
Their governess, Miss Marlinespike,
They did their utmost every day
To drive that worthy soul away.
They perched wet sponges on the door;
They sprinkled tin-tacks on the floor;
They smeared her spectacles with soap,
Lassoed her with a skipping-rope
And placed a hedgehog, lately dead,
Right in the middle of her bed.
I shudder to report the sins
Devised by these ingenious twins;
But still, undaunted, undismayed,
Miss Marlinespike just stayed and stayed.

Says Ruthless Mike to Reckless John:
"These gentle hints must not go on."
Says Reckless John to Ruthless Mike:
"We must bump off Miss Marlinespike."
(This horrid phrase, I fear, had been
Picked up from gangsters on the screen.)
"But how?" says Mike. "We have no gat"
("No gun" was what he meant by that),
"And stainless nursery table-knives
Are not much use for taking lives."
"I know!" cries John. "We'll have to give
her

A good hard push into the river."
But Michael quickly crushes him:
"You fool—Miss Marlinespike can swim."

One day their dear mamma was sent,
By way of an advertisement,
A sample tube of "Kreemidew,"
Which on the floor she idly threw.
Michael and John with one accord
Retrieved it for their private hoard,
And, oh! their triumph as they read:
"VANISHING CREAM" was what it said.



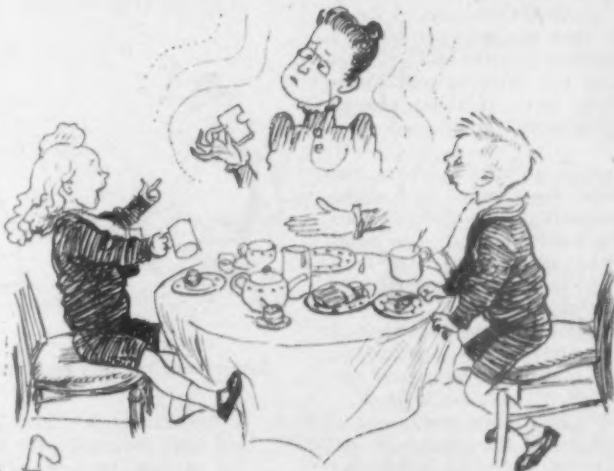


At last—or so it seemed to them—
They would get rid of poor Miss M.;
And, though quite dead they'd have preferred her,
Perhaps 'twas best to do no murder.
At tea-time they contrived to spread
The stuff in secret on some bread,
Then passed their governess the plate
And watched in silence while she ate.
Miss M. had scarcely time to mutter
"There's something queer about this
butter . . ."

Before her voice grew thin and small
Till it was hardly heard at all,
While gradually her hands and face
Both vanished into empty space;
Soon all the rest dissolved as well—
Until, miraculous to tell,
There was nobody to be seen
Where poor Miss Marlinespike had been.
Cries Ruthless Mike to Reckless John:
"Hip, hip, hooray! She's really gone!"
Cries Reckless John to Ruthless Mike:
"Now we can do just what we like!"
"Oh, no, you can't," a whisper said
From somewhere just above his head,
And then he shed unmanly tears
For unseen hands had boxed his ears;
While Mike, across a ghostly knee,
Was soon as sore as sore could be.

A wretched life from that day on
Led Hapless Mike and Luckless John;
For unexpected prods and slaps
And cuffs and clouts and tweaks and raps
Were showered all day from empty air
Upon the miserable pair,
While always the reproachful sound
Of whispering followed them around.

Children, pray be warned by them:
Make the best of *your* Miss M.
Better one you do not love
Than a disembodied gov. JAN.



Ernest H. Shepard

VANISHING
CREAM

The Inquest.

I.

AN authority, though that is neither here nor there, on the history of India, the policeman paced the Embankment, cogitating, it may be, about Chandragupta. The time was near Christmas, but the weather was uncomfortably warm (forgive me for this note of sordid realism); a gentle rain was falling; gentle ripples, or waves, corrugated the surface of the river, and gentlemen walked up and down. Ladies also walked up and down. But it was one of the gentlemen—a thinnish young man, pale, wearing no hat, with hollows beneath his cheekbones and a heavy jowl, with smooth dark hair and eyebrows slanting downwards from each other, wearing a belted salmon-coloured rough home-spun overcoat and loose yellow gloves, a trifle shabby, with brown shoes and wide grey trousers—it was this young man who was instrumental in recalling the policeman's thoughts from the fourth century B.C. to the present moment.

This feat he performed by ejaculating "Officer!"

The policeman had a red knobby face, with rather a curved nose—

[Artist. Will you be so good as to tell me why you weigh in with all these beastly details?

Author. Certainly. I do it so that readers may be in a position to write and tell you that you have missed something out. Nothing pleases them more. To proceed—]

—and deep furrows down the cheeks. He signified by a slight movement of one eyebrow and a backward jerk of the head that he was now on what may for convenience be referred to as the alert.

At this the young man pointed to one of the seats on which was a motionless figure and announced, "That man is dead!"

"I'll take your name and address, please," said the policeman instantly, and he extracted his notebook.

"Mine?" said the young man.

"Yours."

"But this is nothing to do with me," the young man demurred, "and meanwhile there's a dead man on that seat." "Getting deadier every minute," said the policeman with Oriental sarcasm. "Afterw—subsequently, I

mean to confirm that. At the moment what I require, Sir, and what I must have is your name and address."

The young man supplied his name and address without further ado, but the policeman wrote them down with a good deal. This done, they together approached the seat in question.

The figure on it was still motionless. It was that of an old man, with a



"THAT MAN IS DEAD."

stiff grey moustache and gold-rimmed glasses, holding a pipe in the very centre of his mouth, wearing a—

[Artist. Hey! I don't think I shall draw this figure anyway. Don't bother.

Author. No trouble—no trouble at all.]

—light grey felt hat, very smart, with



"TRUST THE PIN . . . INTO THE OLD GENTLEMAN'S THIGH."

a black ribbon and curled brim, and an old blue overcoat over a brown suit; his necktie was of a brown check design, and his shoes were black with rubber soles.

"You say this gentleman is dead?" said the policeman.

"I do," the other replied. "He is dead. You're simply wasting your time calling him a gentleman."

"Have you a brown-paper bag?"

"Certainly," said the young man, pulling one out of the pocket of his coat and handing it noisily to the policeman.

The policeman spent several moments filling it with official breath until its wrinkles were smoothed out and it was as sleek as a haggis. He then placed it close to the ear of the figure on the seat and brought his other hand smartly down on the distended portion, producing a loud report. The old gentleman with the pipe did not move a muscle.

The policeman cast the remains of the bag to one side and nodded. "So far," he admitted, "your theory holds."

"I tell you it is quite certain he is dead," said the young man. "I am—"

"All in good time," the policeman replied. "Have you a pin?"

"Certainly." The young man produced one from the lapel of his overcoat.

The policeman grasped the head of the pin firmly between finger and thumb, turned round, and walked away for several paces. Returning at a run he thrust the pin, with the impetus so gained, into the old gentleman's thigh. It had no visible effect at all.

Withdrawing the pin after a slight struggle, the policeman returned it to its owner with the satisfied remark: "Test Two also provides a negative result."

The young man persisted, "How many more times have I to tell you—"

"Peace, peace!" said the policeman soothingly. "All things must be done in their due order. Test One, negative; Test Two, negative. Now for Test Three. Have you a stethoscope?"

"Certainly," the young man responded, mollified. From the other pocket of his coat he pulled one and handed it wriggling feebly to the policeman.

Taking it cautiously and putting the correct ends—for he was not so far sunk beneath the cowl of meditation and immersed in the ocean of visions as not to keep (albeit panting

slightly) abreast of modern invention—in the appropriate ears, which he possessed in full measure, the policeman placed the nozzle or business end of the instrument against the old gentleman's chest. He then cast his eyes upwards and listened intently.

Passing traffic roared and hooted, the rain tinkled in the gutters, the trams and seagulls squawked and the feet of passers-by clacked on the pave-

ment. Standing up, the policeman removed the earpieces of the stethoscope from his head with two muffled plops.

"Not a sound," he announced, handing the apparatus back to its owner.

"I keep telling you——"

The policeman held up his hand: "Sssh! Have you a mirror?"

"Certainly."

The policeman took the mirror and held it before the face of the seated figure, removing it after a few moments and subjecting it to a prolonged scrutiny. At the end of this he returned it to the young man, saying quietly, "True. This man would appear to be dead."

The young man looked as if he would, had he been wearing a hat, have removed it. But after this he was unable to resist saying, "I told you so."

"So you did," the policeman handsomely admitted. "Now, what would you say the old fellow died of?"

"Ah!" said the young man.

The policeman bent forward and pulled open the overcoat, revealing a brown coat and waistcoat. He felt in the pockets of this. The sole result of his search was a piece of paper, folded small, which proved on investigation to bear the words: "I am going to end it all," with the signature in a crabbed and shaky hand, "Donovan S. Doorhandle."

"Humph!" said the policeman. "Suicide. There'll have to be an inquest."

II.

The inquest was not held by the present coroner, because it was after his time. This coroner was a man with a head something like a tortoise's and a long neck which stretched in and out of his collar in a very interesting way. On the day of the inquest he wore a blue pin-stripe suit——

[Artist. If you expect me to spend hours of time and trouble in drawing pin-stripes, which will not, let me tell you, come out in a small reproduction——

Author. No, no. Nobody but the reader expects you to do that. These details are to give you the emotional background.]

—and this made him somewhat irritable. He was also much perturbed by the way his glasses, which had gold rims, kept falling off his nose.

When the young man was giving evidence he leaned forward.

"You say you were getting off a tram when you found the deceased?" he asked keenly.

"Yes," said the young man.

There was a very officious juryman at this inquest who now stood up and said, "Why did you get off the tram?"

"Because," the young man replied, "I had gone as far as I wanted to go."

"Why?" inquired the officious juryman.

"You need not answer that ques-



THE CORONER.

tion," the coroner said kindly, for he wished to provide the reporters present with a pithy paragraph before the subject of riding on trams was left behind. He then raised his voice and provided them with this paragraph, but such was the competition that day, when the third cousin of a peer wrote to a morning paper casting doubt on



"THE POLICEMAN WAS BROUGHT FORWARD."

the existence of fairies, that it was killed after the early editions.

At the end of this digression the taking of the young man's evidence was resumed.

"You then found the deceased," said the coroner. "How did you find the deceased?"

"Dead," said the young man.

"Suicide!" ejaculated the policeman

from the body of the court. No one paid any attention to him.

The officious juryman stood up. "You knew deceased was dead?" he inquired of the young man.

"I suspected it," the young man replied. "Shortly afterwards I witnessed the application of Tests One, Two, Three and Four, and my suspicion became a certainty."

"What about Test Five?" asked the officious juryman, assuming a cunning expression.

The coroner waved a deprecating hand and said, "Now, had you any ideas about the cause of death?"

"Suicide!" the policeman called out firmly.

Again he was ignored, though members of the public could be heard telling each other that he should be given his chance, same as anyone else.

The young man said it looked to him as if the old gentleman might have died of old age. This threw the policeman into a great state of annoyance, and he shuffled about, tapping his feet and whistling and muttering, "They call this justice!" and "Talk about the Dark Ages!" and similar remarks, until the coroner called him to order.

In due course the young man's evidence was ended and his place was taken by one of Donovan Doorhandle's sons.

"Is your name Porcelain Doorhandle?"

"It is."

"You are a son of the deceased?"

"I am a son of Donovan S. Doorhandle, but——"

"How many sons had he?"

"Seventeen."

"And which are you?"

"The sixteenth."

"Have you no ambition?" inquired the officious juryman sharply.

The coroner quelled him with a look and went on, handing down the note the policeman had found: "Do you recognise that writing?"

"Yes," said Mr. Porcelain Doorhandle, "but——"

"It is your father's writing?"

"Yes."

The officious juryman stood up and said, "How long has that been your father's writing?"

"As long as I can remember."

"How long can you remember?"

"My earliest recollection," began Mr. Porcelain Doorhandle, "is of being taken in a bassinette——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the coroner, who was now so jealous of the officious juryman that he could not even hear with patience the answers to his questions—"the important point is that it was your father's writing."

"Is," corrected Mr. Porcelain Doorhandle.

"Was," said the coroner.

The officious juryman stood up with a pitying smile. "If I may be allowed," he began, "to arbitrate—"

"If you may, call me a wet smack," said the coroner loudly. "Siddown. Now, Mr. Doorhandle, can you put forward any reason why your father should have written those words?"

"Well, you see, when he wrote them—"

"Never mind," the coroner interrupted. "All we have to do is to ascertain the cause of death."

"Suicide!" bellowed the policeman from his place.

"Bring that man forward," ordered the coroner.

The policeman was brought forward by a chartered accountant.

The coroner said: "What was it you were saying?"

"I said 'suicide,'" cried the policeman, "and what I say I mean." And, taking a deep breath, he repeated at the top of his voice: "Suicide!"

"Very well," the coroner said; "and what makes you so certain this was suicide?"

"Doesn't the old bloke in person say so? 'I am going to end it all,' he says."

"How do you know," the coroner asked, "that he wrote that?"

"Doesn't he sign it?"

"How do you know?"

"If you're suggesting he forged his own signature," said the policeman, "I say it can't be did. I've tried it with mine. Try as I would, nothing came of it. Can't be did."

"Suicide!" came a sudden bellow from another part of the court where a colleague of the policeman's had been asked by him to stand and back him up.

The coroner sat back for a moment to get his breath, sitting smartly forward again just in time to forestall the officious juryman by pointing out in a voice of thunder: "What we are trying to discover now is the circumstances—"

"Are," put in Mr. Porcelain Doorhandle, who by an oversight was still in the witness-box.

"What we are trying to discover now is—"

"Are."

"Stand down, Mr. Doorhandle," the coroner ordered. "We are trying to discover the circumstances of this death, and, if so, why. You can stand down too," he added rapidly to the policeman, on whose lips the first explosive syllable of the word "Suicide" already trembled. "That completes

your evidence, if any. We will now hear medical evidence."

They then heard medical evidence, or a certain amount of it, for the expert from whom it proceeded would frequently forget to make the ends of his sentences audible, and some of the middles were not all they might have been. From him, however, was success—



"SUICIDE!" CAME A SUDDEN BELLOW.

fully extracted the statement that the body he had examined bore no sign of life.

"Yes," said the coroner, "and what did he die of?"

The expert mumbled something, upon which the officious juryman stood up and asked truculently, "Are you keeping anything back?"

"I made exhaustive investigations," said the expert very loudly and distinctly, "and in due course I came to



"THE JURY RETURNED A VERDICT."

the conclusion th . . ." and his sentence tailed away into inaudibility.

"You came to what? You came to what? What did he come to?" said the coroner, turning to a clerk.

"I understood him to say nothing was found," said the clerk.

"Nothing?" repeated the coroner to the expert.

"Nothing to cause death," the expert mumbled.

"But the man was dead!" cried the officious juryman, forgetting in his indignation to stand up.

"Murder!" bellowed the policeman, who was not the kind of man to hold obstinately to an old opinion when a new one seemed to offer any purchase; and, rushing to where the young man who had found the body was now standing, he arrested him with efficiency and dispatch, but without a warrant.

Several other people began to dart hither and thither with no particular end in view. The coroner rapped with his gavel to restore order, and Mr. Porcelain Doorhandle said, "If I may be allowed to speak—"

"Well," the coroner said testily—"well?"

"It's only about that paper," said Mr. Porcelain Doorhandle diffidently, "with the writing. 'I am going to end it all,' on it. To my certain knowledge my father wrote that in August, 1921, and it had been in the pocket of that suit ever since. As a matter of fact," he added in a confidential tone, "he's at home now, chuckling to himself. He thinks it rather fun not to attend his own inquest."

"What!"

"Yes. He gave that suit away to a manufacturer of waxworks."

At this moment the expert in the witness-box became suddenly audible. "Perhaps I should have mentioned before that the figure I examined was of wax. The policeman omitted to apply Test Five, which is to hold a lighted match beneath the nose of the subject. If the subject begins to melt it is wax."

After this there was a long silence, broken at length by the policeman, who had a fundamentally honest mind.

"Police error!" he ejaculated. "Miscarriage of justice!" and he de-arrested the young man instantly.

The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the evidence when it was explained to them what this had been, and the officious juryman was exempted, much to his annoyance, from all further service.

After the inquest the policeman was invalidated out of the Force and retired on someone else's pension.

[Artist. And is that the end?

Author. It is.

Artist (nastily). Don't you think that with your passion for detail, your solicitude for the nuances in the emotional background, you might explain how it was that the old gentleman was not discovered a little earlier to be made of wax?

Author. No.]

R. M.



THE BRIGHT SIDE.

"SHE'S BEEN ON A WEST INDIES CRUISE—I DON'T 'ARF ENVY 'ER PASSENGERS."

"BAH! FANCY WASTIN' ALL THAT TIME AN' MONEY JUST TO COME BACK TO 'AVE TO GIT USED TO THIS CLIMATE AGIN."

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"NOW WHO SHALL WE CHOOSE FOR SANTA CLAUS?"



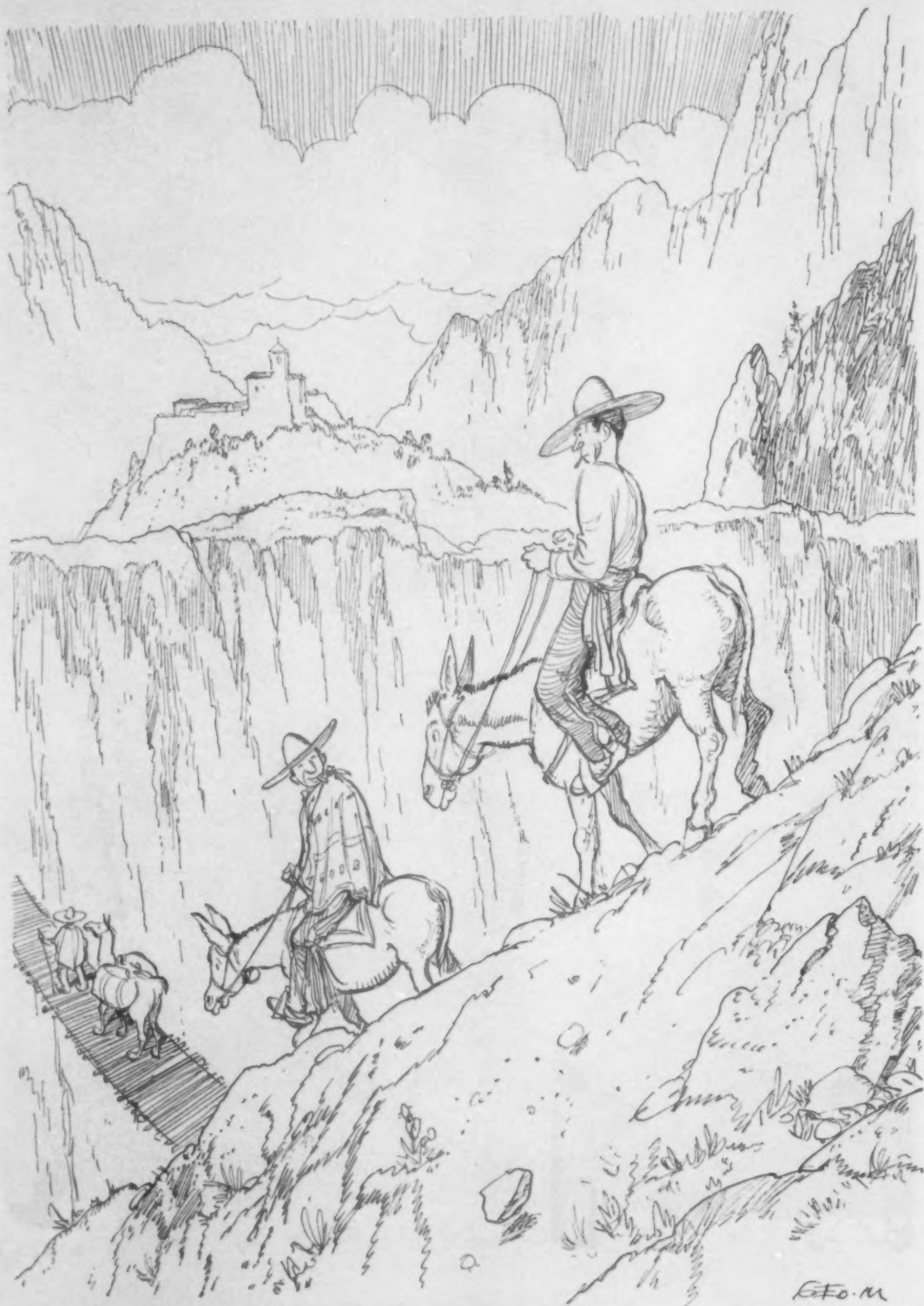
CHRISTMAS EVE; OR, FOILED AGAIN.



"NOW WHO SHALL WE CHOOSE FOR SANTA CLAUS?"



CHRISTMAS EVE; OR, FOILED AGAIN.



"IT'S ALL RIGHT, PEDRO. THE GARBO PICTURE DOESN'T BEGIN TILL EIGHT-FIFTEEN."

November 4, 1935

Punch Almanack for 1936



"MIND 'OW YOU GO WITH 'ER, 'ARRY. SOME OF THEM BIG SHIPS AIN'T FULLY INSURED, AN' I WOULDN'T LIKE TO DAMAGE 'ER SO THAT THE GOVERNMENT 'AD TO PAY ANYTHING. IT MIGHT MEAN A BOB ON THE INCOME-TAX."

THE PERSONAL TOUCH IN SHOPPING.



TRYING—



BEFORE—



BUYING—



IS A SPLENDID—



IDEA—



BUT—



CARE—



SHOULD BE—



TAKEN—



NOT TO—



OVERDO IT.



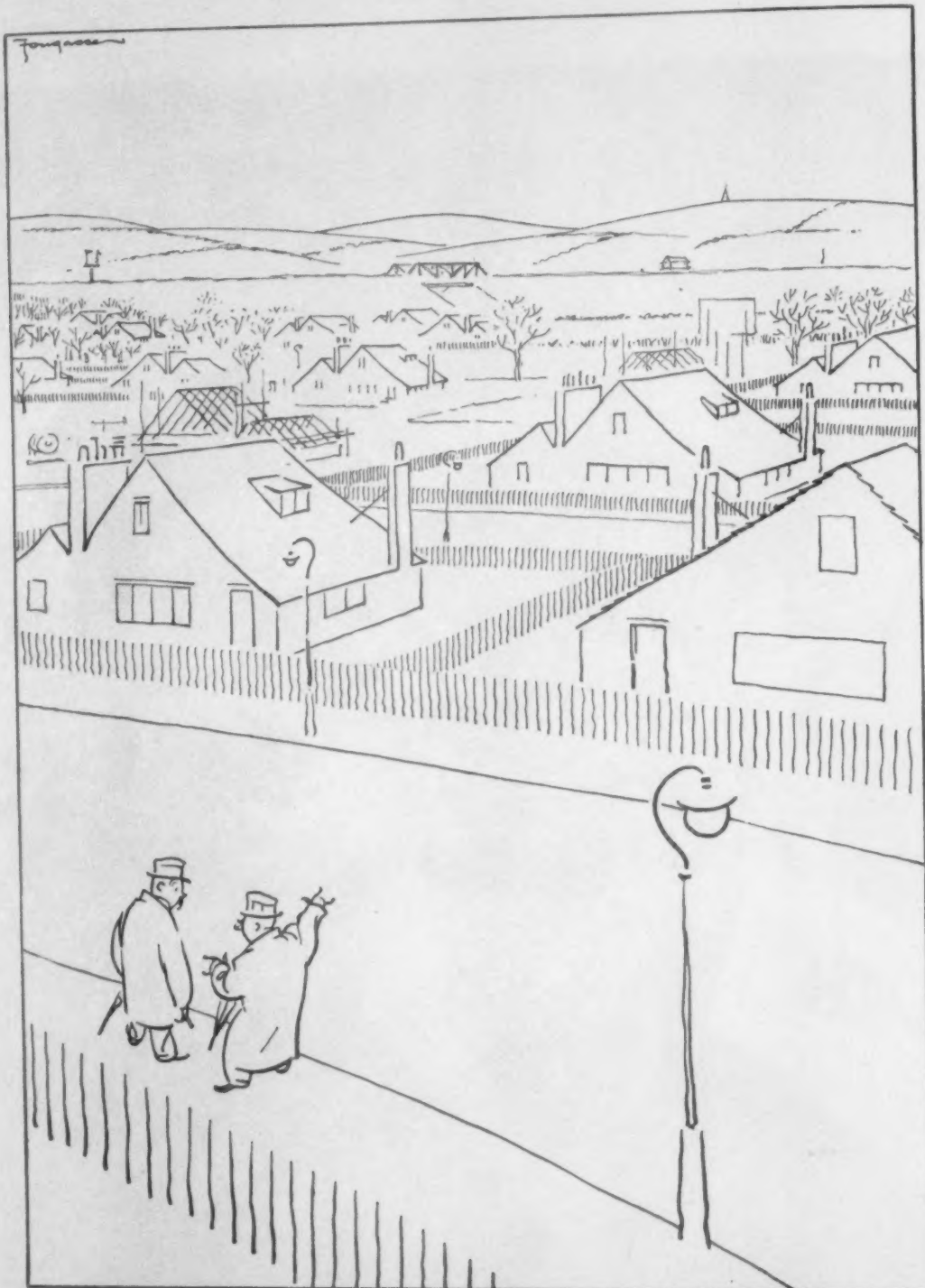
-HENDY-

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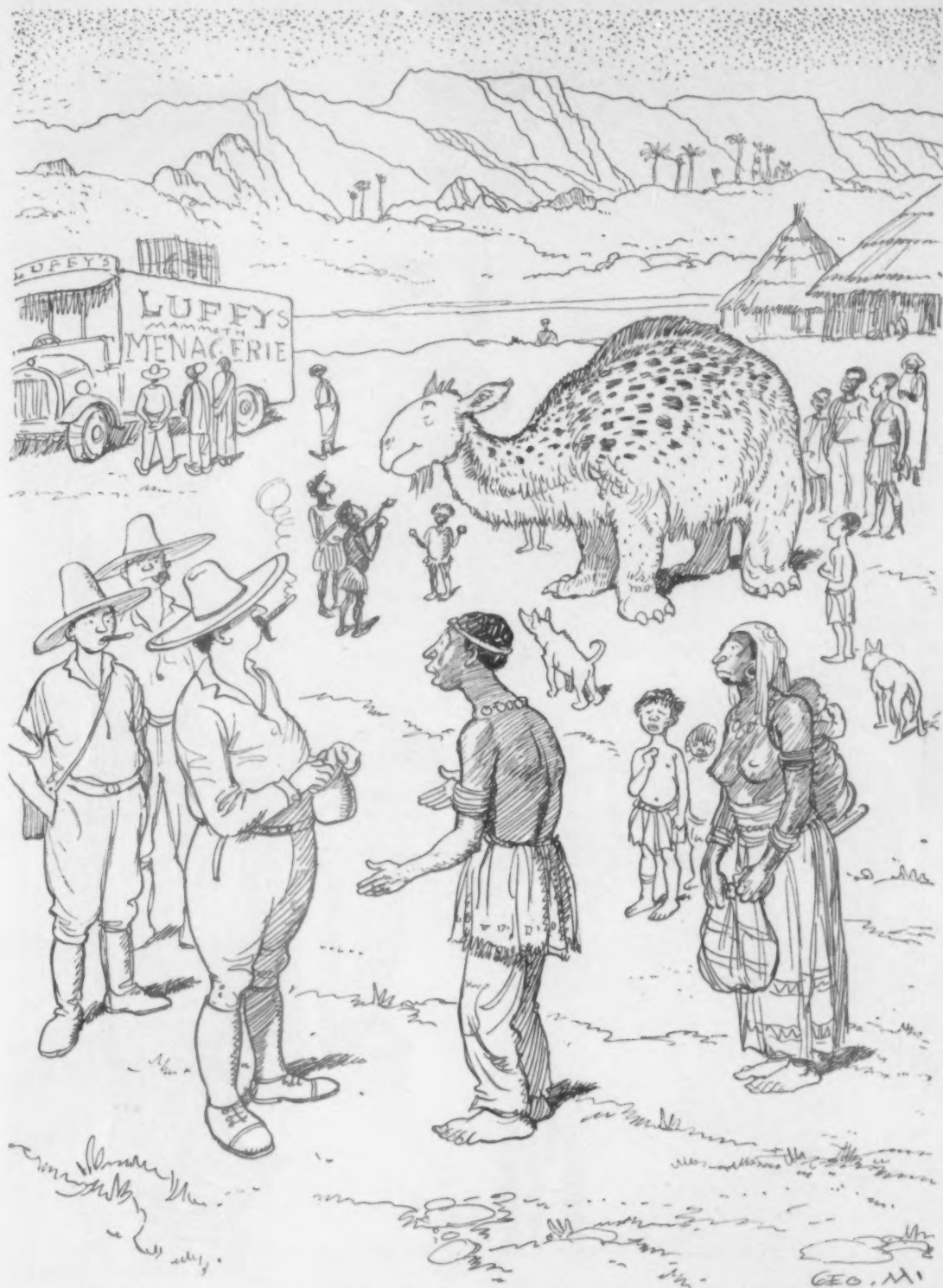
"NOW LET ME TELL ONE."



"YOU SEE, IT'S LIKE THIS: AS SOON AS YOU START PAYING THE INTEREST ON THE MORTGAGE THAT YOU'RE TAKING OUT ON THE BUILDING THAT I'M GOING TO START BUILDING ON THE SECURITY OF THE LIFE INSURANCE THAT YOU'RE TAKING OUT TO SECURE THE TITLE-DEEDS, THEN I CAN START BUILDING THE BUILDING TO CARRY THE MORTGAGE THAT YOU'RE STARTING PAYING THE INTEREST ON."

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"NO, WE WOULD RATHER NOT PART WITH HIM, SIR. YOU SEE, HE HAS KIND OF GROWN UP WITH THE FAMILY."



"'E'S A FASCINATIN' LITTLE FIGGER, SAM, BUT I THINK YOU'D DO BETTER BUSINESS IF YOU WAS SELLIN' A CLOCKWORK FISH."



"YES, THANKS, WE HAD A MARVELLOUS HOLIDAY, B-B-BUT I'M AFRAID WE L-LEFT IT A BIT L-LATE STARTING BACK."



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TRIALS OF A PORTRAIT-PAINTER.



"I DON'T FEEL YOU'VE QUITE CAUGHT MY HUSBAND'S EXPRESSION."



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TRIALS OF A PORTRAIT-PAINTER.



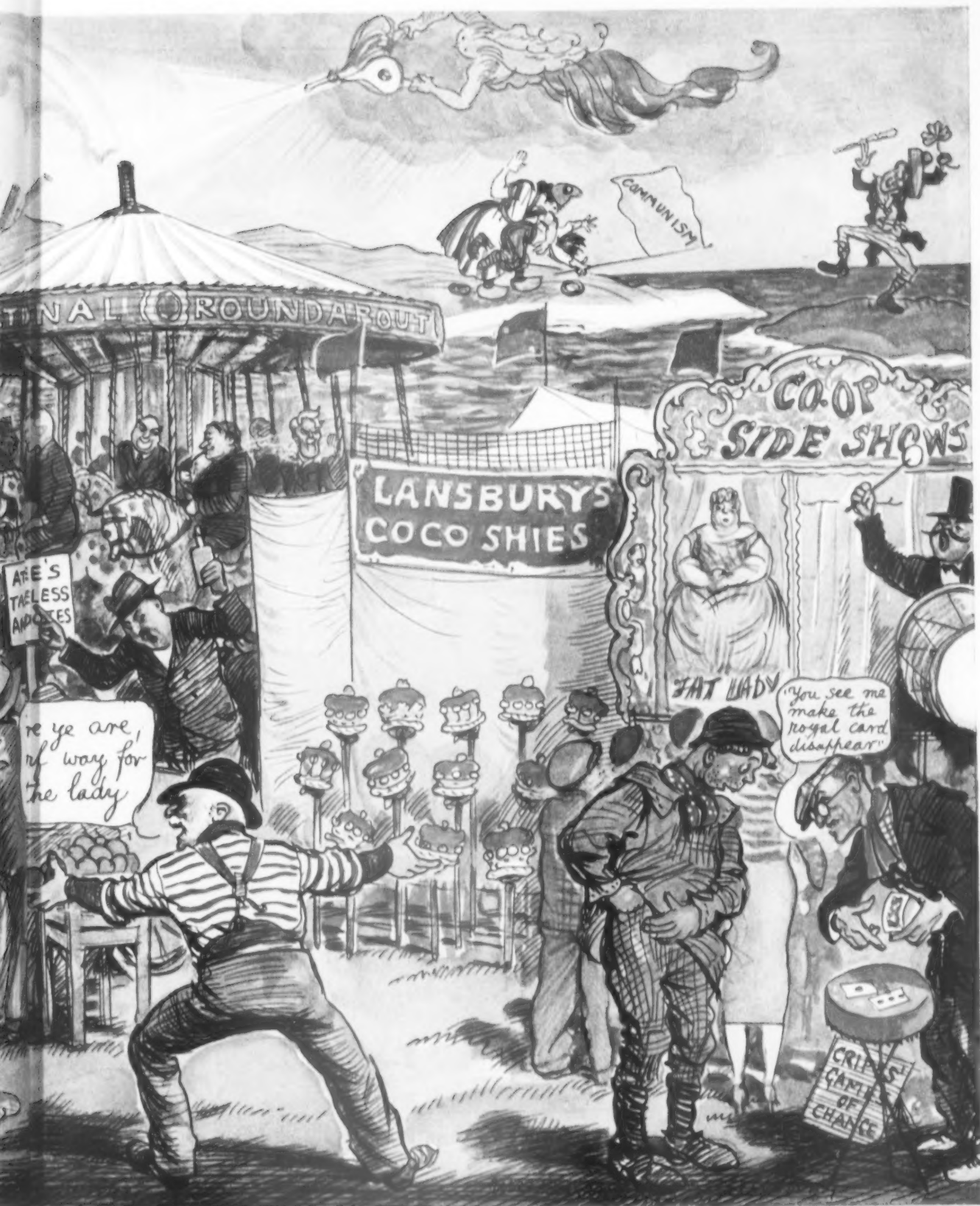
"SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT WHEN SHE GETS USED TO YOU."



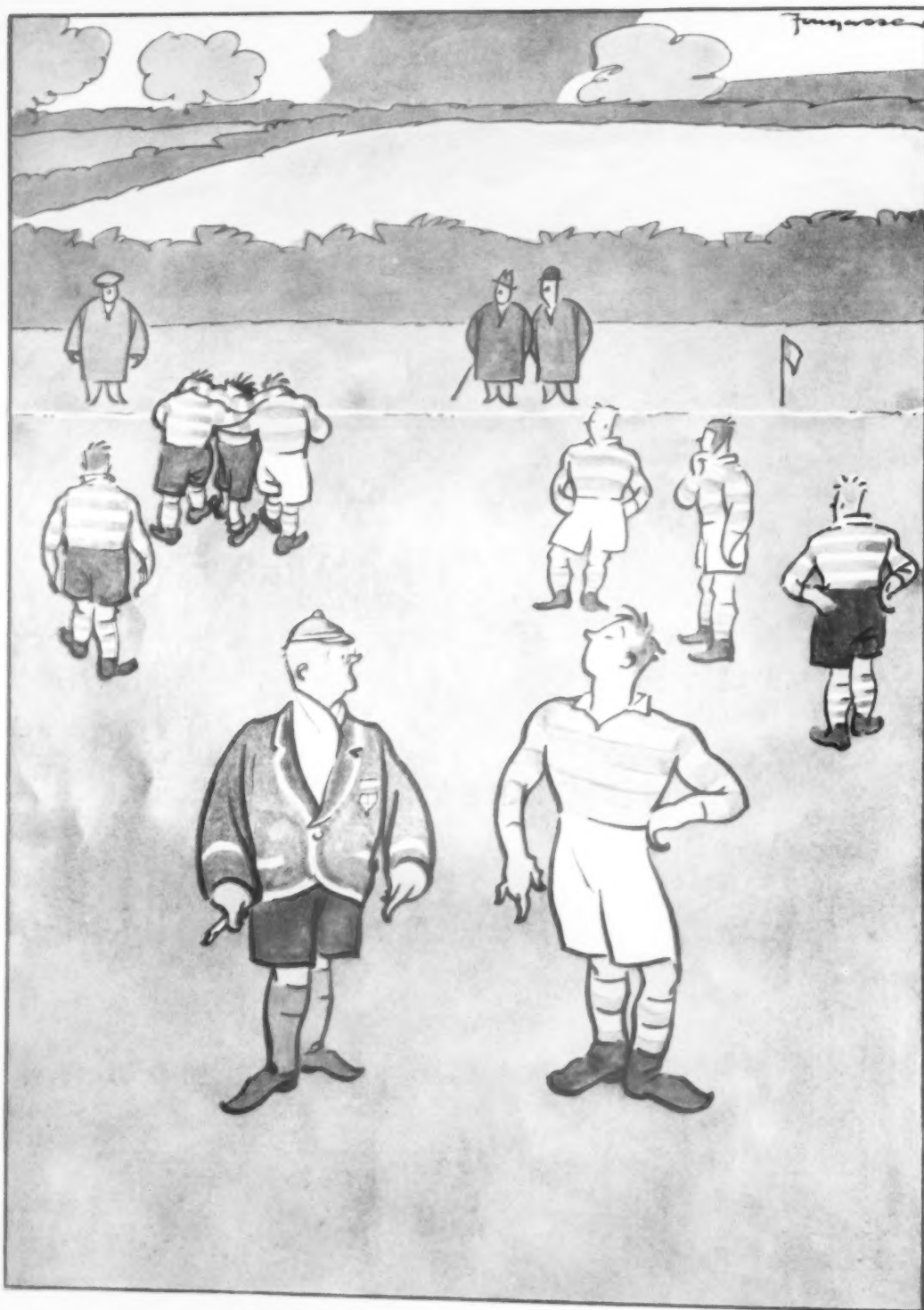
LEWIS DAVISON

ORDEAL BY RELATIONS.

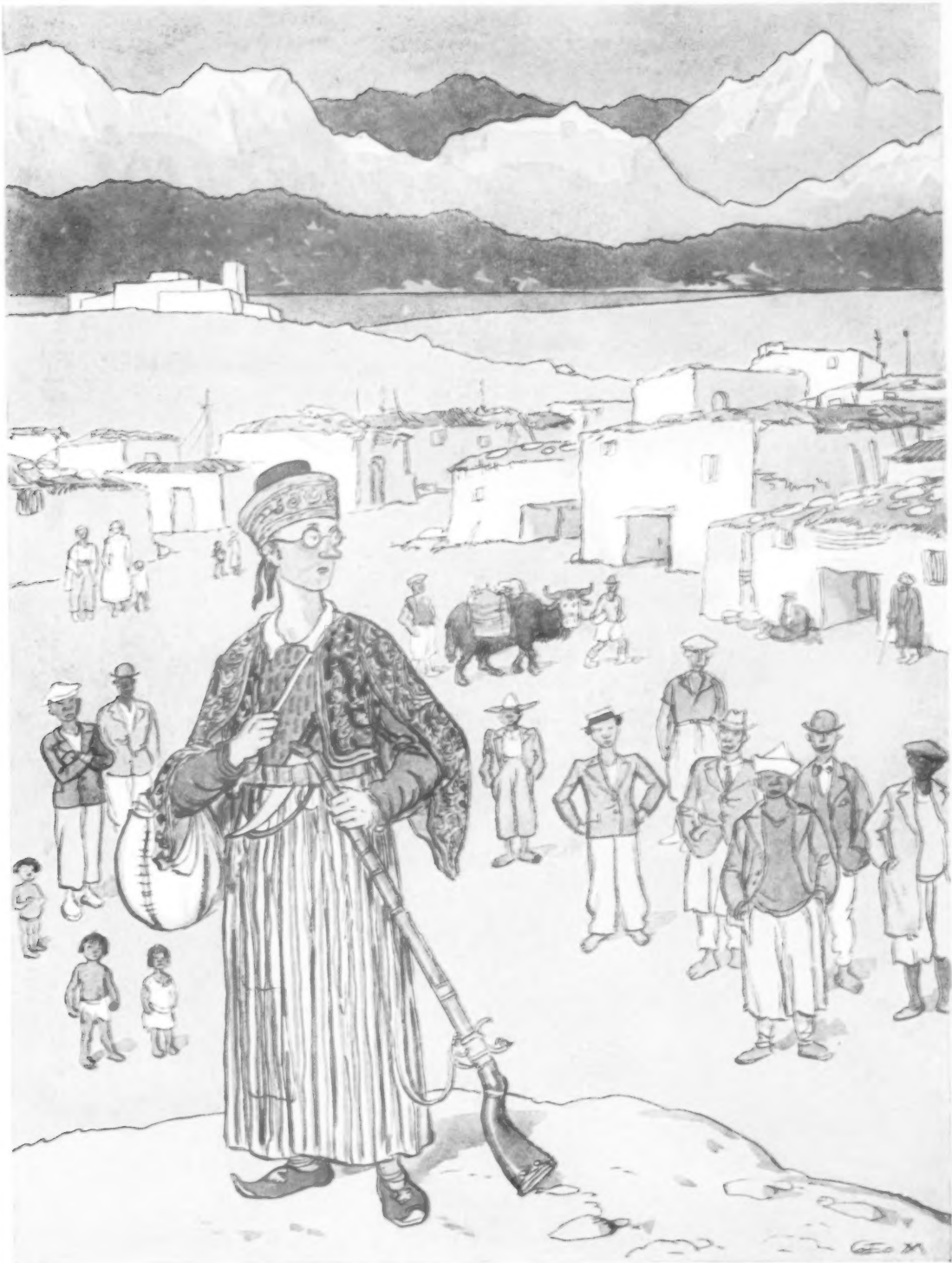




TO HE (POLITICAL) FAIR.



"IF YOU DO THAT AGAIN YOU LEAVE THE FIELD."
"POOH—IT'S FATHER'S."



THE TRAVELLER WHO OVERDID HIS DISGUISE.



LE ROI S'AMUSE.

CASTING THE CHRISTMAS PLAY



...it will take place in the Victory Room on the 9th, and I'm sure I can rely on you to look after the refreshments, Miss Lead...



...and if you could do St. George, Mr. Soulsby, I'm sure we could count on a quite uproarious success



...but you were simply MADE for the part of Father Christmas....



...about 2½ lbs, and I'll pay now ...and I shall count on you for the part of the Turkish Knight.



...but it would be so easy for you to do the part of the doctor, Doctor....



...while for the Princess, I can think of nobody more suitable than my poor self....

THOMAS DERRICK



LE ROI S'AMUSE.

CASTING THE CHRISTMAS PLAY



...it will take place in the Victory Room, on the 9th, and I'm sure I can rely on you to look after the refreshments, Miss Lean...



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THOMAS DERRICK

The Sealskin Tippet.

(A Christmas Story.)

ONCE upon a time there was an Eskimo called Kako who lived in a cosy little igloo next-door to the Post-Office in a little village on the shores of Greenland. In another igloo, further down the street, next to the Blubber-house, the only hotel in the place, lived his sweetheart, Oblukatoki—Obby for short.

These two had been walking out together for years, but as the walking was fearfully slippery, they hadn't got very far. Half the year, of course, it was perpetual night, and, although this sounds all right from a lover's point of view, rubbing noses in the dark for six months on end may become slightly monotonous. The other half of the year it was perpetual daylight, and then of course Kako and Obby were too shy to kiss in public. So their love, though sure, was slow.

Every Christmas Kako gave Obby a present. One year he gave her a necklace of polar-bears' teeth, and another year a fan made of penguins' feathers, and again another year a whaleskin refrigerator. Obby looked forward to her yearly present with ill-concealed delight, and would spend many happy hours idly speculating as to its nature while she dusted the icicles in her igloo.

This year, however, it was not to be a surprise. One day, in September, Kako took her fur-gloved hand in his and, gazing tenderly into the only portion of her face that was visible through her wimple of polar-bear skin: "What do you desire most in this world, Obby dear?" he said. "Tell me and it shall be yours for Christmas."

Obby reflected for some time. "Kako, my love," she replied, "I should like a sealskin tippet—a soft black sealskin tippet, to wear over my new caribou costume."

Kako threw back his head and laughed. "That is almost too simple," he said. "Am I not the best seal-hunter in Greenland?"

Early in October Kako lightheartedly set forth in his kayak, with his harpoon in the stern and food for a month in the bows. Obby waved farewell to him from the shore and then turned away,

wiping her eyes on a deerskin handkerchief and sniffing loudly.

Kako hunted by what is technically known as the "auktok" method, which consists in the hunter giving so life-like an impression of his quarry that he deceives the most suspicious seal. When, therefore, next evening, he sighted a dark figure sitting on an immense icefloe and recognised it as being none other than that of Moma, a notorious giant seal who was the terror of all the herrings in the Arctic Zone, he tied his boat to a convenient icicle and, with his harpoon between his teeth, crawled on to the far end of



"EVERY CHRISTMAS KAKO GAVE OBBY A PRESENT."

the icefloe, lay flat on his stomach and began to "auktok" towards his prey. Occasionally he would lift his head, giving a series of short barks as he wriggled along the ice. Occasionally he would stop to scratch his ear with his hind-leg, make wuffling noises, or sway from side to side in a sort of refined ecstasy. All this time he was getting closer and closer to the seal, who didn't seem to mind a bit.

"She thinks I'm a friend," smiled Kako. "Ah, what a wonderful tippet my Oblukatoki is going to have!"

When he was only a few yards away Kako slowly raised his harpoon and was about to strike when the seal suddenly lifted a warning flipper.

"Ssh!" said Moma, putting her hand up to her mouth.

Kako was so much surprised that he lowered his harpoon, and then, as he drew a yard nearer, he realised that the creature was dandling a little curly-headed baby-seal on her lap, rocking it to and fro and humming the old Finnish lullaby, "An Icele Made For Two," through her whiskers.

The baby seal's eyes were tight shut and it snored loudly and happily as it lay asleep safe in its mother's arms.

Moma smiled gratefully at Kako and went on humming, while the seal-hunter stood unhappily at her side, looking with increasing embarrassment first at his harpoon and then at the picture of maternal bliss that confronted him.

Could he? Could he separate this mother from her child? Could he, even for love's sake, be so cruel? The mother trusted him—look, her eyes were quite wet with tears of gratitude, or was it mere blubber? And the baby, all innocence, slumbered in her arms, unaware of danger. Kako remembered all the hundreds of seals he had killed, and at the thought of the numerous amphibian homes that he had so callously ruined he flung his harpoon into the sea.

"I'll never kill a seal again," he cried aloud—"never as long as I live!"

At his cry the baby seal awoke, slipped out of its mother's lap on to the ice, and started wiggling towards him.

"I want a drink o' water," its eyes seemed to say, and Kako's heart melted at the sight.

"Come with me," he murmured gently, "and I will

give you a sardine," and he led the way to his kayak, taking a tin-opener from his pocket as he went. The baby looked inquiringly at its mother, and, as she nodded assent, did not hesitate to follow its new friend.

Soon Kako was playing a game of snowballs with the baby seal, while the mother busily prepared her offspring's evening bath.

"Schwlyz!" called Moma when she had finished cutting the necessary hole in the ice with her teeth—"Schwlyz!"

"Naa, naa!" cried the baby, sidling away.

"Kaark, kaark!" insisted the other, stamping her flipper authoritatively.

* Pronounced "Sideup."

Punch Almanack for 1936

"Wow!" whined the baby as it was finally submerged.

* * * * *

For Kako the days passed very swiftly in the company of Moma and

his fiancée's Christmas present. How to get Obby that sealskin tippet! This was a problem that worried him perpetually, and Moma seemed to sense his trouble, for she was constantly

"Moma," he confided to her one day, "I have promised my sweetheart a sealskin tippet, and at all costs I must have it. Can you possibly get me one?"

After a few moments' reflection Moma nodded wisely as with one flipper she pointed southwards across the sea and with the other to the mackintosh purse in which Kako kept his pocket-money.

Kako understood at once.

"Leave little Schwlyz with me," he said. "I will take him back to my igloo and cherish him as though he were my own son until you return."

That evening, with a confiding smile to Kako and a few motherly words of advice to her son, Moma did a perfect nose-dive off the icefloe and started away on her long journey across the ocean.

* * * * *

Next morning Kako took Schwlyz back to his future wife and tried to explain everything. Oblukatoki, woman-like, understood nothing.

"I want a tippet," she cried, "not a live seal! If you really loved me you would turn Schwlyz into a tippet."

"On Christmas-Day you shall have your tippet, I promise you," answered Kako patiently, but Obby merely turned on her heel and slammed the door of her igloo.

* * * * *

Meanwhile Moma, puffing and pant-



"Ssh!" said Moma.

little Schwlyz. He spent much of his time teaching them broken Pemmican, which is very like broken English, only rather more broken, and it was not until November that he remembered

trying to divert his thoughts to happier channels. To this end she would balance old tins on the end of her nose or make slides for him across the ice. But still Kako moped.



"PADDED BACK WITH HER TO THE EMBANKMENT."

ing, floundered westwards through the sea, doing the Australian crawl. Sometimes she stopped to exchange greetings with a gull or to practise her Pemmican on a passing dogfish. Once she was called in to give a lesson in Sigillation to a school of porpoises; on another occasion she directed a whole fleet of lost soles to some place they were looking for. Otherwise her journey was tedious but uneventful. But even the longest journey comes to an end, and, on the 20th of December at noon, Moma found herself swimming up the Thames to Westminster Pier, where she stopped, climbed the steps on to the Embankment and had a good look round.

At the pavement edge stood an old man guarding what looked to her like a kayak on wheels.

"Bath-chair, lady?" he asked politely, and without a moment's hesitation Moma climbed into this peculiar vehicle and a rug was thrown over her knees.

Half-an-hour later a bath-chair containing an elderly lady in a long black coat, with a poke-bonnet tied under the chin by a mauve ribbon and wearing a chiffon scarf round her neck, might have been seen issuing from Harridge's Millinery Department and entering their Fur Department, where its occupant kept repeating the word "Sealskin!" in a peculiarly hoarse and strident voice.

The shopwalker and his assistants crowded round, bearing with them a fine selection of sealskin coats, muffs, wraps, rugs and capes, all of which the customer pushed aside in disgust. Finally, when the patience of all parties concerned was almost exhausted, the shopwalker produced an armful of tippets and laid them on the counter. Moma gave a long sigh of relief when she saw them, and after some hesitation chose a beautiful soft black tippet lined with shiny grey satin. An assistant tied her purchase up in a smooth brown-paper parcel and handed it to Moma with a low bow.

"That will be to your account, Modom?" he asked politely.

Moma nodded her head, clutched the precious package under her flipper and, turning to the bathchair-man, said something which sounded to him like "Home, James!"

He, poor man, whose already flat feet were by this time more than ever like pancakes, desired nothing better

than to get rid of his old lady, and padded back with her to the Embankment as fast as his fallen arches would allow.

At the sight of the river flowing beneath her Moma gave a thirsty gurgle, leapt out of the bathchair and, flinging a handful of Eskimo fluks (equivalent to tenpence in our money) at the attendant, swarmed up on to the parapet and dived head-first into the river.

A policeman and several bystanders rushed forward to save her, but they were too late. With a cheerful bark and a wave of the flipper, Moma disappeared from sight, and when next



"FILL THE LITTLE ONE'S STOCKING WITH BLUBBER."

morning her bonnet and cloak were washed ashore, the newspapers devoted many columns to the terrible tragedy, and the streets were ablaze with newsbills reading: "Aged Foreigner Commits Suicide." "Beautiful Woman's West-End Death-Dive." "Continental Spy Finds the Only Way Out."

Meanwhile in Greenland all was not well. Little Schwlyz lay like a thorn between the lovers. He was a tippet, one of nature's tippets, and Obby wanted a tippet. Kako, however, strangely fierce, guarded him like some precious jewel, and Obby's jealousy knew no bounds. As she watched Schwlyz snoozing in the inglenook of Kako's igloo, where he sat like a comfortable torpedo sucking the new

moustache of which he was so proud, she would suddenly find her fingers straying towards the knife that dangled at her side. Mercifully she was still able temporarily to control herself. She would wait, she decided, until Christmas-Day, and then. . . .

* * * * *

Christmas Eve arrived but no Moma. Kako was growing desperate, Obby scornful, Schwlyz tearful. At midnight Kako, disguised in a long white beard and a scarlet dressing-gown, crept along to Schwlyz's cot to fill the little one's stocking with blubber. Obby followed, but with murder in her heart and hand.

Schwlyz was snoring as usual, with a woolly nightcap pulled well over his ears to keep him warm. And as the two lovers stood, one on either side of his bed—Kako's heart full of love, Obby's full of hate—no one knows what might have happened had they not both of them heard at that moment a knock on the door.

It flew open, and on the threshold stood Moma! Moma, and in her right flipper a grey-lined sealskin tippet marked "Shopsold. £2 10s. Made in Germany."

It is impossible to describe the scene of joy and excitement that ensued—the touching reunion of mother and son, the moving reconciliation of Kako and Obluk-atoki, the thanks, the kisses, the tears.

"I give you my mackintosh hold-all," said Kako to Moma, "as a token of my esteem. You can use it to keep shrimps in," he explained. "I know how elusive they are."

Moma barked gratefully and, taking her son by the hand, led him out across the ice into the midnight sun.

Kako gazed after them regretfully, and then turned to Obby, who was hugging her new tippet as though she could scarcely believe that it was real—which, as a matter of fact, it was not.

"She's a wonderful seal!" she said at last.

Kako nodded. "And the first mother to swim from Greenland to England and back!" V. G.

Parents who take their children to pantomimes nowadays notice few changes since they themselves were young. In some cases of course the Principal Boy is different.

November 4, 1935

Punch Almanack for 1936



"ARE YOU SEEKING YULETIDE GIFTS OR MERELY CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, MADAM?"



"WATCHER DOIN' OF? YER AIN'T SINGIN' IN CHUNE."
"BOO-OO—I AIN'T S-SINGIN' AT ALL; I GOT THE STUMMICK-ACHE."

CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES IN FAR-OFF LANDS.—I.



Buying the
Christmas Ostrich
in M'Bongo M'Bongo

Bringing in the Wart-Hog's head

'Skittles' in
the Far South.



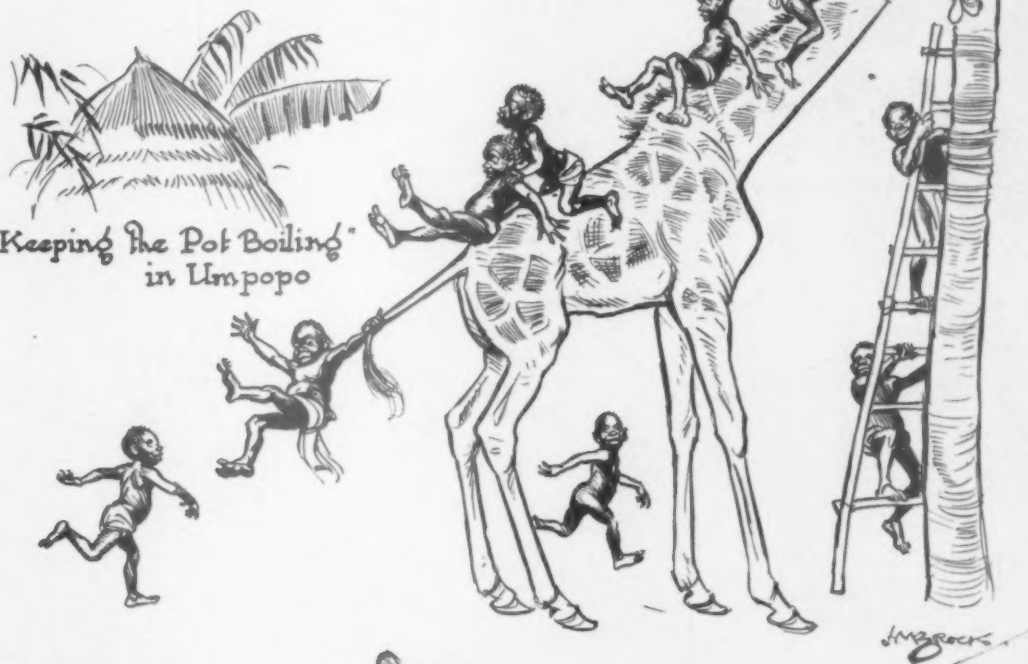
Christmas Eve
in Eskimo land.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES IN FAR-OFF LANDS.—II.

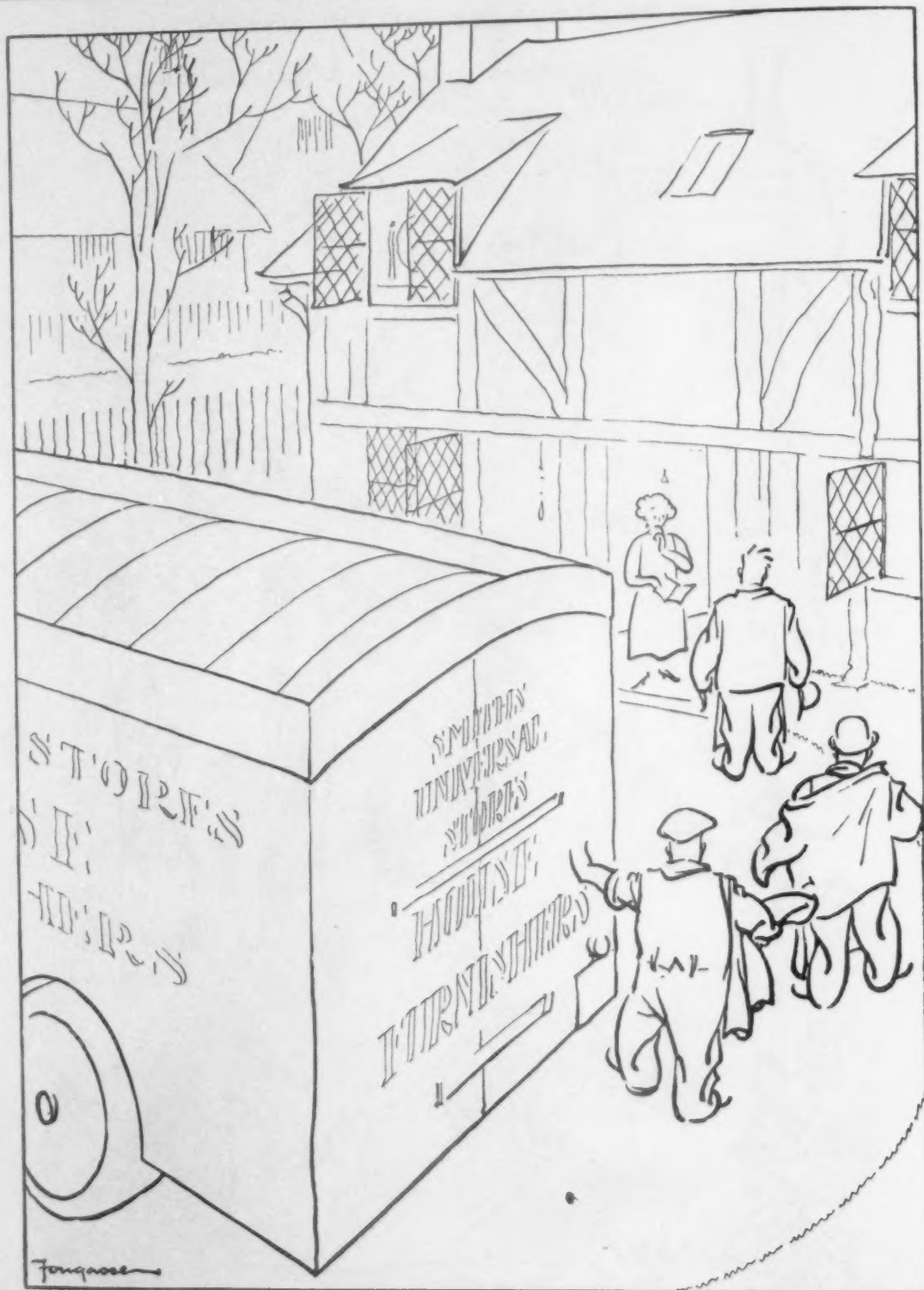
Pinning the Tail to the Polar Bear



"Keeping the Pot Boiling" in Umpopo



"Blind-Man's Tiger" in Ramarwami

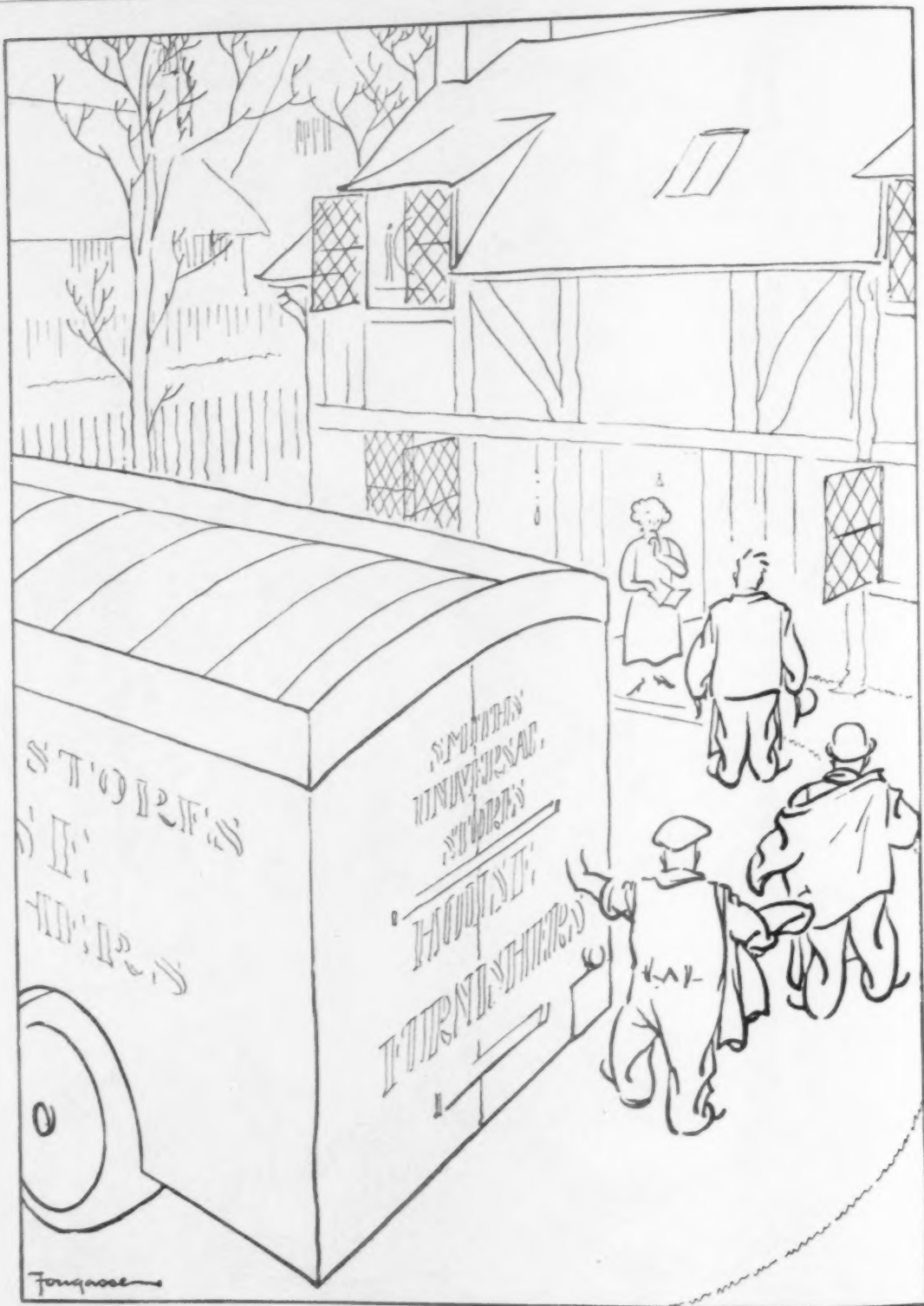


"OH, BUT I MEANT S-W-E-E-T-S!"



TROUBLE IN TYROL.

"I THINK YOU'LL FIND 'CONVERSATION WITH A BARMAID' ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE, GEORGE. THAT'S THE 'CONVERSATION WITH A BARRISTER' YOU HAVE BEEN HAVING WITH HER."



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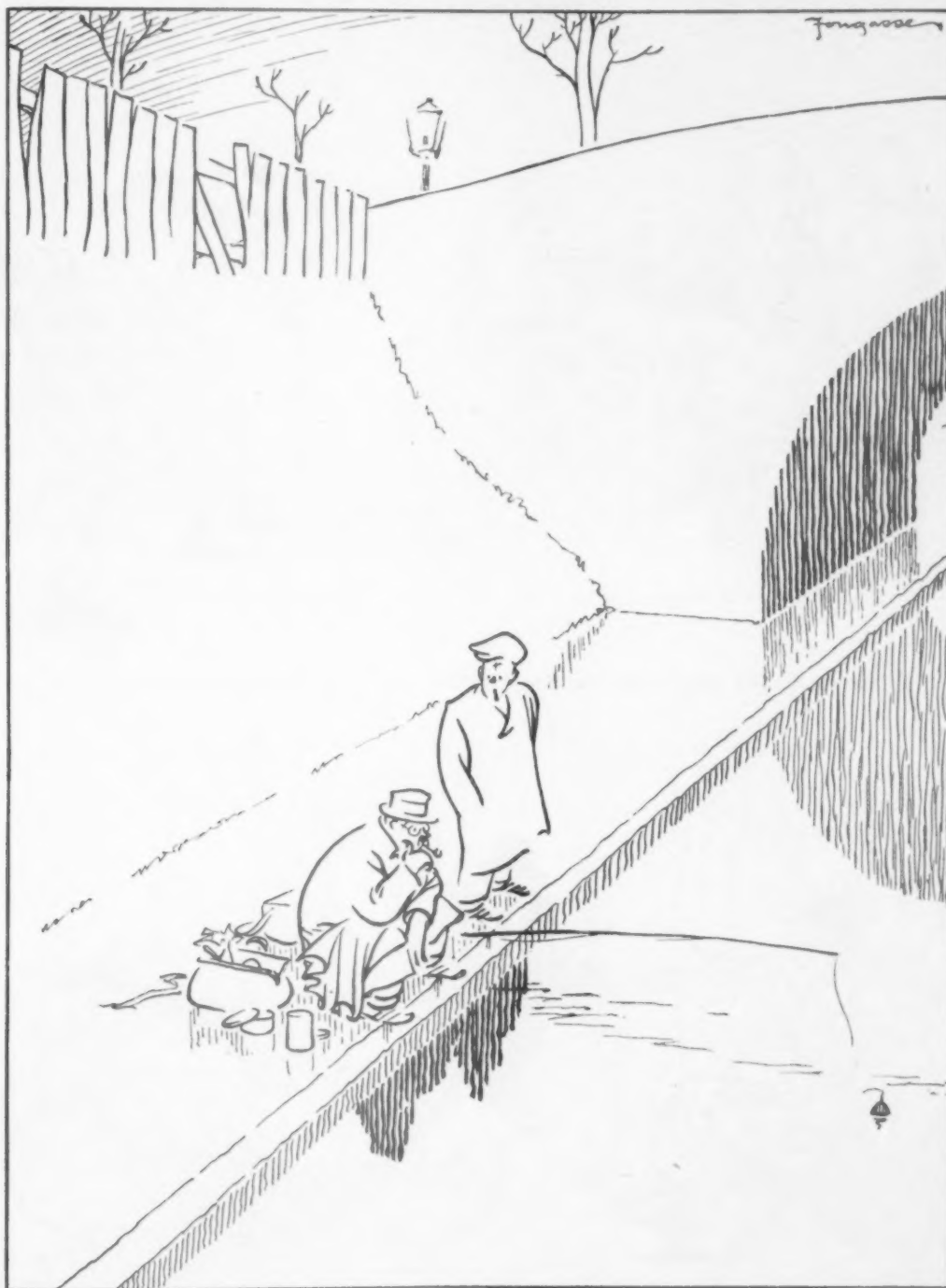


UNSPORTING.

A-HA THEY'LL NEVER TRACK US HERE."

November 4, 1935

Punch Almanack for 1936



"FISH HERE MUCH?"
"WHAT FOR?"
"WHAT SIZE?"
"WHAT THEY LOOK LIKE?"

"YES."
"BREAM MOSTLY."
"ANYTHING UP TO FIVE POUNDS."
"I'VE NO IDEA."



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Punch Almanack for 1936



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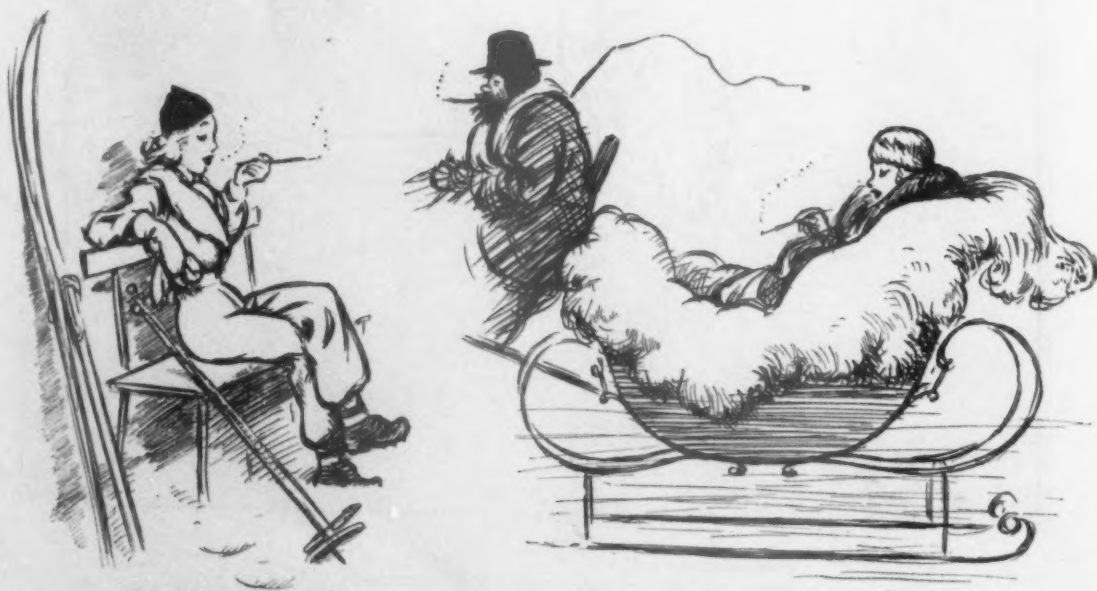
"YES."
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"I'VE NO IDEA."

THE LOOKER-ON.



"MY DEAR, LIFE IS A PRETTY STRENUOUS BUSINESS HERE.

WHAT WITH SKATING—



AND SKI-ING ALL THE MORNING—

AND SLEIGHING—

THE LOOKER-ON.



—AND LUGE-ING ALL THE AFTERNOON—



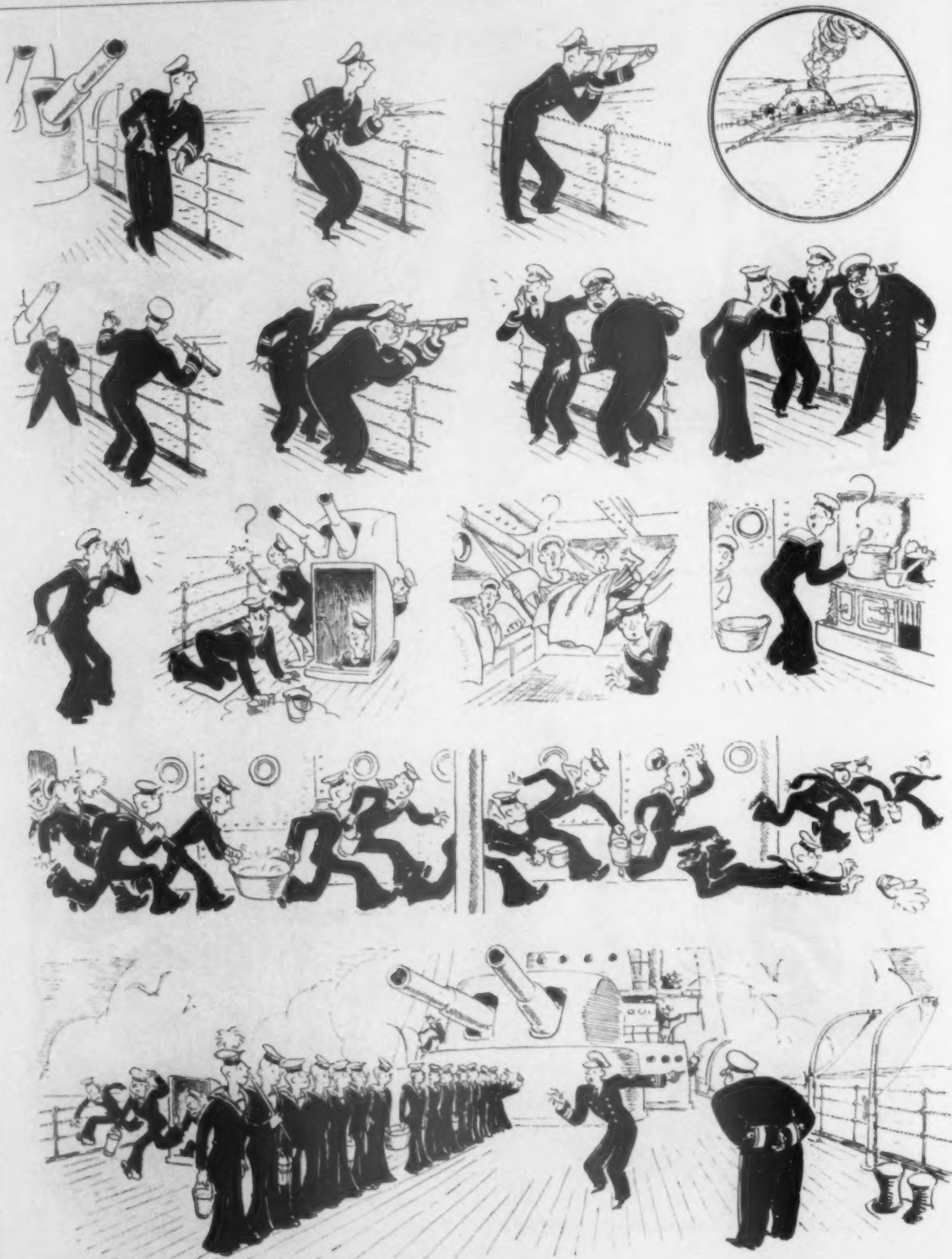
TO SAY NOTHING OF TEA-PARTIES—



GALA NIGHTS AND SO FORTH—



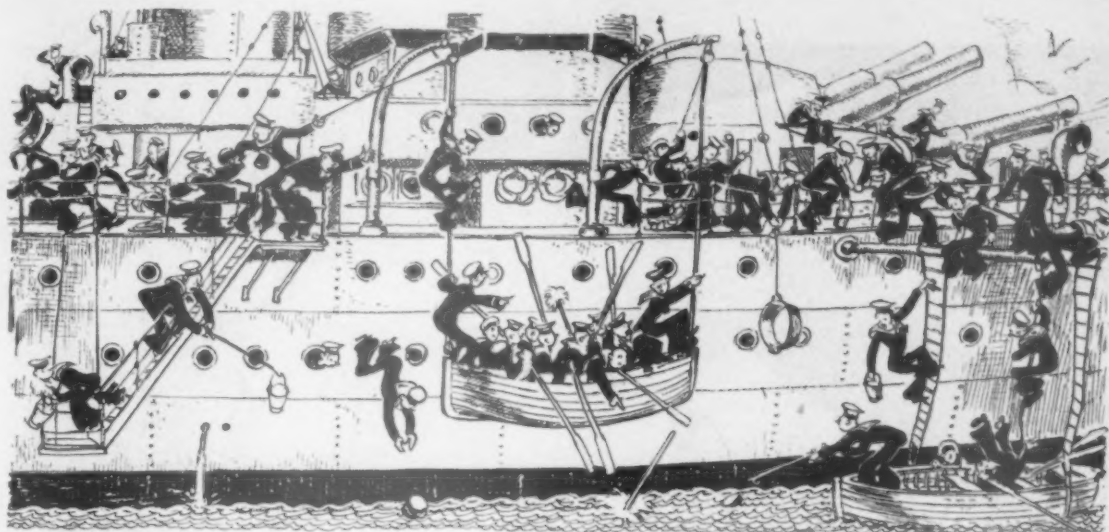
I AM ABSOLUTELY WORN OUT CHANGING
FROM ONE COSTUME TO ANOTHER."



THE NAVY TO THE RESCUE; OR, ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK.

November 4, 1935

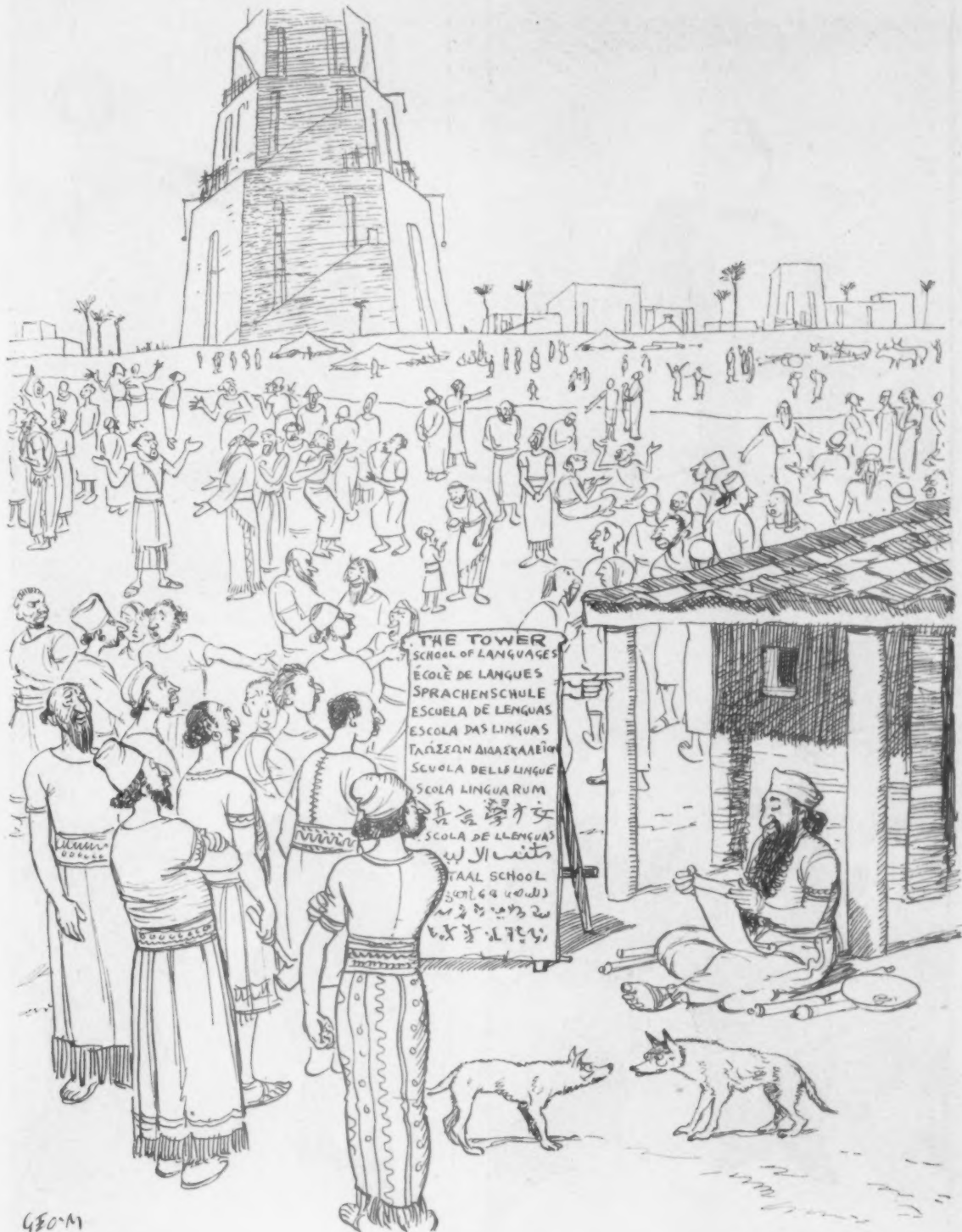
Punch Almanack for 1936



THE NAVY TO THE RESCUE; OR, ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK.



"ALL RIGHT, MR. BALANZARI—NO NEED TO GO ANY HIGHER; THE WHOLE AUDIENCE HAVE THEIR EYES SHUT."



THE OPPORTUNIST.



FAMOUS TENOR GIVES THE WAITS A TIP.



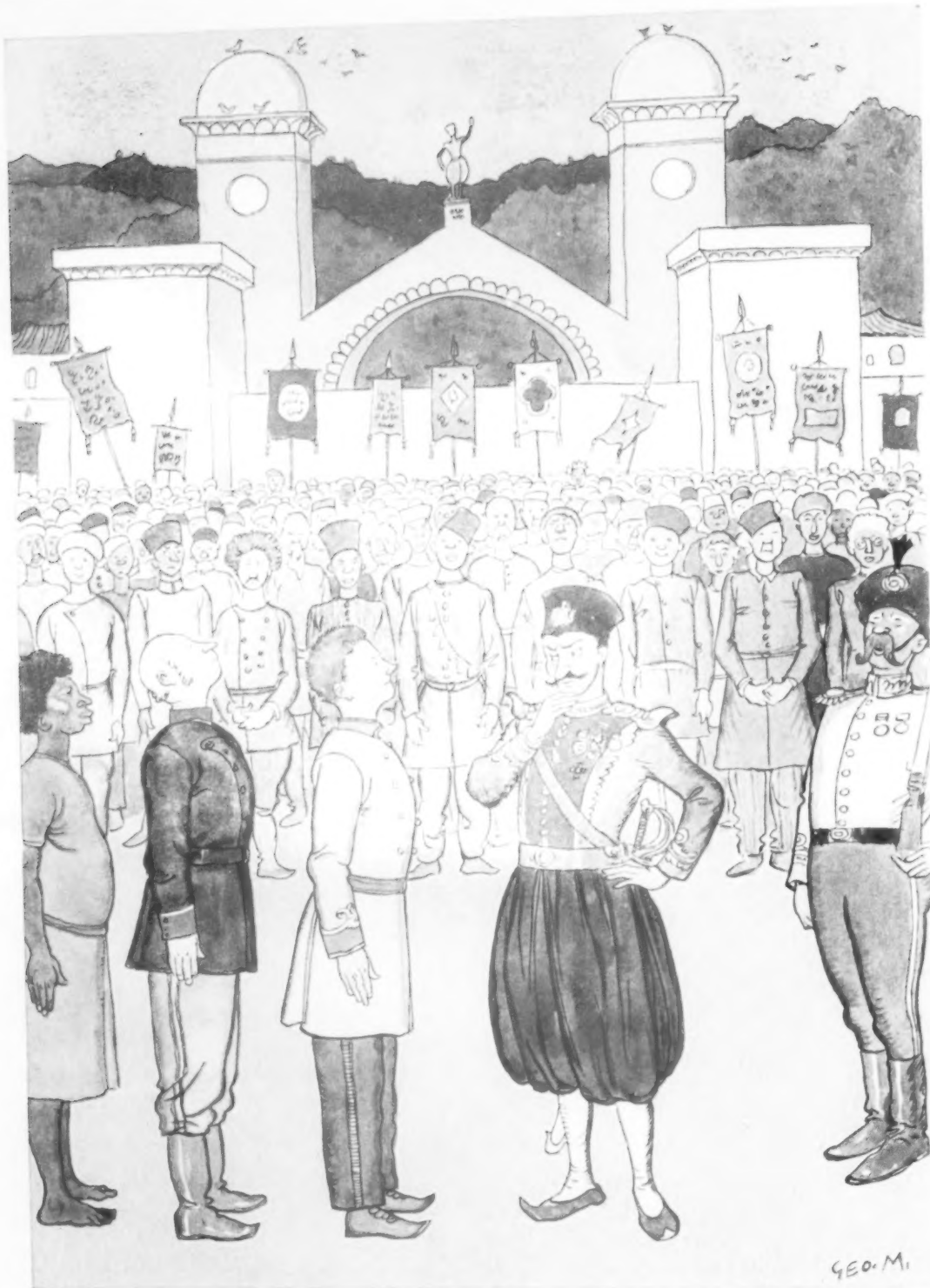
The Captain. "COME ON, DAVE—YOU'RE THE 'EAVIEST CHAP WE'VE GOT, SO JUST DIVE IN 'ELMET FIRST AN' BREAK THIS ICE."



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THE DICTATOR OF SNOOP FINDS A DIFFICULTY IN SELECTING FROM AMONG HIS SUBJECTS
A PURELY SNOOPIAN TYPE.

VOLUME

CXC



Jan. 1.

THE old stiff Year dies creakingly away
And Mr. Punch comes out on New Year's Day,
A rare event; how rare I couldn't say,
But, when it comes, clearly the hour is ripe
To call his readers to reform and wipe
Out their ill ways, and all the well-known tripe.

First let them enter on their virgin slate
A vow of Early Rising, which I hate
Myself, but would most strongly inculcate;
And further, just to do the thing in style,
Resolve that they, on getting up, will smile;
They'll find salts useful for excess of bile.

They must determine, howsoe'er it irk,
To fill each day with grave and sober work,
Or not be spotted when they wish to shirk.

And to that end I beg them not to light
Up, if they must at all, except at night;
I know one man who does that, and they might.

A rigid temperance in food and drink
Is a reform from which they must not shrink;
I'll have a stab at that myself, I think.

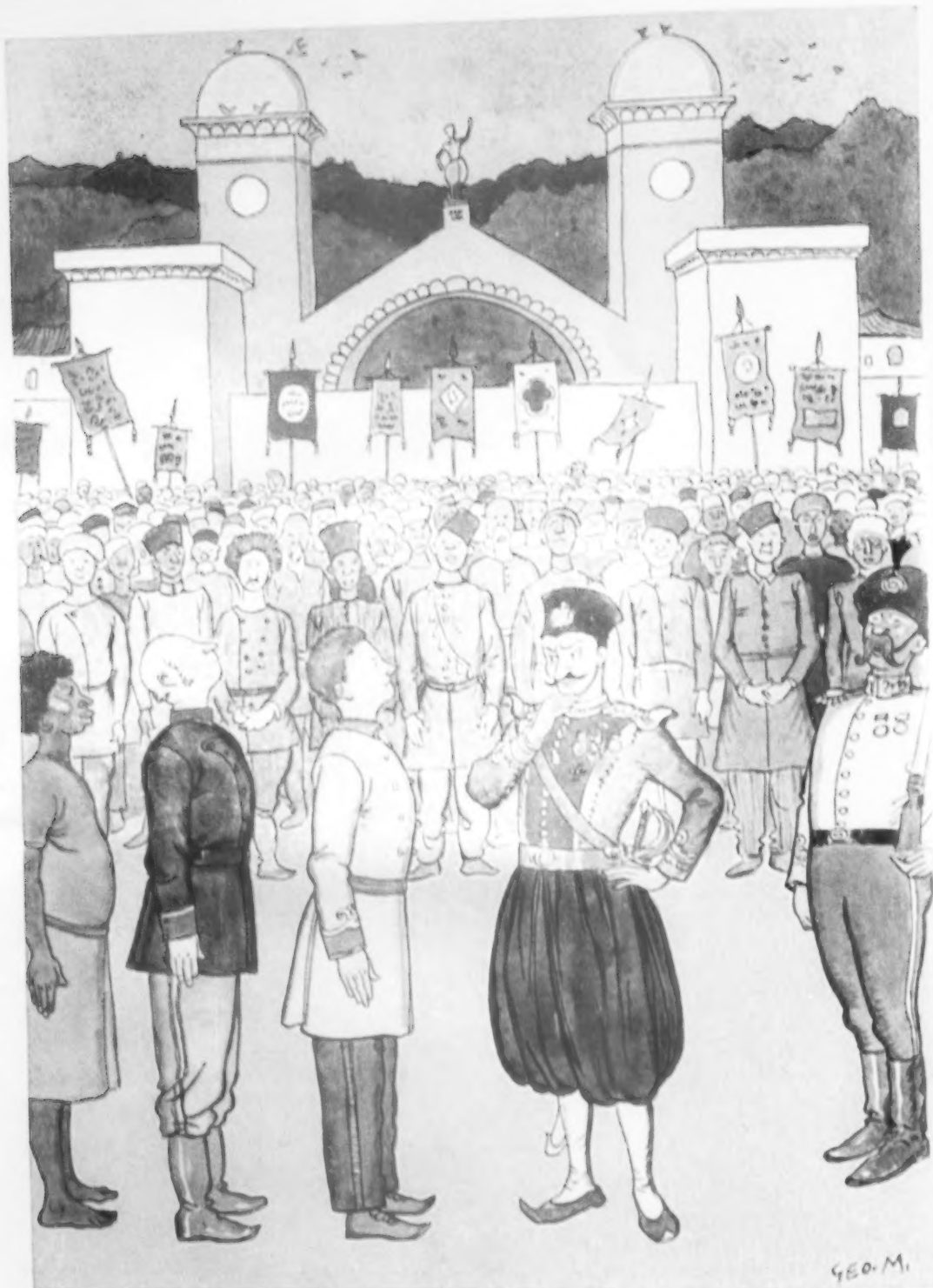
And they should cherish genial thoughts, and nurse
Kindness to those whom they dislike, or worse;
That boulder Jones for instance; he's a curse.

Now for the young. It will be theirs to speak
Politely to their elders, and be meek,
And, generally, stop their blooming cheek,
And love the True, the Beautiful, and Good,
And not complain that they're misunderstood;
I did, but that's no reason why they should.

As a last word, I trust that all will shun
Oaths and strong language, in which I, for one,
Look for a marked advance before I've done.

So, if they give themselves sufficient rope,
And to these fine intents afford full scope,
They will have Joy in this New Year—I hope.

DUM-DUM.



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DUM-DUM.

Charivaria.

THE HOARE-LAVAL peace proposals seem to have met with considerable opposition from all the great Powers except Northcliffe House.

★ ★ ★

A single pathetic letter from Lord ROTHERMERE, however, is said to have so influenced the Editor of *The Daily Mail* that he determined to come down on the pro-Italian side.

★ ★ ★

MR. ANTHONY EDEN is depicted in a French review as a cultured young man living in an Adam house. This will remind Gallic readers that ADAM, curiously enough, was an uncultured young man living in an Eden abode.

★ ★ ★

A gossip-writer says that most girls who do great swimming feats do it for publicity. And they seek it through the usual Channel.

★ ★ ★

In the opinion of a novelist women are destined to dominate the world. Does Signor MUSSOLINI know this?

★ ★ ★

The theory is advanced that the Martians live in deep dug-outs to avoid the heat of the days and the coolness of the nights. Another possible reason is that they fear air-attacks.

★ ★ ★

Certain performing monkeys have appeared lately dressed in dinner-jackets. A correspondent points out that this is incorrect. *White ties* should be worn with tails.

★ ★ ★

The elevator-attendant in a New York millionaire's skyscraper home wants to marry his employer's daughter. He says he can bring her up in the way she's been used to.

★ ★ ★

"There must be some way of keeping money on the move," says an economist. What about shove-ha'penny?

★ ★ ★

Jackasses are in great demand in America. Bring this to the notice of any you know.

★ ★ ★

A regular reader of detective stories claims that she always sees the solution long before the end. So, we believe, do many of the authors.

★ ★ ★

"Where do the makers of films get their ideas?" asks a writer. What ideas?

★ ★ ★

We are reminded by somebody or other that the ordinary man or woman rarely needs to do anything more difficult than giving change for a pound. And the ordinary taxi-driver can't even do that.

★ ★ ★

"A geologist," says a writer, "is one to whom a thousand years is a mere nothing." Moral: Do not lend money to a geologist.

★ ★ ★

"We have to thank Ireland for these cold winds," grumbles a writer. And yet (quaintly enough) we don't.

Crazy B.B.C.

"This is Hogget Shearing," remarked my wireless-set calmly, "reading the Fat Announcer Prices from the London Station. Best quality, one-and-fourpence; medium quality with too-Oxford accents, one-and-twopence; haughty and superiors, ninepence. . . ."

I switched the knob hastily to another station.

"This is the News Summary, copyright by Flotsam and Jetsam, Stainless Stephen, the Houston Sisters and Hannen Swaffer. Geneva: A Committee of nine hundred has been appointed to inquire into the conduct of the Timbuctootan delegate, who sucked an orange during Monsieur Laval's speech in September, 1934. . . . The Prime Minister left Number Ten, Downing Street, to-day for Worcestershire, and was later arrested for trying to obtain money from the Archbishop of Canterbury by means of the three-card trick in a Pullman car. During his absence in Pentonville Lord Beaverbrook will act as Premier. . . ."

I switched the knob hastily to another station.

"John Smith will play a pianoforte solo by Franz Lehar, 'You Are My Heart's Delight,' accompanied by Richard Tauber, tenor. . . ."

I switched the knob hastily to another station.

"Continuing our series, 'The Man I Knew,' we have in the studio to-night Napoleon Buonaparte, who will give us his recollections of Sir Oswald Mosley. . . ."

I switched the knob hastily to another station.

This time I got Milan, and I recognised the sweet voice of the lady who nightly tells the world in English what Mussolini thinks about this and that.

"Addressing a mass meeting of two million macaroni-stretchers in Rome to-day, Il Duce said that Italy desired and always had desired Peace. It was owing to an unfortunate misunderstanding that somehow or other a certain number of Italian troops had wandered into Abyssinia. He could not say exactly how it had happened, but probably they had been marching round and round in Rome in the most peaceful manner possible, and a thick fog had fallen, and in the fog they had lost their way and stepped over to Africa without noticing it, and before they knew where they were they found themselves in Abyssinia. . . ."

I tried Moscow, but this time I was unlucky. It was evidently the end of the programme, for the strains of "God Save the King" smote my ear, followed by the words, "Heil Hitler!"

I tried London again and was just in time to hear the Director of Programmes introduced.

"1936," he began, "will see many changes at the B.B.C. It has occurred to us, for instance, that our Sunday programmes in the past have been dangerously light, and in future we are going to stick entirely to cantatas. This will enable listeners to tune in their sets all day to one of the Continental advertising stations without fear of missing anything from London except cantatas, and those who like cantatas will be able to wallow in them from morning till night. . . ."

Edith tapped me on the shoulder.

"I knew you would go to sleep after all that plum-pudding," she said.



NOTHING LIKE CONFIDENCE.

THE NEW CHAR. "YES, SIR, IT'S A MESS ALL RIGHT, BUT I CAN DO BETTER THAN THE PREVIOUS PERSON—BESIDES I'VE GOT AN EXTRA DAY TO DO IT IN."



ANIMAL SPIRITS IN THE NEW YEAR.

THE CHIMPANZEES' TEA-PARTY AT THE "ZOO" WISH BOOBOO'S BABY, JUBILEE, A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Equality of the Sexes.

THIS is simply bound to be a subject of absolutely general interest to all alike. Either you belong to one sex or to the other, and whichever it is you want—surely?—to be equal. If not, you are utterly lacking in citizenship, self-respect, modern-mindedness, and so on.

One of the graver injustices under which the members of my own sex are writhing to-day—(figurative expression usually denoting talking)—is the ban which forbids them entrance to the older and better men's clubs of London. (There is a possibility of error, one perceives, in that last phrase. The older and better clubs for men is what one meant. The men themselves may or may not be older and better. Probably the former—possibly the latter.)

Women, all alike, are left to wait in the hall or on the doormat—excepting in the case of those clubs which have a special entrance for ladies—in the same spirit, doubtless, as that in which Sir ISAAC NEWTON had a special little door in the wall for the exits and entrances of his cats.

To all of this you at once reply that women have their own clubs.

You are now, conversationally speaking, just where one wanted you to be.

Is there, or is there not, any difference between a man's club and a woman's?

In an endeavour to provide you with a thoroughly reliable answer to this thoroughly interesting question one recently entered one's own club—or, as a matter of absolute fact, crept into it slightly sideways, because the hall-porter bullies and despises country-members rather badly.

The hall was full of members talking to one another. The smoking-room was full of members talking to one another. The reading-room (SILENCE) presented the contrast that you would expect. There were only four members and they were hissing and whispering to one another.

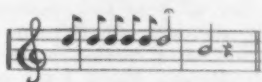
The lift was full of members—five all told—who never spoke to one another at all.

The drawing-room—a large, grand, intimidating room—was full of—Yes, you've guessed it.

One rang for tea and sank into an armchair. The armchair was comfortable, and perhaps it wasn't reasonable to expect the bell to be answered the first time. And, after all, there was a good deal going on to while away the time.

There were, for instance, the page-boys.

One very little one, with blue eyes, walked the whole length of the room, looking neither to right nor to left, and sang as he went. If memory serves me aright—and it ought to, because if one heard it once one heard it fifteen times—he was distinctly intoning—



"Lady Skagelby HANG, please!"

At least, that was what it sounded like. At the same time one is bound to admit that nobody popped out a head from behind an illustrated paper of the week-before-last and called out: "Here I am!" or "Peep-bo!" or anything.

There was the same negative result when a second page appeared later, giving a totally different interpretation of the same rôle.



"Mi-i-iss RINKLEblue!"

cried this one.

Or it might have been "Winkletoo." Anyway, nobody owned to either name. Well—one could understand that.

It seemed like an anti-climax when an old acquaintance of one's own merely called Miss Partridge came across the room and inquired if one was having tea.

The answer seemed to be both Yes and No. Yes, in intention; No, in fact.

"Ah!" said Miss Partridge, "they never will answer the bells here. It's too bad."

"Perhaps the bell is out of order."

"Very likely indeed. The clock has been out of order for months. Somebody ought to speak to the Secretary."

"Yes, indeed."

"I know it's very difficult to run a place like this. They can never get a decent cook, for instance. One simply couldn't invite a man to a meal here."

"I suppose not."

"Besides, the drinks are hopeless."

"Are they?"

"Oh, quite. I had a glass of port once—but never again."

"I had some quite good coffee here."

"Yes, it's quite nice sometimes. And hot. Which is more than can be said for the bath-water. I know any number of members who get furious about it all."

"A complaint to the Committee would really be the thing."

"Oh, yes, that'd be the thing. But of course nobody ever would."



Expert (to fellow-dealer). "THERE'S JUST ONE THING, 'AROLD, THAT MAKES ME DARTFUL OF ITS BEIN' A GENUWINE CONSTABLE. IT'S THAT AIRY-PLANE."

"No, of course not."

One forgets what brought this dialogue to a conclusion. Perhaps it was another singing page-boy, perhaps it was merely a natural disinclination to dwell upon an unsatisfactory topic.

It wasn't tea, because I know one had to ring the bell a second time and wait for a good long while after that.

"Tell me, Miss Partridge," one said, seizing the opportunity, "do you suppose there is much difference between a man's club and a woman's?"

"Forgive me," said Miss Partridge, springing to her feet. "I see a waiter—and if I don't catch him on the hop this instant I probably never shall."

Thus, in fact, answering one's question.

E. M. D.

Frightful Over-Eating Tragedy.

"Mr. —, who lodges at 49, —, Norwich, blew up shortly before midnight on Tuesday, scattering blocks of paving stone in all directions, and extinguishing all lights beyond Rosary Corner."—*Local Paper.*

"EARLY ENGLISH VEGETABLES."

Daily Paper.

Carrots, of course, are pure Gothic.

An Old-fashioned Christmas at the Post Office.

"He was told by the local Postmaster that mails arrived in the town from 7 to 7.30 in the evening, and that, with the necessary stag, they could easily be delivered to every person in the town up to 8.30."

West-Country Paper.

But shouldn't it be a reindeer?

Trial by Peers.

I SAT in the Royal Gallery and admired the terraces of gorgeous Peers, like two herbaceous borders. It was a grand spectacle; and only the addition of music was required to raise it to the sublime standards of Savoy. And I thought, "It would be a pity to do away with this altogether, if only because this is almost the only surviving remnant of Magna Carta."

Let us at least preserve it, this gaudy ceremony, for cases of treason and treason-felony; for in the troublous periods which without doubt lie ahead of us, who knows what noble lords may not be up to? But let us, if we are going to do anything, do something thorough.

For the important absurdity is not that a peer should be tried by his peers but that he should be tried by his peers upon a charge of manslaughter (which is a felony) and be tried by my peers upon a charge of fraud (which is only a misdemeanour).

If it is decided then that the trial of peers by peers for felony has "outlived its usefulness" (as the LORD CHANCELLOR and LORD SANKEY have suggested), this will really mean the abolition of one distinction between felony and misdemeanour in the case of Members of the House of Lords. But what about the other distinctions? What about Members of the House of Commons—and, indeed, Members of the "Black Horse" Skittles Club?

If, shall we say, the Junior Burgess for Oxford University were to commit a mild burglary or inadvertent bigamy he could neither vote for nor sit in Parliament (for these offences are felonies). But if he were found guilty of perjury, false pretences or some gigantic fraud (which are only misdemeanours) he could still, I believe, represent the University already mentioned.

As for the common herd who are not Members of P., they may find themselves in a fix any day through the distinctions between felony and misdemeanour.

If they do a small bit of house-breaking they will lose their pensions; but not if they commit perjury (which may cost a man his life) or a very big fraud (which may ruin thousands). And even if they commit no crime they may be in trouble about this branch of jurisprudence. Have you ever, citizen-reader, considered for a single instant what are your Powers of Arrest? Never. Well—

But first perhaps we had better give you a bird's-eye view of the

CLASSIFICATION OF INDICTABLE OFFENCES

A—Felonies	B—Misdemeanours
Murder	Conspiracy to murder
Manslaughter	Libel
Keeping a horse-slaughterer's yard without a licence	Assault
Bigamy	Riot
Burglary and	Trespass
Housebreaking	False pretences
Stealing mineral ores	Perjury
Larceny	Fraud
Forgery	Forgery

Now, reader, you are a good citizen, eager to uphold the forces of law and order and to assist in the suppression of crime. You should always therefore carry in your pocket a list (or lists) such as you see above. For if you chance to see another citizen committing one of the crimes in List A it is not only your right but your duty to arrest the fellow.

But if the miscreant is committing one of the minor offences in List B you are entitled only

- (a) to obtain a warrant from a magistrate for his arrest;
- (b) to summon a police-officer; or
- (c) to deliver a moral lecture.

And if you exceed your powers the miscreant may have you summoned before the magistrates for assault. Do not suppose that this is idle fancy. There was a case not long ago in which a Noble Citizen tried to collar a Miscreant who was slashing the tyres of a stationary motor-car. Miscreant was punished for what he did, but Noble Citizen was found guilty of assault! Because to slash the tyres of a motor-car is a misdemeanour and not a felony.

Moreover, there is the offence called "Misprision of felony," which means failing to give information about a felony or felon, and may be punished by imprisonment. But there is no "misprision of misdemeanour"; so that you may keep quiet about any crime in List B without fear of doing time yourself.

By this time, good citizen and reader, you will realize how important it is to carry your list with you. If you see a man in another man's house he may be either (a) housebreaking or (b) trespassing. In the latter case you may get into trouble if you lay a finger on him; and in the former you will be failing in your duty if you don't. If he has just done a murder you must arrest or tell; but if he is only con-

spiring to murder you need say nothing about it. And not even your List will always save you, for forgery is sometimes a felony and sometimes a misdemeanour; and so, I think, is the abduction of a young lady.

Now, all these bits of nonsense and many others like them are operating every day all over the country; but nobody minds. They perplex the public but bring needed bread to the legal profession, which I for one do not begrudge. The aggregate annual cost of them must far exceed the cost of the recent trial in the Royal Chamber. But, as is usual in this vague but beloved land, we excite ourselves (yes, even Lord Chancellors) about the exceptional accident and do nothing about the daily nonsense. And so, I suppose, we shall do always.

EXERCISE

If you see (1) a Duke, (2) an M.P., (3) a Chartered Accountant (A) keeping a horse-slaughterer's yard without a licence; (B) puncturing another man's bicycle; (C) forging (i.) a passport; (ii.) a telegram; (D) conspiring to commit embezzlement—

- (a) May you arrest him?
- (b) Where will he be tried?
- (c) Must you tell the police?
- (d) Can you tell his mother?
- (e) What time is it? A. P. H.

Light Love.

A MOST attractive electrician

Arrived by chance to test the light,
His language was so unpatrician,
His blue serge trousers shone so bright.

At once my heart-beats lost precision—
I loved him at first sight.

While ceilingwards he was aspiring

I held the ladder, firm as rock,
And hoped that he, in tones admiring,
Would compliment my face or frock,
But all he talked about was wiring.

It was a dreadful shock.

To keep this unresponsive lover

Each day I'd smash a switch or short
Some wires, trying hard to cover

My guilt as, with reproachful snort,
He said, "You've been and broke annuver.

You really didn't ought."

He never offered, ere he left me,

The job of electrician's mate.
He went; and, oh! what sorrow cleft me

As I discovered, far too late,
That of my heart he had bereft me—
And all the family plate.



WE SELDOM REMEMBER WHAT AN AMOUNT OF PRACTICE—



THOSE PEOPLE MUST HAVE—



WHO IN OUR PANTOMIMES TAKE THE PART OF—



THE COW.

Life's Little Differences.

With some features to look out for during the Holidays.

THE frequency with which I, who have been permitted for some years to record in *Punch* my impression of new films, am blamed by indignant fans for praising this one and not praising that has made me realise more than ever that criticism is one man one vote. It has made me reflect also on the differences which we all foster; and not only to reflect on them but to be grateful for them. For if we all thought alike, what a mess the world would be in! The women would all want the same man, the men would all want the same woman, and where should we be then? Whereas a wise dispensation of Providence has arranged that (except in a few cases) couples are pairs, even though Arthur cannot imagine what Bryan can see in that baby-faced, fluffy, empty-headed little thing, and Celia is certain that her old school-fellow Daphne made the mistake of her life when she fell for Eric.

Nothing to me appears so odd as the features of the men whom girls I am with call good-looking. There

is the same disagreement in everything. You find it throughout ex-

Does not wine carry influence, and indeed can it not in time carry more than influence, leniency to faults, esteem for the second-rate? This is to say that no critic should be warmed into tolerance and perhaps more. On the other hand, should he drink nothing, would he be normal? Might he not tend towards frigidity and disapproval? It is, you see, too difficult. The perfect 'he' is too hard to find."

That is what the caviller urges; and how can the impressionist, poor but honest, reply? Well, there remains a course by which, roughly, every one can derive, from even the despised, a glimpse of his own true light: comparison. Granted that the critic is as authentic as the forces to which I have referred permit, the reader can always estimate the value of his adjectives—pro and con. "If this fellow," he can say, "likes the film, I shall hate it." That is the pro method. "If this fellow hates the film, I shall like it." That is equally facile and effective. But whichever method you choose I fear it's a gamble.

E. V. L.



J.H.D.

PUZZLE: SPOT THE VILLAIN.

(From "The Guv'nor," New Gallery.)

Barsac FRANK CELLIER.
The Guv'nor GEORGE ARLISS.

perience; one man's meat is another man's poison; one man's poison is another man's meat. But although we tolerate preferences in others for what (of course) is in a variety of matters inferior, we cannot bear it when the wrong people are exalted or condemned in art. "How can you cross the road to see such an actor!" we exclaim. "How can you hang such rubbish on your walls!" "How can you sit through such imitation music!" "How can you laugh at LAUREL and HARDY?"

Since divergence of opinion is universal, the important, and indeed only, point for any so-called critic to remember, is that he must be true to himself. He must be the only judge.

"Yes," the caviller will reply, "but what is 'he'? When is 'he'? At what moment can you say of anyone that he is typical, at the top of his form, truly and absolutely himself? And that of course is the moment when he should be sitting in judgment. Should he then be empty or full? Should he be hungry or replete? Should he have had one glass of wine, or none, or three?



J.H.D.

HIS ANCESTRAL TWIN.

(From "The Ghost Goes West," Leicester Square.)

Murdoch Glourie (The Ghost). ROBERT DONAT
Donald Glourie ROBERT DONAT



J.H.D.

HIS CASTLE ON THE EARTH (ALIEN).

(From "The Ghost Goes West," Leicester Square.)

Joe Martin EUGÈNE PALLETTE.



Tardy Guest. "COME ON, YOU TWO. NOW THEY'VE ALL GONE, LET'S TALK."

More Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club.

From Ignatius Thudd, Member of Roughover Golf Club.

22/11/35.

DEAR SIR,—I am getting very tired of the Club catering. On the menu yesterday you had "Chops, steaks, etc., ready $\frac{1}{2}$ of an hour," and I had to wait for over eighteen minutes before I was served with my Chateaubriand.

It is high time you woke up to the fact that you are the Secretary of a Golf Club.

Yours faithfully,
I. THUDD.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., Captain Roughover Golf Club.

23rd November, 1935.

DEAR WHELK,—Why can you not keep the cruets, etc., in order? The heads of the pepper-pots are continually stuffed up, and I have caught several people recently trying to clear the holes with their forks. Not only that, but I

hear on very good authority that the new member actually *blew* one clear the other day.

A further point: Last Friday I deliberately buried a golf-tee in the big silver mustard-pot to prove your general incompetence, and, as I fully expected, it was still there yesterday.

Kindly make it one of your daily duties to inspect the mustard-pots.

Yours faithfully,
ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

P.S.—To-day Nutmeg was eating some of that appalling new cheese he persuaded you to get for him. It has a most aggressive bouquet; but it may of course have been N. himself.

From Admiral Charles Sneyring-Stymie, C.B., The Bents, Roughover.

23rd November, 1935.

DEAR SIR,—There is a Club by-law to the effect that writing materials, etc., are not allowed to be used on the dining-room tables. Commander Harrington Nettle has a disgusting habit of continually counting up his morning score by writing with a fork on the table-cloth at lunch.

He should be reported to the Committee.

Yours faithfully,
CHARLES SNEYRING-STYMIE.

P.S.—Nutmeg wrote his name all over one of the menus yesterday and also drew a picture of a Malayan tapir on the back. The Club is going from bad to worse.

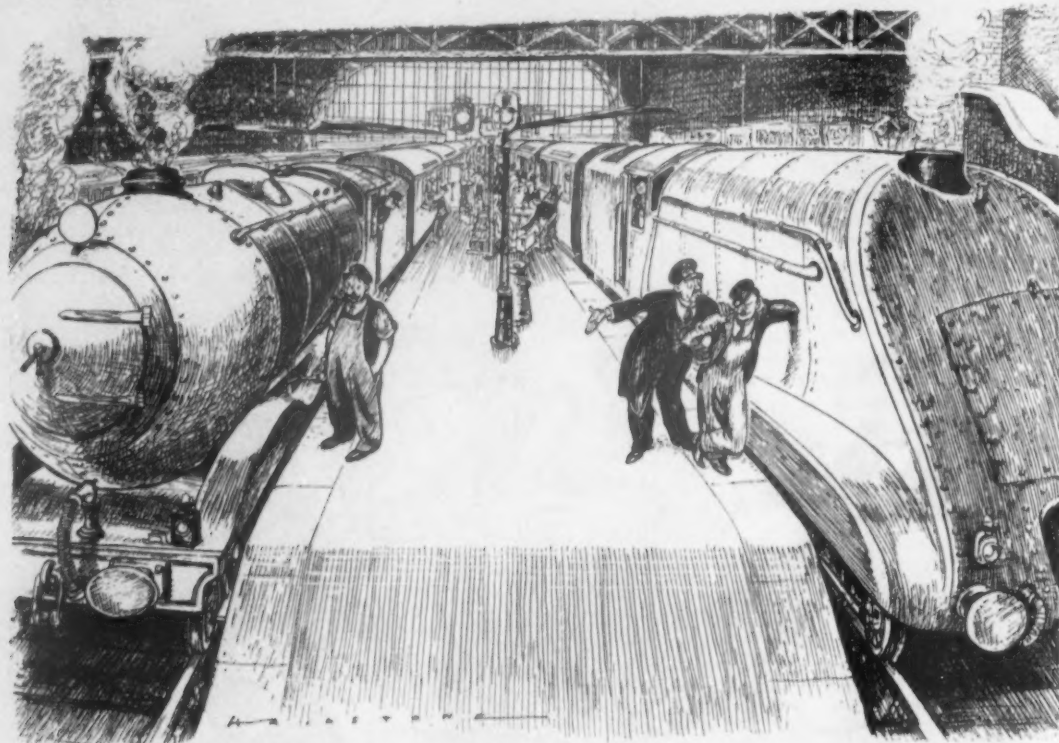
From Barnabas Hackett, Roughover.

23rd November, 1935.

DEAR SIR,—I regret having to call your attention to the following dining-room rule:—

"Provisions other than those served by the Club may not be introduced or used, excepting game and fruit from the Member's own estate or garden."

I have therefore no option but to report Mr. Thudd for not only introducing but also using a pineapple on the 4th, 7th and 12th of this month. Might I also bring to your notice his method of eating this fruit? The Committee should insist on his using a knife and fork, or at all events the latter.



"TRY TO BE NICE TO CHARLIE, OLD BOY. AFTER ALL, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE TO GO ON DRIVING ONE OF LAST YEAR'S MODELS?"

Please also report him for making pellets of his bread while waiting for his steak on the 21st inst.

Yours faithfully,

B. HACKETT.

From Ezekiel Higgs, Member of Roughover Golf Club.

23/11/35.

DEAR SIR,—I do not like the new waitress in the dining-room. She puts me off my food. I suppose you selected her from the other applicants because she uses lipstick and you thought thereby you'd give the Club a little tone.

Sneyring-Stymie tells me she dyes her hair.

Yours faithfully,

EZEKIEL HIGGS.

From Angus McWhigg, Glenfarg, Roughover.

24th November, 1935.

DEAR SIR,—I had the misfortune to have lunch at the Club yesterday, for which I was charged 3/-. I have since been down to the shops in the town and I find that the soup could not have cost you more than 1½d., the fish 4d., the meat and vegetables 8d., the sweet 2d. and coffee, etc., ½d.

This amounts to 1s. 4d., in which

sum I have allowed for coal, service, rates, etc.

When the Club catering always shows a loss in the annual balance-sheet, it is quite clear to me into whose pocket the difference between the 1/4 and my 3/- goes.

Have you ever heard of the "Prevention of Corruption Act, 1906"? It would be as well for you to read it through very carefully.

Yours faithfully,

A. McWHIGG.

From Commander Harrington Nettle, C.M.G., D.S.O., Flagstaff Villa, Roughover.

25/11/35.

SIR,—I was given a kitchen fork for lunch yesterday. Also why is it that whenever I have a meal at the Club I always seem to get the dented soup-spoon which General Forcursue threw at the wasp last June? It should be withdrawn from service immediately. It is high time the Club bought a new set of cutlery.

Yours faithfully,

HARRINGTON NETTLE.

P.S.—Can nothing be done to prevent Nutmeg from drinking claret with chocolate soufflé?

From Lionel Nutmeg, Malayan Civil Service (Retd.), Old Bucks Cottage, Roughover.

25th November, 1935.

DEAR SIR,—The coffee at the Club is a disgrace and tastes of MUD. In Malaya my Chinese cook always boiled my coffee in a sock, and I always rated it as the best East of Suez. An ex-Resident of Brunei once complimented me on its excellent flavour.

The socks should be well boiled before use.

Yours faithfully,

LIONEL NUTMEG.

From Ralph Viney, ex-Captain Roughover Golf Club.

25/11/35.

DEAR SIR,—I notice that whenever you have a meal at the Club you are always served first and always get the best and biggest helpings of everything.

When you are allowed the free run of your teeth at members' expense I should have thought you had more manners than to allow this state of affairs to continue.

Yours faithfully,

RALPH VINEY.

P.S.—I had lunch at Trudgett Magna Golf Club the other day, and

they gave me better food than we have at Roughover and at two-thirds the price.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., Captain Roughover Golf Club.

27th November, 1935.

DEAR WHELK,—I hear that Ralph Viney is going about saying that the food, etc., is far better at Trudgett Magna Golf Club than anything he ever gets at Roughover. I have rarely heard anything so mean-spirited and degrading as his running his own Club down like this.

I have just been talking to Sneyring-Stymie, Higgs, Thudd, McWhigg, Hackett, Harrington Nettle and Nutmeg, and they all agree with me that the catering, etc., at Roughover is better than one can get at any other golf club in the vicinity.

I have therefore written to Viney and told him that unless he makes a written apology to you by return he will have a hard row to hoe in the matter of getting matches amongst his fellow-members for the next six weeks.

My ultimatum will be equivalent to his being sent to Coventry.

Yours sincerely,

ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

P.S.—The Bombay Duck has been getting very tired the last day or two. See that you get a fresh supply before to-morrow.

From Ralph Viney, ex-Captain, Roughover Golf Club.

29/11/35.

DEAR WHELK,—I am sorry I said what I did about the food at Trudgett Magna being better than at Roughover. As a matter of fact it was all rather a joke, and I only really did it to try to keep you up to the mark.

Yours sincerely,

R. VINEY.

P.S.—The salt was all in lumps again to-day. G. C. N.

"The question has been asked me as to where the Government stands. So far as I am concerned, the Government stands where it has always stood."—*Newspaper Report.*

Where is this—on its dignity or its uppers?

Ingratitude.

HE bowed and said "Good morning"
Quite civilly enough,
With deft and quiet movement
Began to do his stuff;
Then pausing but to murmur
"Just off the neck and ears?"
My honest English barber
Got busy with the shears.

He seemed to be quite happy,
But yet forbore to hum,
I shaped my lips to answer
The words that did not
come.
He snipped away in silence,
And, though it sounds absurd,
Finished the operation
Without a single word.

His manner was not cringing,
He did not push his wares,
Nothing was said of singeing
And naught of falling hairs;
Till, loth to see a legend
So quietly destroyed,
I left (I must confess it)
A little bit annoyed.



"No, I wasn't greedy when Mrs. Brown said I was to come to tea again; I said, 'No, thank you.'"

A Spook in Hiding.

I HAD been living in my charming old Tudor cottage for three weeks when Peter began his spirit-rapping.

My publishers had sent me there to finish writing the third volume of my enormously successful trilogy, *Wet Fly-Fishing Under the Stuart Kings*. They said I wrote better when away from the intellectual milieu of the Metropolis. They considered I was too easily influenced by my environment. They complained that the chapter on "Double Hooks under Charles the Martyr" had too much of the stark austerity of T. S. ELIOT; while "Nymph Culture after the Restoration," on the other hand, plainly derived from *Grand Hotel*. So they paid my fare to my charming old Tudor cottage—third-class—and gave me pocket-money for three months, when the third volume was due.

I was having my frugal supper of *compôte* of salmon, baked beans and tomato-soup when I heard a knocking sound in the corner of the room. As I knew there was no human being nearer than the village store, which was a mile away, I thought it might be just the old oak door shrinking or a slight subsidence of the king-post. Then the knocking began again, more loudly, on the wall behind me. My invisible caller seemed bent on attracting my attention. He shook the table vigorously. He whirled the bread-platter round the salmon-tin. Finally he took up the pepper-castor and threw it at my head. Fortunately it was, as usual, empty.

"Here!" I exclaimed. "Understand this, whoever you are. I'm very glad to have your company in this god-forsaken—I mean this charming old Tudor cottage. I hope you'll drop in of an evening sometimes and have a drink and a chat. But there must be no more of this *Poltergeist* stuff or I'll put the Society of Psychical Research on to you. Got that?"

He sobered down instantly, indicating by a restrained rap on the pipe-rack that he was sorry. After that we got on splendidly. With a little patience and practice we worked out a rapping system by which he could

make himself understood with the minimum of inconvenience.

He told me his name was Peter, and that he had been a fairly successful goldsmith during the reign of EDWARD THE SIXTH. He explained to me why he had suddenly dropped in on me that first evening. It appeared he had just gone through a horrible experience. They had recently selected him, over there, for a course of séance-practice. He was ordered to take a turn in place of Gregory, the Byzantine monk, an experienced control who had gone for a hiking holiday with CHARLES DARWIN. They put him on to a well-known medium called Mrs. Lobelia Wattle- spoon. He had managed the trance part all right, taking on Mrs. Wattle- spoon's personality and putting over the usual spook while her conscious

implored me not to give him away. If ever she got on his track... he rapped shudderingly. I promised I wouldn't mention his whereabouts to a living soul.

He took to rapping-in regularly in the evenings. I found myself looking forward to his visits. I think we liked each other from the first. I taught him to play nap—he got frightfully excited when he won fivepence from me one night—and he showed me a new chess gambit, an absolute winner. And then, to my great regret, towards the end of my exile I lost Peter.

I had just finished my final chapter entitled "Upstream with the Jacobites," and was enjoying an evening's chat with Peter—he was giving me his frank opinion of the Tudor family—when he suddenly stopped rapping in

the middle of a sentence. Footsteps were approaching my front-door. They were the footsteps of a woman; a woman of shapeless spongy personality.

"It's Mrs. Wattle- spoon," rapped Peter feverishly. "You won't give me away?"

"Trust me, old man," I reassured him.

I opened the door to a large untidy female whose face suggested an alliance between a debilitated Pharaoh and a rapacious cod.

"I understand," she said in a voice like muddy treacle, "that some mysterious knocking has been heard in your cottage,

and as I lost my favourite control recently I wondered—"

"I'm sorry," I said. "They've given you the wrong address. Try the Moated Grange, near Grooms Castle, Dumfriesshire."

"But passers-by have distinctly heard—"

"They were mistaken. I frequently knock nails in the oak beams as a means of checking the date; otherwise I'm never quite sure whether it is last August or next December. Good evening."

I shut the door and went back to Peter.

"It's all right, old fellow," I said; "she's gone."

But I received no answer. So I gathered poor old Peter had taken fright and bolted to a new hiding-place, for I never heard him again.

K. O'B.



CHRISTMAS IN THE WILDS.

"GEE! THINGS IS MIGHTY TAME 'ERE. GIT YER GUNS, YOU GUYS, AND WE'LL GO CAROL-SINGING."

will was under suspension; but when it was time to go he found to his horror he couldn't extricate himself from Mrs. Wattle- spoon. Her shapeless and spongy personality had closed over him, so that he couldn't find the way out.

For a few dreadful minutes it looked as though he would have to spend the rest of her life with Mrs. Wattle- spoon. When at last he escaped he was in such a state of nerves he hardly knew what he was doing. He'd felt he must have a little sober man-talk with a fellow male, someone who looked solid and robust and commonplace. He'd told the Control Board, when he got home, that he couldn't go on with it as his heart was weak; so after a verifying examination they put a Roman gladiator called Marcus in his place.

But he was haunted by the idea that Mrs. Wattle- spoon was after him. He

Translations from the Ish.

THE Ish language is a strange one, but having invented it myself I can make the bold claim that I and I alone understand every word. I am therefore uniquely fitted, if for nothing else, at least to translate Ish poems into the English tongue. The following renderings, free in both the verse-sense and the sense-sense, are numbered in Roman figures for no particular reason except that I like numbering things in Roman figures.

I.—THE CHARMING UNEXPECTED.

When I find myself suddenly
Saying the right thing,

I feel like one whose dull-looking taxi-driver
Suddenly produces
(On being missed by a coal-cart)
A flow of language, noble,
Staggering,
Beautiful,
And checking all response.

II.—A MUSICIAN AND HIS AUDIENCE.

They talked while he played;
He gave great offence
By being offended.

III.—WASTE.

Thinking of the number of times
My typewriter has printed the symbol §,
I grow solemn,
For never (until this moment)
Did I strike that key
On purpose.

IV.—CHARITY.

It is obvious to the modern charity-organiser
That Good KING WENCESLAS
Was the worst kind of impulsive
sentimentalist.

With no effort to make the fullest
inquiries
Of the Public Assistance Committee,
He took the word of a page
(Who was possibly in on the whole
thing,
Getting a rake-off);

And not content with this,
Insisted on giving the Poor Man
Ideas above his station
By taking him such demoralising
luxuries
As flesh, wine and pine-logs,
Instead of some serviceable boots
And a relief-ticket.

No good citizen should be misled
By the superficial charm
Of this method of approach.



"IT APPEARS, SIR, YOU HAVE NOT MADE A FULL RETURN OF YOUR INCOME."
"THAT'S JUST LIKE ME. I ALWAYS TAKE A PESSIMISTIC VIEW OF MY EARNINGS."

V.—IGNORANCE.

Ignorant of German, I imagine
That Germans in trains
Must be constantly hitting their
heads.

How expect them to heed a notice
So charged with the spirit of levity
As "ES IST GEFÄHRlich SICH AUS
DEM WAGEN HINAUSZULEHNEN"?

VI.—REMEMBERED IN TRANQUILITY.

In discussion,
Calmness is the thing.

Note how calm in the midst of bluster
Was the winner of an argument
Who tells you about it
Afterwards.

VII.—SIMILE: AS SINKS THE HEART.

As sinks the heart
When the stout luncher at the next table
Orders soup.

VIII.—REGRETTABLE.

"Do you swear," said the lawyer,
"To tell the truth, the whole truth,
And nothing but the truth,
So help you God?"
The witness said "I do."

"Ah!" said the lawyer in a low voice,
"I was afraid of that." R. M.

"PUTTING A STOP TO UNWANTED YARN."
Headline.

We always say we've heard it already.



"WELL, MRS. PARKINSON, I'VE SEEN WORSE HONOURS' LISTS. QUITE RESPECTABLE PEOPLE—SOME OF 'EM."

"Beauty Itself Doth of Itself Persuade. . ."

[Advertising the works of SHAKESPEARE—"every word he ever wrote"—an American publisher exclaims:
"Be fascinated by sensuous *Cleopatra*. Shudder at murderous *Macbeth*. Chuckle at *Falstaff*. Thrill with
lovesick *Romeo*."] }

THINK not because the gentle SHAKESPEARE
wrote
In "precious phrase by all the Muses fil'd,"
We have no need to push him down the throat
Of Babbitts in the plains. Mark well, my child,

How stubbornly men lead
Their philistine existence.
So weak their will to read!
So strong their sales-resistance!

"Love with ecstatic *Romeo* and rock
With *Falstaff*; let *Iago* free your fetters."
By lures like these we catch the errant flock,
And breed in them a deathless love of letters,

And make them, man and boy,
Profoundly wise and witty,
From 'Frisco unto Troy,
From Butte to Kansas City.

So well we stock their minds that they can
quote
The Sage all day to prove they're educated.
We give them "every word he ever wrote";
We're tempted too to cry "Unexpurgated!"

But that would be a mean
And silly thing to tell them;
We feel our goods are clean,
And cleanly shall we sell them.

"Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator."
Two lovely sacred lines, though I'm afraid
To-day they have no application, for

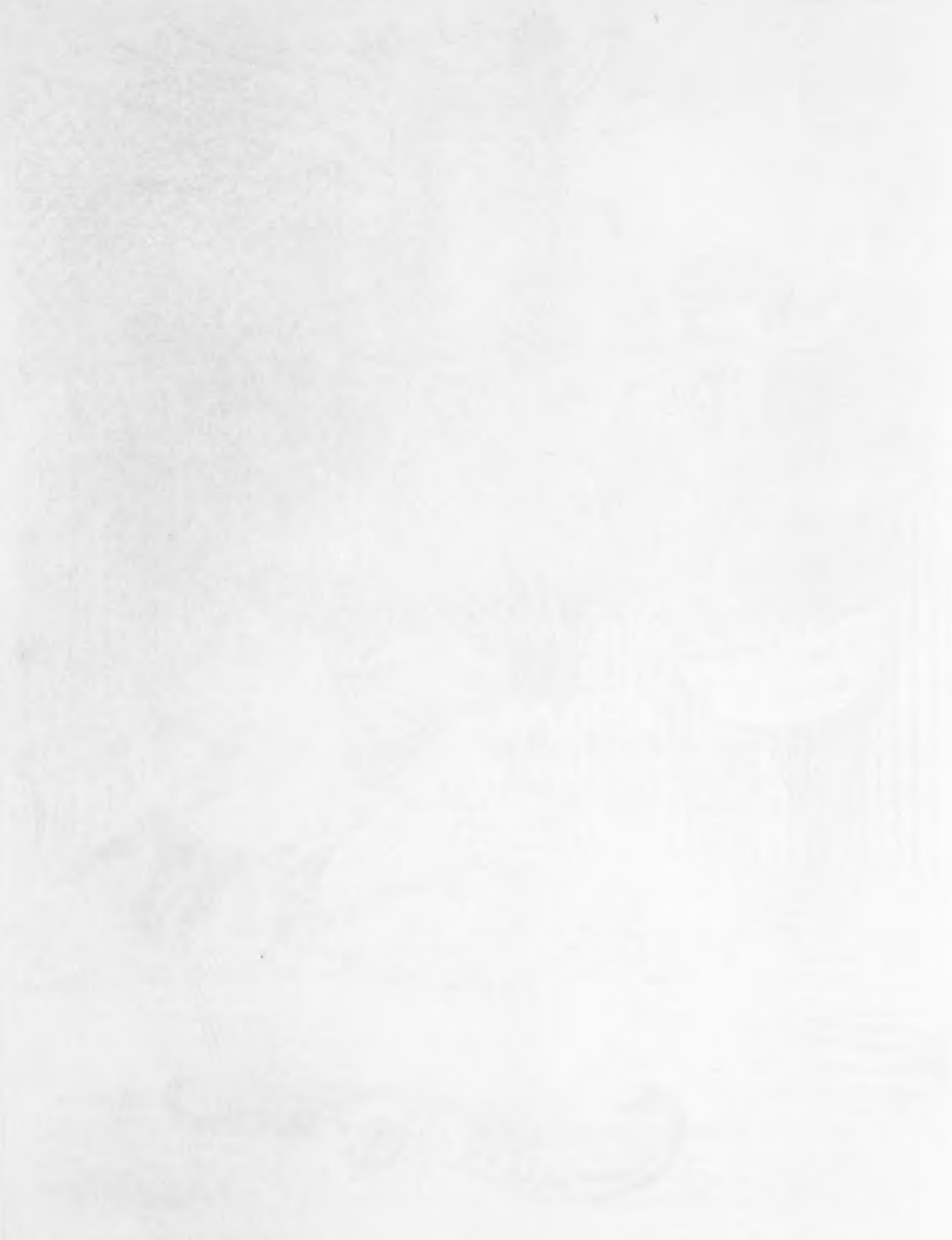
It must be understood
(However much you rue it)
That Beauty's no darn good
Unless we ballyhoo it.



THE NEW FOREIGN SECRETARY-BIRD.

"GO IT, LAD! I'VE GOT PLENTY MORE WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED WITH THAT ONE."

[The African Secretary-bird—*Serpentarius serpentarius* feeds largely upon reptiles.]



Scotland for Ever.

LITTLE Podgy McSump and I were having a fireside talk about what he calls "far-awa' places."

"An' was ye ever at Australia?" asked Podgy.

"Yes, Podgy," I replied, "I've been to Australia."

"An' hoo did ye ken it was Australia?"

"Well, of course—well, the captain of the ship told me."

"But ye should have looked for the kangaroos," Podgy pointed out. "An' if ye had saw them, then it would have been Australia. An' was ye ever at China?"

"No; but I've been to Japan. And I knew it was Japan," I hastened to add, "because—because the people were all Japanese."

"Weel, it should have been Japs," corrected Podgy, "because it's Japs that stays at Japan. But," eyeing me sharply, "hoo would ye have kent it was China if ye was at China?"

"I'm not quite sure," I fenced warily. "How would you have known?"

"Because I would have saw the dragons," responded Podgy promptly.

"Very good. Now I'll ask you

another one. How would you know where you were if you came to—Scotland?"

"Scotland? But it's Scotland we're at the noo. This is Scotland we're sittin' on."

"Yes, but if you had never been in Scotland, how would you know it was Scotland?"

Podgy looked at me in surprise. "But everybody kens Scotland."

"But how do they know it?"

"Because it's the best place in the whole world."

"Is it? Now how do you make that out?"

"Scotland's the best place in the whole world," reiterated Podgy, be-

"Blowers?"

"They're the best blowers wi' the bagpipes."

"But some people don't like the bagpipes."

"I ken," nodding his head grimly;

"an' it's just because they're frightened for the bagpipes."

"I don't think you can say they're frightened. They—"

"An' the Scotch beat the English at the Battle o' Bannockburn," said Podgy, sticking out his chest, "an' they chased them awa'."

"Do you mean with the bagpipes?"

"I think it was the band that blew the bagpipes," hazarded Podgy, who did not seem to be too confident about it. "But," he went on to declaim, "it was KING ROBERT THE BRUCE that chased the English wi' his two-handed sword. an' he slewed them an' slewed them till—till they a' ran awa'. An' the Scotch was the winners."

"Yes, but there was another time when—"

"An' George Merryweather comes from England," said Podgy, "an' we cry 'Bannockburn!' an' chase him, an' then he runs awa'."

"But once upon a time, at Flodden, the—"

"An' one time when I wasn't lookin' George

Merryweather knocked me doon an' sat on me. But," lifting his head proudly, "I wouldn't give in, because the English could never beat the Scotch."

"But at the Battle of Flodden, Podgy, the English beat the Scotch."

Podgy stared at me incredulously. "Are you startin' to back up the English noo?" he exclaimed shrilly.

"Not at all. But," I went on,



Perfect Wife. "COME AND SIT DOWN, DARLING, AND TELL ME ABOUT IT, SHOT BY SHOT!"

ginning to warm up. "An' it's the strongest place, an' the richest place, an' the highest place, an' it's"—his superlatives apparently exhausted—"it's the first prize place."

"Yes, but people who live in other countries might—"

"An' the Scotch is the best fighters," continued Podgy. "An' they're the best blowers as weel."



"THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR SENDING ME YOUR PRICE-LIST."

determined to make a stand for fair-play, "there is no doubt that the English defeated the Scotch at the Battle of Flodden."

"They never did," growled Podgy, "because they couldn't. Who told ye about the Battle o' Flodden?" he demanded sternly.

"Oh, I heard of it long ago."

"Weel, it's just a lot o' fibs!" snapped Podgy. "An' you've been goin' about tellin' everybody," he sneered contemptuously. "An' maybe ye'll go an' tell George Merryweather noo," apparently insinuating that a renegade like me might be capable of anything.

"Perhaps George Merryweather will read about it himself," I suggested stiffly. "If he does I'll bash his heid aff."

Feeling that the situation was now getting rather strained, I patted his head soothingly and whispered, "Well, well, wee man, don't let's quarrel about it. You know—"

"Well, ye've got to stop runnin' down the Scotch," scowling at the fire. "But I'm not runnin' them down, Podgy. I—"

"Because it's no' true about the Battle o' Flodden," declared Podgy dourly. "An', besides, maybe the Scotch wasn't tryin' their best." D.

The 'Umming-Slooth.

Mr. Silvertop, whose value to a household as handyman cannot be assessed in the jewels of the Inds, was fitting a new lighting-plug in my study.

"Branching out on a new line of business, I am," he remarked suddenly, more to the plug than to me.

"Surely your bow's over-strung already!" I said. "What are you going to be?"

"'Umming-slooth," he replied mysteriously.

"What?"

"'Umming-slooth," he repeated, his face grave. "It's a rum sort of a go as a job but I seem to 'ave a natural bend for it. Come about like this: Last week a lady rang me up and complained as 'ow she was being driven barny by a narsty 'umming in the 'ouse, and for the life of 'er she couldn't spot the cause of it.

"When I goes round she comes running into the 'all and cries, 'There it is!' I listens very 'ard but I couldn't 'ear a sound. 'That's funny,' she ses; 'no more can I. It's just like it to stop soon as you come.' 'Well, stopped it 'as, Mum,' I ses. 'You let me know

when it starts again.' 'Don't you dare go!' she cries. 'I promised my 'usband I wouldn't lose sight of you till you'd mended whatever it is. You 'ang about on the landing, that's the best place to 'ear it.' 'All right, Mum,' I ses, accommodating-like, and does.

"Well, after a couple of hours and not a smell of an 'um I gets sick of 'anging about and I goes and taps on 'er door and asks if I can go for a bite of dinner. 'Certainly not,' she ses, 'you might miss a deal of 'umming. Tell you what, though, I'll 'ave lunch and an armchair sent up to the landing for you.' 'Mind if I smoke, Mum?' I asks. 'You can stand on your 'ead if it 'elps you to swipe that ruddy 'umming,' she ses, or words to that effect. You could see it 'ad been getting on 'er nerves proper.

"Now I'd been thinking pretty 'ard about 'umming sounds while I was waiting, and I'd remembered 'ow my old Dad woke up one morning and wanted to know what the perishing R.A.F. was doing in the garden, and 'ow it took us 'arf the day convincing 'im it must all be 'appening inside 'is own 'ead. So I ses to the lady, diplomackie-like, 'What's your 'usband think of the 'umming?' But when she

answers, 'E's going fair silly with it,' I know it's a real case of 'umming, and not like my old Dad was.

"Being an 'umming-slooth 'as its cushy side, I will say. An 'ousemaid brings me a deck-chair and a nice bit of dinner and the papers, and I settles down there like 'AILE SELASSIE 'imself. Afterwards I was 'aving a snooze when the lady comes dashing upstairs proper excited. 'Did you 'ear it that time?' she asks. 'Can't say I did, Mum,' I answers, rubbing my eyes; 'there was a lorry passing.' 'Never mind, it may come again in a minute,' she ses; 'and look 'ere—it's my belief it's something in the water-pipes. 'Ere's an old stethoscope of my 'usband's; you go down to the kitchen and sound the boiler.'

"She being one of them imperial ladies, I does as she ses, but you can guess what a mug I feels listening-in to the pipes like as if I was the Pride of 'Arley Street, and the maids all saying 'Ninety-nine.' Not a touch of bronchitis could I find in the 'ole of the central-eating. After tea, back I goes to my deck-chair and starts in on a murder-story the Cook give me. Every now and then the lady come up and ses, 'It's bound to begin soon,' but I

'ave my doubts, and apart from a thirst—by this time I 'ad one you could step on, but being new to the profeshun I 'ardly liked to ask for any of that, though they 'ad some in the kitchen—I wasn't lodging no complaints. It was a nice book.

"Well, about eight, just as the detective was 'aving a narsty time with the pet leopard in the spy's boodoor, the 'umming started and no mistake. Corlumme! I jumped up as if I'd been pole-axed. It was a funny sort of 'umming, it seemed to come from all over the shop at once and it was one of them 'ummings you couldn't pin down no'ow. I goes downstairs and I goes upstairs, I puts the blinking stethoscope to the water-pipes and the gas-pipes and the grandfather clock, but no luck. All the time the lady was raging about something cruel.

"Then suddenly I 'ad a notion—an 'unch, if you like. I slipped out and knocked at the 'ouse next-door. A lady comes to the door.

"'Ever want any expert advice about that electric-machine of yours?' I asks.

"'What electric machine?' she demands.

"'You know, Mum,' I ses.

"'Oh, you mean the new German gadget my 'usband's trying for the pain in 'is leg?'

"'That's it,' I ses. 'I 'ope you'll pardon the liberty, Mum, but if you've got a room on the other side of the 'ouse I should advise your 'usband in confidence to take 'is machine in there. It may be what the doctor ordered for a pain in the leg, but I 'ave good reason to know it's giving the lady this side a pain in the neck.' So she thanks me and I goes back and tells the lady I've mended an air-lock in the geyser."

Mr. Silvertop put in the last screw with undiminished gravity.

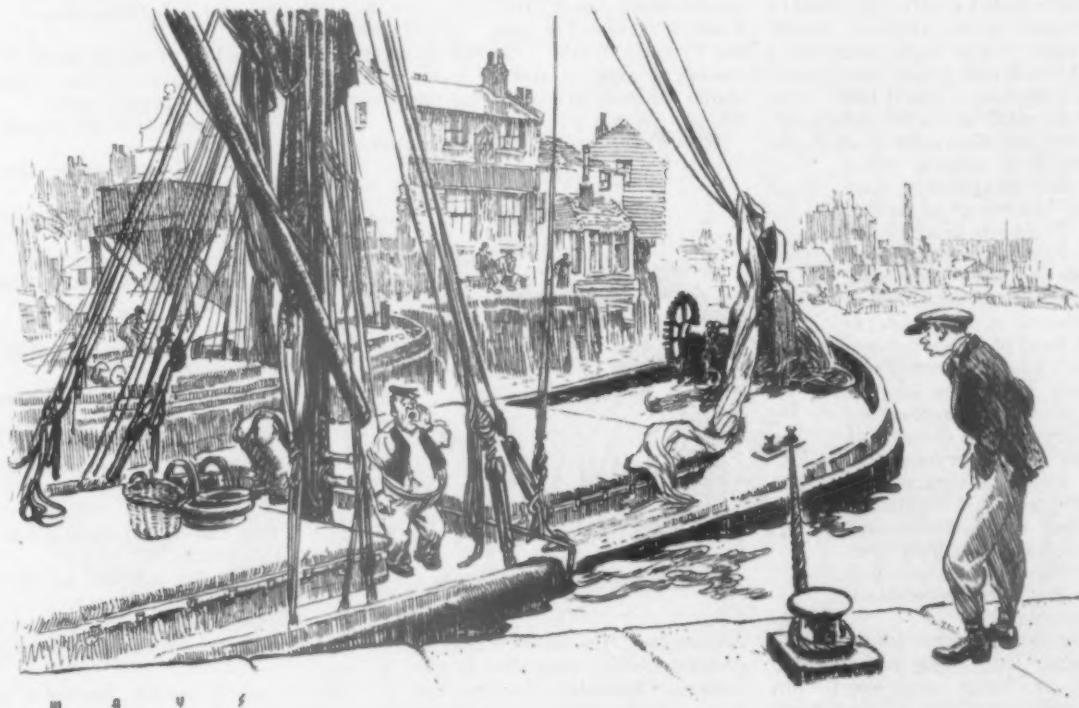
"That was exceedingly tactful of you," I said. "But what about the wretched people on the other side?"

"They 'appen to be clients of mine," he replied, picking up his tools. "They've just asked me to step round to-morrow to trace a queer 'umming noise in their water-pipes." ERIC.

"Over 260 round-headed whales have become stranded at Stanley, Tasmania. They are being buried before decomposition sets in.

Mr. W. D. Herridge, the Canadian Minister in Washington, has tendered his resignation." *News Items.*

Some people do take things to heart, don't they?



"LET GO THAT ROPE, MATE."

"OO'S TOUCHIN' YER ROPE?"

At the Play.

"FRITZI" (ADELPHI).

WE are so hardened to the wide range of activity enjoyed by musical-comedy heroines that it comes as no surprise to find one who, in addition to commanding a Mouth-Organ Band of small boys whom she houses in a large wine-cellar, and to picking up her own living in the shape of cigarette-ends from the Paris gutters, possesses not only sufficient skill as a singer to force her way in a twinkling to a star part on the stage but also an impregnable virtue and an innocence far above the traditional innocence of milkmaids. This paragon is *Fritzi* herself, who is played by Miss ROSALINDE FULLER with charm and dash.

Scrounging the butts of *Caporal Bleus* and *Caporal Jaunes* isn't much fun, and if one has been silly enough on the strength of it to adopt eleven small boys one has to look further afield, and what better goal than the theatre of *André Sorbier* (Mr. IVAN WILMOT) if one is distantly in love with him, as *Fritzi* is? Especially as his theatre is financed by an amorous corset-manufacturer who doesn't really mind who appears on his stage so long as she will split a magnum with him afterwards.

So *Fritzi* finds herself at the head of the bill and, to her surprise, though not to ours, late at night in *Sorbier's* flat. This not nice young man, whose servant's discretion would have given *Don Juan* small cause for complaint, inexplicably inhabits a flat in which the sitting-room is nothing but a glasshouse; inexplicably since a double-bed is part of its furniture. The scene in which Mr. LESLIE FRENCH, far too good an actor for such poor stuff, prepares this apartment for a carouse made one's jaw ache, to say the least of it, with yawning; and when at last *Fritzi* virtuously turns the key on *Sorbier*, we thank our stars that the dreary episode is over. I imagined that everyone connected with the theatre had realised by now that Hollywood has killed the satin-sheeted double-bed as a thrilling symbol of irregular romance; it is perhaps Hollywood's outstanding achievement.

Plenty of misunderstandings follow, the leading lady being not too well pleased at being superseded, but in the end everything is hotsy-totsy and *Fritzi* gets a promise of marriage out of her *Sorbier*. Which is what she wants, but why I simply can't tell you.

The dialogue is no more original than the plot, and jokes of cumbersome shape are banged home with the emphasis of a steam-hammer. The lyrics and music are rather brighter, and



STANDING UP TO THE LEADING LADY.

Charles Mr. LESLIE FRENCH.
Paulette Leclaire MISS MADELEINE SEYMOUR.

reach their peak in Mr. LESLIE FRENCH's recitative song, "My Lord the Carriage Waits!" in which, as a manservant of a stately home, he shows the door to a noble but unsatisfactory guest.

Miss FULLER, as I have intimated,



FEEDING THE PUPPIES.

Fritzi MISS ROSALINDE FULLER.

did wonders; Miss BETTY FRANKISS lent grateful variety from time to time by irrelevant incursions during which she gave voice to a hard-boiled philosophy in the modern manner; Mr. WILMOT had little more to do than appear constantly romantic, and did it quite

well; Mr. LESLIE FRENCH hit a note of real humour more certainly than any of the others, and got through an immense amount of work, but it was largely wasted; Mr. BRUCE WINSTON gave us the best character-sketch of the evening, of an elderly business-man being had for a mug; and the eleven little boys went boldly through their paces.

Early in an evening, which I confess I did not greatly enjoy, we caught a brief and promising glimpse of an acrobat named Mr. AL MALONEY, but were disappointed to see him no more.

ERIC.

Herbert.

(A Semi-cautionary Tale.)

HERBERT, as I have cause to know,
Made a most wonderful beginning
At school, some fifty years ago,
By his successes in prize-winning.

A scholar of Porsonian mould
He wrote adorable Alcaics;
His Latin proses, I am told,
Were Ciceronian mosaics.

Fiction his mind could not seduce;
He never read the weekly "comics,"
And had no sort or kind of use
For Science or for Economics.

Deaf to the lure of stocks or shares
He was not moved by City panics,
By rubber or by pepper scares
Or by the progress of mechanics.

He wrote, but nothing that he writ
Complied with normal trade conditions;
He was unable to submit
Solid commercial propositions.

And yet, with an unmurmuring soul,
Crammed with unmarketable lumber,
He cheerfully assumed the rôle
Of the predestinate back-number.

No clarion summoned him to strife;

He did not bet, he did not tittle,

And in the surging seas of life
He sank without the smallest ripple.

And so you'll find him, known as 'Erb,
Shorn of all literary graces,
Somewhere in Holborn, on the kerb,
A pedlar of cheap toys and laces.

C. L. G.



WITH ME PUNCH'S COMPLIMENTS TO MR. BERTRAM MILLS

Le Roi George.

CHRISTMAS in a Swiss hotel is difficult. To begin with the scenery is all wrong. Snow all over everything, red-breasted robins hopping on it, a bright sun, children tobogganing—all just like some ridiculous Christmas-card. It makes one long for a nice grey sky, some mud, a little damp drizzle and a red-breasted petrol-pump or two. Then the artificiality of hotel life creates problems. It is not easy to radiate geniality and goodwill and yet not strain and distort the fine-spun web of your everyday relationships with your fellow-guests. To be merry and gay but with just a touch of distance in your gaiety; to wear a paper-cap and do a bit of revelling, but to abjure a false nose and keep at bay the extravagant spirit of carnival; and to sing "Auld Lang Syne" with suitable gusto with a lot of people you didn't know two days ago and will have forgotten all about in a month—these are demands which call for tact, courage and resource, and which put a severe strain on the nervous system. A man must keep his wits about him if he is to pass through such an ordeal unscathed.

On Christmas Day after lunch Major Boldie sought me out, a hunted look in his eyes.

"Let's gerroust of this o' man," he said thickly.

He had had a trying day. In the morning, owing to some mistake, he had been expected to play the hymns at the Service. And now he had just promised some German children, without at first quite understanding what they said, to let them make him up for the fancy-dress dance as a storm-trooper. That is the worst of having a way with children.

"A storm-trooper," he muttered, breathing heavily through the nose—"a storm-trooper."

"You must bargain with them," Geoffrey advised. "Haggle and chaffer a bit. Offer to go as a sheik. They might compromise with you as Mahatma GANDHI."

We shuffled along in the snow towards Madame Dépoint's pâtisserie.

"A loin-cloth would suit you. The rest of you shrouded in a thin coating of brown polish. And we could improvise a mango-tree for you to sit under. Only you would have to fast. Wave away the turkey and plum-pudding firmly."

"Perhaps they'd allow you a handful of boiled rice," he conceded, feeling that he was getting out of touch with fifty per cent. of his audience.

We were on our way to hear the KING's broadcast message. Madame Dépoint was possessed of a wireless set, and she had promised to do her best to capture for us the voice of our sovereign. So far she had never succeeded in getting anything beyond the local stations, but then she had never mustered the courage to try turning more than half-a-dozen of the numberless knobs with which the set was studded. It was a very old model, large, handsome and inefficient, and so lavishly sprinkled with knobs and electric bulbs that Monsieur Dépoint had bought it at a sale under the impression that it was a novel combination of chest-of-drawers and chandelier.

"A storm-trooper," grumbled the Major as we took our seats in the pâtisserie. Clearly the ordeal before him was sapping his moral. I hoped that the voice of their monarch would put new heart into those of his troops abroad who on this Christmas Day found themselves face to face with difficulty and danger. And I said so.

At the other end of the room Madame, grappling determinedly with the radio colossus, had succeeded in producing a thin whistling sound. Not quite what she expected, she seemed to say. Still, with these mad English, one never knew.

"Le ROI GEORGE?" she suggested. Major Boldie was scandalised.

"Pas le ROI GEORGE," he replied with dignity, and Madame returned to her knob-turning.

What with the lack of English newspapers and the time problem introduced by our latitude, we were not very sure when His Majesty was due to speak. Still we hoped for the best. Madame's next offer was a highly excited voice pouring forth a stream of what Geoffrey diagnosed as Russian with a Chinese intonation. And the Major turned it down so fiercely that she lost her nerve and started twiddling recklessly, offering us as substitutes for the Royal broadcast a rapid succession of queer noises varying from a soulful soprano to someone doing farmyard imitations. The Major grew redder and redder, and was beginning to wonder whether we were not becoming involved in a sort of high treason. Nor was he any better pleased when a turn of a knob brought a torrent of German over us, and I interposed with "Non non, Madame, c'est Herr HITLER qui s'adresse aux storm-troopers fidèles."

After a tense quarter-of-an-hour I began to feel very sorry both for ourselves and for Madame. I had begged her to give up, but she refused to

be beaten, and still bent earnestly to her task. Suddenly her efforts were rewarded. An unmistakably English voice came to us over the air. "I Allus Wanna See a Lotta You, followed by Oochey Woochey Wah Wah," it announced. Madame beamed on us triumphantly.

"C'est le Roi George," she asserted confidently.

I took a lightning (though disloyal) decision to end the agony.

"Oui, oui," I enthused, beaming back at her. I leapt to my feet and stood to attention, followed instantly by Geoffrey. And so irresistibly parade-like was the movement that the Major followed suit automatically and was committed before he could protest. We stood stiffly side by side while Madame smiled on us kindly, humming the Marseillaise under her breath.

"You Makes Me Go All Gooey, O You Big Bad Man," continued the voice in cultured accents, whilst a deep purple mantled the Major's cheeks. Geoffrey was registering a reverent far-away look and holding it rather well, but he still managed to whisper to him not to overdo the schoolgirl complexion. Just in time to save one of his officers from apoplexy le Roi George wound up a moving address by announcing that the band would end its programme with that popular number *Sugar Daddy's Lil' Honey Bun*.

I turned and thanked Madame courteously whilst the Major, rude fellow, sank back into his chair and stared glassily before him. I left her murmuring reverently, "Quelle voix, quelle majesté," and walked to the doorway where Miss Thompson had appeared, rather round-eyed and open-mouthed.

"What were you three doing standing here like so many dumb-bells?" she demanded.

"Hush," I said. "The KING's speech. It always takes the Major like that. Old military tradition. A young people like you Canadians could never appreciate that sort of thing."

"The KING's speech," squealed Miss Thompson, bouncing with excitement. "And what did he say? I wish I had heard it."

"O—er—this and that. Go and ask the Major. He got it all verbatim."

Miss Thompson moved off eagerly. "And offer to make him a swastika armband," I added. "He wants one for to-night's fancy-dress." She nodded brightly and bore down on the Major's gloom-shrouded corner.

I moved away unobtrusively. After all, I would hear all about it in the evening. Twice over at least.



"WELL, AUNT EMILY, AND WHAT DO YOU THINK OF OUR LITTLE ULTRA VIOLET RAY?"

The Further Adventures of the Swiss Family Robinson.

FOR many hours we had rushed over unknown country; but at dawn, as we were resigning ourselves to our fate, a cry rose above the roar of the engine: "*All change!*" We stumbled out. The lively Jack was first, and behind him came little Frank leading his dog Turk, the manly Fritz (our eldest), the indolent Ernest, and my dear wife, who carried some half-dozen leathern cases hastily snatched up. My own care had been for my umbrella and a paper package, and with these I alighted.

"Papa," cried Jack in glee, "we are preserved! Is it not fortunate?"

"My son," I replied, "we must indeed give thanks that Providence has seen fit to cast us upon this platform, desolate though it be."

The spectacle which presented itself through the drizzling rain was that of an island, flat, rectangular and composed of solid stone. In the centre stood a rough wooden structure, and

here I commanded my wife to take shelter. I then set out to explore the territory, accompanied by all my sons, save only the indolent Ernest.

As we advanced in close formation, cautious of danger, little Frank darted away to pick up an object from the ground.

"Foh!" exclaimed the haughty Fritz. "What worthless trifle have you there?"

"Nay, Fritz," said I. "I perceive this to be the rind of the edible and delicious banana, which abounds in these parts."

Frank. May I deduce, Papa, that the banana, when entire, is a yellow oblong fruit, attached to its fellows by a fibrous stalk?

Father. That is so, and I commend your observation. I have reasonable hope that we may presently come upon the parent bunch.

Jack. That will be indeed welcome. But where is my brother Fritz? Holloa! Holloa, I say!

Little Frank sobbed bitterly.

"Calm yourself," I bade him. "Doubtless Fritz is but a few paces

distant, obscured by the mist. See how the worthy Turk tugs at his leash. Let us follow him, for it is truly said that instinct will penetrate where reason cannot."

Soon we discerned a comical spectacle. Fritz was essaying to roll towards us a metal canister of prodigious size. At his antics we burst out into hearty laughter.

"Oh, Papa," cried Fritz, pausing in his labours, "I have found a vast quantity of these heaped up yonder. Can you identify the sample which I have brought hither?"

"Very readily," I answered. "It is a fine specimen of the large milk-can, containing, as its name implies, a natural milk."

"I imagined that it contained something," confessed Fritz with a wry smile, "for its great weight made it well-nigh impossible to trundle."

"But," said Jack, "the husk which encloses this milk is impenetrable. I consider that Nature has been very disobliging thus to withhold her refreshing juices from her thirsty children."

"My son," I said severely, "Nature



"WELL, IS THE PLUMBER COMING?"

"NO, SIR. WHEN I GOT DOWN THERE I CLEAN FORGOT WHAT THE MESSAGE WAS."

disobliges none but the idle; on the ingenious she smiles." I then inserted my umbrella under the upper portion, or lid, of the milk-can and wrested it off.

All clapped their hands in delight. "How pleased my mother will be!" cried little Frank, whom I had lifted up to view the milk. "How can we carry some of this to her, Papa?"

It was decided that Fritz's hat, being of a suitable shape, should be commandeered. We then made our way back to the hut.

My dear wife greeted us. "See," she said, "I have found a heap of coals upon the hearth of this ancient shelter and I have kindled a fire and prepared you a meal," and she indicated the rude table whereon she had set a platter of biscuits and a tin of cocoa.

"That is a rare feast," said I approvingly, "but have you no bread or meat?" And here I took the paper package from my pocket and disclosed its contents.

"And, Mama," said little Frank mischievously, "have you no milk? Then observe this excellent hat!"

Here he whisked his handkerchief away and revealed the precious liquid.

My wife quickly heated the milk in the tin, and we made a hearty meal of cocoa, biscuits, meat and toasted bread. We agreed that for further supplies we would rely on the milk, which we knew to abound, and on the various fruits we trusted to find. For, as I told my family, a simple trust in Providence is ever rewarded; and, moreover, we had found the banana-peel.

"And now," I said, when our appetites were appeased, "we will hear how the indolent Ernest has spent his time."

"Indeed, yes," said Fritz, giving his brother a hearty cuff. "Ernest, you smug fellow, what have you in those bulging pockets of yours?"

"While you were absent," replied Ernest, "I ventured out and came upon a group of machines growing up the wall of the hut, and from these culled the fruits which I will now show to you. I wager that my arrogant brother will change his tune and henceforth sing my praises." With these words he laid his spoils before us.

"My gracious!" exclaimed Jack. "What a diversity of objects! Papa, I see, will have a hard task to name them all."

They were, indeed, various, but I was able to identify each and to explain its properties and how best to enjoy its benefits, to my attentive audience. For, as I told them, the protection which Nature affords her most delicate fruits often conceals their goodness. Thus the chocolate, of which Ernest had found several sorts, was encased in tough paper, which the hungriest would scarcely dare to chew, while beneath this came the inner skin, or tinfoil, which clung closely; but, when once it had been peeled off, the delicious and nutritive substance was exposed. The toffee, I explained, being harder, often had but a single rind of waxed paper. My sons readily mastered the art of preparing these fruits, crying, as they crammed them into their mouths, "Oh! they are delicious!"

"But," said Ernest, "the largest machine I left untouched, lacking those silver coins necessary to extract its different fruits. How say you,



"I'M GLAD YOU KILLED THAT HARE, PERKINS, THAT WAS DOING SUCH DAMAGE."

"No, no, Ma'am; I NEVER KILLED UN. I JUST COTCHED UN AND WOPPED UN AN' TURNED UN OUT."

brothers, to trying what this will yield us, if Papa be willing to provide us with shillings and sixpences?"

Having at length obtained my consent and the coins, the boys darted forth, to return with laden arms.

"Here," they exclaimed, "is the banana of which you spoke! And here something which we take to be a rare species of biscuit! But what, Papa, is this?"

"I would judge that it was a meat-pie," I replied, examining it, "of which some sorts are said to be edible." With that we fell to, and, the repast over, gathered round the fire, as had

been our wont in former times; and my heart was filled with happiness as I gazed at the circle of contented faces.

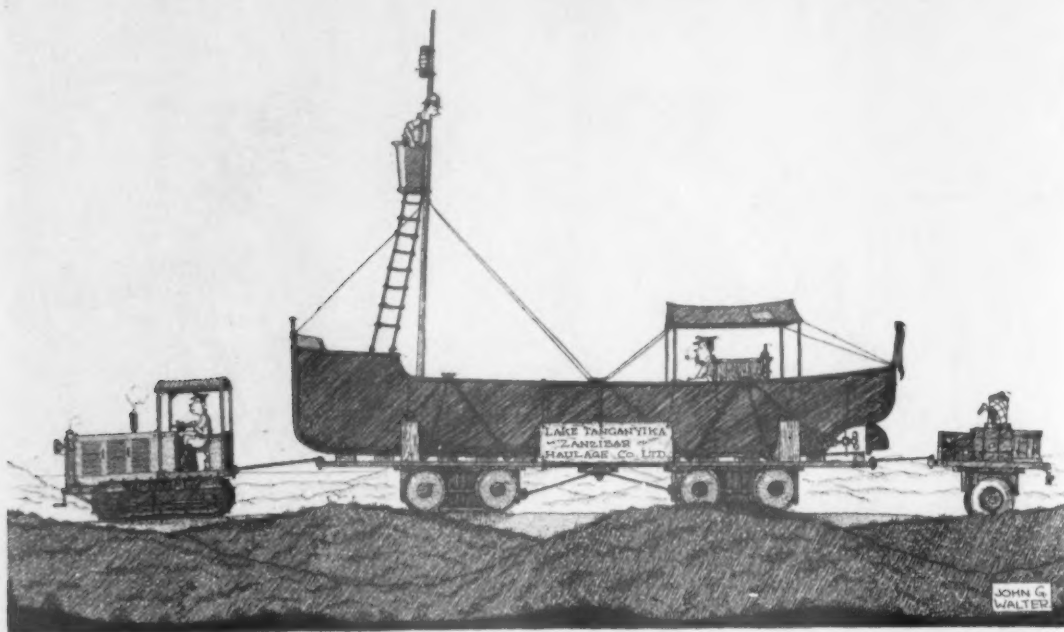
"My dear sons," I began, "and my excellent wife, is not this an admirable state of affairs? We are alive and in health; we want for nothing; Providence, which fails not the trusting heart, has guided us hither after our stormy voyaging and taught us that it is better to toil quietly for our modest needs than to strive for that which we know not, vexing our spirits with idle questionings and our bodies with the cloying luxuries of civilisation."

At this moment a low roaring sound

became apparent afar off and quickly seemed to fill the air.

"Papa! Papa!" shouted Jack, running to the door, "we are saved!" Hereupon all joined in the general huzza.

A few seconds later we stepped into the waiting train, leaving our platform as we had come: the impetuous Jack, followed by his brothers; then my dear wife with the cases; and lastly myself, with my umbrella and a number of toffees which I had seized up. Shortly afterwards the whistle blew and we steamed slowly away into the gathering darkness.



'SEA ON THE STARBOARD BOW, CAPTAIN'

Working for a Living.

A Comedy in Three Acts.

Preface.

A GOOD wine needs no bush, but occasionally the value of a good play is enhanced by a preface. Moreover, in the play which follows there are a number of small but significant incidents which might escape the notice unless more fully explained than is possible on the stage.

The whole play is an attack upon current notions of the dignity of labour. These notions are represented by *Ratlike*, with whom *Freda* imagines herself to be in love when the play opens, and by *Freda's* brother *Bill*.

Ratlike has been so named because there is, in London, no actor bearing sufficient facial resemblance to a rat to allow me to dispense with the simile. You will notice that although he talks a great deal about the dignity of labour he is never seen performing the lightest task. *Bill*, on the other hand, typifies the man who works because it seems to be the natural thing to do and who does not concern himself with the ethics of labour. In the original script he was not a tap-dancer; neither did he sing comic songs with *Ratlike* and the hero. These things

were introduced by the producer, Mr. Fleischberg.

When I first suggested the play to Mr. Fleischberg the only character introduced was an old man who sat in a chair doing nothing for the whole of the three Acts. This would have had the utmost philosophical significance. The implication that labour is neither necessary nor elevating would have been fully expressed.

But Mr. Fleischberg pointed out that it would be difficult to persuade people to pay half-a-guinea to see an old man sit in a chair. Even given frequent intervals and a messenger-boy in the bar to tell people not to hurry as the old man was still sitting, he doubted whether he could make it a financial success. So he suggested that some sort of plot should be added and one or two songs introduced. The original old man should remain, and Mr. Fleischberg offered to take the part himself if I would make the character smoke cigars all the evening. This offer I firmly refused, as the whole point of the old man's being there was that he should be doing nothing.

When the play was ready for rehearsals Mr. Fleischberg again objected to the presence of the old man and refused to pay for an actor to take the part unless it were a more active

one. He suggested that I should stand the old man on his head in a corner somewhere and make him juggle bottles with his feet. However, I pointed out that this would ruin the underlying motive of the whole play, so we decided not to hire an actor to take the part but to put the old man's chair behind a green baize screen which would remain on the stage throughout the evening. You will be unable to see the old man, but the presence of the green-baize screen is highly significant.

The rest of the plot has nothing to do with the play but is Mr. Fleischberg's idea of entertainment. The forty bathing beauties who emerge from behind the green-baize screen in the Second Act have no connection with the original script, which was concerned only with the contention that work is unnecessary and that it is just as delightful to imagine that one has achieved something as actually to achieve it.

This philosophy also explains why the play which follows doesn't follow, because it has never been written.

"NORTHERN BEER IS BEST.
BUT NO ONE CAN SAY WHY."

Yorks Paper.

Further tests, however, are being made.

Our-Booking Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

That Side Idolatry.

It is seldom in these days of post-humous indictment that an enthusiast who as a schoolboy collected his hero's autograph (and, in subsequent years, his first editions) gets the chance of writing his biography. Mr. H. V. MARROT, however, is in this happy position, and *The Life and Letters of John Galsworthy* (HEINEMANN, 21/-) is rather a loving assemblage of Galsworthiana than a critical study of its subject. Not only is GALSWORTHY, very soundly, allowed to speak as far as possible for himself, but his contemporaries are encouraged to re-say their say at length. And while this produces some interesting correspondence in answer to GALSWORTHY's own precise, gracious but not very exhilarating letters, the general impression of these eight-hundred pages is of the over-documentation of episodes and feelings never fundamentally probed by the novelist, his circle or his biographer. The most vivacious passages are a letter from GILBERT MURRAY defending social students; a review by "Q" attacking the *femme incomprise* of *The Dark Flower*, and a memorable letter of GALSWORTHY's own on the prison reform which would seem in retrospect the most valid of the many social causes with which he was so gallantly identified.

The Admirable Scot.

A three days' railway breakdown in the Rockies was sufficient occasion for Sir Donald Macalister of Tarbert (MACMILLAN, 12/6) to pick up the dialect of the Crow Indians, for this scholar with the wholly rigid memory had a habit of bringing home every few months or so a new language as a holiday souvenir. Before adopting medicine as his profession he had been, almost incidentally, Senior Wrangler, and his path to the presidency of the General Medical Council was strewn with lectures, essays and translations. Associated as he was equally with Cambridge and with Glasgow University, this incredible Highlander's ease of accomplishment would be almost intolerable to a self-respecting Englishman were it not that he has left behind him memories of kindness, unassuming friendship and administrative genius for which his more than human facility may be forgiven him. It is his supreme testimonial that to spare him when in ill health, a crowd of Glasgow students sat without disturbance through a controversial address by an English statesman. Lady MACALISTER has written her husband's biography with infinite zest and affection and the result is a volume of real value and quite unusual charm.



"TELL ME IF IT CATCHES THE BRIDGE. I CAN EASE IT FOR YOU, SIR."

Light over Africa.

Sponsored by that veteran of colonial administration, Lord LUGARD, and by Sir BERNARD BOURDILLON, who has but lately relinquished the government of the protectorate, the book on *Uganda* (MILFORD, 15/-) which Messrs. H. B. THOMAS and ROBERT SCOTT have written comes to us with the highest credentials. The hastiest survey of its pages, however, is sufficient to demonstrate that it stands in no need of such sureties. Written with practical intent, it is a mass of carefully digested and well authenticated facts—ethnological, physical, political, economic. It is, in short, a book which no one who has any connection, whether administra-

tive or commercial, with that country in the heart of Africa can possibly neglect. But it is more than that. Africa at the moment is very much—and very painfully—on the map; and it is likely to remain so. But while we all know that a good deal of the map is coloured red—and many of us are still not altogether ashamed of the fact—very few of us could put the red patches in with any high degree of accuracy or explain their exact justification. Such a book as this, comprehensive and precise yet extremely readable, admirably illustrated with maps and photographs, is a most valuable contribution to an important, even necessary, branch of knowledge. It will be a major document for that history of Africa and of the white man's nobler and baser activities there which it is to be hoped a new Gibbon will some day arise to write.

Scoops and Spikes.

Your working journalist will commonly manage to get a "good press" for his books—those by-products of a busy life which he turns out in his none too numerous leisure hours—and especially if he deals in autobiographical memories. Whether the general public will rush to buy *The Truth About a Journalist* (PITMAN, 10/-) I cannot say, but they might do worse. For what Mr. SYDNEY MOSELEY does not know about the business can hardly be worth mentioning. He began early, as a junior clerk, with letters to the daily papers. Then he interviewed a local paper and suggested that he should interview Candidates for neighbouring constituencies at a General Election, and let the electors read their views. He secured this job on the understanding that he was to get no pay and stand all expenses. But it was worth while. Our budding journalist knew even then the value of publicity, and he insisted on his name appearing on the news-bills as well as below the articles. The result was that one of the Candidates he interviewed obtained for him his first post in Fleet Street. Since then Mr. SYDNEY MOSELEY has done many things and tried many positions, and here he tells us all about them and about the friends he has made, and the scoops he has brought off, and the "spiking" of copy, and the evil ways of sub-editors (but with sympathy, for he has been a "sub" himself), and the men and women he has started on the great game. In short, if you want to know something about a journalist's life, here is your guide.

The Second Book of Emil.

Generous consideration is given in *Emil and the Three Twins* (CAPE, 7/6) to those who are not acquainted with *Emil and the Detectives*. So if you missed the original *Emil* there is no reason why his later adventures should not be enjoyed. Ably translated from the German by CYRUS BROOKS, this tale about children, and for them, has distinct

charm. As its pivot I take an attractive small boy, who fits into his curious surroundings with delightful facility. In a world not essentially adventurous we are given hair-breadth escapes, and incidentally a little misadventure that would have been a boon to our writers of school fairs, had they happened to think of it. A most interesting story which throws a strong light on the mentality of German youth.

The Ethiop Land.

Since Abyssinia came into prominence in the news we have been regaled with a number of hasty and flamboyant books on the history and condition of the Ethiopians. At last appears a worthy and considered volume, *A History of Abyssinia*, by A. H. M. JONES and ELIZABETH MONROE (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 6/-). This contains a condensed but complete account of the country and its people from legendary times to the present fateful day. Like other kingdoms, Abyssinia has had its Dark Ages, but now and

then it has been exposed in a brilliant and fantastic light. Most of us have a warm corner in our hearts for PRESTER JOHN, and at a later period the adventurous Jesuits have a flavour all their own. Coming down to modern times the authors present us with a pleasantly ironical narrative of the dealings of certain Great Powers with Abyssinia. The whole thing is perfectly done, and I heartily congratulate the collaborators on their performance. They have been well supported by their entrepreneur; Mr. MILFORD's production more than maintains his lofty standard. The illustrations are few but choice.

Transport.

MESSRS. METHUEN state that Mr. A. D. DIVINE, in *They Blocked the Suez Canal* (3/6), "makes a daring and perhaps a dangerous use of the Italo-Abyssinian situation," and I am ready enough to agree with them. But even those who consider this story more audacious than discreet will have to admit that it is extremely thrilling. Moreover, Mr. DIVINE handles his theme with considerable skill, and shows himself an expert in the art of construction. I doubt if 1936 will produce a more sensational tale.

Mr. Punch on Tour.

The Exhibition of Prints depicting humorous situations between Doctor and Patient will be on view at the Public Art Gallery, Huddersfield, from January 6th to February 1st.

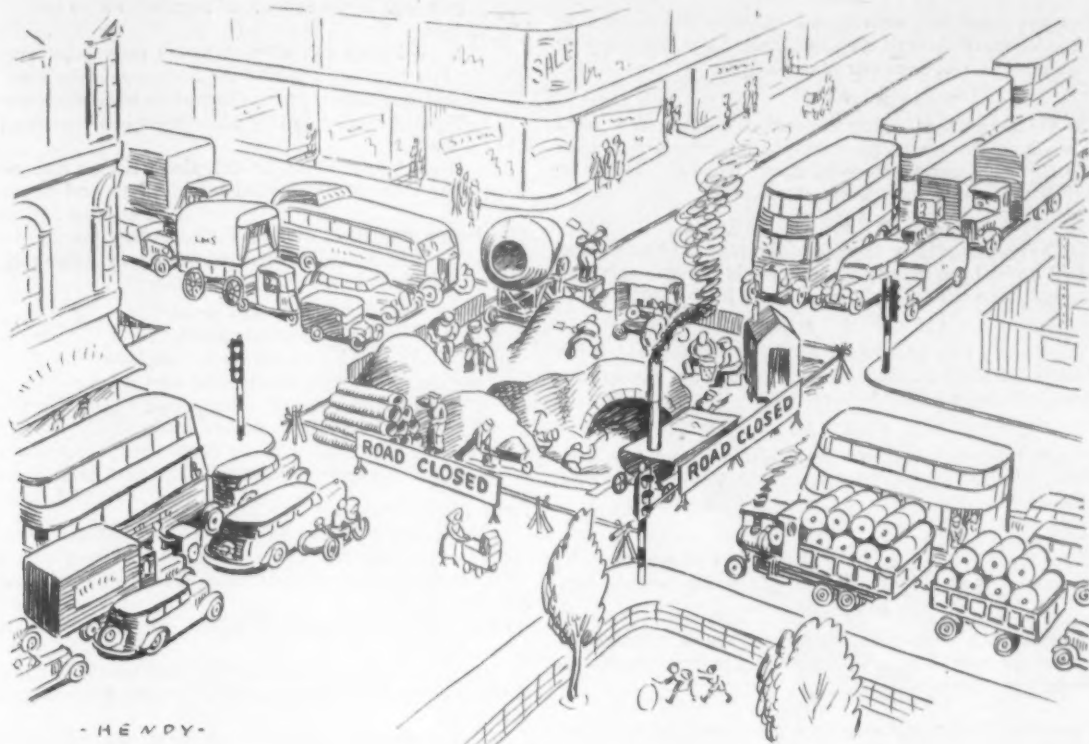
Invitations to visit this Exhibition will be gladly sent to readers if they apply to the Secretary, "Punch" Office, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Maternal Acrobatics; or, How to Keep your Children Quiet.

"Babies that lay whimpering in the arms of mothers who sat with anxiety on their faces."—*Daily Paper Supplement*.



"THE FACT IS, LADY, SANCTIONS IS AT THE BOTTOM OF MY TROUBLES."



CLEAN ENGLISH HUMOUR.

Song for a New Year.

WHEN I was young, my masters, and when January's trumpet

Came pealing through the welkin crying, "Let us start anew!"

And the Newest Year, arriving, whispered, "Like it, friend, or lump it,

But here am I at any rate, for revelry or rue."

I would see the world emerging like a felon freed from durance,

Like a climber thrusting upwards who at last beheld the crest,

And as January ripened I would say with calm assurance, "This year will be a better year; this year will be the best."

Well, a many times I've hearkened to this hardy-annual summons,

A many years have dawned and gone December-wards their way;

I have known some pretty good 'uns, I have known some mighty rum 'uns,

And my claim upon the future is less arrogant to-day.

I have modified my programme and curtailed my expectations,

I am vastly less exacting as regards the bill-of-fare;

As my countrymen would put it, with their venerable patience:

"I'm contentit-like wi' little noo an' canty-like wi' mair."

Give me just a roof above me (at a reasonable rental),
The wherewithal to pay for clothes and coal (or even coke),

A garden which with fruitfulness combines the ornamental,

A glass to drink at dinner and a pipe or two to smoke;
Give me these, and give me also certain unambitious minima—

A week or two in Scotland or perchance the Continent,
A novel and a theatre, a wireless and a cinema—

Assure me these for ever and my answer is "Content!"

* * * * *

I have reperused these verses. I am sorry. I'm a liar,
My pretence of resignation is at variance with the truth,

For the thing *does* spring eternal and the hopes of age are higher

Than the rosier concoctions and the fondest dreams of youth.

Here am I, a poor old idiot, with experience a plenty,
But has hope indeed departed? Am I disillusioned?

Nix!

Ships that sank in nineteen-hundred, plans that crashed in nineteen-twenty,

They'll come home—I *still* believe it. . . . Here's to nineteen-thirty-six!

H. B.

Charivaria.

WHEN an American arrived in London in a dense fog he said the effect was very awe-inspiring. But we suppose that by now he has seen our statues.

★ ★ ★

A U.S. Government agent concealed himself in a barn in a lonely district and photographed a number of men engaged in the manufacture of illicit whisky. Later he produced this study in still life as evidence.

★ ★ ★

Whilst crossing a busy thoroughfare, a variety artist was knocked down by a furniture-van. He is not the only one of his profession who complains of being hit by the movies.

★ ★ ★

A missionary tells of a cannibal chief who has eaten his mother-in-law and two sisters-in-law. Evidently a man who believes in living on his wife's relations.

★ ★ ★

We are told of a business man who says he was surprised to receive two empty envelopes in his morning post last week. They of course conveyed nothing to him.

★ ★ ★

"Why must couples go under archways at weddings?" asks a writer. Well, they would look silly going over the top.

★ ★ ★

A statistician comments upon the small number of telephone-operators who seem anxious to marry. Hundreds of course are engaged.

★ ★ ★

It is stated that Dutchmen have the homeliest features. Plain Vans.

★ ★ ★

An inventor declares that his favourite pastimes are golf and fishing. That may explain why he's an inventor.

★ ★ ★

"Even the dullest office can possess a little beauty," says a writer. It generally does—and she makes tea all day.

★ ★ ★

A writer suggests that women exaggerate the importance of fur-coats. They make mountains out of moleskins.

The Annual Banquet

(which, we modestly suggest, might be conducted more briefly and more enjoyably to music, more or less as follows.)

The Toast-Master.

PRAY silence for your Chairman, who, to expedite the fun, Will now propose a number of the usual toasts in one.

The Mayor (rises).

Your Grace, my Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen—
The Animal Kingdom, when heartily fed,
Lie down and reflect or go frankly to bed;
But Man, in his wisdom, as History teaches,
Has always preferred to stand up and make speeches.

The Company.

Hear, he-ar! Hear, he-ar! As History teaches,
We try to pretend we're delighted by speeches.

The Mayor.

'Tis pleasant to meet the *élite* of our race
Assembled to eat in this draughty old place,
The Sons of the Sea and the Lords of the Loam—
Though I guess we'd have dined in more comfort at home.

The Company.

Hear, he-ar! Hear, he-ar! The Beaune wasn't bad,
But that is the one bit of comfort we've had.

The Mayor.

Well, I give you a toast which no patriot grudges:
"His Majesty's Ministers, Forces and Judges,"
And, to shorten proceedings, I'm wondering whether
They'll kindly deliver their speeches together?

The Company.

Hear, he-ar! Hear, he-ar! Each Briton endorses
The toast of "The Ministers, Judges and Forces."
[The toast is drunk.]

The Prime Minister, the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, Admiral Blow, General Sir Percy Sabre and Air-Marshal Lord Aileron (rising together).

We thank you very much:
We unanimously think
That it's rare for us to touch
Such disgusting food and drink;
But we're very, very proud
To be where we are to-day,
And we hope, if we're allowed,
To serve you still. Hip, hip, hooray!

[Applause.]

Toast-Master (recitative).

Pray silence for the Most Vocal the Right Honourable
the Earl of Egg, Knight Grand Warden of the Order of the
Elephant, Keeper of the Chain, Master of Foxhounds!

The Earl of Egg.

Of all the world's great blunders, Sir, the strangest one
I know
Is the fond hallucination that it's Man who runs the show,
When every British gentleman, whate'er his type or trade
is,
Agrees the whole machinery of life is just "The Ladies."

The Prime Minister.

I'd like to second that, Sir; when the Cabinet is blue
We send for Lady Lizard and she tells us what to do.

General Sabre.

The Army, too, I'd like to say, is managed on these lines;
In fact our latest guns were based upon my wife's designs.

Admiral Blow.

The Navy, Sir, on foreign shores lead hot and dangerous
lives,
But suffer this in silence when they think of their dear
wives.

The Lord Chief Justice.

My wife can always tell me, Sir, which litigant's to blame;
At any rate she thinks she can, and that is much the
same.

Earl of Egg.

So every gentleman must cry, whate'er his type or trade
is,

"God bless the little nuisances!—Up, Gentlemen—The
Ladies!"

[The toast is drunk.]

The Mayor.

And now, in case there's anyone dejected or irate
Through a sense that we've forgotten his importance to
the State,

I beg you charge your glasses and give generous attention
To anyone whom everyone has basely failed to mention.

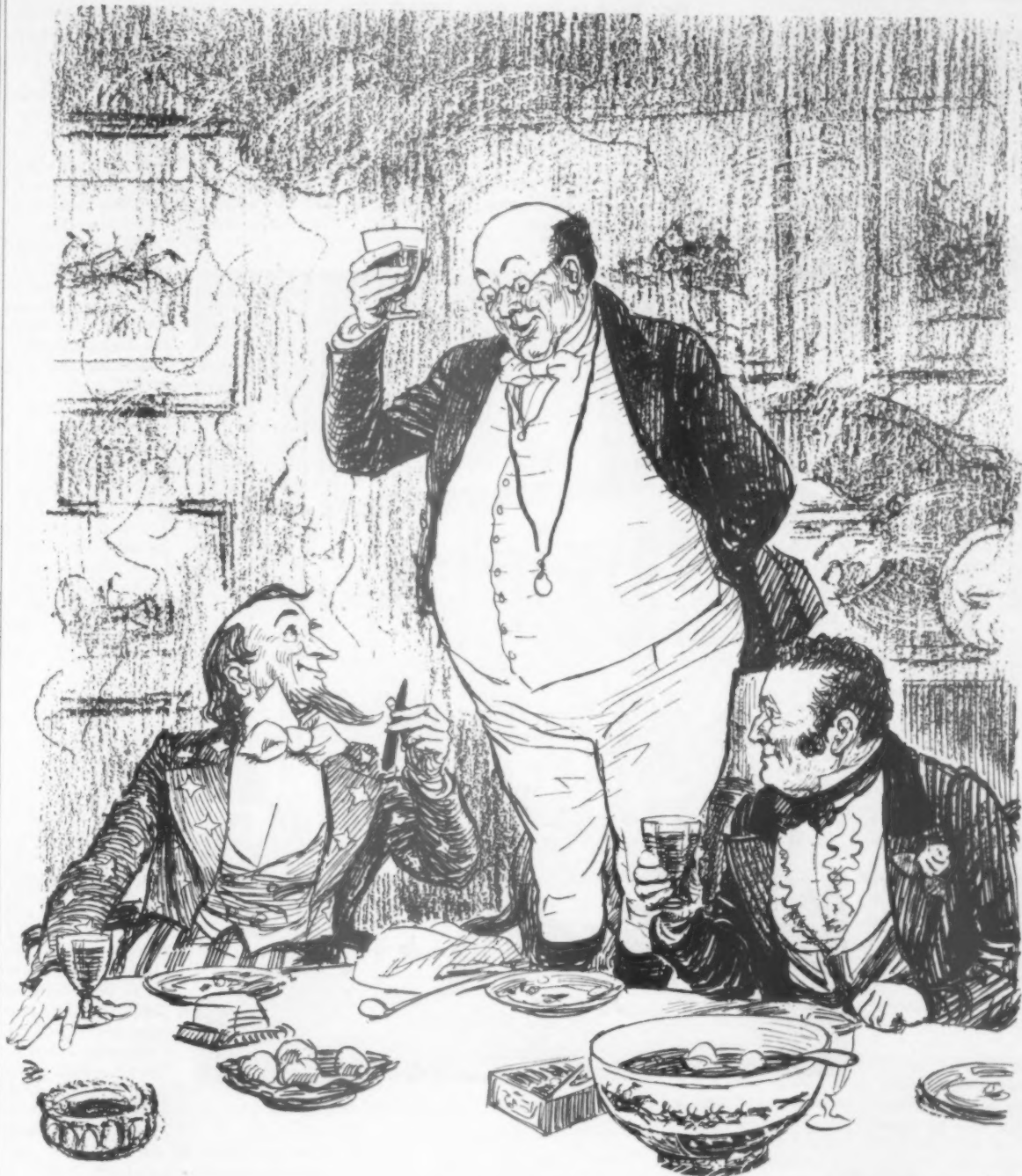
[General drinking and congratulation.]

That done, I do not think there's any more that need be
done;

I'm very sure that, separate, we'll all have better fun;
So let us softly scatter—by the way, you shouldn't
miss

The new picture at the Priam—it's a better show than
this.

A. P. H.



Ernest H. Shepard

MR. PICKWICK'S CENTENARY, 1936.

"HERE'S HOPING THAT YOU TWO WILL ALWAYS BE AS MUCH LIKED BY EACH OTHER AS I BELIEVE THAT I AM BY BOTH OF YOU."

Bills of Sale.

I OFTEN think that posters of the

FIRED
ACROSS
ATLANTIC
IN ROCKET

kind, not to mention

CHASED
BY A
MOVING
MOUNTAIN

must be the result of a sort of mental hiccups that attack a man from time to time. I believe that someone on the weekly papers they advertise must be in the habit of going down with a periodical bout of

PEER'S
BROTHER
FALLS OUT
OF BOTTLE

these things. They keep popping out of him like

ELEPHANT
CALVES
IN POST-
OFFICE

the crystal notes of some fluted melody, no matter what else he may

MORMON'S
BRACES
STOP A
TRACTOR

or may not be doing. He cannot control them. In a way they control him. Of course his style must be cramped a bit, as mine is not, by the fact that

they have to have some bearing on

MOUTH-ORGAN
THAT
TERRORISED
A CITY

something that is actually in that issue of the paper he adorns. However, it matters little what.

MURDERED
279 CLERKS
WITH
PENHOLDER

in the happy belief that they are about to read of some London business man who ran amok in the office last week, are disappointed to find that the announcement refers

to an Egyptian who is believed to have been alleged to have done this in Iceland or Yokohama in the

SAUSAGE
ROLLS
FULL OF
DYNAMITE

year 1779. However, that does not deter them from buying next week's issue on the strength of the poster—

SAVED BY
EATING
HIS
UMBRELLA

I too have written one or two newspaper posters in my time, and the fact that I never rose to heights like these may be debited or credited chiefly to the poverty of the material I had to work with. You can't get much careless rapture into your posters

when you have to stick to facts, and yesterday's or to-day's facts at that.

Fiction is the thing for careless rapture. Wine isn't in it with the air that mounts to the heads of us poster-writers when we are let loose among the things that Can't Have Happened But Are Vouched For. It is then that we become ALGERNON BLACKWOODS of the bill, EDGAR ALLAN POES of the poster. And one thing that gives me many a sleepless night is the thought



"WHO SAYS MY OMLETTE TASTES LIKE ZE ZAWDUSTS?"

POET WHO
LIVES ON
CIGARETTE
ASH

The posters are very seldom topical. Those who eagerly buy the paper on seeing the bill—

that these sombre poets on the weekly papers are missing splendid chances among the non-copyright stuff.

Look at the Roman Emperors. Why, the very mildest bill-idea that enters my head for an issue containing anything about CALIGULA is

A
HORSE
AS
M.P.

and they could find any number of others that would be terrible among the sales-resistance. And turning from Fiction to Feature Articles, consider the Essays of MONTAIGNE. At the end of the essay on Sleep, for instance, he mentions one EPIMENIDES, whom I never heard of anywhere else, but whose appearance in a weekly paper would be the best possible excuse for plastering walls with the thought-provoking placard

SLEPT
FOR
57
YEARS

I like to think of the pleasant time that would be had by all if one of these weekly papers, in despair, or for any of the other reasons that make an editor print things, ran *Hamlet* as a serial. The earliest poster we should see would probably be one referring to the "squeak and gibber" speech in the first scene:

GRAVES
EMPTY:
DEAD WALK
STREETS

and possibly another one the same week would call up a pleasing vision of exacerbated navvies in the Tube.

UNDERGROUND
GHOST
MADE THEM
SWEAR

Further on *Hamlet* offers unlimited opportunities for the straightforward puzzler, or What-the-Hell; as, for example—

WISHED
FOR
FLESH
TO MELT

or another

CALLED
HER
FATHER A
FISHMONGER



"AND NOW, ERNIE, WHERE DO YOU THINK WE SHOULD FIX ON FOR OUR SUMMER HOLIDAYS?"

which is pregnant with human problems for fathers, daughters, sons and fishmongers.

But if I know the man who writes these posters, and I don't, his taste is more for the *Titus Andronicus* kind of thing. What he likes is blood, and all the accessories. Well, I make him a present of my favourite stage-direction from that tender and exquisite wisp of gossamer dramaturgy:—

Enter a Messenger, with two heads and a hand.

There, lad. Have a happy thought about that. R. M.



"MR. Ffolliott de Montmorency to see you, my lady."

"I DON'T RECALL THE NAME, COOMBES."

"WE KNOW THE GENTLEMAN QUITE WELL. IT'S THE ONE YOU CALL 'PIE-FACE,' MY LADY."

Problem of the Week.

You are driving up from the country with your wife to spend a few days in town. Someone has told you that the Hôtel Marsala, "that big one in Westmorland Avenue," is nice and central, and so you have already written for a room. You sweep into the avenue from the south and pull up in front of a majestic portal. A Field-Marshal in maroon opens the door, two Generals in maroon assist your wife out, three Colonels in maroon pounce on your suitcases. You tell your wife to go on in; you will put the car away and join her later in your room.

You garage the car, cut back through a passage-way to the Hôtel Marsala, verify that a room has been reserved for you as per your letter, and, while signing the register, say something about your wife and luggage having of course gone up. The reception-clerk says, "What wife and what luggage?" You explain. He gives you a cold stare and says "Madam has not been seen." You look round the entrance-lounge: she is not waiting

there. Yet you are undoubtedly in the Hôtel Marsala. A wild suspicion grips you, which is confirmed by the fact that the Field-Marshal outside seems to be supported by only one General and two Colonels, that he has a much smaller moustache, and that all are dressed in *sky-blue*. You recall with a sinking heart that there are of course *two* somewhat similar hotels on that side of Westmorland Avenue, and that, coming in from the south end, you have stopped at the first—and wrong—one. In other words, you have decanted your trusting wife, whom you have brought up to believe in your infallibility, at the Hôtel Madeira-Mamore, where she, cursing you for not having, apparently, written for the room as you said, is already upstairs unpacking and probably wondering in an unsuspecting girlish way why the Hôtel Marsala has "Madeira-Mamore" embroidered on its towels and pillow-slips.

The problem is: What does A do? You of course are A.

* * * * *

The problem, my dear A, can be

tackled in several ways, and here are a few of them:—

A.—The Incredibly Brave (but Not Recommended).

Go round to the Madeira-Mamore and explain to the Field-Marshal, Generals and Colonels, to the sleek reception-clerks, lift-men and luggage-porters that you have made a mistake and that you really meant to stay at the less imposing Marsala further up the avenue. If they suggest that now your wife's here you might remain, tell them you prefer the other because it's cheaper and better. Ask them to have your baggage sent down again (explain, by the way, you are not referring to your wife), distribute a tip or so and move out, along and in.

B.—The Impossibly Brave (and Not Recommended At All).

As above, but omitting the tip or so.

C.—The Discreet (but not Valorous).

Being too cowardly to face the staff of the Madeira-Mamore in person, pretend to have a stroke and ask

feebly for your wife to be sent for at once from the Madeira, where she is staying. The Marsala's management, under the impression that the pair of you must have been estranged and this is practically a death-bed reunion, will probably be only too delighted to arrange it all. When your wife comes you can recover and explain to her what really happened. On the other hand, if—as some people are—you are more afraid of your wife than of an hotel staff, this method should be called *The Valorous (but not Discreet)*.

D.—*The Machiavellian (but Pretty Good Considering)*.

Go out and send a telegram to your wife, saying, "AUNTIE TOOK BAD COME AT ONCE" (better still, "AUNTIE DEAD COME IMMEDIATELY"—it saves two words), then hurry round to the Madeira and, calling yourself Mr. Smith, ask to see Mrs. A, who, you understand, has just arrived. Explain the situation hurriedly to your wife—preferably in private in case she cuts up rough—and enlist her co-operation, offering her the impending telegram as a weapon. Then go back to the Marsala to wait, leaving her to grapple with it. With sobs in the throat and waving the telegram as confirmation she will do her stuff on the reception-clerk and leave the Madeira in a wave of sympathy.

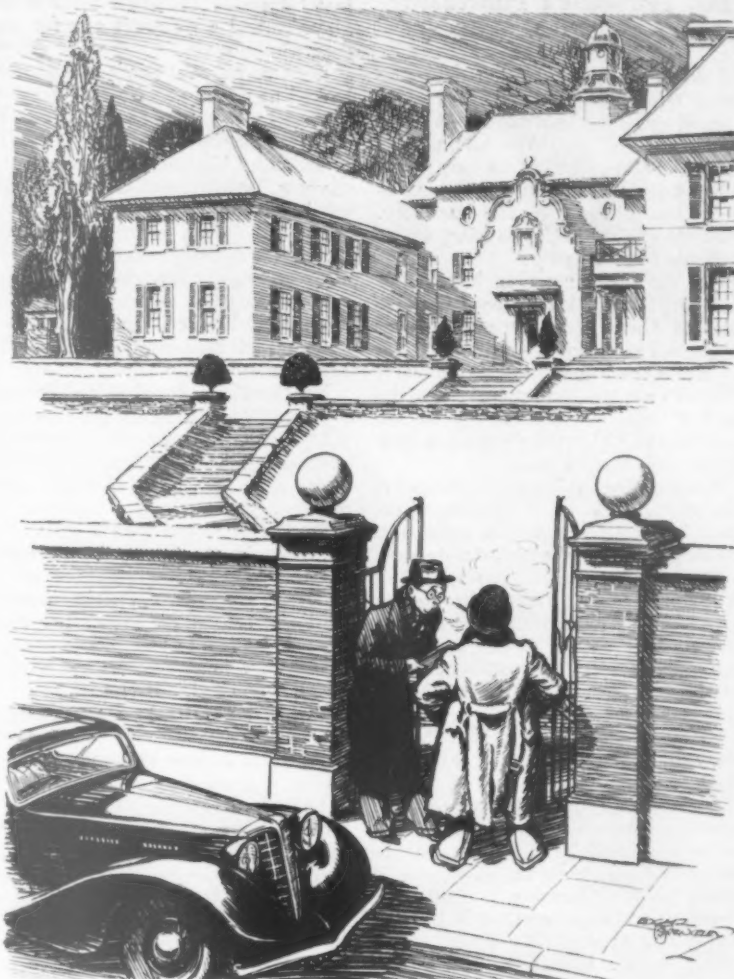
N.B.—If going to the theatre that night, be sure and don't pass the Madeira's portals gaily chattering, in full evening-dress.

E.—*The Brightest (and Best)*.

Phone up your wife, tell her what's happened and, before she can comment, say you are relying on her womanly intelligence to find a way of leaving the Madeira and joining you at the Marsala without a dust-up. To be candid, this means you consider she is a better liar than you are, but it puts her on her mettle to do something, and she won't let you down. This method also has an advantage on the previous one in that it is cheaper—a phone-call as against a telegram.

F.—*The Strong (but Depending on What Sort of Wife You Have)*.

Tell the reception-clerk at the Marsala that you think your wife—women are like that—has made a mistake and stupidly gone to the wrong hotel. Will he phone up and tell her to come on over with the luggage—and to hurry, as you're waiting? This last you can conveniently do in the American Bar at the end of the corridor.



"H. AND C., I SUPPOSE?"

G.—*The Dirty (but Effective)*.

Ring up the Madeira and say that your wife, who has unfortunately just booked a room with them, has lately been in contact with a scarlet-fever case. Then go and wait across the road. In a few minutes they will, under some pretext, have got her and her luggage out for you without her having the vaguest idea what it's all about, and yet—so skilful are hotel people—almost grateful to them for the whole business. You can then tell her austerely that that's not at all the sort of hotel she would have liked staying at and that you've found a nicer one further along.

H.—*The Easy (but Likely to Start Something)*.

Let things drift, that is, let your wife

stay that first night at the Madeira and you stay at the Marsala, subsequently fetching her next morning and explaining that there was a slight hitch. This is not recommended and will almost certainly land you in trouble, for your wife will soon start making bitter remarks about knowing now why you were so eager to come up to town, and you thought you'd get rid of her altogether and go off on your own, didn't you? In short, she will want to know a lot more about it than you can ever explain; and you will explain a lot more than she will ever believe.

A. A.

All Work and No Play Makes Grannie a Dull Girl.

"GIRLS IN PLAY AFTER 80 YEARS' BAN."
Headline in Daily Paper.

Mr. Harbottle's Punctuality Drive.

I DON'T know what other offices do about punctuality, but we have had a lot of trouble with it lately. It never used to worry us. We had always thought it was all right as long as we didn't arrive before Sidney (the office-boy) came along with the latch-key. That was about half-past nine, so we could manage it easily.

But the other morning Mr. Porter took Mr. Harbottle's letters up to his room at about a quarter-past ten as usual, and came down looking puzzled.

"Harbottle's not himself," he said. "He told me that punctuality was the soul of business. He shot it at me quite suddenly. I didn't like his look or the tone of his voice."

It was a funny thing to say certainly, but we forgot about it until the afternoon, when Miss Elkington came into the room with her shorthand notebook.

"Think of a word," she said, "of about one syllable, with either an 'a' sound or an 'r' sound in the middle, and perhaps a 'ch' at the beginning and perhaps not, that you might put in a letter to a Messrs. L. P. Enderby who live at E.C.3."

"Rhinoceroses," said Mr. Porter, absently. He was busy taking the clock to pieces.

Miss Elkington shook her head and looked closer at her notebook. "It's got to be something to do with punctuality. Punctuality is the something of either busy or business." And Mr. Porter was so surprised that he dropped one of the wheels of the clock, and it rolled into the hole in the floor by the gas-tap.

"Punctuality is the soul of business," he said. "Harbottle's been repeating it on and off all day. But where he got it from I can't think."

Sidney thumped on his blotting-paper and took his ruler out of his mouth. "He's got a new calendar," he told us. "From the milk. With pieces on it." Then he put the ruler back.

So that was it. The milk (half-a-pint) had given Mr. Harbottle another calendar, and the calendar was giving Mr. Harbottle ideas. At five o'clock, when Mr. Harbottle had gone, we went up to see for ourselves, and there it was. We stood round it gloomily.

"I wouldn't have thought it of the milk," said Mr. Porter. "He's never sent us anything like this before."

"No," I said. "We've usually had a mail-coach battling against a sharp frost."

"Quite. Or three kittens wedged into a boot. Something perfectly harm-

less. But look at this. No picture: just 'Business Thoughts for Business Days.' And a different one for each day, what's more."

We tore off that day's thought and looked at the next. Co-operation, we saw, was the basis of organisation. We said it over once or twice. "Perhaps it will take his mind off punctuality, anyhow," said Miss Elkington, and we left it at that.

But no. The next morning Mr. Harbottle came down from his room into the general office at ten-past ten, a thing he has never done before. "Where's Porter?" he asked, and we could tell that he was still brooding over punctuality.

Mr. Chudleigh coughed and frowned over his glasses at the rest of us.

"Chudleigh," said Mr. Harbottle, holding up a large black notebook, "you seem to be about the most responsible person here. I have decided that this sort of thing can't go on. Kindly see that everyone enters his or her name and time of arrival in this book every morning, together with the reason for his or her being late. If he is late. Or she. Organisation," he wound up, "is the basis of co-operation."

"Indeed yes," said Mr. Chudleigh. "A veritable basis." And he took the notebook. It was quite like a prize-giving.

Being responsible rather went to Mr. Chudleigh's head. He bored a hole in the corner of the book and tied it to a nail in the wall. And the next morning, as we came in at our usual times, he was standing beside it.

"You must have been standing there for hours," said Mr. Porter. "Nine-thirty. Cor. I'm ten-sixteen."

"You have to put your reason for being late here," said Mr. Chudleigh, pointing to the third column, which we had all found a bit narrow. Miss Lunn had squashed in "Inclement weather" and Miss Elkington had just written "Hair."

Mr. Chudleigh frowned when he saw this. "Hair, Miss Elkington?" he asked. "Is that a reason?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Chudleigh," said Miss Elkington. "I always have to take the hairpins out every morning and comb it into curls. You can't think what a time it takes."

"I know that feeling," said Mr. Porter; and he wrote "Collar."

A little later the nail supporting the notebook came out of the wall and the book fell down. Miss Elkington, who happened to be in the room, picked it up and gave a tiny scream.

"Look!" she cried. "Mr. Harbottle's writing. At the other end.

It's the book he always said I'd lost because we couldn't find it." And she darted out of the room.

"What did he say?" we asked when she came back.

"He just grunted," said Miss Elkington, "and he asked who had been boring holes in it and writing names upside down at the other end."

We thought that after this we shouldn't hear anything more about punctuality. But we were wrong again. A few mornings later Sidney actually found Mr. Harbottle waiting on the doorstep when he came along with the key. "I happened to arrive at nine-thirty-one," he said, "and I see him leaning against the door. It gave me a turn."

We looked at each other. "The calendar," said Miss Elkington. "Yesterday it was 'Perpetual vigilance is the price of safety,' and it must have set him off again. I'll go in and see what to-day's is, and I'll ring down and let you know."

We waited anxiously. "It's 'If you want a thing done well, do it yourself,'" said Mr. Porter as he hung the receiver up. "Now where will that lead him?"

We were soon to know. Mr. Harbottle sent for Sidney. "He said to give him the key," Sidney told us. "He said he was going to make sure one person was punctual anyway."

We left early that evening so as to have a good night's rest, and by twenty-past nine next morning Sidney, Miss Lunn and I were on the doorstep. Sidney was out of breath. "I bicycled like mad," he said. "I never knew I could do it."

By a quarter-to-ten we were all there—Mr. Porter and everyone. It was cold, but we kept cheerful. "Though I wish we had our knitting, don't you, dear?" said Miss Lunn to Miss Elkington. "To think it's up there in our room and we can't get at it."

At five to ten Mr. Porter brought out a bar of chocolate and shared it round. Mr. Chudleigh, realising, I suppose, that he would never get so good a chance again, started to tell us a long story about some friend of his who had another friend in the Bahamas. It was a very long story, and he just had time to finish it.

I think I may say that we shan't be bothered any more now about punctuality. We are exactly as we were before it began. We know the times that suit us best, and we stick to them. And I don't see what else Mr. Harbottle can want. For regularity—as he would have seen if he had torn the calendar off yesterday—regularity is the life-blood of commerce.



THE AFTERMATH.

A Cure for Bad Driving.

It is practically impossible to glance at any newspaper—*The Times* included—without seeing something about Bad Driving. If it doesn't form the subject of an article, there are sure to be several letters to the editor containing lurid accounts of the writers' hairbreadth escapes. And all the people who can't be bothered to write to the papers about it employ it as a fool-proof topic of conversation in drawing-rooms, clubs, at parties and, in fact, everywhere. Even if they don't drive they are certain to have a great many friends and relations who do, and there's nothing that gives them more pleasure than to tell you exactly how these friends and relations have been run into, concussed and ditched. Bad Drivers again.

Roughly speaking there is one Bad Driver to twenty good (or, at any rate, well-meaning) ones; but what is written or spoken about the remaining nineteen? Next to nothing.

These well-behaved motorists who spend their time not running over wool-gathering pedestrians, getting out of the way of the pushers, straining their eyes to see invisible cyclists after dark, waiting for the green light at crossings and parking not more than six inches from the kerb, are merely taken for granted; but this state of affairs, as every intelligent man, woman and child will at once see, is all wrong, for it is the skill and prowess of the well-behaved nineteen which should be broadcast throughout the country.

With the idea of bringing this about, I have thought out a scheme which, if carried out universally, would revolutionise motoring. There are of course many more by-passes to be explored and corners left unturned, but the broad outlines are as follow:—

I.—THE PRESS.

Every time you read a letter in a newspaper bringing to notice an example of Bad Driving, immediately send in another giving an example of Good Driving. For instance, suppose you see this:—

"SIR,—While proceeding at 30 m.p.h. along the Oxford-Cheltenham road, a large car endeavoured to overtake me round a bend. As it drew level a motor-coach came into view, causing the driver of the saloon, in order to avoid a head-on crash, to force me off the road. I managed to come to rest in some stinging-nettles, but the other car charged the hedge, struck a tree, rebounded back on to the road,

turned round twice and finally came to rest beside me. By a miracle no one was hurt; but imagine my utter amazement when the fellow approached me with clenched fists, saying, 'How dare you, Sir?'—INDIGNANT, *Leamington Spa*."

Your counter-attack should be something like this—

"SIR,—The following incident may be of interest to your readers. While motoring on the Great West Road last Thursday I found myself behind a slower car. There was nothing coming for as far as I could see—a quarter-of-a-mile—so I sounded my horn gently. The driver of the leading car instantly drew in to his left, slackened his pace slightly and courteously waved me on. As I passed him I touched my hat, receiving in reply an extremely pleasant smile.—SATISFIED, *Windsor*."

You see the idea? If the thing got going on a large scale we should soon have the reputation of being the best drivers in the world.

II.—PARKING.

Of course there are certain people who never will be able to park a car anywhere but in the middle of the road at important bus-stops; but there are many thousands of others who daily worm their way neatly and unobtrusively into small gaps without knocking over street musicians, old women selling matches and bicycles propped delicately against the kerb. But do these skilled "manœuvrers" ever have their backs patted? No. Very well, then, descend on these expert parkers and congratulate them on their work. Go up to them, shake them warmly by the hand and use any of the following:—

- (1) "Well parked, Sir!"
- (2) "What accuracy!"
- (3) "What style!"
- (4) "Nicely judged, Sir!"

If the subject is female, add considerable warmth to the handshake and the voice, and, if the distance from the kerb is less than one foot, a strictly platonic kiss might be administered.

III.—CORNERS.

Nineteen out of twenty drivers take corners as they should be taken, but the twentieth, as soon as he sees the red triangle, says to himself, "Now for some fun!" and proceeds to scream round glued to his wrong side. If he perseveres, this method will sooner or

later get him into the papers—whether in the News or Obituary columns is entirely in the hands of Fate. The virtuous nineteen, however (unless they get killed), remain obscure non-entities.

Now, readers, give them a taste of the limelight. Station yourselves on dangerous corners all over the country and every time a driver comes round correctly, shout encouragement, praise and appreciation. Any of the following will do:—

- (1) "Well taken; oh, prettily taken!"
- (2) "Nice work, Sir!"
- (3) "Lovely to watch, Madam!"

What would be the result of all this? Simply that Good Drivers and Driving would be talked and written about everywhere, while the Bad Drivers would find themselves back-numbers. There'd be nothing about them in the papers and no one would talk about them. In fact, putting it politely, they'd be having a rotten time. What could they do about it? The answer is of course: Become Good Drivers, thus enabling everyone to drive happily ever after.

That is the scheme in a nutshell. Go ahead with the good work, readers, and the best of luck to you!

Effect of Attending County Assizes; or, The J.P.'s Dream.

I HAVE been to the Assizes. Do not, however, spring to the conclusion that this was an expedition organised for me by the County Police. Had that been the case one would have said, "I have been sent—or perhaps even forcibly taken—to the Assizes."

Not at all.

I went—at a steady twenty-five miles an hour, dropping to twenty in the controlled areas and distinctly sounding my horn at every cross-roads—quite of my own free will and in my official capacity as a magistrate.

The last part was rather a failure. The first policeman I saw said, "Female witnesses this way, Miss," and the second one asked if that was my car blocking the entrance.

As it happened, it was.

The second policeman and I, between us, got it out of the way just in time. Either our achievement or the arrival of the Judge, which took place almost at the same moment, was greeted with a beautiful little phrase—technically a *fanfare*—played on two silver trumpets.

The Judge, as one would have expected of him, wore scarlet and ermine, both good in their way, though nothing,

to my mind, really equals the splendour of the judicial wig. One looked at it and looked at it.

But this was afterwards, when I was sitting in a small wooden pen, slightly higher than the seat of the Judge (which I thought disrespectful), and slightly behind him (which I thought disappointing).

Justice then took its—her?—course.

Involuntarily, after an hour or two, one was remodelling the whole of one's behaviour at the Petty Sessions—bringing the thing much more into line with new and splendid conceptions of the dignity of the law.

Wigs, for instance. Could anything be done about wigs? Would not some of one's not-so-young fellow-magistrates be definitely improved by covering their heads with curled grey wigs? How, on the other hand—or head—would a wig look in conjunction with a blue serge coat and skirt and a blue velour hat?

What about the trumpets and the fanfare? Could anybody be found locally to stand outside the police-court and blow at the right moment and in the right way?

How fortunate, I thought, that the members of the Little Fiddleton Bench take it in turns to preside! I shall thus be able at the next Petty Sessions to set the pace for my colleagues.

There I shall sit, just as the Judge is sitting now. . . . Well, he probably has a cushion, which must make a good deal of difference. . . . (*Mem.* Ask our Learned Clerk if we can't have cushions.) I shall listen to the evidence, as the Judge is listening now, and make notes. He has a large book, and I shall have the blotting-paper as usual—no other difference.

I shall lean forward and call our Learned Clerk. He will—I hope—spring to his feet. What actually passes between the Judge and his Learned Clerk is inaudible, and doubtless meant to be so. Anyway, I'll take any bet that his Clerk hasn't said, in answer to a judicial suggestion, "You can't do that; you haven't the power."

But how often one has heard those words oneself!

Then, when the last piece of information concerning what occurred on the afternoon of the fifth *ultimo* has been tendered and the defendant has declined to ask the witness any question, I shall utter—

"Samuel Ebenezer Bogg, the situation in which you find yourself is a most deplorable one. It is proper that I should take into account in passing sentence upon you those incidents in your past life which the police, in the pursuit of their duty, have brought to



"I WANT STEAK-AND-KIDNEY PIE, MASHED POTATOES, CAULIFLOWER AND 'THE BLUEBELLS OF SCOTLAND.'"

my notice. You were convicted, in 1898, of keeping a dog without a licence. I appreciate the fact, most properly pointed out to me by counsel, that since then you have, so far as is known, done nothing against the law until the lamentable incident occurred which is the occasion of your being here to-day. None the less, Samuel Ebenezer Bogg, I should be failing in my duty if I took any but a serious view of your behaviour in riding your bicycle without a light at eleven P.M. You will be fined two-and-sixpence."

Just as the Clerk was—in Fancy's realm—suppressing the applause that broke out in the Little Fiddleton police-court on this pronouncement of mine, I got a bit of a shock. The Judge,

taking—one couldn't help feeling—a rather unfair advantage of one's pre-occupation, had brought the whole thing to a close.

And unfortunately, absorbed in dreams, one had omitted to rise to one's feet.

So that it seems quite possible that one's next appearance at the County Assizes may be on a charge of contempt of court.

E. M. D.

Crackery and Crockery.

"MAGIC GROWING FERNS.

Light top edge of brown paper carefully so that it glimmers. Stand on plate and watch the ferns take magic shape."

Instructions found in a Christmas Cracker. Observe also the shape of the plate you have stood on.

Shirt-Week.

THE world moves on, I know; or must at least pretend to move. But I wonder more and more why cannot the makers of such things as shirts leave well alone?

Many years ago it seemed to me that the British shirt had reached so high a point of efficiency and comfort that I at least required no more (except in one particular, which shall be mentioned later).

Take first the flannel shirt, worn with a soft flannel collar for golf, light business and novel-writing. Not so long ago this was a simple swift affair. You put a stud through two holes in the collar and all was well. At least, with the aid of a little gold (or gilt) safety-pin all was neat and well; and I for one, still cling defiantly to that simple old fashion—that is, whenever I can acquire a simple old-fashioned shirt.

But first the shirt-conceivers, seeking restlessly for reform, attached some horrible little tabs (with holes) to the wings of the soft collar; and these tabs had to be hitched over the stud, which I at least found difficult and tiresome. Moreover, on any occasion of high social importance one or both of these tabs would come adrift from the stud and float vaguely in the breeze; and the spectacle of a naked tab adrift is (to me) much more unseemly than the spectacle of a common tabless collar, whether tethered by a golden pin or not.

But the golden pin, it appears, which I still shamelessly employ, is *vieux jeu*, Victorian or merely vulgar; and whenever the haberdashers' department at the great Stores catch my poor wife they press upon her some new device for the complication of collars and the elimination of the golden pin.

The last is buttons. They began with two vile buttons which had to be thrust through holes in an awkward and unmanly manner. There were still studs and stud-holes then, which could save the situation if the buttons disappeared. But now they are producing shirts which abandon stud-theory altogether and commit the whole business of collar-anchorage to buttons—sometimes to a single button—

with no stud-hole to fall back upon in case of peril.

And wherever there are buttons there is peril. We can, I think, brothers, go further than that without fear of misrepresentation. It is now clear to me that at all the best laundries there are special sections for the destruction of buttons, especially such frail buttons as impiously usurp the office of the robust and ancient stud. When any shirt so disfigured is hauled out of the laundry-bag it is at once despatched to the Button-Crushing Department. Sometimes—true—the invigilators miss the button-shirt on its first appearance (it may be that by local custom a maiden shirt, like a maiden speech, is granted one turn of indulgence); but sooner or later the

compelled to buy new shirts? Whatever causes these reforms, I beg that they may cease.

Or, if the haberdashers and gentlemen's outfitters must add unnecessary gadgets and fittings to our simple garments, I beg them to see that these additions are durable and strong. Take flannel trousers, white or grey. I have always been content with flannel trousers which were fastened with a simple button at the top and had a simple strap and buckle at the back. But now, I gather, the Best flannel trousers must have a sort of flap across the stomach, with two metal catches; and there are two dainty buckles, port and starboard, over the hips. A really good laundry will have these metal catches out in a couple of trips; and

then the confounded flap, so far from keeping the stomach taut and trim, hangs down ridiculously or has to be tucked untidily away. As for the bijou buckles, the smallest pressure is enough to tear them from their moorings or twist them into an intractable muddle. A child could do it. They then hang down too.

In both cases the state of the citizen is far worse than if he had been left with his simple old garment, which, while not pretending to do so much, did do what it pretended.

And it is not as if there were not plenty of solid work waiting for the constructive shirter or go-ahead haberdasher. What, for example, about those stud-holes in the breastplate of the evening-dress stiff shirt? You know very well what I mean. Those stud-holes which, after a washing or two, become ragged and unprehensile gaps. Here is seen the good launderer's most cunning and deadly work. After enlarging one of the stud-holes with some jagged instrument, he starches it richly and rolls all flat; he wraps the shirt in a case of pale-blue tissue-paper which seems to say, "This shirt is as good as new." Then, in order to dispel this impression as soon as possible, he conceals minute unnecessary pins in the folds of the soft parts, so that, as one opens the shirt or slips it over the head, it tears noisily in two or three places.

What in the world, by the way, is the point of all those pins? Well, I



Employee (who began as office-boy). "I'D LIKE THE DAY OFF, SIR, TO ATTEND MY—ER—GRANDDAUGHTER'S FUNERAL."

button-shirt returns to the homestead buttonless; and then, since there are no stud-holes in reserve, the thing is useless until new buttons are attached.

Some shirters, by the way, seem to have decided that the old-fashioned cuff-links ought to die and have set buttons in that quarter too—again with no link-holes in reserve.

The custom in the laundries is to crush or tear off only one of these buttons, so that the citizen in a hurry finds himself with one sleeve neatly anchored at the wrist and the other wriggling skyward all the day. In the absence of link-holes his only remedy is to bore holes in the shirt with a gimlet and make the sleeve fast with a piece of string.

I do not know what is at the back of all this. Is there perchance some merger, alliance or plot between the laundries and the shirt-makers by which the citizen is to be continually



"LOOK HERE, CARRUTHERS—DID YOU TELL ME THAT THIS UNCLE OF YOURS ONCE SHOT A CHARGING RHINOCEROS?"

think I know. They are to impose delay and prevent the citizen from discovering the expanding stud-hole until it is too late. For by the time he has tracked down and extracted those odious pins he already looks like being late for the Annual Banquet; and when the starch-screen has been broken and the true condition of the upper stud-hole begins to be suspected it is much too late to remove the shirt and start all over again. The only course now is to abandon the small pearl studs and use those two old brass ones. True, they are not quite a pair and one has a dent in the top, but they are bigger and may with luck defeat the expanding stud-hole and remain visible throughout the Annual Banquet.

But, as all men know, they don't. In the middle of the speech, just as one is saying, "Mr. Mayor, with all my heart . . ." there is a loud "plop" and the upper front-stud disappears. The rest of the evening is agony. One keeps poking the darned thing back, or nervously fingering it to find if it is still there; and by degrees a horrid little dark circle appears about the spot. Sometimes both studs go and the vest becomes visible from the flanks. What a night!

I have, I think, only about two shirts left which I should dare to wear at the Annual Banquet. I have about a dozen which have been fitted with expanding stud-holes and are out of action. The main bodies of the shirts are strong and splendid still, and I ask pitifully, "Surely it is possible to repair these little holes and put my shirts into active use again?" They tell me it is not. They say it would cost less to buy a new shirt. They say I must buy several.

But, joking apart, dear old Shirt-World, is there *no* way in which these two small but strategic points can be made stronger, so as to survive a visit or two to a really good laundry? For the strength of a chain is, etc.

I have discovered that the problem is not so much as considered in the Shirt-World.

Last week I did buy a new shirt. The young haberdasher offered me a choice of two "lines"—one expensive, one less expensive. To me they looked exactly the same—except that one had a new and horrible harness of tabs about the stomach.

I said hopefully, "I tell you what. If you can assure me that the stud-holes in this expensive shirt are more

stoutly stitched or fashioned than the stud-holes in the other, I will buy it, for this will be cheaper in the long run."

He said, "I can't promise you that." And he told me that I was the first citizen to bring the Enlarged Stud-hole Problem to his notice.

So I bought the cheaper shirt. And now, Shirt-World, you will no doubt know what to do.

A. P. H.

Sacrificial Candour.

"Situation occurs for experienced boy, or young man, who is accustomed to parcels delivery work, and experienced in taking cash. Apply——."—*Gloucestershire Paper*.

"A TICKLISH SUBJECT."

Grey Owl believes that animals have a sense of humour. He told his Worthing hearers that he once saw a beaver tickling another, and the second was whelping with delight!—*South Coast Paper*.

We can't improve on the heading as a comment for this.

"Having spent many years in various parts of Africa I have more than once experienced the horrors of 'real' thirst. Mouth and lips blistered and bleeding, tongue parched and cracked, throat smarting with dryness. One would have welcomed death."—*Daily Paper*.

Or a large lime-juice.



"DO YOU FIND IT DIFFICULT GETTING SERVANTS IN THE COUNTRY?"
 "GRACIOUS—NO! WE'VE HAD NINETEEN IN THE LAST FIVE WEEKS."

The Double.

"GREAT SNAKES!" I said to Edith, "doesn't that look like me over there, dancing with the girl in pink?"

We were at the annual Boxing Day dance in the village hall, the one occasion in the year when the old aristocracy from Acacia Avenue mixes on terms of gay camaraderie with the lads and lassies of the village. It is a lounge-suit dance, for obvious reasons, and I was wearing my new red-brown tweeds. And there, dancing with a pretty girl in pink, was what appeared at first glance to be another Me, also dressed in red-brown tweeds of the same striking pattern. His hair, like mine, was a delicate auburn, and he had the same swan-like neck and substantial ears. When he raised his face it proved to be quite unlike mine, but most of the time he danced with his nose sort of buried in the girl's shoulder.

"It is certainly a remarkable resemblance," admitted Edith, "except that his features are quite good and that he is an expert dancer."

I always go to this annual dance, but I am not a success on the floor.

My right foot works splendidly but my left foot tends to stray. Ladies seldom dance with me twice; they hint that it is a memory to be cherished rather than an experience to be repeated. So naturally it was rather galling to see this second Me whirling round and round like a professional; and I wandered moodily to the buffet to order an ice. I felt a soft hand touch my sleeve, and turned to see a pretty girl in a green dress smiling at me admiringly—Colonel Hogg's niece.

"You are Mr. Conkleshill, aren't you?" she said. "I saw you dancing just now; you remind me a bit of FRED ASTAIRE. I suppose you have had a lot of lessons?"

"No," I said airily (it seemed a pity to spoil that adoring smile), "I'm just a natural dancer."

She booked me for the supper dance and went on her way. I had hardly started on my ice when Johnson-Clitheroe came up. He is a big man with large feet, and next to me the worst dancer in Little Wobbley. It has always been a bond between us, but to-night he looked at me a little sourly.

"I was watching you on the floor just now," he said, "and at first I

couldn't believe my eyes. Last year you were the laughing-stock of the place, and this year you are tripping about like a fairy. My wife saw you and she says that if *you* can do it *I* can do it. She sent me along to ask where you had lessons."

"I haven't had lessons," I said gravely. "I owe my success entirely to practising a few simple exercises at home. Dancing depends entirely on the strength and suppleness of the ankle-muscles. Every morning I stand on one leg for ten minutes and then on the other leg for ten minutes, and before retiring each night I immerse my feet in a footbath containing fifty-per-cent. hot water and fifty-per-cent. beer. . . ."

Johnson-Clitheroe went off looking rather dazed, but I was not left long alone.

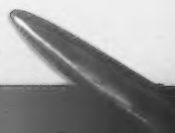
One of the lads of the village came up and asked me if I were the fellow who had been dancing all the evening with the girl in pink. Supposing that he merely wanted my autograph, I smiled noncommittally.

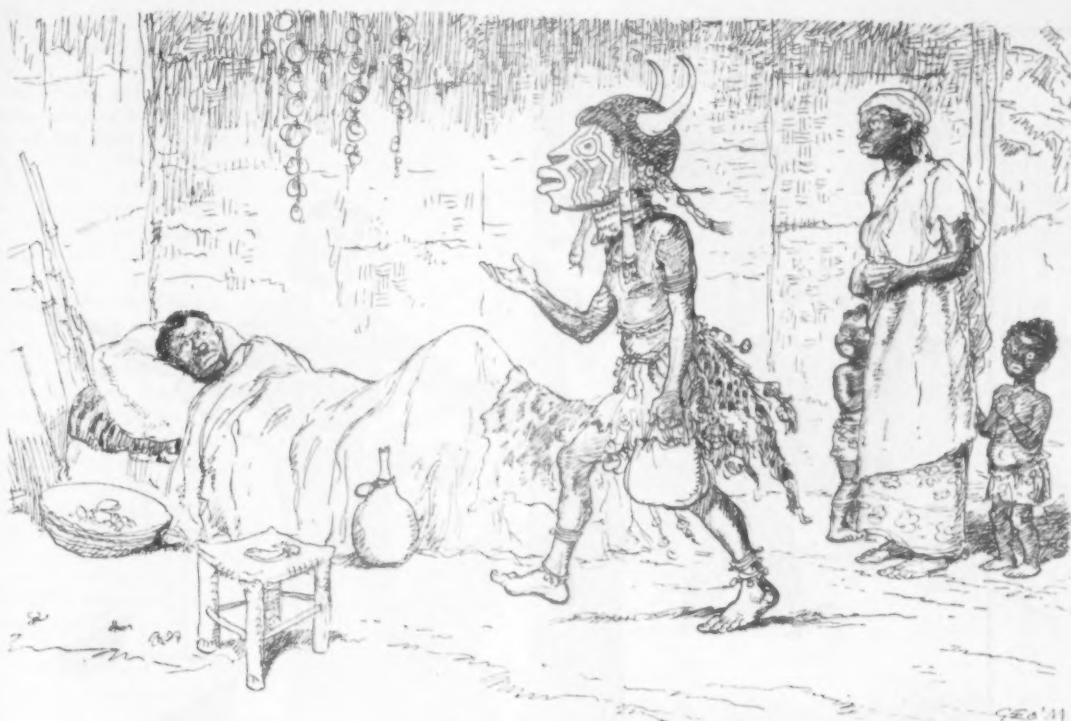
"Then I'll be glad if you'll step outside with me a minute," he said in a nasty tone, "because she happens to be *my* girl."



"THE WAY OF AN EAGLE."

"EVERY WAR, AND ESPECIALLY A COLONIAL WAR, HAS ITS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY PAUSES."—MUSSOLINI, speaking to the Cabinet Council in Rome.





"AH! AND HOW ARE WE FEELING TO-DAY?"

"Sikology."

It was a very ordinary small sale such as often occurs when people who have rural instincts come to the end of a long home-leave and are about to return to their permanent job in a far country.

Outside there was the usual collection of property which is obviously unsuited for transportation beyond the seas—hens, hen-houses, portable garden-lights, dog-kennels and those other friends and servants which, after a period of short service, have to be demobbed. Among them, patiently awaiting his turn, was a bay cob, "14.2, ride and drive, used to children." When the time came for his parade before the company it was evident by his demeanour and the look of his wide and kindly eyes that only stern necessity could be responsible for his disposal. Also it was evident, most lamentably, that nobody was in need of a horse, so the auctioneer, favouring the style of *Jorrocks*, had to magnify the cob's virtues for some minutes before he obtained a faint-hearted bid of four pounds—which was absurd.

"And ten shillings," said another voice just behind my shoulder.

I turned and saw a small corpulent man with a round face, round blue eyes and whiskers. He had the appearance of a well-nourished and genial cinema tramp who had succeeded to the possession of a good suit of clothes. His belated and unexpected entry to the lists had a slightly stimulating effect upon the sale, and he had to make several further bids before the cob was knocked down to him for eight pounds—a bargain for a gipsy.

"Name, please, Sir," exclaimed the auctioneer.

"The Horse-Hide Shoe Company," was the small man's reply.

A glimpse of the Gorgon's head could not have stiffened the assembly to attention more swiftly than this curt announcement. A moment of silence was succeeded by murmurs, unmistakably hostile.

"Poor thing!" exclaimed a woman near-by, and added, "Thank goodness I wear nothing but lizard."

The small man, having cast his bomb, withdrew quietly from the circle. He had the air of one who had been forced by the conditions of fate into a position which he heartily deplored. I did not see him again until we met in the gateway after the finish of the sale. Then suddenly I determined to pursue a mission of mercy.

"I think you gave eight pounds for that cob," I said. "If you care to part with him so soon I shall be very pleased to give you ten pounds for him."

"I'm sorry, Sir; you're too late," he replied. "I've just sold him to a lady for twelve pounds."

"But," I exclaimed, "what about your Shoe Company and all that?"

The corpulent little man thoughtfully stroked his whiskers and regarded me with the gaze of a benevolent conspirator.

"Well, you see, Sir, it's like this," he said slowly. "I'm the Horse-Hide Shoe Company, and all I know about shoes is the wearing of 'em. But what I do know is a little bit o' human nature—sikology, you understand? You don't want a horse, neither did the lady—you heard her—that only wore lizard, but she—jest like you agen—couldn't bear the thought of a nice little nag being slaughtered for shoe-leather, so she buys him on the quiet for twelve pounds. It's a funny sort o' lay-out, but some'ow I always gets a re-sale, and that's why I say there's a good bit to be made out o' studying sikology. Good-day, Sir."

He cocked one blue eye at me and disappeared with the departing throng.



"LOOKS AS IF 'E'D MISSED THE HONOURS LIST AGAIN, CONNIE."

Corydon Would Turn Journalist.

(For the uncompromising views expressed by Echo the author disclaims all responsibility.)

Corydon. Echo.

Cor. ALAS! distraction rends my mind,
My thoughts are anything but clear;
But counsel of no trivial kind,
If only Echo came, I'd hear.
Ech. O.K., my dear.
Cor. Say, shall I love these woods and
streams,
Inglorious and far from rich,
Or bathe in proud Ambition's beams
And bask in Wealth's caresses—which?
Ech. Sez which?
Cor. A shepherd's life is pretty thin;
I've always had an urge to write;
Henceforth, sweet Echo, something in
The paper line is my delight.
Ech. The pay per line is mighty light.
Cor. One doubt I first would have dismissed—
Forgive my uninstructed youth—
The aim that fires your journalist,
The goal that lures his steps is Truth?
Ech. 'Struth!
Cor. Lest I should misdirect my toil,
What "copy" is the best to handle?

O'er what will Dives burn his oil,
The pauper waste his precious candle?
Ech. Scandal.
Cor. What form of diction can delight
The race to which great WORDSWORTH sang,
The race of WILLIAM PITT and BRIGHT,
And Mr. AMERY? Can slang?
Ech. American slang.
Cor. But surely with all lettered men
Art still must play a certain part?
Art winged, they say, old JOHNSON'S pen;
One hears JOHN STUART MILL had art.
Ech. Art, me lad? Art?
Cor. What say they then of him who still
Must meditate the thankless Muse,
Who scorns to prostitute his quill
His purity of style to lose?
Ech. Tile too loose.
Cor. The mystic glory swims away,
My fancied dawn has turned to night;
It would, I fear, be safe to say
I had not formed my view aright?
Ech. You are right.

"The Smaller the Truth the Smaller the Libel."

ONE of the chief difficulties of the modern journalist is the law of libel. Most of his best material cannot be used and he is thrown back on "The Modern Girl," "Life in the Hebrides," "Should a Doctor Tell?" and all the other hackneyed subjects which are known by heart to the readers of our National Press. It is not realised, however, that there is nothing libellous in printing what is to someone's credit, whether or not it is true. Indeed with some public figures the less true anecdotes about them are, the less libellous they are likely to be. A few simple tales of kindness and human feeling, of brilliance and wit, displayed by some famous figure of the time will give happiness to many and damages to none. In preparing such anecdotes it is well not to be afraid of sheer silliness; all that matters is that the hero should act heroically. For the guidance of the cub-reporter I give a few examples.

Mr. SHAW's kindness of heart and deep human sympathy are well known. A tale is being told [Quite right—by you] of the famous dramatist and a little child who was gazing longingly through the doors of the Ritz. The author of *Saint Joan*, touched by the silent appeal, stopped in his path and, taking the wee waif by the hand, led it within and bade it choose what it would from the varied assortment of dishes there displayed. What a banquet it was! *Marrons glacés*, *omelette aux fines herbes*, cheese straws, roll-and-butter, coffee. As he watched the tiny jaws moving and the tiny pencil ticking the items off the menu, the Irish playwright could not repress a tear of joy which moistened those furrowed cheeks and slowly came to rest in that snowy beard. "I've heard of oo," piped a shy voice—"oo's Farver Kwissmus."

The marvellous abilities of Sir JOHN SIMON are no news to his intimates. Even when resting from cares of State he does not allow his brain to relax and indulges his favourite hobby of having *Bradshaw* read aloud to him, and, like lightning, turns the times of the trains into francs, dollars and rupees. "Jack is a busy bee," Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN remarked when once he caught his colleague at his beloved pastime.

Dr. INGE is noted for his philosophy and strong views on questions of the day. He is adored by many in a humble sphere of life and his thoughtfulness for others is proverbial. It is his



VOICE. "GOOD EVENING. I'M THE ILLUSIONIST YOU ENGAGED FOR A CHILDREN'S PARTY THIS EVENING."

custom each night to boil eggs with his own hands and leave them on the window-sill of his house for the policeman on the beat. He has been heard to say in lighter moments that the Sergeant prefers his hard-boiled!

Mr. BALDWIN is suspected of the wish to retire and live the life of a simple country gentleman. The things which are dearest to the heart of the ordinary man are very dear to him. It is not generally known that whenever he can snatch an hour from the business of his office he spends it among the sheep in Hyde Park, and may be seen in spring feeding the new-born lambs with a fountain-pen filler. The shepherd frequently observes that he does not know what he would do without the PRIME MINISTER in the lambing season.

Lord HORDER is famous among medicos for his interest in every branch of his subject, and also for his encouragement to struggling practitioners, especially those occupied in research. He spends much of his time voluntarily testing new discoveries, often at great personal inconvenience to himself. When a young physician discovers a fresh type of anæsthetic or stomach-pump, "Try it on Lord HORDER!" is the cry.

Well, I hope the idea is plain. If any newspaper cares to give me a percentage of the amount it saves in litigation I shall be delighted to publish glowing accounts of Lord BEAVERBROOK's generosity or Lord ROTHERMERE's devotion to his favourite horse.

At the Variety.

"CHILDREN'S OWN VARIETY SHOW" (AMBASSADORS).

ALL the performers in this amusing collection of Mr. SYDNEY CARROLL'S are under sixteen, and between them they form a redoubtable band. A few are already good enough in their particular lines to compete with their elders, and what the others lack in polish they largely make up in freshness and zeal. On the whole the dancing is the strongest point in the programme, with a lovely little *ballet*, some astonishing acrobatics and plenty of good patter-work; and the funny business is the weakest. It is asking a lot of any child, I know, to be funny all alone in a blaze of light and before rows of solemn strangers; but the Scouts in their annual "Gang-Show" prove annually that little boys (and why not little girls?) have a merciless sense of satire which, coming from small persons with cherubic faces, can be exquisitely diverting. Here there was very little burlesque.

While I am criticising, to me it seems a great pity to teach very promising little girls to dance in the hideous modern adult manner with a lot of imbecile hip-wriggling and head-wagging. Mainly I refer to ZONIE and OLGA, very small, alarmingly pretty and entirely unafraid young ladies, whose performance began incongruously and then, when they had forgotten to ape St. Vitus, ended charmingly. So far as I could see, there was no question of parody in their first dance.

Mr. BILLY THATCHER and Miss DOREEN PULLEN filled the difficult rôles of *compère* and *commère* with credit, Miss PULLEN showing a talent for mimicry which might have been given more chances. Probably the two most finished contributions came from Miss CYNTHIA KENTON and Miss MARIE DELMAR, both All-England Champion dancers. Miss KENTON led the *ballet* with real distinction, exhibiting a poise and lightness quite extraordinary at her age; and Miss DELMAR tied herself into knots which, even as a fisherman, I found it hard to follow. She appears to be utterly filleted and yet retains a queer grace.

In the patter-dancing class I enjoyed the performance of Miss AUDREY FOSTER and Mr. BOBBY JENKINS, who pattered beautifully on chairs and a table; and one of the very best things in the bill was an imitation by four members of the chorus of an express train starting and stopping, its sounds cleverly reproduced by their steps.

There was no dearth of individual turns, for there was Mr. ALBERT LEE,



ADD THIS TO YOUR DAILY DOZEN.

It's so simple—a child can do it!

MISS MARIE DELMAR.

who came on to the stage carrying a mass of mouth-organs under his arm



A NICE LITTLE BOY AND AN
ENFANT TERRIBLE.

MR. BILLY NORMAN AND FRIEND.

(rather in the manner of a Wimbledon star) which he even played standing on his head; Mr. DENNIS GILBERT, no

mean smiter of the xylophone, one of whose instruments included an amplifier, an idea which was new at least to me; Mr. RICHARD BARRS, whose mastery of a pack of cards pleased and disconcerted us, whose waistcoat kept changing pattern, though most of us spotted why; and who performed an unfathomable rope-trick; Miss EDNA MILLER, a *comédienne* in the school of Miss NELLIE WALLACE; VALENTINE, a small boy of infinite cheek; Mr. BERNARD HUNTER, whose voice is quite out of the ordinary and too good for the rather sloppy songs he sang; Mr. FREDERICK YOUNG, a "scat" singer whose vocal contortions drew round upon round of applause from the discerning infants of the audience, though I hesitate to picture the effect on his larynx; and various others who were all worth their place.

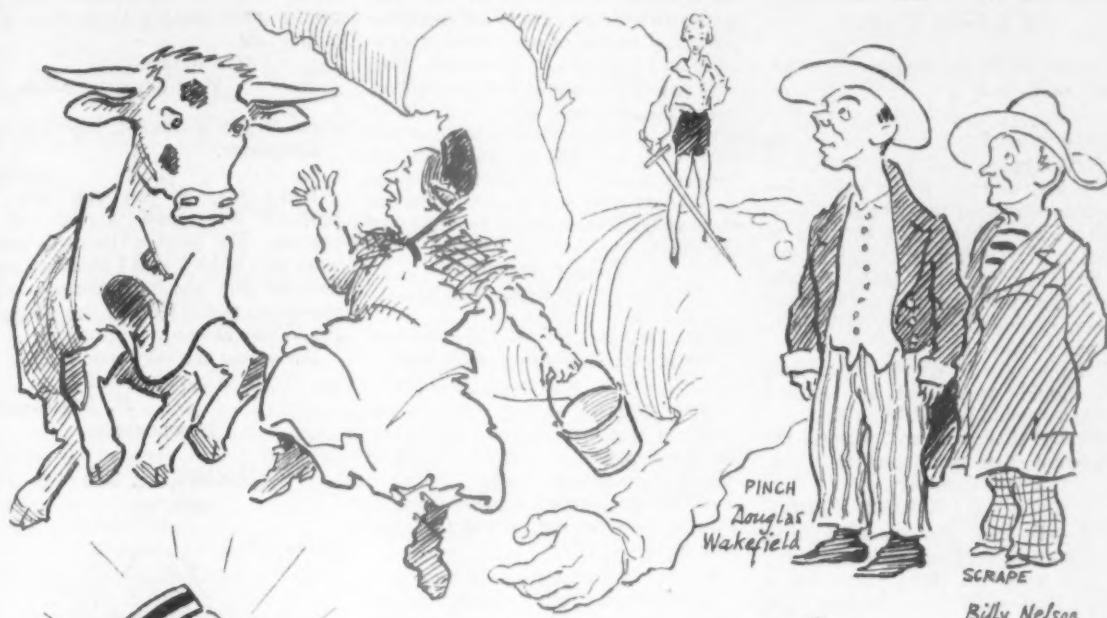
The book, by Mr. HERBERT FARJEON, was witty and well to the point.

I have so often in print black-guarded the bagpipes, those strange devices for harnessing the rude winds of the North, and always with such bellicose results, that I shall say nothing of the DAGENHAM GIRL PIPERS except that they caused me as sharp an agony as I suffered at the Aldershot Tattoo earlier in the year, which means that they must be very proficient indeed. ERIC.

At the Chinese Exhibition.

Impressions.

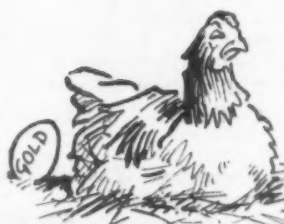
WHAT did the Duchess do?
She stared at a dragon or two,
She met some people she knew
And, witch-like, stumped away.
What did my Lady say?
"But what a divine green frog!
James, do buy a catalogue
Before it's time to go."
What did his Lordship know?
That the colours were far too bright
Since he'd danced on the previous
night
From eleven till three.
What did the children see?
Most of them nothing at all
Or a glimpse of a tapestried wall
Through the legs of the crowd.
What of the students bowed?
All talking of T'ang and T'ing
Too busy to look at a thing
As they jargoned on and on.
Where has the artist gone?
He was so overcome by the heat
That he promptly collapsed on a seat
Till the tumult should die.
What made Miss Filkins sigh?
I think she had given the whole
Of her heart to an ivory bowl
And was saying—Good-bye.



Mrs HUBBARD
Shawn Glenville



JACK
Binnie Hale



SILENCE IS GOLDEN

IMPRESSIONS OF DRURY LANE.

More Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club.

From Ezekiel Higgs, Member of Roughover Golf Club.

Saturday, 30th November, 1935.

DEAR WHEELK,—I have always felt that Roughover Golf Club should be better known than it is, and it has often occurred to me you should do a bit of advertising; for there is no question that, if properly handled, this medium can produce great results. Further, as we have such an excellent course, it should not be difficult to sell our goods.

I don't quite know on what lines you should work, but an indirect approach would probably be best.

Hoping that you will accord my suggestion some *real* thought,

Yours sincerely,

EZEKIEL HIGGS.

P.S.—To give you an example of what even a small advertisement can do, my wife had thirty-three letters when she wanted a kitchen-maid recently.

From Marcus Penworthy, Free-lance Journalist, Roughover.

2/12/35.

MY DEAR WHEELK,—I could not help overhearing your conversation in the bar last night regarding the advertising of the Club, and I do hope you will not mind my writing to you about this and offering my services in the capacity of a free-lance journalist.

Of course it would be almost impossible to get an article into the Press on the Club as a Club, but should any novel or original incidents, etc., crop up which appear to you to have a definite news-value, do not hesitate to let me know, when I should be only too glad to write them up.

The sort of thing I mean would be:—

- (1) *Freak Occurrences*, as Member doing hole in one; or killing anything with a golf-ball—stoat, goat, etc.
- (2) *Tragedy*: Finding of a blood-stained hat or niblick in one of the bunkers.
- (3) Any good story (drawing-room) for the local "Muffins for Tea" Column. (I could say it came from the Club.)

Yours sincerely,

M. PENWORTHY.

From Angus McWhigg, Glenfarg, Roughover.

Monday, 2nd December, 1935.

DEAR SIR,—I have heard it rumoured that you are thinking of getting one

of those caricature-artists to come and do a series of sketches of the Club members with the view of getting them published in one of our weekly magazines as a sort of advertisement. But, believe me, this would be a very stupid move, for, although there is no doubt it might be an excellent scheme at any other club, once the general public see the sort of people who are members at Roughover you can take it from me they won't come within ten miles of the place.

Yours faithfully,

A. McWHIGG.

From Douglas Wogger, Commission Agent, etc., High Street, Roughover.

2nd December, 1935.

DEAR SIR,—I understand you are thinking of embarking on a big advertising scheme, and I should be glad to offer my services as agent.

In the meantime, therefore, might I bring to your notice the following schemes:—

(a) The issuing of a booklet containing Club history, with a general write-up of the amenities, together with several good photographs. (This would more or less pay for itself with ads.)

(b) Direct advertisement in the Press, starting with a small insertion in the Personal Columns, such as:—

"GOLF.—ROUGHOVER can put the STUFF OVER."

and with the same slogan lead up to something more imposing, say a quarter-page with full details about fees and other matters of interest; also a picture of the Club-House.

Hoping to be favoured with your esteemed commands,

Yours faithfully,

D. WOGGER.

P.S.—I suppose you would not think of using the Club tractor as an advertising medium? The cows too might have little ads. hung on their horns; but perhaps this would be carrying things too far.

From Miss Pamela Gopherly-Smyte, The Cottage, Roughover.

Tuesday.

DEAR MR. WHEELK,—I have a lovely suggestion for putting the Club on the map. Why not have a novel competition—say a mixed three-legged fancy-dress foursome (medal round); entrants to use polo-sticks and tennis-balls instead of clubs and golf-balls? Failing this you might stage a celebrity match—General Sir Armstrong Forcursue *versus* Admiral Charles Sneyring-Stymie, both to be in full Service dress, if humanly possible.

I am sure either suggestion would

be well supported and the advertisement would be enormous. Also you would make simply quids from gate-money, etc.

Yours sincerely,

PAM GOPHERLY-SMYTE.

From Rupert Bindweed, Fig-Tree Villa, Roughover.

3/12/35.

DEAR SIR,—If you want the Club properly advertised you should use posters. My brother does this sort of work as a hobby, and I enclose a rough idea for one which he thought might appeal to you. He did the poster for the Whist Drive in February.

His terms are very moderate.

Yours faithfully,

R. BINDWEED.

[ENCLOSURE]

ROUGHOVER GOLF CLUB

CATCHES FOR



THE MAN OF LEISURE.

AND

TASTE.

From Mrs. Truelove, Château Ichneumon, Roughover.

3/12/35.

MY DEAR MR. WHEELK,—You will remember my son Eustace—the one who broke the window in the Reading-Room? Well, he is now doing a lot of broadcasting for one of those foreign stations (sponsored gramophone programmes), and as you are, I hear, thinking of doing some advertising, would you like me to write and ask him what could be done about Roughover Golf Club in this line?

Yours very sincerely,

M. TRUELOVE.

P.S.—I see that you can now broadcast from aeroplanes by means of loud-speakers, etc. I understand the voice can be heard over several square miles from an altitude of 5,000 feet.

P.S. 2.—Eustace speaks very clearly.

From the Undersigned (The Big Four), Roughover Golf Club.

4/12/35.

SIR,—What is all this tomfoolery about advertising the Club? Surely you have sufficient intelligence left to be able to appreciate the fact that if you do this the place will be over-run

with a lot of ghastly people we don't want, and there will be no peace for anyone.

Kindly note that if you persist with this scheme and should any strangers be seen about the Club or course during the next few weeks, we, the Undersigned, shall make it our business to see that they do not come a second time.

Yours faithfully,

ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

LIONEL NUTMEG.

HARRINGTON NETTLE.

CHARLES SNEYRING-STYMIE.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue,
K.B.E., C.S.I., The Cedars, Rough-
over.

5/12/35.

DEAR SIR,—Further to our letter of the 4th, kindly put "Curtaiment of Secretary's Powers" on the Agenda for the next meeting. You are getting far too big for your boots.

Yours faithfully,

ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

G. C. N.

De Minimis.

HIGH themes need the skill of the master,

But humble purveyors of rhyme
Are sure of avoiding disaster
By choosing to shun the sublime;
And though no renown be forthcoming,
What pleasanter task can they find
Than the process of probing and
plumbing

The depths of the Lilliput mind?

Though the worship of mammoth proportions

Looms large in our overgrown age,
Though the cult of barbaric distortions
In art still continues to rage,
I hail the minute counterpoises
Of souls who are simple and small,
Who are wholly unawed by Big Noises
And never make any at all.

They hate the trombone and the tuba,
But love the soft cadence of flutes;

They never indulge in large Cuba
Cigars or Manilla cheroots;

They are not impressed by skyscrapers
That tower to a horrible height,

They never get into the papers
That flatter the Young and the Bright.

Great thoughts, ARISTOTLE'S or PLATO'S,
Their patience too heavily tax;

They feed on small beer, small
potatoes,

Half-portions and delicate snacks;
Dolls'-houses are always far dearer

To them than the dome of St. Paul's,
And at Oxford they never get nearer

To Greats than Responsions (or
Smalls).



Young Beater. "OLLERS' MARK OVER!' FOR A PHEASANT, DON'T YER? WOT D' YER DO IF IT'S A WOODCOCK?"

Old Hand. "I LIES DOWN ON ME PEACE, AND IF YER WANTS TO LIVE LONG YE'D BETTER DO SAME."

Long sentences move them to
tedium;

They show a remarkable skill
In handling their favourite medium,

Words seldom exceeding one
syll.;

They harbour no burning ambition
To girdle the earth in a trice,

Or to watch the inept parturition
By mountains of innocent mice.

On the jot and the tiniest tittle
With earnest attention they look,

And Eric; or, Little by Little
In youth was their favourite book.

Not even Miss DELL can inveigle
Their fancy or move them an inch
To follow the way of the eagle
Instead of the tit or the finch.

They crave no baronial mansion;
They do not appear in *Debrett*;
They feel not the need of expansion
Beyond a demure maisonette;
And they mostly frequent Little-
hampton,

Whence none of them ever departs,
For its name is indelibly stamped on
Their faithful if undersized hearts.

C. L. G.



"THEY DON'T HAVE A CLOCK AT OUR PICTURE-HOUSE, AND I'VE PROMISED TO TAKE LITTLE DORIS HOME BY EIGHT-THIRTY TO HAVE HER BATH."

Monsieur Paul Narrates.

VII.—The Mystery.

"In their dealings with other nations," said Monsieur Paul, "the English present a problem which is comparatively simple. You may call them either calculating and perfidious, if you are an enemy, or sentimental and stupid, if your feeling for them is friendly. It is in their relations with each other that their conduct becomes more difficult to define."

"I have not told you, I think, that it was once my good fortune to visit the Nearer East and to return to Europe by your noted P. & O. I had never before sailed in an English ship and I had not been long on board before my interest was greatly aroused by the solemn manner in which the passengers engaged in their sports. I am not, as you are aware, Monsieur, myself a sporting man, but I have observed that when my own countrymen play deck-tennis or shuffle-board they do so to pass the time. They laugh, they converse, and it is evident that their games are a pleasure to them. The English, however, seem to have some more

serious purpose in view. They played their games only on the instructions of a committee of the passengers, and in all their sports there was a devotion, a melancholy which convinced me that some important duty was being unfalteringly performed.

"Seeing these gloomy activities daily pursued, I naturally began to speculate as to their motive. As it was clear that mere pleasure was far from the minds of these English, I sought for other reasons.

"Is it, perhaps," I asked myself, 'health at which they aim, or the attainment of great agility?' But this seemed equally absurd. For a man who is ill will moderate his diet or he will take a purge, and the man whose aim is athletic prowess will practise assiduously in solitude. In neither case will he waste whole days in order to attain an object which could be better achieved in an hour of properly directed endeavour.

"I devoted much thought to this problem. I spent the greater part of my time eagerly watching the English at their ritual, but still the motive behind it eluded me. And then, on the last morning, I came upon a notice

from the Sports Committee which stated that in the evening prizes would be awarded to the successful competitors. 'Aha!' I thought to myself, 'where there is a prize-giving there will be speeches, and where there are speeches the inspiration of these strange activities will be revealed. Accordingly I attended the meeting.

"I think I do not need, Monsieur, to describe to you in detail such a gathering. You will picture to yourself the half-circle of chairs behind the table on which the prizes are displayed. You will imagine in the Chair the clergyman by whose presence the unsuccessful competitors are reassured that the prizes have been honestly awarded; next to him the secretary of the Sports Committee with his disarming smile; then the rest of the Committee with folded arms and expressions of ferocious probity; and finally the competitors themselves grouped all around.

"The proceedings were opened by the clergyman. After recounting the humorous anecdote by means of which the English, whatever the occasion, like to emphasise their essential *bonhomie*, he became suddenly grave. He



Maid to Guest. "IT'S CURIOUS, MADAM, HOW THE FASHIONS COME ROUND."

spoke in the most moving terms of the work of the Sports Committee. 'I think,' he said, 'that I am speaking for the whole company when I thank these men for the untiring loyalty and self-sacrifice with which they have performed their heavy task.'

"*Bien!*" I said to myself, 'this is all very English and very correct. The Committee have performed their task, and from the solemnity of the clergyman it is evident that the task was one of grave importance. The significance of the task, however, remains as much a mystery as it was before. Perhaps the secretary will be more explicit.'

But the secretary proved of even

less help than the clergyman. He also led off with a humorous anecdote, but in addition he made the joke about the ages of the lady competitors which the clergymen had forgotten. Then with the false modesty of the English he spoke slightly of the work of his Committee. By implication he admitted that this work had been extensive, even that it had required a certain self-sacrifice, but he would by no means confess that it had been well done. After these humilities he also became grave. 'In conclusion,' he said, 'I think that I speak for the whole Committee when I thank the passengers for their part in our task. The work of the Committee may have been

arduous. It may have taken much time and thought. But had it not been for the unfailing loyalty and devotion of the passengers who gave their time to these sports, our task could not have been performed at all.'

"He sat down amid applause and I took my head in my hands. 'What is this?' I said to myself. 'The passengers play games; the Committee organises the games for the benefit of the passengers, but it appears that the passengers only take part in the games in order to help the Committee.' It was then that I concluded, as so many foreigners have suspected before me, that the English are indeed mad."



"GOOD-BYE, DEAREST. FOULEST PARTY WE'VE EVER BEEN TO."
 "SO-LONG, DARLING; YOU'RE PERFECT SWINE TO TURN UP."

The Anti-Lionel.

I LOOKED up and saw out of the French-window that Lionel was advancing over the grass. I had been at some trouble to put some small sticks across to ensure that people should go round by the path. But Lionel kept to the grass, stepped daintily over the sticks, and then burst in by the window.

"Shut that window," I said sharply. "And, Lionel, you see those little sticks? Do you know what they are for?"

"Now I wonder," he said. Then, hastily—"No, don't tell me; I should like to guess. Let me see. Cricket, can it be? No. Cover for the pheasants? No. Don't tell me; I'll get it! *It's to prevent people from walking there.*"

"Exactly. Anyone but a perfect ass would have known it at once."

"I did know at once," said Lionel complacently.

"Then why," I asked, "did you not go round? Don't you see that if everyone goes that way a path will be worn?"

"Yes, but everyone isn't so selfish as I am."

"You alone will wear it bare in time."

"Then have higher sticks, old boy. It's quite simple. Have higher sticks. Let me see—how high? I used to be able to jump about five-foot-five. I could jump over four foot to-day. The sticks should be four-foot-six above ground, and another six inches below ground. That's five foot. Fine! You can call it 'The Anti-Lionel,' just as they had antimacassars in good QUEEN VICTORIA's day. The Anti-Lionel—I like the sound of it. What did I say? Five foot? I'll go and see your gardener about it."

He leapt up, opened the window, and began to hurry away without shutting it.

"Shut that window!" I shouted.

He came back and shut it, and then strode off across the grass again.

"I am not a fence five foot high," I said bitterly, "but I am definitely an Anti-Lionel."

A. W. B.

Modes for Movies.

THE blow has fallen at last. I have been sent a catalogue of clothes, and, running my eye along the captions to the illustrations of lightweight coats "for the Riviera," velvet gowns for "formal" wear, "clever" coatees for bridge and "amusing" flowers (with natural scent) for the shoulder, elaborate suits of satin into which, it seems, it is the thing to put yourself for the purpose of drinking a cocktail, tweeds for the moor-minded, together with suggestions in silken "slumberwear" and practical knockabout mink coats at two hundred guineas (N.B. With collapsible slapstick in chromium, ten guineas?), I came across the formidable words—

"Modes for the little dinner, the Opera and the Cinema."

* * * * *
 I am long broken to comic hats costing five guineas and resembling a coal-shovel on which a cockerel has perished

untimely; I am fortified against the lightweight coat for the Riviera to which I am not going, and the clever coatee for the bridge I don't play; I am even steeled against those accessories of the toilet whose description of "amusing" is apt to mean an aspect of humour I cannot afford to display; but up to now the cinema at least was safe, a faithful funkhole into which one could bolt in one's near-coneyette (or Russian rat) coat and unfashionably comfortable hat that even fits one's head.

And now that earth has been stopped. There is a "wear" for the picture palace. What form it takes the catalogue omitted to tell me, and I suspect a catch somewhere, for the catalogue also fails to shed a ray of hope that cinema-wear is for the more expensive seats and will leave the one-and-two-pennies, and even the two-and-four-pennies, immune.

Just "For the Cinema." Like that.

Will it be costly-severe, or ruinous-clever, or merely amusing? Will it call for yet more hats that do not suit or fit me? And in time will not these cinestyles lead inevitably to more particularised wear to match the feature film one is going to see? Will the District-Commissioner-cum-negroid-spectacular picture evoke catalogues which include such items as,

THE "SANDERSUIT."

Picturesque *ensemble* expressed in sheer native-woven Pampasella, sleeves lavishly-trimmed cowrie-shells. In Women's X, S.W. and S.S.W.

And (for men),

THE "RIPARIAN."

Lounge model in African tiger. Superb pelts finely barred; cuffs, finished shark's teeth. Thirty guineas. With false teeth, twenty-five guineas.

And,

THE GARBO SHOE.

With extra-strong Vamp.
Walk With Allure!

Then, of course, there is the question of correct wear for the ARLISS fan, which may lead to:

NO MAN WHO RESPECTS HIS APPEARANCE WILL BE SEEN THIS SEASON at a GEORGE ARLISS première without a monocle.

OUR CRYsarLISS LENSES

combine the absolute appearance of those supplied in genuine cases of optical trouble with the crystal clarity of the ordinary window-pane, and afford that distinguished



"IDE ME, SERGEANT, THERE'S AN 'ELL OF A BIG BLOKE CHASIN' ME."

"WHAT FOR?"

"NOTHINK. I ONLY PINCHED 'IS WATCH."

finish to otherwise unremarkable evening-dress, however faultlessly cut, together with a completely unimpeded view of the screen.

DON'T BE LIKE THE NEXT MAN!
LOOK LIKE THE LAST GENTLEMAN!
Say CrysarLISS. No Others Are as Clear.

The *Plutocrat*, 10/6.

The *Diplomat* (9-carat gold-wash rim), 15/-.

The *Aristocrat* (on one-yard good quality half-inch moiré ribbon), 21/-.

RACHEL.

"Physician Remediate Thyself."

"Please send me your booklet, 'How you can Master Good English in 15 Minutes a Day.' This request does not obligate me in any way."

From an Advertisement Reply Coupon.

"RECTOR FIGHTS FIRE IN PYJAMAS."
News Heading.

We understand that one leg was completely destroyed.

"To relieve the monotony of sitting, the audience are asked to rise during the rendering of the Chorus, 'Fix'd in His everlasting seat.'"—Choir Festival Programme.

How very confusing!

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Caesar and His Fortunes.

THERE are three ways, I take it, of tackling that chief crux of an historical novel, its dialogue. You can import the idiom of your period—literally translated if of alien origin; you can avoid any striking access of temporal colour whatsoever; or you can transmute the speech of the past into more or less equivalent modernisms. The second method, with hints of the third, is Miss PHYLLIS BENTLEY's choice for an animated handling of the career of JULIUS CÆSAR. It is a choice, I feel, that does not make for the highest verisimilitude or the most memorable beauty—you have only to compare *Freedom, Farewell!* (GOLLANCZ, 8/6) with, say, *Marius the Epicurean*, to draw this conclusion—but it does produce a lively narrative, characters in whose personal fortunes it is possible to take an interest and, for those of us whose familiarity with the classics lies behind them, an engaging challenge to the renewal of old acquaintance. I am not sure that Miss BENTLEY quite pulls off her CÆSAR, but her women, especially CÆSAR'S mistress and daughter, are admirably conceived; and she threads her way through the conspiratorial underworld of her period with competence and ease.

A Great Journalist.

"MEZZOFANTI himself would have scratched in a match with HAROLD WILLIAMS," Sir SAMUEL HOARE remarks in his Preface to *Cheerful Giver: The Life of Harold Williams*, by His Wife (PETER DAVIES, 10/6). His mastery of tongues was astonishing and invaluable to him in his career; but this record of his life and services, by his devoted wife and collaborator, brings out far more clearly the qualities of character—fearlessness, gentleness, honesty and loyalty—which endeared him to his colleagues. He inspired but never abused confidence; he was, as the French Ambassador called him, *le tombeau des secrets*. Of Cornish origin, born and educated in New Zealand, he went to Russia as an ardent lover of freedom and reform, leaving it profoundly distrustful of Soviet methods, but unembittered by all that he had seen and endured. Invited to write for *The Times* in May, 1921, he was made Foreign Editor in 1922, and by his encyclopædic knowledge—though he professed ignorance of finance and economics—his acute judgment and admirable style proved a tower of strength to the paper until his death in 1928. Many tributes to his memory are quoted in these fascinating pages, none truer or finer than Mr. MAURICE BARING'S lines:—

"Upon the bread and salt of Russia fed,
His heart with her high sorrow soared and bled;
He kept the bitter bread and gave away
The shining salt to all who came his way."

An Inn with a Dark Past.

Invention rather than imagination has, I feel, helped Miss DAPHNE DU MAURIER to establish a gruesome history for what is now a sedate and hospitable temperance house on the road between Bodmin and Launceston. Her clever novel exhibits a close affinity to *Wuthering Heights*; but the sense that a hand-made pattern is reproduced by mechanical means is not always absent from the savagery of its circumstances and the distinction of its style. *Mary Yellan*, who faces the horrors of *Jamaica Inn* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6) out of pity for her aunt, cowed wife of its notorious landlord, is not quite the same *Mary Yellan* as the girl who falls in love with her uncle's brother, the horse-thief, and connives at the story's one and only excursion into picaresque relief. She is an admirable pivot for the tale, but hardly sustains coherence herself. *Joss Merlyn*, the landlord, strikes me as a coarser *Heathcliff*. The really original figure is that throwback to a pre-Christian Cornwall, the albino parson of Altarnum, whose subtle connection with the

villain, the heroine, and the unwinding of their mutual mystery, is an ingenious and fascinating piece of strategic characterisation.

For Men in Tweed Hats.

MR. LANCELOT PEART must be forgiven for adding to the groaning shelves of our fishing library with *South Country Fisherman* (CAPE, 8/6), for to live in a mill-house on the Kennet, to breed trout as a job and to have gone after nearly every kind of fish since early childhood is ample excuse. We anglers being notoriously full to the brim with

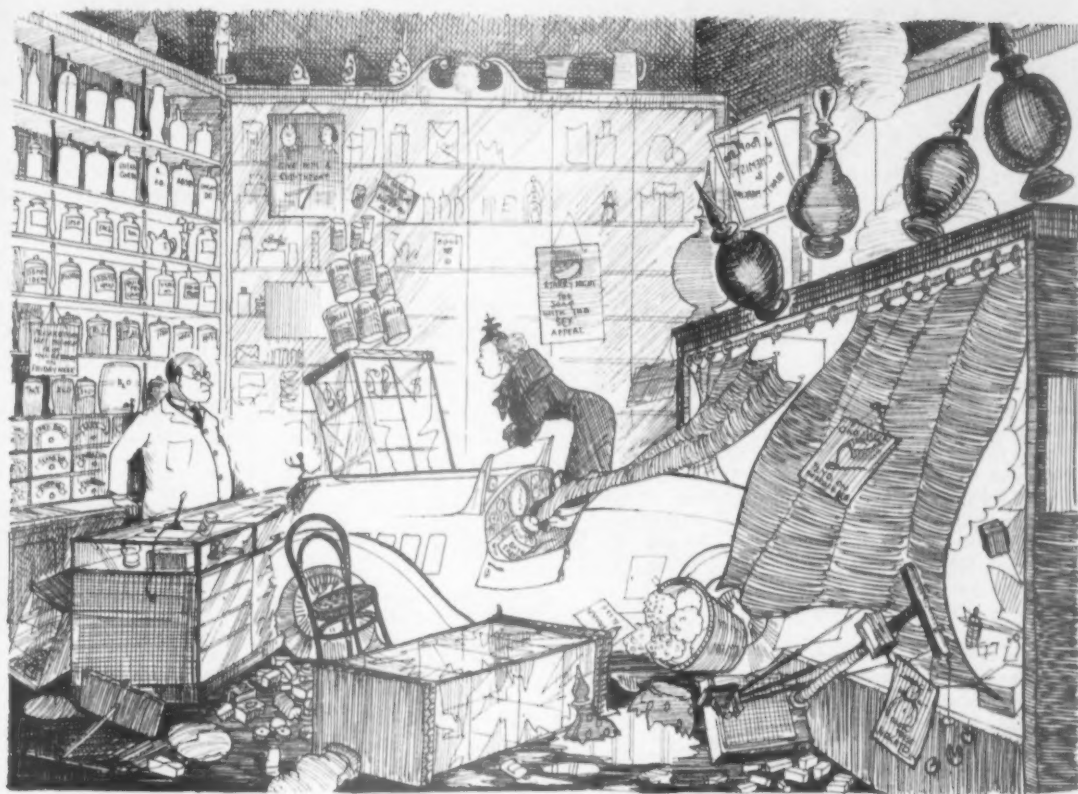
funny prejudices, I note with interest quite untinged with scorn his conviction that the wet-fly and the nymph come so immeasurably lower in the social scale of mock-entomology that to a self-respecting dry-fly man they should be almost indistinguishable from worms, though personally I find the true wet-fly method calls for greater skill; and in the same way I accept but do not begin to understand his preference for live-baiting instead of spinning for pike. The best chapters are those on the whole fascinating business of river management, which Mr. PEART knows backwards, and they give a delightful portrait of the old type of river-keeper, now, alas, declining. This is not one of the great fishing-books, for its author is not always so neat with his pen as he must be with his rod; but it is a very honest book, written out of a deep affection for the riverside, and, prejudices apart, a well-informed one.

Naval Conference, Please Note.

"The Supreme Court has already torpedoed the main pillars of the structure of the New Deal, and there is every reason to believe that the decision of the three hundred cases still before it will wreck what remains."—*Scots Paper*.

"Sewer wanted for haggis making."—"Wants" Column. So that's what they mean by "piping it in."





"DON'T YOU THINK YOU COULD TRY TO TAKE IT IN, YOU STUPID MAN, THAT I'M ONLY A LEARNER?"

The Character.

"He looks a real character," said Edith, "like something out of DICKENS. Not that I have read anything of DICKENS for years and years, and then it was only *Vanity Fair*; but you don't have to read DICKENS to know what something out of DICKENS looks like."

We had stopped for lunch at an old inn in a country town. We were sure it was a really old inn because it was just called "The Bull" instead of "Ye Olde Bulle," and because the great beams across the dining-room were hidden by whitewashed paper, and because most of the pictures on the wall were modern. And the waiter who had just taken our orders for soup certainly did look like something out of DICKENS. He must have been very nearly eighty, and his black clothes, though well-cared-for, were apparently almost as old. He knew how to wait too, speaking in a soft but audible whisper, standing behind the chair without breathing down one's neck.

"I expect he has served here, man and boy, for fifty or sixty years," said

Edith. "Why don't you get into conversation with him? He must have seen some strange things in his time. You could make an article out of him for *Home Hours*, called 'Fifty Years Behind a Napkin.' Maybe his memory goes back to the old coaching days."

"That would make him about a hundred," I said; "and as for getting into conversation with him for the purposes of an article, I feel it would be a liberty."

"Then I will," said Edith. "No sense in letting a couple of guineas walk in and out of the room without stretching out a hand."

So when he brought the fish Edith said what a fine old inn it was, wasn't it? And the waiter said it was considered so, Ma'am, and what would we take to follow?

When he brought the fricassee of chicken (which actually looked and tasted like chicken) Edith made another attempt.

"My husband was saying that you reminded him of a waiter out of DICKENS," she said in the shameless way that women have, "and he won-

dered if you remembered things that happened here years and years ago. I mean to say, I expect you've been here, man and boy, for quite a time?"

He looked at me as if he thought I might do better to mind my own business, and I hastily ordered lamb and two veg. so that he could depart.

"You are just wasting a golden opportunity," said Edith. "He must be about the last surviving genuine vintage waiter in England. Anybody can tell he has been a waiter all his life, and if only you'd backed me up we should have heard a lot."

But when I called in at the bar on the way out, afraid that Edith had offended the man, I was pleased to hear him say to another waiter that he wouldn't mind meeting "that red-haired man" again in the way of business.

When Edith joined me outside she laughed.

"I've been making inquiries about that Dickensian waiter of yours," she said. "He's an odd man they've taken on temporarily. He's the local undertaker's assistant."

Il Duce.

I HEARD the voice of MUSSOLINI say
Across the Pontine marshes and the sea:
"Rome was not fashioned in a single day;
So is it with Imperial Italy."

I heard him and his voice was wonderful,
Like the great bellowing of a frog or bull:
"Our mission is to make the barbarian bend
And prove that peace must triumph in the end—
The peace of Progress that can only come
By means of adequate petroleum.
Who are these niggers? A disgusting mass.
They have no shells, they have no poison-gas.
These we can pour upon them and not spare
To bomb their Red Cross hospitals from the air.
But lest it were too awful in such case
To meet the strength of Italy face to face,
We do not make our dear lads bear the brunt,
But prod the friendly tribesman on in front,
Bribed with our gold. . . . From everywhere it springs;
Our wives have melted down their wedding-rings
(And woe betide them if, to escape the toll,
They put mere bronze in the collecting-bowl).
Nor shall we pause till the last drop of blood
Of the last allied chieftain falls in the mud.

Is there a nation, seeing all this toil,
That dares to say we should not have our oil?
Is there a statesman to oppose our path
And earn BENITO's unrelenting wrath,
Rather than find within the walls of Rome,
After much wandering, his Mental Home?"

I heard the voice of MUSSOLINI bray,
Across the Pontine marshes and the sea,
Something of that sort and then fade away,
And very wonderful it seemed to me. EVOE.

Charivaria.

MR. L. S. AMERY has drawn attention to the possibilities
of the Odyssey as a film. We seem to visualise Arlysses.

The Ealing bank cashier who chased a bandit and brought
him down with a Rugby tackle is considered to have
demonstrated the advantage of this game over Association
as a training for a banking career.

A visitor from South Africa complains that the English
weather doesn't agree with him. Several meteorological
experts have a similar grievance.

"Total drunkenness is passing out," states a prohibition-
ist. Does not he describe it beautifully?

In view of the extended mechanisation of our cavalry
it is understood in military circles that trumpeters will
sound "Garages" instead of "Stables."

The French War Ministry, on the other hand, has given
authority for the troops to be supplied with oysters. Which
they with sword will open.

Trams are for sale at two pounds apiece, but intending
purchasers should clearly understand that this price does
not include the rails. ★ ★ ★

"There is no reason why people of to-day should suffer
from gout," states a doctor. There is no reason why they
should enjoy it either. ★ ★ ★

Caviar is reported to have been found to be a remedy
for rickets. It is imperative therefore in such cases to send
for a good Harley Street sturgeon. ★ ★ ★

The rumour that Italy had undertaken to reorganise the
Chinese fighting forces has been officially denied. It is
thought more probable, however, that Italy may undertake
the reorganisation of the Italian fighting forces. ★ ★ ★

"Collecting ancient coins is a nice quiet hobby," asserts
an antiquarian. We cannot say the same about collecting
modern ones. ★ ★ ★

Statistics show that two wireless-sets are bought for
every child born in this country. It seems a good case for
the N.S.P.C.C. ★ ★ ★

A temperance lecturer says no man is the same after six
whiskies as he was before. Why, after all, should he waste
his money? ★ ★ ★

The name of a man who was married the other day is
WILL NOTT. None the less, he did. ★ ★ ★

"Stands Britain where she did?" asks a writer. We must
consult an atlas. ★ ★ ★

A man who expected to be left a legacy of a fishing-
fleet when his uncle died recently, ultimately learned that
he was to receive only a part-share in a fishing-boat. It
was of course a bit of a smack for him. ★ ★ ★

An expert says you can often tell a genuine antique by
tapping it sharply. This is specially true in the case of eggs.

The Puzzling Shades of Hades.

WHEN Orpheus smote his tuneful lyre
Among the Slocumbe Regis choir,
Who, greatly daring, undertook
The celebrated work by GLUCK,
Or, as some put it, tried their luck
In choruses composed by GLUCK,
The name of his unhappy spouse
Diverse opinions did arouse;
For, while sopranos strong but screechy
Duly lamented Eurydice
And altos on the lower G
Bewailed the lost Eurydice,
The basses scorned distinctions nice
And loudly called on Eurydice;
Whereby a dire confusion fell
Which ceased not till the gates of hell
Their unanimity restored,
Where, blending in a common chord,
They one and all proclaimed their dread
Of Cerebos with triple head. H. C. B.



WHEN KNIGHTS ARE BOLD.

"IT'S YOUR OWN FAULT. A CIVILISED MAN MUST PROTECT HIMSELF—AND WHAT'S MORE, IT'S BEGINNING TO RAIN."



The Caddie. "IT TREMBLED DISTINCTLY THAT TIME, SIR."

Bright Girl Wanted.

I WAS very sorry to lose Miss Bossom. To tell the truth, when she came and told me that she was proposing to cease being my secretary and to start being somebody else's wife the full significance of the statement did not strike me. I was surprised that Miss Bossom was going to be married (she had hardly struck me as that sort of girl), and I was a little hurt to think that life with some stranger should seem preferable to typing my letters. But on calm reflection I thought at first that it was all for the best. There had always been a certain individualism in Miss Bossom's spelling and a surge of creative desire in her free renderings of her shorthand notes which bespoke a mind reaching out towards the Fuller Life. Certainly it never occurred to me that there would be any difficulty in filling her place. All I wanted, after all, was a secretary—just an ordinary girl who could shorthand and typewrite

and answer a telephone and so on. And while I was about it I might even get one who could type an accurate letter and who didn't sniff.

Looking back on it now, it seems incredible. But I place it on record that during Miss Bossom's last few days I never worried about the matter at all. I'm not sure I was even sorry. I did nothing about it until Miss Bossom had actually gone. Somehow it would have seemed vaguely indecent to have applicants passing into my office under the cold calculating Bossom eye. But as soon as the great day came and all that was left of the late Miss Bossom (and future Mrs. Light) was a shrouded typewriter and an old copy of *Modern Woman*, I rang up an agency and told them I wanted a secretary. The agency made a few brisk inquiries about salary and said they would ship me along some samples. They did.

The trouble began about an hour later. I do not know where agencies

keep their applicants, but in view of the fact that it is quite three-quarters-of-an-hour from the agency's office to mine, I suppose they must have them in a store-room in the basement. I cannot say I like interviewing. *Being* interviewed, yes. Nothing gives me greater pleasure than to be asked a string of shrewd penetrating questions. But interviewing (particularly females) is another matter. It seems so abominably rude to ask people if they can spell, and what their speeds are, and where they've been working and how much they expect to be paid, and have they got any references? I always end by adopting a "this is too silly, but I must say it as a formality" attitude which is designed to put us both at our ease. Speaking for myself, it never does.

Nevertheless, for the first interview this technique worked fairly well. I have often thought since that this first girl would probably have been quite all right if I had only foreseen what would happen and engaged her on the

spot. But she happened to be almost a complete duplicate of Miss Bossom, and at that time I was still obsessed with the idea of change and getting away from the Bossom type. So I told her I would let her know and sent her away. And after that things went from bad to worse. I interviewed six more.

No. 1.—A motherly soul, quite twenty years my senior and slightly deaf. I did not ask for her experience but she gave it me. In outline it took half-an-hour and included service with almost every firm I had ever heard of and many I had not.

No. 2.—A blonde (I suspect synthetic). Came in smelling, if not exactly of musk and insolence at least of Ashes of Desire and Cheek. Responded to my rather nervously friendly methods of interviewing so warmly that I was appalled. Felt inclined to ring up the agency and point out that when I said a secretary I meant a secretary and not a "broad-minded and adaptable girl."

No. 3.—A mouselike creature, apparently in a state of extreme terror. My most cheery efforts could not get her beyond monosyllables, and after ten minutes I gave it up and dismissed her, still monosyllabic but apparently much relieved.

No. 4.—A terrifying experience. Eton-cropped and forty. Entered with a firm step bringing in a blast of rude health and efficiency. Interviewed me quite kindly but firmly. Married but separated from husband. Informed me, unasked, that he was a weakling. I'm quite sure that that department would have been far better run if I had taken her on, but I did not see what would have become of me. Suspect that I should have been dismissed as a weakling too.

No. 5.—Extremely suspicious. Made searching inquiries as to hours and wages, and complained that the district was inconvenient and the office unpleasant. Not at all convinced by my apologies. Told me pointedly that she had left the last job because her employer Had Not Acted Like a Gentleman. I should like to have met him. He may not have been a Gentleman but he was a Man. Went away having announced that she did not think the job would suit her. I am still wondering why she came.

By this time I was far gone. I seemed to have been saying the same things over and over again for weeks,



"WHAT ABOUT GRANDPA?"

"BLESS YE, 'E BE ALL RIGHT. WON'T 'AVE IT THE DROUGHT'S OVER."

and the first fine spontaneity was missing. I was bitterly conscious that my charming smile of greeting had degenerated into a sickly and inane grin, and my lighthearted little quip about my disbelief in references was getting badly worn at the elbows.

I can only suppose that it was this combination of circumstances that made me engage Miss Diggle. I believe by that time I would have engaged anybody who showed any signs of being an ordinary human being. And whatever else you can say about Miss Diggle, she is an ordinary pleasant girl. Of course she isn't like Miss Bossom

(Mrs. Light now, I suppose). She can't spell for toffee and her transcriptions of her shorthand notes (even when the notes have been given at the rate of one line a minute) are a thing to marvel at. Moreover it is taking her a long time to pick up the mass of little technical details which Miss Bossom had at her finger-tips. (She still puts two lumps of sugar in my tea.) But nevertheless I wouldn't lose Miss Diggle for worlds, and I'm going to raise her salary next month. Maybe she isn't worth it, but if I don't she may go, and then I shall have to ring up an agency. . . .

No, no; a thousand times No.

What Happened to Charles.



Now Charles had been brought up
with care
At Number 12, Begonia Square,
And taught while still extremely
young

Not to misuse the English tongue.
No words unfit for him to hear
Had ever reached his sheltered ear;
For instance, such disgusting slang
As "Gosh" and "Golly," "Blow" and
"Hang;"

Imagine therefore what a pang
His learned father felt one day
When Charles distinctly said "Okay."

"Charles!" cried his father in amaze,
"Where *did* you learn that vulgar
phrase?"

Refrain from using it, I pray,"
And meekly Charles replied "Okay."

The horrid habit grew and grew;
It seemed the only word he knew;
Whatever he was asked to do—
To eat or drink, to work or play—
All Charles could answer was
"Okay."

At last his father took him to
That interesting place, the Zoo,
And most politely asked to see
The Head Curator, Mr. B.

"I wish," he said in accents pleasant,

"To make the Zoo a little present.

Your parrot-house, as I have heard,

Has ample room for one more bird;

Then take, I beg, this creature here,

Whose squawking grates upon my
ear."

"Delighted!" Mr. B. replied;

"One of our birds has lately died.

I'll just take down his name and

age . . .

Keeper, conduct him to his cage!"

So now, when'er the weather's
fine,

His brothers, Claud and Constantine,
Are brought on Sundays after
church

To look at Charles upon his perch.

"Observe, before it is too late,

Your disobedient brother's fate

And see how vulgar catchwords

can

Transform a little gentleman."

"Yes, yes, Papa," the boys reply,

While wicked Charles pretends to

cry.

But after they have gone away

He cocks his head and screams

"Okay!"



JAN.

Ernest A. Shepard

At the Pictures.

TWO OF THE BEST.

It seems, according to that article in *The Times* the other day, that Captain BLIGH of the *Bounty* was not nearly as bad as Mr. LAUGHTON makes him. Ashore and with his family he appears to have done nothing worse than forbid his daughters to dine with friends two days running. However, what the daughters say is not evidence; for from the film, *Mutiny on the Bounty*, you do not gather that Captain BLIGH ever did anything so human as to have any daughters.

This is not to say that Mr. LAUGHTON doesn't make him credibly complex. Between the scenes of brutality we get sudden disturbing hints that BLIGH, monster though he may have been, had conscience-trouble at intervals. Moreover in the long-boat, with the men who followed him after the mutiny, he seems to lose much of his unpleasantness; possibly because the object of his concentration was no longer the petty one of making every man tremble at the sight of him but the tremendous one of getting his tiny boat to land. There was no room and no leisure to cultivate his repellent personality.

It is Mr. LAUGHTON, as usual, who gives the memorable performance, but the film as a whole is a very consider-



J. H. BOURG

A PLEASURE CRUISE.

Bligh CHARLES LAUGHTON.

able achievement. It would have been improved by some cutting of the irrelevant Tahitian scenes, as will be admitted by everyone but the large public those scenes were put in to attract. (There always has to be at least one good old kiss-clinch to show

on a poster.) All the same, I am open to conviction that something of this kind was needed to make fully effective



J. H. D.

A SOUTH SEA IDYLL.

Smith HERBERT MUNDIN.

the mutineers' dismay at the sight of a British ship off the island.

Inveterate or chronic filmgoers may be interested to find that, after the first shock of recognition, the sailors of the *Bounty* cease to remind them of the traffic-cops, the valets, the gangsters portrayed by many of these actors in the past. Even Messrs. CLARK GABLE and FRANCHOT TONE, though they have more deeply-rooted modern associations to disperse from our minds, manage to be convincing. As for Mr. LAUGHTON, who is a different villain every time, he is the perfect converse among film-actors of Mr. ARLISS, who succeeds every time in being the same hero.

[Stop Press News, however, is that Mr. ARLISS has repented of his beneficent ways at last and is to be a villain again.]

Mutiny on the Bounty is an example of one kind of film that Hollywood can do extremely well; *The Bride Comes Home* is an excellent example of another. Whether this one would have been done as well without CLAUDETTE COLBERT, though, is a question. There are COLBERT fans who will tell you with superiority about the perfect performance they saw her give in a play in London in the mid-nineteen-twenties, but the rest of us do not need that fragrant memory to brim the cup of our appreciation. All she has to do is to go on acting in intelligent and witty films.

There is of course the danger of the formula. *The Bride Comes Home* is made to the same formula as *She Married Her Boss* and the respected parent of every film of this kind, *It Happened One Night*; indeed the publicity admits the fact and announces it as an attraction. At the moment, and with the acting of CLAUDETTE COLBERT, it is an attraction. But the formula will not—I feel it necessary to mention this—remain an attraction for the next ten years.

Meanwhile, *The Bride Comes Home* is very well worth seeing. Again, as in *I.H.O.N.*, Miss COLBERT is in the position of a rich girl without money; again, as in both *I.H.O.N.* and *S.M.H.B.*, she quarrels with a man. This time the man is FRED MACMURRAY, the toughest of the lot. Again, as in *I.H.O.N.*, she interrupts her marriage to the Other Man (ROBERT YOUNG), convinced that the man she quarrels with is the man she wants to marry.

This time, however, the marriage is solemnised more hilariously than any marriage was ever solemnised before, thanks to our old friend, Mr. EDGAR KENNEDY. I don't know how you feel, but I think I should never tire of watching Mr. KENNEDY register exasperation. There must be others who feel like this, because whenever Mr. KENNEDY appears in any film, whether as a policeman or merely as a husband, exasperation is what he almost always has to register.



J. H. D.

Jeanette Desmureau (CLAUDETTE COLBERT). "YOU'RE NOT HUMAN."

Cyrus Anderson (FRED MACMURRAY). "WELL, I GUESS YOU'RE TOO SMART TO BE HUMAN."

No particular story emerges (you will observe) from these notes. None emerges from the film either; but it doesn't matter.

R. M.

Translations from the Ish.

IX.—EDUCATION NOTE.

SOLICITUDE for the ignorant
Reaches its peak
In the book I see advertised to-day.

How TO EAT, it tells them;
How TO EXERCISE and How TO
BREATHE,
How TO SLEEP, How TO THINK
And How TO SPEAK.

The illogical publishers assume, I
notice,
That they already know
How to read.

X.—TIME-LAG.

Nature
Moves slowly in the provinces,
Where she is still plagiarising
Last year's Art.

XI.—SKIRTING THE ABYSS.

"Only the fact that my last book
Seems to have escaped the notice
Of anyone connected with the films
Reassures me enough,"

Wrote the novelist
In his Introduction,

"To write another."

XII.—PERSECUTION MANIA.

The Ish traveller in London
Should guard against succumbing
To the persecution mania of the
English,

Each one of whom is sure
That policemen
Wait for him to step off the pavement
Before waving on the traffic,

And that the day's weather has been
chosen

Because it is what he personally
Does not want.

XIII.—FAÇADE.

Parrots owe much
To their fortuitous
And often misleading
Expression of good-nature.

XIV.—THE HUMORIST.

On his wall is the aphorism
(From Dr. JOHNSON):
A MAN MAY WRITE AT ANY TIME
IF HE WILL SET HIMSELF DOGGEDLY TO
IT,
And also HAZLITT'S
More ominous and terrifying warning:
THE MORE A MAN WRITES
THE MORE HE CAN WRITE.
Fortified by these,



"HER LADYSHIP'S COLD IS SLIGHTLY BETTER, BUT SHE CAN STILL ONLY WALK
ROUND THE ROOM IN A WHISPER."

He lives glum laborious days,
Slowly producing small works
Designed to wring a smile
From the rare, jaded but persevering
reader
Who battles through them to the
end.

A faint gleam may be detected
In his own eye
As he looks at the further aphorism
FROM DR. JOHNSON:
NO MAN BUT A BLOCKHEAD EVER WROTE,
EXCEPT FOR MONEY,

And a less faint gleam
When he receives a cheque.

XV.—WARNING.

When you see a small boy

Scrutinising you,
Think of the awful figure you will
cut
Thirty years hence
In his reminiscences.

XVI.—LIFE IS LIKE THAT.

Night after night the young poet
saw
From his garret
One lighted upper window
In a distant house.

He entertained the fancy
That this was the room of a beautiful
girl
Late, he would think,
"She is reading in bed." Early,
"She is dressing to go out."



"Ah, Mr. Jones, you are just the man the Chief is asking for."

"Splendid."

"Well, I don't know—anyhow, if I were you I'd get out of the way before he knows you're here."

He grew sentimental about her window,
And gazed at it always
With tender indulgence.

One day
He took a walk near the house
And slowly, unwillingly worked out
That the window about which
He had been so happily romancing
Was that of

The Jollybillies' Hotspot Billiard
Saloon
(Fully licensed).

XVII.—FELLOW-WORSHIPPERS.

The man who had noted the stupidity
Of that slave to instinct, the little
moth
That could not keep away
From the flame of his candle.

Spent the small hours of the next
morning
In the rain, hatless,
With a thousand companions
Watching a cinema
Burn.

XVIII.—MARITIME INCIDENT.

"CAPTAIN," inquired the baritone steers-
man

At the top of his voice
In a dead calm—

"CAPTAIN, ART THA SLEEPIN' THAR
BELOOOW?"

After a brief pause
The Captain appeared blinking
And said sourly,
"I was."

R. M.

The Equality of the Sexes.

THERE is one subject on which the
equality of the sexes is so absolutely
non-existent that it is difficult even
to be funny about it.

[Still, you'd better try.—EDITOR.

Yes, all right. I know that's what
I'm here for.—CONTRIBUTOR.]

Reader, shall we take a peep behind
the scenes?

You reply, "Yes, let's."

Very well. We will suppose—only
it's a good deal more than a supposi-

tion really—that the following not un-
familiar conversation is, by no means
for the first time, taking place.

"I think, Charles, you'd better
have a new dressing-gown, don't you?"

"A new dressing-gown?"

"Yes. And pants. And singlets."

"One thing at a time," says Charles
coldly. "Why should I have to have
a new dressing-gown? The one I've
got has done me very well ever since
the winter of 1909."

"Dear, that is why."

"Nonsense, nonsense! It's a per-
fectly good dressing-gown now that
I've got used to it."

"No, Charles, I'm sorry, but it
isn't. Both elbows are through, and
the stuff has worn so thin it won't
hold the patches any longer, and there
are holes in the front where you've
burnt it with your pipe."

"Well, then," said Charles—in the
very tones, beyond a doubt, in which
CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS announced his
twin discoveries of America and the egg-
trick—"well, then, it can be mended."

One had been waiting for that.
 "No, Charles," I reply, with a sinister calm, "the time for that is past."
 (A good sentence that. Make a note of it, in case I ever write a play.)

"If women would do more sewing and less typewriting..." says Charles, and a lot more. (Make another note to keep this sort of thing right out of the dialogue when, or if, I write a play.)

When Charles has finished and not before—for one knows one's duty as a wife—I utter: "Miss Gabblerack says they're *past* mending. She brought them to me herself last time she came to sew, and said, 'Even the best of friends must part.'"

"Do you mean to say the woman has refused to come here again just because of my old pants?"

"No, no. She meant you and your dressing-gown must part."

"That," says Charles, "is not for her to decide."

And of course in a way it isn't. So all one can do is to abandon—for the time being—the dressing-gown motif and take up a firm stand on the pants and singlets.

"They're simply holding together—if at all—by a thread. I felt quite ashamed of them at the Jumble Sale."

"At the *what*?"

But this is rhetorical. Charles has heard full well what I said.

"Dear, I'm dreadfully sorry, but there was nothing else for it, and as poor old Mrs. Bilge said at the time, they'll do for polishing if for nothing else. At least the singlets will. The pants, I'm afraid, were too far gone. Mrs. Slappit took them in the end, after they'd been reduced from five-pence to twopence, because someone suggested she could stitch the best bits together for a compress if poor little Percy gets earache again."

Charles, with extraordinarily injustice, irrationally selects the one blameless character in the whole painful drama and damns poor little Percy and his earache.

And even after all this, days and even weeks elapse before, with the utmost unwillingness, he sanctions the purchase of new winter underwear.

As for the dressing-gown, it will just have to wait till we have our next Jumble Sale. Probably in March.

In the feminine world, things are otherwise.

"I'm thinking," says Laura—"I'm thinking of possibly getting myself a new jumper. Anyway, I thought I'd just look at some. Very likely I shan't see anything I like. But I could just look."

I realise at once that Laura has



THE ONLY WAY.

definitely made up her mind to go shopping and will come home with a new jumper, a couple of little hats, a pair of flowered pyjamas, an ashtray with an Airedale dog fixed to its rim, and a small present for each member of the family.

My immediate reaction is one of pleasurable excitement, tinged with envy. This is quickly followed by a strong—in fact irresistible—conviction that I need something or other from a shop myself. With any luck I shall even remember what it is.

It is left to Charles to say that he thought Laura bought a new jumper just the other day.

"Yes," says Laura sombrely, "but

I'm sorry to say I've *frightfully* taken against it. It's the wrong colour."

"Isn't it the same colour that it was when you bought it?" Charles inquires. At this I intervene (as it is legally called).

"Anyway, the Sales are on, and it'll be an economy in the end, I expect, just to go and look at a few things. I'll come too."

"How splendid! And after all," says Laura, "even if we don't see anything we want we can always get some tiny little thing we *don't* want."

I need not, I think, labour the point as to the difference between the sexes!

E. M. D.

Lieutenant Holster Plays and Wins.

Extract from Command Orders, 7.1.36.

1304.—EXAMINATION FOR PROMOTION
(Subjects (a) and (c)).

CANDIDATES TO BE EXAMINED:

Lieut. R. Holster . . 1st Bn. Loamshire
Regt.

3. Candidates will assemble at Farley
X-roads at 0900 hrs. on 22.1.36,
reporting to the President of the
Examining Board.

4. Candidates are recommended to
bring private cars.

Formal Letter (via Ad-
jutant) from Lieut. Holster
to Brigade Major.

SIR,

Private Cars and
Promotion Examination.

I have the honour to
refer to Brigade Order
528, referring to Divi-
sional Order 41, referring
to Command Order 1304,
referring to the forth-
coming promotion ex-
amination and to the
recommendation that
candidates should bring
private cars. May I be in-
formed, please, whether
claims for travelling
allowance to cover cost
of private petrol used,
also of private oil and
private depreciation, will
be admissible?

I have the honour to
be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

R. HOLSTER, Lieut.

Answer (via Adjutant) from Brigade
Major to Lieut. Holster.

. . . regretted that Travelling Al-
lowance for officers using private cars
during the examination for promotion
on 22.1.36 is not admissible.

Pathetic Chit from Holster to Adjutant.

DEAR PETER,—What's all this
about Command not giving us car
allowance for the promotion exam.? I
think it's a darn shame that we're
expected to use our own cars on
military business and not get paid for
the juice, etc. Can't one do anything
about it?

Yours,

R. H.

Sarcastic Reply from Adjutant to
Holster.

DEAR GATBAG,—You aren't obliged,
you know, to use your own car on a
military job if travelling allowance is
inadmissible. It's up to you to walk if
you like, when you wouldn't use any
petrol or oil at all and your depreciation
would be negligible. Farley is twenty-
two miles away, though, so you might
be a little too tired to do a promotion
exam. at the end of it. But, come to
that, you aren't obliged to be pro-
moted.

Yours,

PETER.

P.S.—Of course if you were a crow
it'd only be nineteen-and-a-half miles.

P.S. 2.—Don't be an ass.

Adjutant to Brigade Major.

Forwarded for favour of instructions,
please.

Brigade Major to Adjutant.

Yours BX/92/8/H2O/RSVP of 26th.

Kindly inform Lieut. Holster that
military transport for his attendance
at promotion examination will be pro-
vided. Please arrange for this officer
to draw on loan from Signal Section
one Army Bicycle. Same should be
signed for and he will be held respon-
sible for any deficiencies.

Note from Adjutant to Holster, covering
above.

For information and action. And
laugh that off.

Holster to Adjutant.

Army Bicycle No.
42871, a good green of
five-and-a-half hands,
drawn as per your in-
structions. Please say
what this is to be used
for.

Chit from Adjutant to
Holster.

To go to your promo-
tion exam. with, you fool.

Holster to Adjutant.

Please say whether
military transport will
be provided to take
Bicycle No. 42871 to
promotion examination
rendezvous as well as
me.

Adjutant to Holster.

You are to ride the bike.

Lieut. Holster to Adjutant.

I regret I cannot trace anything in
King's Regulations which lays down
that an officer of our Regular Army
must be a qualified cycle-rider. The
only non-technical qualification men-
tioned for all ranks appears to be that
"whiskers, if worn, must be of mode-
rate length," and the only reference to
bicycles of any relevancy is that which
makes the Master-General of the
Ordnance responsible for their "re-
search, design, experiment and manu-
facture."

Manuscript Addition to Above (pencil).

Yes, I'm laughing.

Adjutant to Lieut. Holster.

An instructional course in bicycle-
riding, including care, maintenance
and cycle-mastership, has been ar-
ranged for you. You will report to-



Stationmaster. "ANYHOW, IT'S THIRTY YEARS SINCE WE'VE HAD AN
ACCIDENT ON THIS LINE."

Weary Traveller. "WELL, THERE'S ONLY ONE TRAIN, ISN'T THERE?"

Informal Letter from Holster to
Adjutant.

I will be an ass. See enclosed.—R. H.

[ENCLOSURE]

Formal Letter from Lieut. Holster to
Adjutant.

. . . and regret that my private car
is now in garage pending ability to
pay for certain repairs. May I be in-
formed, please, whether (a) military
transport will be provided for me; or,
alternatively (b) in the event of my
proceeding on foot, as suggested, a
claim under Allowance Regulations,
para. 296 (detention allowance for one
night spent on road) will be in order?
Said night would be spent at a point
approximately halfway on the route,
namely, "The Bug and Onion" (Fully
Licensed House), at Slopton Parva.

I have the honour, etc. . . .



"WE THOUGHT WE WOULD HAVE A COMPLETE CHANGE; IF YOU REMEMBER, OUR LAST COLOUR-SCHEME WAS BLUE-AND-SILVER."

morrow to C.O., 3rd Cyclist Battalion, Pedal Barracks, Havvershot, for the a./m. course: duration, one week. Reports on your progress will be forwarded each day to this office by your instructor.

Manuscript Addition to Above (ink).

Keep right on laughing, then.

First Report from Sergt. Freewheel (via C.O., 3rd Cyclist Battalion), to Adjutant, 1st Loamshires.

SIR,—the officer which is learning to ride here spent today learning to mount only, everytime he being on he being off again quick. Sir, he complains its difficult learning on the flat, so am intending to give instruction on Barrack Hill tomorrow.

I. FREEWHEEL, *Sergt.*

Second Report from Sergt. Freewheel.

SIR,—I regret to report I lost the officer which I was instructing to ride. He having succeeded in mounting at last at top of Barrack Hill. Sir, on my arrival later at the bottom I found a crowd and the bicycle but no officer. J. Smith, butcher's assistant, informed me the officer had probably gone to

hospital, he shouldn't wonder. Sir, would you kindly let undersigned know which ward, as have sheddule made out for instructions in maintaining balance from 9.0 ack-emma tomorrow, and wish to explain same to officer. Sir, I beg to report following repairs necessary to bicycle, during which may a replacement machine be provided. Front fork broken, handle-bars twisted, rear wheel buckled one place, front wheel buckled three places, chain missing. Sir, Albert Tripp, fruiterer, claiming for damage to shop window.

I. FREEWHEEL, *Sergt.*

To Lieut. Holster, from the Ne Plus Ultra Garage, Havvershot.

DEAR SIR,—We note you are interested in the new Flying Trapeze Super Six, and have arranged for our demonstrator to be at the Officers' Mess, Ypres Barracks, Havvershot, at 8.0 A.M. on 22.1.36, as suggested. We are in agreement that a run out to Farley would be a fair test of the model's capabilities.

To Lieut. Holster, from the Sine Qua Non Garage, Farley.

DEAR SIR,—We note you are in-

terested in the new Rocket Sixteen, and have arranged for our demonstrator to be at "The Sneeze and Ostrich" Hotel, Farley, at 2.30 P.M. on 22.1.36, as suggested. We are in agreement that a run out to Havvershot would be fair test of this model's capabilities.

A. A.

Tangled Skeins.

My love has knitted a purple tie
Of a kind that is sure to catch the eye;
Some of it's purl and some of it's plain,
And she dropped a stitch just now and again.

"Men must work," it once was said;
But now it's the women who work instead
And the men who weep; for the worst of it
Is that they must wear what the women knit.

"Can nothing be done to stop the draughts in the Magistrates' Room in the Guildhall?"
Local Paper.

The introduction of Snakes and Ladders might have some effect.



"UP, GUARDS, AND AT 'EM!"

Silence is Golden; or, Lizzie's Lament.

SCENE—The X.Y.Z. Café.

He never comes to my table now—
 I don't know what I have done:
 Upset the boy, but I can't think how;
 He come in Saturday, dear, just a month ago,
 He asks for tea and a bun;
 He give me a smile and I think "Hullo!"
 I give him his bun and I think "It's Fate"
 (They say everyone has got a spiritual mate),
 And he left me twopence under the plate,
But he never comes to my table now.
 He's taken umbrage and I don't know why—
 Oh, Maud, I wish I may die!
He never comes to my table now.

All on his own in town, poor lad—I like his hair, don't you?
 Some sort of student, I should say—his eyes are Oxford blue,
 Half-starved, it's easy seen—some days I think he'll eat
 the cruet;
 What that boy wants is mothering, and I'm the one to do it.
 All that reading can't be good for any man, you must admit.
 So I thought I'd try to stop him—you know, jazz him up
 a bit—
But he never comes to my table now—
 I'm sure I done what I could;
 I may be dumb, but I'm not low-brow.

He sits there reading his book, and he doesn't
 speak—
 Well, that does nobody good.
 I says, "What's the book?" and he tells me,
 "Greek."
 He give me a look and I still think "Fate,"
 So I tell him the one about the plumber's mate—
 And that day there's nothing under the plate.
He never comes to my table now.
 I may be dumb and I don't know Greek,
 But surely a man can speak?
He never comes to my table now.

He never comes to my table now—
 Oh, Maud, what can I have done?
 Yvonne's no magnet, you must allow.
 He comes in regular, dear, but it's not for me—
 He's got his book and his bun;
 He don't say a word to Yvonne, you see.
 A case of so far, dear, and yet so near;
 D'you think it's my education done it, dear?
 They say everyone should have one more year,
And he never comes to my table now.
 I may be dumb, but he was the one.
 I can't think what I have done,
But he'll never come to my table now.

A. P. H.



FRANK WASHINGTON AND THE CHERRY-TREE.

"FATHER, I CANNOT TELL A LIE. I'VE BEEN DOING IT WITH MY LITTLE HATCHET."

"SORRY, MY BOY, BUT IT'S AGIN THE RULES. IT'LL COST YOU A THOUSAND MILLION DOLLARS."

Mr. Silvertop's Waterloo.

WHEN the kitchen-door squeaks, our lights die on us, or another book-case is wanted in the study, we send automatically for Mr. Silvertop. It is our confident belief that if the *Graf Zeppelin* were to drop an S.O.S. and a rope-ladder into his back-yard, he would wedge his worn bowler a little tighter over his ears and set out for the sky with an old spanner in his hand and only a muttered "Cor-lumme!" under his breath.

This time it was a jammed drawer in my desk.

"What are we going to do about these mice?" I asked him. "That's the third india-rubber they've eaten this week."

"Don't ask me about them things!" he implored.

"Surely you're not afraid of mice?"

"NAPOLEON copped 'is Waterloo once," he retorted a little cryptically.

"You haven't suffered a reverse, Mr. Silvertop?"

"I 'ave," he answered simply, and bowed his head over his spokeshave. If NAPOLEON ever made the same gesture with half the dignity, then the honour of Corsica went unstained.

"Tell me," I said gently.

"You knows them five little Georgian 'ouses up the 'ill which runs from the Jug-and-Bottle of the 'Grey'ound' to that silly great 'ouse with the spikes on it, standing on their own? The lady in the last but one calls me in—I'd done a burst pipe for 'er once, so she knows me—and ses, 'Ere, what do you know about mice? We're fair stiff with 'em, and my 'usband being a

snorer, 'e swallowed one last night near as nothing.' Bit 'ysterical she was, if you knows what I mean.

"Tried traps, I suppose?" I asks 'er. 'You should 'ear them laughing at them,' she ses scornfully. 'And poison?' I asks. 'They make rings round it,' she ses. 'I'm not surprised,'

"True," she ses, a bit impatient, 'but what about it?' 'Well, Mum,' I ses, 'there's only one thing you want all the time if you're a mouse, and that's grub. Like 'ell it is.'

"You don't 'ave no need to tell me," she cries. 'You come and look at what the little blighters done to our Christ-

mas Stilton.' 'One moment, Mum,' I ses, 'I'm a practical man, I am. Any objection to cats?' 'None,' she ses, 'but this 'ere job would take a cats'-ome. The 'ole row's crawling with mice.' 'So much the better,' I answers. 'As I come in I noticed the 'ouse next-door's empty, and it's the last 'ouse in the row. Any idea when the new people comes in?' 'In about a week,' she replies. 'O.K., Mum, I ses, 'that suits us a treat. 'Ere's what we'll do. First, we bung what's left of that Stilton into Number Five next-door. Then we gets the gent from Number One at the other end of the row to give four good cats, what I'll bring, the run of 'is 'ouse to-night. What'll 'appen? All 'is mice 'op it double-quick into Number Two. The next night we puts four more cats into Number Two, leaving the first cats be'ind to keep Number



"HERE ARE THE BROKERS'-MEN AGAIN, JOE, FOR THE PIANO!"

I ses, 'these modern mice are a sight better eddicated than they was when I was a lad, and it's no good forgetting it. It stands to reason there's only one way of swiping mice, and that's to study the spikology of the mouse itself. Put yourself in the mouse's shoes, Mum,' I suggests, 'if you'll pardon the liberty, and what do you find you want most? Not to put your 'ead in a trap, I'll be bound, nor yet to go wolwing poison.'

One clear. What'll 'appen? Why, both lots of mice buzz into Number Three. And so on, until we've pushed the 'ole brigade through this 'ouse into Number Five.'

"Then what?" she asks. 'One Stilton won't last long.' 'It won't 'ave to,' I tells 'er. 'You keeps your four cats on guard and them mice are in the soup proper. For once the new blokes finds they can't move without stepping on 'em they'll bring in one of them



CIVILISATION REACHES THE ARCTIC CIRCLE: RECRUITING MARCH OF THE FIRST ESKIMO ARMY.

posh anti-mousing companies quick as knife and mop up the lot for you.'

"Suppose they gets some cats too?" she objects.

"They'd need a cats'-ome, Mum, as you said."

"I don't know what the neighbours'll say," she ses, 'esitating. 'I do,' I ses. 'You leave 'em to me.' And after a bit that's what she does.

"I 'adn't no trouble with the neighbours. The first night the old gent at Number One even blew an 'unting-orn to put more ginger into 'is cats, and everything went off lovely. So it did all through the row. While the cats was on the job, Corlomme! the 'ulla-balloo was something chronic, like the Mapping Terrace on Bank 'Oliday, but for their own sakes everybody puts up with it. Every morning I goes round and fixes things up for the next night. I was a bit worried about the gent at Number Four a-snoring with all them extra mice about, but in the end he agrees to wear 'is fencing-'at—you know, one of them meat-safe affairs. After four nights of it we 'ad thousands of the little beggars stowed 'appily away in Number Five, walking into the pore old Stilton as if it was Kitchen

Cheddar. And there we kept 'em until the new blokes moved in."

Mr. Silvertop sighed as he slid home the drawer, now fitting perfectly.

"But what was the trouble?" I asked him. "I should have thought you were sitting pretty by then."

"Should 'ave been," he murmured, "but there was one thing I 'adn't reckoned on. I 'adn't reckoned on the new lady being a film-star—and a film-star what kept two perishing tiger-cubs as pets." He paused dramatically. "And for practical purposes two tiger-cubs equals one cats'-ome." ERIC.

The Pipes of Pook.

ON a morning of late December Hammer Kelly peered out through his fronded window-panes upon a frozen world and his thoughts flew along the short glassy street to the ivy-covered house at the end. "I'll be more nor au'prised," he told his wife uneasily, "if they didn't meet wid a bust up there last night."

Not for years had such an iron frost clutched the little village of Pook, two miles from the sea—not since the time

when Hammer Kelly dealt so successfully with a burst pipe in the glass annexe to the drawing-room of the big house, covering himself with glory and gladdening the mind of the elderly Miss Tracy with a sense of security that was altogether false.

"Wasn't I mendin' the gate in the yard when I heard the roars?" he has said to his wife. "And when I med a dart into the conservatory it was like nothin' upon this earth only Noah's Ark if so be the wather had got into it. I said nothin', but I hot the pipe one woeful belt wid the hammer I had in me hand, and I hot it in the right place, seemin'ly, for there wasn't a dhreep out of it ather; an' the poor mistress above couldn't do enough for me, for it had her atchilly terrorised. Bedad, it was a lucky sthroke all right!"

Needless to say, Mr. Kelly has reserved this accurate account of his plumbing operations in the conservatory for the ears of his own family. To his admiring neighbours he has offered a very different story. "I got out me forceps," he has said to them, "an' a dog in a grip wid a rat wouldn't have a closer hold nor what I took of the pipe, an' it spoutin' to high heaven

like a whale that met with some great annoyance.

"Melt me some lead," I says to Stasia Byrne. "Where would I get lead?" says she; but I soldhered it forinst her very eyes where it was busted. "That pipe will take ye to the North Pole now," I says, "even if it was gone down undher zero itself."

It is on this very insecure foundation that Hammer Kelly's local reputation as an amateur plumber of great skill has been built, for there is no official plumber in Pook. Nor, except for the complicated system in the big house, by which water is pumped up from a well in the yard into a tank in the attic, from which it circulates in its own mysterious way, are there any lead pipes. And of that system, installed in the days of her youth, Miss Tracy knows pathetically little. The rest of the village still draws its drinking-water in buckets from a communal well and gathers its rain-water into barrels that overflow placidly or remain obstinately dry.

Taking everything into consideration, it was little wonder that Mr. Kelly's uneasy heart failed him when, after a lapse of several years, he looked out once more upon a street that, judging by the acrobatics of a few early pedestrians, must be slippery indeed. Little wonder that he remembered unhappily the part played by sheer good fortune in his former dealings with a burst pipe.

When the youngest Foley slid past the door calling as he went, "You're wanted above at the big house this minute!" it was no surprise to Mr. Kelly, and, grasping the ubiquitous hammer—now referred to by him in all good faith as his "plumbin' impediment"—he set out with a caution that availed him nothing. ("God help me," he said afterwards of his many bruises, "but I was dhrew out like the map of Marooka!")

This time there were two bursts in the lead pipes, both of them upstairs, where Miss Tracy and Stasia called despairingly one to the other. The worst fall of his short journey precipitated the unhappy amateur feet-first into the scullery, snatching the hammer from his hand and hurling it with great force into the dark aperture below the sink, at the same time knocking his distracted head against the red-tiled floor. It was Stasia's voice that roused him at last, for she called from the landing that the rush of water was ceasing; while from the bathroom Miss Tracy broadcast the same glad news. Hastily groping in the darkness for his one and only tool, Hammer Kelly rose uncertainly to meet the congratulations



"THERE IS NOT THE SLIGHTEST POSSIBILITY, SIR, OF THESE COLOURS FADING."

"TOO BAD! EVER TRIED BOILING THEM?"

that were showered upon him for this latest success.

Miss Tracy saw no reason why she should summon the Ballykealy plumber whose father had installed her hot-water system; but, rendered uncomfortable by the generosity of her monetary reward, the mystified Mr. Kelly insisted, while some instinct of self-preservation led Stasia to use the oil-cooker rather than the kitchen-range. Next day the plumber came and advised the introduction of copper piping.

"I was telling Miss Tracy," he said

to the watchful amateur, "that it's a good job for her that you knew the key tap was under the sink and that you turned off the water first of all."

In the mind of Hammer Kelly a slow light dawned, and he spoke as one expert to another.

"What else would I do?" he said simply.

D. M. L.

"If you haven't enough chairs to go round at parties, let the younger people use stools, or use them as a footstool."

Domestic Gossip.

But you can't really keep the rising generation down.

At the Play.

"ALICE THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS" (LITTLE THEATRE).

"Not one word," said Miss NANCY PRICE proudly—"not one word is spoken on the stage that is not written in the book." Everybody watching *Alice Through the Looking-Glass* at the Little Theatre of an afternoon can recognise how just is that modest and un-Hollywoodlike boast of the presiding genius of the People's Theatre. The same self-effacing and triumphant treatment which made *Alice in Wonderland* such a success last year is repeated this year for *Alice Through the Looking-Glass*.

Authors are commonly warned against attempting sequels, but they generally do; and LEWIS CARROLL brought it off triumphantly. There is more glory, to use *Humpty Dumpty's* term in *The Looking-Glass*, more knock-down argument, in *The Looking-Glass* adventures than in those in *Wonderland*.

The *Red Queen*, whom Miss MAY HALLATT plays with an excellent Victorian governess's touch, has plenty of help in demonstrating that decisive intellectual superiority which chessmen may justly claim over playing-cards. There is a gusto about all the players at the Little Theatre. *Tweedledum* and *Tweedledee* make the tragic story of the Walrus and the Carpenter a part-gee song, and the *Lion* and the *Unicorn* fight in the spirit in which we want the Test Matches to be played.

The whole spirit of *Looking-Glass* land is one of contest and battle, of verbal insults and perverseness, but all among friends. When the *King's* horses and men try to piece *Humpty Dumpty* together again, one of the *Red King's* horses does not hesitate to do what he can to help, although the obligation of royal aid was a *White* obligation. I was sorry they failed, but not surprised, because they were not given very many pieces to try with. And anyway, this *Humpty Dumpty* was a crea-

ture of excessive sophistication, not fat and jolly as *Humpty Dumpty* ought to be and would be if he were content to speak from behind his great egg-mask and did not break through like a pierrot.

reassured, and we know that what we are to see is what we expect and hope to see, down to the drooping moustache of the *White Knight*. The *Red King* curls up and dreams under the tree just as we rely upon him to do, so that *Looking-Glass* land may exist, and the old *Sheep* knits away in her shop as though *White Queens* had never existed. With exquisite polish the *Unicorn*, a true aristocrat who scorns to come hot and dishevelled from the fiercest battles, discusses the etiquette of belief between fabulous monsters.

The nonsense of the *Alice* books lends itself particularly to topical tampering, for its reversals of accepted lines of argument, its happy demonstrations of the constant crude failure of the English tongue to be explicit, are universal criticisms, and so they all seem to apply to the immediate and characteristic failings of the day. They are a natural channel for topical satire. But all temptations to take *Alice* and her friends out of their setting are so rigorously banished at the Little Theatre that you would not know that they existed.

It is good showmanship as well as good art, for young playgoers love to see in the flesh figures already familiar, and rightly feel affronted if old friends turn up in the latest fashions.

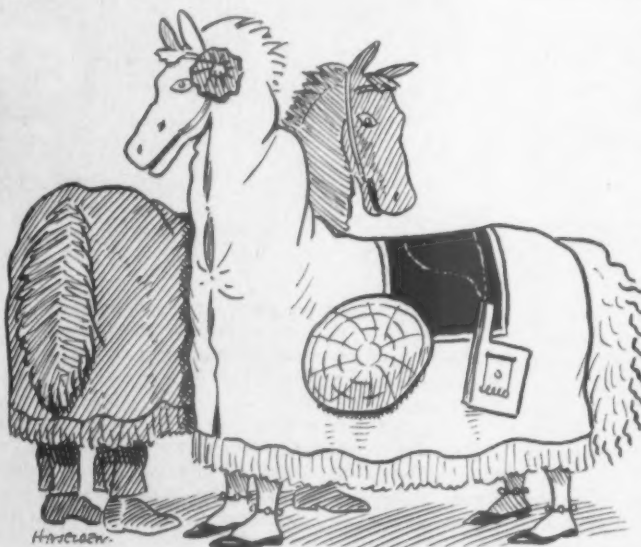
It has been acutely remarked that all the world's greatest books are accounts of journeys, and the sweeping statement includes the adventures of *Alice*. It was an admirably self-possessed traveller that Miss URSULA HANRAY showed us, with just the appropriate mixture of pleased adventurousness and natural caution, rightly pensive and reserved in the face of

the preposterous propositions advanced for her acceptance, but eager to help and quick to make friends. And she is making them in great numbers at the Little Theatre.

D. W.



Alice (Miss URSULA HANRAY) to Tweedledum and Tweedledee (MESSRS. ANDREW LEIGH AND ERNEST BUTCHER). "YOU'RE AWFULLY LIKE YOURSELVES, EXCEPT THAT YOU'VE GROWN A LITTLE TALLER SINCE FIRST WE MET IN BOOK-FORM."



STUDIES OF HORSEFLESH.

But in general the characters of the immortal tale are just as though they had come to life from Sir JOHN TENNIEL's pencil.

From the first appearance of *Alice* with her kitten by the fire we are

"GOLDEN GANDER" (EMBASSY).

Given a conscientious and hard-working wife and a constitution of iron, a student of humanity can do a lot worse than own an hotel in the middle of the Australian desert. At first sight it might seem better for him to possess a nice English two-star inn such as "The White Hart" at Mudhampton, where his range of study would be less limited; but there, owing to the competition of "The Speckled Drake" and "The Running Horse," he would only be able to observe a portion of the community, whereas an hotel in the Australian vasts has this overwhelming advantage, that over several hundred miles it is an irresistible magnet to anyone with a thirst, which means of course to the entire population.

Arthur had discovered this, and Arthur was a whole oasis by himself. He knew his KIPLING, and for years he had devoted himself in a philosophical kind of way to the contemplation of the antics of human puppets whom the lure of uncharted gold drew out into a sun which was hotter than it should have been and which left them with unslakably dry throats. And not only miners, with their pathetic little canvas bags stuffed with dubious minerals, came crawling into his hotel, but engineers from the big cities and even romantically-minded tourists. In each case Arthur's technique was precisely the same: he poured himself out a large free drink, sat down in one of the few arm-chairs, and treated the company to a disquisition in fascinating Cockney on the waywardness of fate—until Mrs. Arthur, whose niche in life appeared to have remarkably little to recommend it, dragged him off, protesting but obedient, to clean the bar and carry water. A grand character, skilfully drawn by his author, Mr. HENRY C. JAMES, and magnificently played by Mr. ERNEST JAY, whose Cockney types invariably ring absolutely true.

The play itself had no great shape and might, so far as I could see, have gone on for ever, so inconclusive was its end; but it was one of those plays where this fault seemed small beside the fact that the dialogue was extraordinarily natural and the characters well contrasted. That the plot was negligible scarcely diminished our enjoyment of Arthur and his strange medley of visitors. It was quite enough

for us to know that the hero had been sold by an engaging rascal over a dud strike of gold, that the engineer who came to inspect it brought a dangerous



GONE ALL HIGH-HAT.

Tony Carthew . . MR. ANTHONY SHAW.

daughter to whom the hero had been recently engaged, and that the barmaid (whom the hero, flushed with



William Kerr (MR. BREMBER WILLS). "DON'T STOP ME IF I'VE HEARD THAT BEFORE."

Arthur Newstead MR. ERNEST JAY.

what he imagined to be gold, was about to take on a trip round the world) cast her spell upon this lady's current fiancé and persuaded him, since he was rich

and foolish, that he was the Midas-man the goldfields were awaiting.

Miss MARGARETA SCOTT successfully exuded temperament as the ex-fiancée; she was only an engineer's daughter, but no one could lever for long. Miss CORAL BROWN's *Barmaid* was a good piece of acting, though we were never told how it was that such an evident habituée of Mayfair came to be serving bitter in the desert. An excellent portrait of a chatty English tourist was contributed by Miss MARGARET CARTER, and as her husband Mr. BREMBER WILLS earned all our praise not only by his forbearance but also by his unshrinking prosecution of the gruelling physical jerks which went with his part. Mr. MICHAEL SHEPLEY did his best for the somewhat nebulous hero, and Mr. ANTHONY SHAW's *Fiancé*, a monocled pillar of ivory polished in the best educational centres, shone pleasingly throughout the evening. The rest of the cast ably kept us reminded that we were in the midst not of Swiss Cottage but of the wide open spaces.

Speaking of which, Arthur put forward a profoundly disturbing suggestion, namely, that our great Empire was the handiwork not, as we have been led to understand, of ardent adventurers to whom patriots had said, "Go!" but of embittered young men to whom hard-hearted girls had said "No!"

ERIC.

The New History.

I've produced an historical treatise,
A highly original work,
Which shows the Crusade
In the interests of trade
Was largely financed by the
Turk.

So also the Wars of the Roses
(The beginning of Yorks
versus Lancs)
You'll find, I maintain,
Were commercial again—
In this case arranged by the
banks.

By defeating the Spanish Armada
The tradesmen of England,
you'll learn,
Were able to stop
The multiple shop
From ousting the private
concern.

The reason for all these conclusions

I don't understand very well;
It may be that later
I'll look for some data;
Meanwhile it continues to sell.

More Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club.

From Miss Mary Darlington, The Manor House, Chelmsbridge.

7th December, 1935.

DEAR MR. WHELK,—I am again bringing Daddy to Roughover over Christmas, and do hope that you will be able to fix him up with some golf. (Not General Forcursue; he gives him terrible nightmares.) Also could you let me know the name of a really good hotel other than the Splendide? He says he won't go back there again because there are no weighing-machines in the bathrooms and owing to the head-waiter sniffing such a lot.

Yours sincerely,

MARY DARLINGTON.

P.S.—Is there any chance of that nice Commander Richardson being home for Christmas, or is he still at Gib?

From Daniel Pullson, Hotel de Pampas, London, W.1.

9th December, 1935.

DEAR SIR,—I am just back from S. America for a spell of leave, and after the boat want a few days' golf to get the old liver working again in preparation for Xmas. What can you do for me at Roughover?

In reply give details of green fees, hotels, etc.

Yours faithfully,

D. PULLSON.

P.S.—My handicap (golf) at B.A. is 16. Does your Steward know how to make a Satan's Sparking Plug?

From Samuel Trumper, 31, Leeds Road, Bidwell.

10th December, 1935.

DEAR SIR,—My wife and I are looking about this year for a Christmas holiday that is different, and we are thinking of coming down to Roughover for a week's golf, arriving 22nd and leaving sometime before the 31st.

Kindly let me know about bridge. We should like to play all day if this could be arranged: start 10.30 A.M. approx.

Yours faithfully,

SAMUEL TRUMPER.

From Miss Matilda Potts (Narcissus Loveleigh), 341, Russell Yard Mansions, London.

10/12/35.

DEAR SIR,—I have been working very hard at the Theatre Jolie for the past three months, playing the part of the Queen Bee in *The Hairless Ape*, and now that the play has been taken off I

want a real back-to-nature holiday—plenty of golf, no madding crowds, etc., and I feel that Roughover would be just the place.

I suppose none of your members would mind my playing in shorts and bare legs?—it is so much healthier. I find men don't object to this sort of garb; it's those grim, tweed-clad, golfing women who are apt to make a fuss. In any case, you'll play with me the first time, won't you? When I'm sure there'll be no further bother.

My sister knows your Captain, General Forcursue. He says you are very wicked indeed.

Yours very truly,

M. POTTS.

From Mrs. Badgerly, Barnett House, Grubend.

12th December, 1935.

MY DEAR MR. WHELK,—This year my husband will be spending Christmas at Roughover by himself. It is all rather sad and is the result of a difference of opinion we had over pruning the roses on the 23rd of November.

Now, Mr. Whelk, I do feel I can really trust you to look after Hubert—over the bar, and his sitting there all morning and not getting any exercise—and I want you to promise me faithfully (as I won't be there myself) to see that he has a game of golf at least once a day; but if you can't get him to go out and play, just tell him "you know all about 'Pogo.'" If you say this he will eat out of your hand.

Yours sincerely,

AGATHA BADGERLY.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., Captain Roughover Golf Club.

12th December, 1935.

DEAR WHELK,—A ghastly distant cousin of my wife's has invited himself to come and stay with us over Christmas. Kindly note that you are to play golf with him twice every day from the 22nd to 27th December, and also that you are to invite him to lunch with you on Christmas Day.

From what I can gather, he has just been sacked from the secretaryship of some big club in India for cheating at cards or something, so you and he should get on well together.

Yours sincerely,

ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

From Major Wilson V. Grogg, of Hogg, Grabbitt and Grogg, Ltd., 753, Woodenhill Street, London, E.C.3.

12/12/35.

DEAR SIR,—My brother and I are coming to golf at Roughover over

Christmas, and will want opponents to make up a four-ball most mornings.

They must be—

- (a) Ready on the first tee at 10 A.M.
- (b) Have handicaps 22 to 24.
- (c) Agree to play 5/- a hole and £1 on the match.
- (d) Be in favour of Sanctions.

Unless you can accommodate us on the above terms we shall go to Trudgett Magna.

Yours faithfully,

WILSON V. GROGG.

P.S.—Please send your Wine List, also full details of proposed Xmas menus. I hear you have some very good Chablis (not on Wine List). If this is so, kindly let me know if it is reserved for members only.

From Hamish Finnock, Castle Barbee, Glenpuddock.

13th December, 1935.

DEAR SIR,—Having always maintained that the secretary of a golf-club can make or mar a golfing holiday, will you please let me know something about yourself in case I should decide to spend Xmas at Roughover.

I am not interested in your age or what you look like, but should be glad to hear if you take a personal interest in visitors such as I; also if the Club make you a generous allowance (state amount per annum) for their suitable entertainment.

Yours faithfully,

HAMISH FINNOCK.

From Mrs. Marigold, The Yews, Ruggles Bay.

18/12/35.

DEAR MR. WHELK,—I am bringing along my two daughters, Pansy and Louisa, for Christmas. As you know, they are both getting on, and I do hope you will find some nice golfing partners for them (Male).

Is dear Mr. Lionel Nutmeg still a bachelor? You should really tell him he ought to get married. I have never seen anything so pathetic as his moustache. One day last Easter he actually had a piece of rice adhering to it at eleven o'clock in the morning.

Yours sincerely,

DOROTHY MARIGOLD.

From Admiral Charles Sneyring-Stymie, C.B., The Bents, Roughover.

30th December, 1935.

SIR,—As I am writing to you, I suppose I must wish you a Happy New Year (when it comes); not that you deserve one by a long chalk. However, the point is this: *Where* in the name of fortune did all those ghastly visitors come from over Christmas? Most of them seemed to know you intimately,



"VERY COSMOPOLITAN CROWD HERE."
"I DUNNO—SEEMS TO BE MOSTLY FOREIGNERS."

and I would have you know that if you are going to clutter up the Club with riff-raff like that at a time of year when members are disposed to be more lenient towards you owing to the Festive Season, I for one consider you are taking a grossly unfair advantage, and will not have it.

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES SNEYRING-STYMIE.

P.S.—This is not the last you have heard of the matter. G. C. N.

Tragic Opera.

[A writer in *The Sunday Times* under the heading, "Oddities of Opera," describes as a great drawback to the pleasure of newcomers "the irreconcilability of the libretto with certain of the artists. The *Mimi* (*La Bohème*) that looks consumptive has yet to be discovered, and light and graceful *Carmens* are few and far between."]

YET once again the old complaint arises About the prima donna and her rôle—

How she is generally several sizes Too large to satisfy the critic's soul; Unwilling or unable, one surmises,

To exercise sufficient girth-control, Robbing romance of passion and profundity Simply by her ridiculous rotundity.

The great ALBONI, vocally victorious— Her tones in depth and volume were unique—

Did not escape from caustic and censorious

Comments on her exuberant physique.

For, though her voice was absolutely glorious,

Her figure was decidedly to seek;

ROSSINI, if my memory does not fail, Called her an elephantine nightingale.

More than one great *Brünnhilde*, vast of frame,

Of voice sonorous, have I seen and known,

Who physically was a ponderous dame And must have weighed not less than fourteen stone;

Magnificent when, girt around with flame,

She lay outstretched upon her rocky throne,

Who with the greatest difficulty rose To an erect from a recumbent pose.

But in this context the impartial scribe

Male singers cannot easily acquit; Tenors are mostly squat, a short-necked tribe,

In stature for heroic rôles unfit,

Who justify VON BELOW's famous gibe, Expressed with his malicious mordant wit,

More often used to poison than to please: "A tenor's not a man but a disease."

The problem's hard, for, as the experts know,

The more you use your voice with main and might

The more chest-measurement is bound to grow,

And with it thirst and hearty appetite—

As witness CALVERLEY, who long ago Described how at the opera, late at night,

"Tired prima donnas, bowing themselves out,

Refresh their energies with bottled stout."

And yet there are and were exceptions —PATTI,

So slim and elegant, so trim and spruce

(Not like ALBONI, who was called Alfatti);

And there are hopes that haply orange-juice

May ultimately check the growth of fatty

Deposits and materially reduce

The "too, too solid flesh" that sadly mars

The magic of great operatic stars.

C. L. G.



J.H. DOWD.

Proud Parent (quoting school report). "READING, GOOD; HISTORY, FAIR; FRENCH, BIEN——"
Scholar. "WHAT'S THAT MEAN, MUMMY?"

Complaint from the Farm.

THE British Farmer is suffering from a new sense of injury. It isn't his pocket this time, but his pride. His trouble is that in our nursery-rhymes he and other rural workers are held up to ridicule. The queer thing is that what he says is true. Luckily, however, the matter is capable of arrangement, and he will forgive Mr. Punch if, for once, a grievance of his is removed. All that's wanted is a slight readjustment. Take, for example, "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son."

The poem itself is faulty—"away he run" and "the pig was eat" are not good expressions—but the sting lies in the suggestion that no decent farmer would allow the son of a piper to pinch one of his pigs. The treatment is clear; make it "the farmer's man," and you not only improve the rhyme but remove the slur from the farmer. Thus:

Tom, Tom, the farmer's man,
Stole a pig and away he ran;

The pig was tracked
And Tom was whacked;
Lucky for him that he wasn't sacked.

What a change! The farmer's conduct is admirable. Prompt in castigation, once the offence was purged he was ready to forgive. He did *not* sack the culprit.

Bo-peep too. A bad shepherdess. Not only did she lose her sheep, but couldn't be bothered to look for them. "Leave them alone and they'll come home" (another bad rhyme). And this with wild cars stampeding all over the land.

The libel can be removed thus:—

Little Bo-Peep
Takes care of her sheep
And always knows where to find them;
If ever they roam
She steers them home
With a friendly smack [or barking dog]
behind them.

"Three Blind Mice" (set by BEE-THOVEN) can be ignored as a tissue of absurdities. If the mice were blind, they couldn't see which way to run, and if they had suffered mutilation at

the hands of the farmer's wife they'd have run away from, not after, the woman. The bias is too clear.

But the case of the Farmer's Boy cannot be dismissed so lightly. You will remember that, using a new stanza for each occupation, he states that he used to keep his master's

Horses, with a Gee-Wo,
Lambs, with a Baa-Baa,
Hens, with a Chuck-Chuck,
Pigs with a Grunt-Grunt,
Ducks, with a Quack-Quack,
Dogs, with a Bow-Wow,
Children, with a Shout-Pout,
and
Turkeys, with a Gobble-Gobble.

This is rank sweating. The only thing that can be said is that the boy himself didn't seem to mind much, as he made a song about it, and always wound up by asking a girl to come to the banks of the Aire-oh. But it is a bad business, and all one can suggest is that some of the stanzas should be left out, especially the lambs and children, which are not jobs for a healthy boy.



Village Fireman's Wife. "DID YOU SAY THE BARN WASS ON FIRE? WELL, INDEED, NOBODY IS IN AT PRESENT. PERHAPS WE COULD SEND TO-MORROW."

And now for "The House that Jack Built." Here the farmer is shown in the worst possible light. Beyond keeping a cat, he takes not the smallest interest in the life around him, teeming as it is with incident. The cat, having performed her task, is worried by his dog. He shows no emotion, and is equally callous when his very dog himself gets it in the neck from a cow. The condition of the cow suggests that he does not look after his livestock; it has only one horn, and that is crumpled. His dairymaid, to whom he stands *in loco parentis*, is left "all forlorn," and from a pure yearning for

companionship is caught by the first tramp that comes along. Even then he doesn't lift a finger to protect the poor girl from the consequences of her own imprudence. Only at the very end does he appear, calmly sowing corn as though nothing had happened.

In a case like this one cannot niggle at details. Cat, dog, cow, crumpled horn, must, to one's regret, remain. The most we can do is to give him some natural feeling for the girl and reconstitute the poem in this manner (we can omit the priest and the cock):—

Leaving it as it is up to the cow—

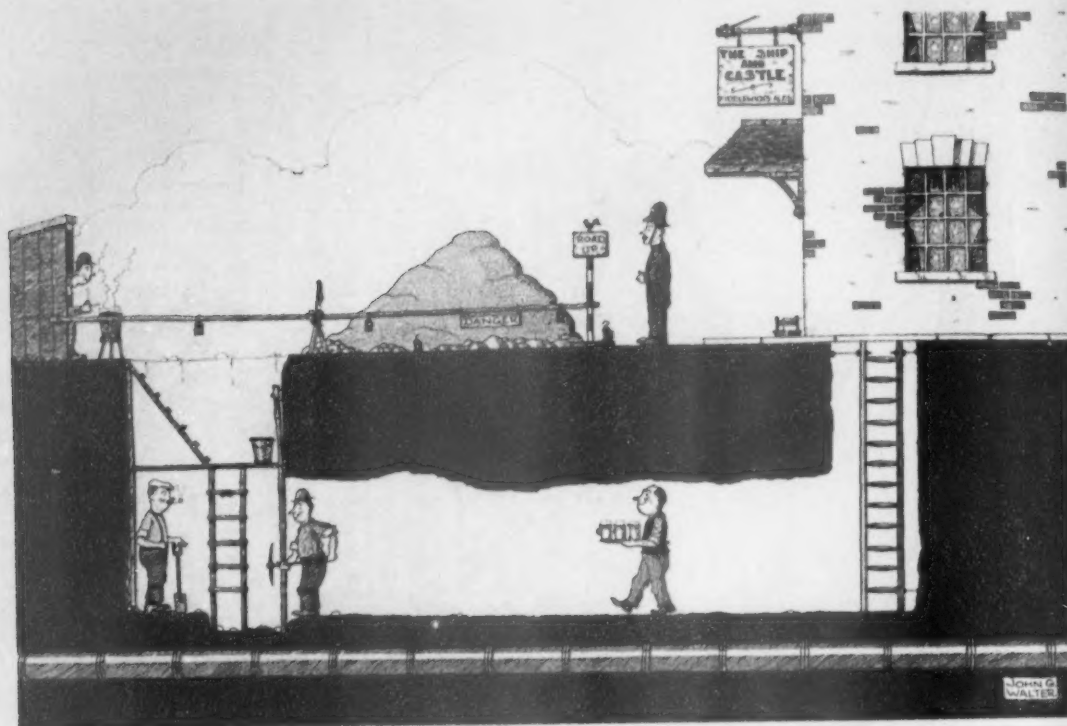
This is the maid who was not forlorn,

Then the tramp all tattered and torn, and, to crown the whole—

This is the farmer who hurt his corn
In kicking the tramp all tattered and torn
Who ogled the maid (who was not forlorn)
Who milked the cow with [I'm afraid] the
crumpled horn
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That ate the rat
That lay in the—

Bother; I always get that part wrong.
DUM-DUM.

"Perhaps if some member raises a dust about our water company we may also obtain tangible results."—*Jersey Paper*.
Mud, for instance.



A POSSIBLE SOLUTION OF THE PERENNIAL HOLE-IN-THE-ROAD MYSTERY.

Modern Folk-Songs.

The Lass o' the Lab.

On being asked by an F.R.S.—no less—why modern poetry was so little inspired by Science. To the tune of "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington."

Now there once was a lass and a very pretty lass,
And she was an isotope's daughter,
And they called her Ethyl-Methyl, for her mother
was a gas
Made of CH_4 and water.

She was built on such lines, perhaps parallel lines
(For EINSTEIN says they'll meet),
And her lips they resembled the most delicious
sines,
And her cheeks were like cosines sweet.

Her hair it was like transformers in a way,
And her eyes like two live coils,
While as for her spectrum, I always used to say,
"I could watch it till it boils."

Though at making of love I never was a dab,
We were soon on the best of terms,

In fact the first time that I saw her in the lab.
We generated n° therms.

Her metabolisms I shall never forget
Nor her parallaxes till I die,
But the sad thing is that, whenever we met,
The sparks they used to fly.

Alas and lack! it was ever, ever thus;
We had perforce to part,
For she—she was a *minus*, and I—I was a *plus*;
In fact we were poles apart.

Envoi.

Still, Scientists all, I am sorry I was wrong;
And ± 0.3
With the Higher Hydrocarbons now shall decorate
my song
Instead of the willow-tree.

J. C. S.

Our Booking-Office.

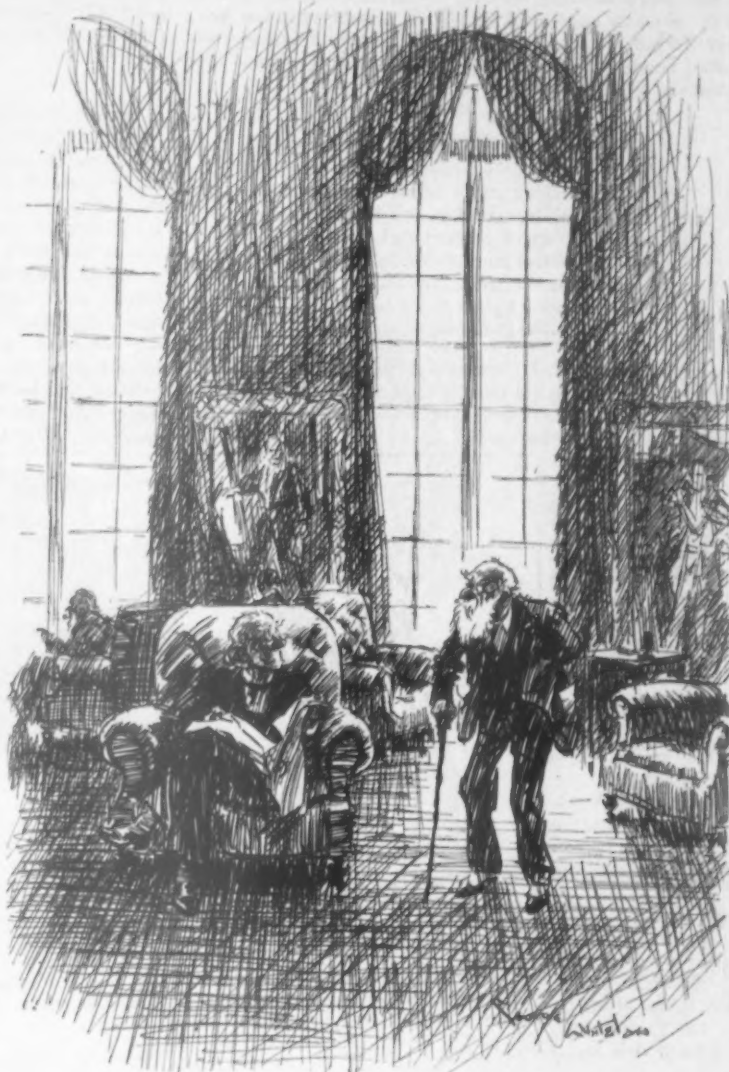
(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

An Imminent Individualist.

IF one cannot endorse all the opinions of M. ROMAIN ROLLAND, one must at any rate admire his courage in the expression of them. For not only have they involved him in violent controversy but they have won him a wide unpopularity and even, so illogical are most of us, detracted from the literary fame which came to him with the publication of *Jean Christophe*. And by these rubs he has been entirely uninfluenced. He has never ceased to proclaim the truth as he sees it. His vision of the truth, on the other hand, has undergone considerable changes since he exposed himself to abuse with *Above the Battle*; and the selection of his writings—essays, letters, manifestoes and what not—which has been translated into English as *I Will Not Rest* (SELWYN AND BLOUNT, 8/6), contains the record of that development. M. ROLLAND never really dwelt in an ivory tower, as HENRI BARBUSSE accused him of doing, but he did for long maintain a large degree of political detachment. Now he has come down with both feet in the Communist camp and contrived, to his own satisfaction, to reconcile the Marxian faith with his ineradicable individualism and a still ardent attachment to liberty of thought and speech. If this seem strange, it must be remembered that M. ROLLAND, though boasting himself an intellectual, is fundamentally an emotional—a trait which colours the writing of these sincere and provocative tracts for the times.

Ireland the Bewitching.

IT is a sensibility French, perhaps, rather than English that invests Lady BLANCHE GIBOUARD's short stories with such buoyant and enduring charm. *The World is for the Young* (MACMILLAN, 7/6) and its companion tales are all staged in Ireland; but, racy as they are, their glamour is largely due to a technique that derives, I feel, from the far side of the narrower Channel. Their prevailing attitude is an exquisite consideration for the underdog—of whom the distressful country has always boasted even more than its quota. Here is an old gardener, masterless and longing for a master; a small farmer whose farmstead is requisitioned and flooded by a Dublin waterworks; a gentle young housewife whose wedding is postponed indefinitely on account of an inter-tribal feud, and two sisters, one half-witted and genial, the other painstaking and shrewish, suffering cruelly from each other's incompatible virtues. All eight stories—especially that of "Poor Jamesie" and his predestined partner, *Lizzie Dan*—have the air of having been lovingly helped to grow of themselves in congenial soil. And there is nothing nebulous about the atmosphere of any one of them—they have the precision of fine poetry.



"HULLO, FETHERINGTON-WALLER—STILL CUMBERING?"

Life in Miniature.

Memories of the famous *Sergeant Grischa* rose vividly in my mind as I read Herr ARNOLD ZWEIG's collection of short stories. It seemed natural—indeed inevitable—that his *Playthings of Time* (SECKER, 7/6) should for the most part be men and women whose lives had been affected directly or indirectly by the Great War and its aftermath of economic depression. For once I found myself in wholehearted agreement with a publisher's estimate of his own book. These twelve delicate and symbolic tales undoubtedly justify Mr. SECKER's claim that Herr ZWEIG is a master of the difficult art of the short story. Humour, tragedy, pathos and a mordant wit lay bare the obscure lives of his characters like lightning-flashes throwing dark patches of landscape into sudden and sharp relief. Moreover, there is a cleanliness and economy about Herr ZWEIG's use of words that is very welcome after the lavish and often meaningless phraseology employed by some modern writers. He secures his effect

all the more forcibly because he never obviously strives for it. Equally successful in all his moods, grave or gay, Herr ZWIG is to my mind at his best in a satiric vein. "Otto Temke's Good Luck" and "The Apparition" are miniature masterpieces.

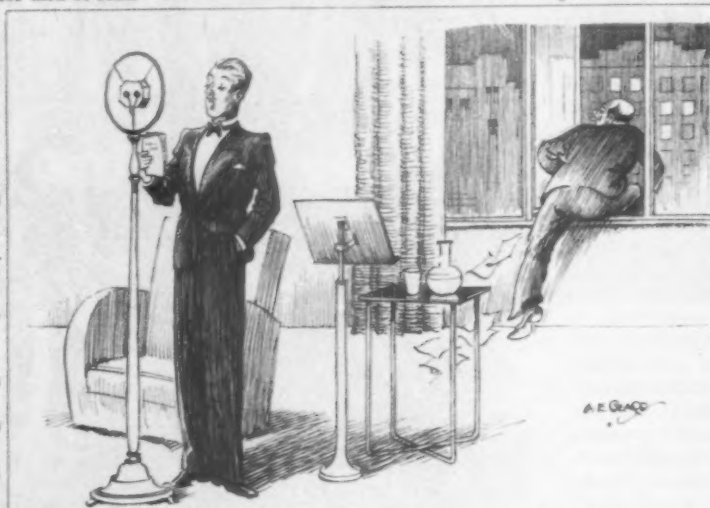
"The Heythrop."

The history of a hundred years—
A hundred years of horn and hound—
The Heythrop Hunt in print appears,
By MURRAY pressed and bound.
Here are the men who ride, who rode,
Here is the pack that killed, that kills
By the wan waters of Evenlode
Under the Cotswold Hills.

'Tis G. T. HUTCHINSON, M.C.,
Who is his Hunt's historian
And knows—and none so well as he—
Of Master and of Man

Since Heythrop grew
from Badminton,
By "courteous
REDESDALE'S"
hand controlled,
And WARBURTON
sung "The Tar-
wood Run"
In the brave days
of old.

This is a record of
renown,
This record of a
century;
And still, when Wych-
wood's leaf is
down,
Shall generations
see
Sport as of old—sport
orthodox,
And coverts never
drawn in vain,
And foxes stout as
the Tarwood fox
Who died in Southropp Lane.



"WE HAVE WITH US IN THE STUDIO THIS EVENING PROFESSOR PEASBODY, THE EMINENT NEUROLOGIST, WHO IS TO GIVE A TALK ON 'NERVOUSNESS AND ITS CURE.'"

Domesticity at a Discount.

The emotional strata underlying ordinary family life are Miss BARBARA GOOLDEN's paramount interest in *Wise Generations* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 7/6), and she turns them uppermost with a revealing thoroughness that makes the War period and its successors look more than ever like a spiritual no-man's-land. Her clever and penetrating novel opens with an air-raid and ends with the Jubilee; and if her young men and maidens tend to be set types of unconventionality while their elders remain more or less well-disciplined personalities, it is rather the result of observation than malice. For the novelist has taken notable pains to be fair to three generations: to *Sarah*, a gallant grandmother, to *Gillian*, the domesticated young mother with her staunch little War-shattered solicitor, and to *Molly, Juliet* and *Peter*, their tiresome and disaffected offspring. She devotes perhaps less than her customary geniality to *Aunt Olive*, whose unpleasant little-girl encounter with a middle-aged military *roué* is so piteously exalted into retrospective romance; and she fails to realise that parents who hand on

hereditary principles in the form of unreasoned prejudices have only themselves to blame if their children decline the reversion of so unimpressive a moral estate.

Unpacific City.

Whatever Hollywood may do, whether its dictators in a frenzy of box-office delirium plunge the industry into a white and mystical samite or into an excess of period costume made tolerable only by delicious anachronism, it will be done with such fantastic abandon that the place will remain a paradise for the satirist. *Hollywood Cemetery* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6) is the work of an angry one determined to punish savagely the greed and stupidity which in his view have blindly prostituted a promising art-form; Mr. LIAM O'FLAHERTY has taken out his bludgeon and dipped it in acid. To the village of Ballymorguttry in the County Cork came *Gentleman Jack Mortimer*, King of World Films, Inc., on holiday, and bore off with him a local maiden to transform her in a few brief weeks into the most talked-of woman in the universe. Wave upon wave of intrigue accompanied this

transformation, until commonsense ceased even to glimmer through the mists of ballyhoo. The book is of course not a fair summing-up, for Hollywood's contribution to the art of film has been by no means negligible; but it is a powerful indictment of the purely commercial side of the industry, and, what is more important to most readers, very entertaining. Occasionally the fantasy is laid on so thickly as to make one reel, but what is a poor satirist to do with a city so palpably and incontrovertibly founded

upon the quick-sands of absurdity?

We invite the attention of those who are following the poetry of to-day to *Echoes of Thought* (3/-). Miss PHOEBE HOUSTON-BOSWALL has control over both rhyme and rhythm, and in her simpler verses, notably "My Friend," "The Prisoner," and "Last Refrain," she reveals qualities that arouse keen interest in her future.

Not Cricket.

UNHAPPY was the lot of Elsie,
She loved the centre-half for Chelsea;
But he, just when their troth was plighted,
Was sold to Manchester United.
He there transferred his heart as well,
And now is courting Isabel.

Scottish Papers Please Copy.

"If the experiment is successful, it is probable that miners from Scotland and other parts of England will be invited to South Rhodesia."—*Sunday Paper*.



Wife of Juggler. "Yes, Doctor, he's much more himself this morning."

As Others Hear Us.

The Old School-Fellows.

"My dear, I should have known you simply anywhere!"

"So should I. I mean, you simply haven't changed a bit. It's quite two years since you left, isn't it?"

"Two-and-a-half. Isn't it grim?"

"My dear, I'm *miles* grimmer than that. Nearly three years. No wonder they say Time flies!"

"Did you go down to the last Old Girls' Meeting?"

"Yes; did you?"

"No, I went to the one before that."

"I couldn't go to that."

"I suppose that's why we didn't meet. I mean, if you went to one and not the other, and I didn't. It must have been Fate or something."

"I always think Fate's a bit grim, personally. Do tell me every single thing that's happened to you. My dear, do you remember the Domestic Science cupboard-door that wouldn't shut?"

"And those *grim* concerts?"

"Shall you ever forget the complete and utter grimness of old Featherington?"

"Old Featherington!"

"I know. Poor old Featherington."

"I often think of old Featherington, don't you?"

"Often. Poor old Featherington."

"Poor old Featherington."

"Do you remember Doddie Patch?"

"Ah, she wasn't in my day. Poggie Patch I knew quite well, but not Doddie."

"Not Doddie? Doddie Patch, I mean. You know—Poggie's sister."

"Oh, yes, I *know*. She won a drawing school, or something."

"There! I knew you knew her all the time. Poor old Doddie! I believe she had rather a grim time after leaving."

"I remember Poggie. She was too terribly amusing. Don't you remember how she used to make us all shriek?"

"I always thought Poggie ought to go on the stage, she was so funny. She always said 'Au Reservoir' for 'Good-bye.' Things like that, you know. I suppose it was more the *way* she said them, really. Still, she was terribly funny."

"Oh, frightfully. I remember *her* perfectly. But Doddie was years before my time. What happened to Joey Clump?"

"Oh, poor old Joey! Do you remember Joey?"

"Oh, I always remember Joey. Poor old Joey."

"Poor old Joey. I always think of the way she used to *walk*—you know, sort of putting one foot before the other. Poor old Joey."

"Poor old Joey."

"It's simply grim the way one loses touch, isn't it? When I went down there the other day, my dear, I *honestly* didn't know a soul. Not a single soul. Except Mulligatawney herself, of course."

"Oh, Mulligatawney. I must say I think she's *rather* marvellous, don't you? I mean, the way she keeps going and everything. And really, I hate to say it, but the girls don't seem to me a *bit* what we were in our day. Definitely not. I mean, look at people like Doddie and Poggie and poor old Joey and you, and even *me*. I mean to say, Mulligatawney *could* get a certain amount of kick out of teaching us, I imagine, but what *can* she do with the set of utter rabbits she's got in the Sixth now?"

"Not a thing, of course. I quite agree. It's utterly grim. Honestly, I hate to think what the School's coming to. Grim, I call it."

"My dear! Grim *isn't* the word."

E. M. D.

Charivaria.

AN industrial magnate declares that he has to work harder now than he did when he was an office-boy. Still, office-boys shouldn't allow this prospect to discourage them.

★ ★ ★

During a chess-match in Detroit a bomb exploded and blew one of the players through a window. And it was not his turn to move, either.

★ ★ ★

"Roman Remains in Hungary," says a daily paper headline. We don't blame him.

★ ★ ★

Speaking at Dingwall, Mr. RANDOLPH CHURCHILL said that he liked to see young men get on, but that he liked to see them succeed on their own merits. And without of course owing anything to a name.

★ ★ ★

It is recalled that when caviar was issued to the British Force serving in Russia at the end of 1918 it was known to the men as "fish-jam." But not, one imagines, to the General.

★ ★ ★

As we go to press the delegations to the Naval Conference are said to be arguing whose turn it is to postpone the next meeting.

★ ★ ★

Nobody is allowed to tease Signor MUSSOLINI but his daughter EDDA, it seems. The League of Nations naturally didn't realise this.

★ ★ ★

IL DUCE, by the way, insists that the Italian Press is the freest in the world. Well, it certainly has the courage of his opinions.

★ ★ ★

In America a man has given his entire fortune to the Government. There is some talk of proceedings against him for attempting to evade his death duties.

★ ★ ★

A famous scientist is quoted as predicting that increasingly frequent births of quadruplets and quintuplets will be Nature's reply to limitation of families. And nothing, it is feared, can be done by the Anti-Litter League.

★ ★ ★

"I have yet to see a building in this country with what I consider sufficient windows," declares a visitor from Norway. Someone should show him the Crystal Palace.

★ ★ ★

"The best way to pass several days in bed with flu," says a writer, "is to read one or two modern novels." Oh, well, what's the next best way?

★ ★ ★

A Cuban student of Havana who only took up politics seven months ago has been so successful that he has been shot at three times already.

★ ★ ★

A clergyman says that few people believe in the story of JONAH and the whale. We doubt if his wife ever really believed it.

★ ★ ★

"Tears," says a beauty-expert, "are good for one's complexion." Provided of course that it really is one's complexion.

The Aged Poet.

"THE secret of success," said the Aged Poet, "is the same in my profession as in any other. One must be always a little ahead of the fashion. For years I toiled, earning nothing but a bare living from my Christmas-card work. Then I discovered this secret, and honour and wealth came to me.

"I began to write, as you know, at the beginning of the Symbolic Period. I well remember publishing a book of poems which began:

'and then varnish-twisted
he came and the almond
was beneath aloe-bitter snow
but I knew and was death-rapt.'

"You will realise the general style, and I had hopes that it would prove sufficiently unintelligible to make a name for me. But the day before it was published a Rival Poet brought out an epic poem which dashed all my hopes. For he had developed a new technique, far in advance of my unintelligible adjectives, and expressed himself in a string of words, all of which were meaningless.

'Winter I soft in also
Known him heaven bye
Come why but; intangible?'

his great epic began.

"As you may imagine, I was not slow to retaliate. The Autumn Lists contained a volume of my verse composed of letters which did not even make words.

'Erdquwe cumstapfon
Ingostlest ebergmp'

is a typical example. 'By this means,' I thought, 'my readers will be able to commune with my genius, unhampered by any mental effort.' But before my book had had time to gain the popularity it deserved the Rival Poet had found a mode of expression still more unhampered. He published a book consisting of facsimiles of his own handwriting which did not even form letters.

*Bestel maer
was men*

—"this was the ending of his book, and its quiet beauty soon ousted my own work from popular favour.

"After this second defeat I racked my brains for a medium which would perfect the art of poetical expression, and my efforts were at length rewarded. In the next Spring List I brought out a volume which is now generally admitted to mark an epoch in the history of literature. The first page was like this:



nor were the other four-hundred-and-twenty-eight unlike it, save for the number. Popular opinion, I am happy to say, welcomed it as the perfect means of communion between the soul of the reader and the soul of the poet. And in this way," concluded the Aged Poet, "I was able for several years to maintain a comfortable position at the head of the artistic world with remarkably little exertion; for the Rival Poet could devise no means of expression more pure than mine."



A TOUCHING TRIBUTE.

"LOOK ALIVE, MY LAD! THE BELGIAN AMBASSADOR HAS SAID THAT THE BRITISH G.P.O. IS THE ENVY AND ADMIRATION OF THE WORLD."

The Great Spy Scare.

THE Great Spy Scare in Tetrahedronia was short-lived, but energetic.

By a coincidence which taxed the ingenuity of the newspapers to the utmost with no particular result, the Great Spy

Scare sprang up and raged during the period of Session on the Value (if any) of International Espionage (1936), known as the Spy Commission. News-editors were constantly puzzled whether to give greater prominence on any given day to the alarming but imaginary news of the one or the racy but authentic back-chat of the other.

On a certain Monday, for instance, the chief position on the front page of one newspaper was occupied by a report of the evidence given before the Spy Commission by Count Calculus, in which was the following passage:

M. Surd. You are a lawyer, Count?

Count Calculus. I am, by gosh!

M. Surd. Does the survival of what another witness has called "an antiquated system incapable of deliberate, and suspicious of accidental, accuracy" seem at all strange to the legal mind?

Count Calculus. Come again?

Mrs. Mohacs Field. You heard.

Count Calculus. Okay. No.

M. Surd. You would agree rather with the witness who declared that plans even of a public-house in a military area would be of strategical importance?

Count Calculus. I would, by gosh!

M. Surd. However fragmentary?

Count Calculus. Yes.

Mrs. Mohacs Field. Would it be

serious to suppose a spy took away the notice "Snacks at the Bar"?

Count Calculus. Yes, by gosh! And speaking of snacks at the Bar, don't cast any.

Other newspapers on this Monday, however, treated as more important

The Great Spy Scare, of which this was one manifestation, had sprung from a small cause. A visitor on a day excursion from Hexagonia (no passport required), arrested for hanging an "Out of Order" notice on the back of a taciturn policeman of whom he had several times unsuccessfully inquired the date,

was found to be carrying a number of notebooks. These were ostensibly concerned with the performance, on fast, slow, hard, soft, wet, dry, hilly, flat and volcanic going, of horses named respectively Dinky Doo, Dinky Dink, Dooley Dook III, and Donk, and also of a number of bookmakers. On one page of one of the notebooks, however, experts found a diagram which several officials from the Ministry of War swore was an exact copy of a drawing of a new modification of the design stamped on the silk of civil parachutes (which, it is hardly necessary to add, could be converted into war parachutes at a moment's notice).

Under cross-examination by the prisoner's counsel (whose ill-bred insistence on his client's rights was explained by his possession of a Hexagonian grandmother), they admitted that several essential points were not illus-

trated, that the proportions of the drawing were wrong, that the design had in fact been invented and patented in the prisoner's own country and merely bought by Tetrahedronia, and finally that the drawing he was said to have copied had been reproduced in all the newspapers some weeks before. It was agreed that to be able to put forward such a defence as this he must be a spy of almost superhuman cunning.



"I AM EVER SO SORRY, BUT MRS. TWEEDIE NEVER TOUCHES SOUPS."

the news that a lorry-load of spies had spent the previous day making surreptitious drawings of a fortified church and a fortified statue of Peter Pan. The next day they explained in small but impenitent type that the lorry-load of spies had actually been a motor-coach full of local art-students, and that neither the church nor the statue was fortified, though they would be immediately in response to public clamour.

The man's own contention that the drawing was a map of a Hexagonian racecourse was felt to be absurd. As the prosecuting counsel said: "What would a spy be doing with a map of a racecourse?"

It was after this that Tetrahedronia began to hum and at length to roar with the rumour that spies were over-running the country, although an official denial was the only thing that encouraged it. People saw spies everywhere, and the Spy Commission's witnesses grew more and more intractable. The taking of evidence from M. Quadrilateral, editor of a weekly paper designed to combat the influence of spies, was as much complicated by his obvious suspicions of everyone present as by his habit of making false statements in a voice of thunder and whispering denials afterwards, to mislead the squads of spies he believed to be outside the door. His action one morning (after a session during which he had made no other answer to any question than "Ah!" or "Hm!" or "That's telling!") in smartly tugging the Chairman's beard gave rise to much discussion. Some newspapers reported that the beard came off, but others, so as not to offend some important advertisers of spirit-gum, said it stayed where it was. All on the following day agreed sulkily that the beard was not detachable.

The Great Spy Scare at length reached such a pitch that not a day passed without the arrest of two or three nursemaids who had been seen to look hard at uniformed soldiers, and people were often thrown into prison for staring at aeroplanes passing overhead. Suspicion even attached to housewives buying lemons and milk (which can be used to make invisible ink); and all the children of Tetrahedronian Customs officials received Hexagonian cameras on their birthdays. The circulation of M. Quadrilateral's paper increased so much that he fell a prey to the conviction that there must be quite a number of spies among his readers.

What finally put an end to the Great Spy Scare was a secret interview between the Tetrahedronian Foreign Minister and the man whose arrest had started it. It was found that this man was really a Tetrahedronian spy who had been collecting information in Hexagonia, and that the strategical importance of his map of the Hexagonian racecourse—which, it was obvious, could be converted at an instant's notice into a military racecourse—was immense.

R. M.



Wife (reading extract). "THEN ON THROUGH ONE OF THOSE DREARY SUBURBS WITH EACH DOLEFUL LITTLE HOUSE AS DEPRESSING AS ITS OWNER." Unshaken Householder. "Pshaw! It's evident she knows nothing of the BALMORAL ESTATE."

A Drop Too Much—in Four Countries.

FRANCE.

Vin Rouge.

Après la nuit,
Le jour,
Un mal de tête, et puis—
Remords!

SPAIN.

El Vino Tinto.

La noche ha pasado,
Viene el día,
Dolor de cabeza, y
Misericordia!

JAPAN.

Nihon Jin-ga Sake-wo Nomimash'ta.

Ban-ga yukimash'ta,
Hiru de arimas,
Atama-no byoki-wo
Motchimas!

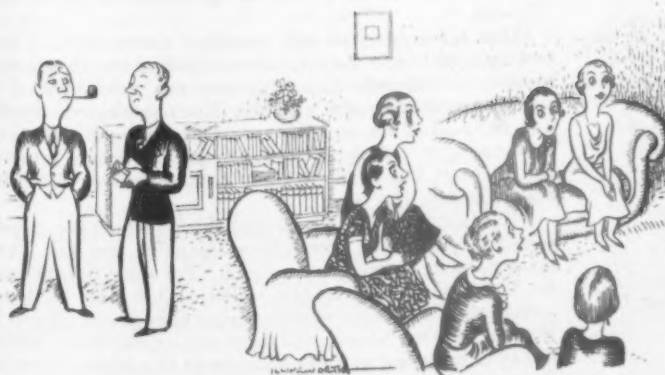
ENGLAND.

Bitter Beer.

The morning after
The night before,
I'm not inclined to laughter
Any more!



A SUCCESSFUL WINTER SPORTS' TRIP.



A SUCCESSFUL WINTER SPORTS' TRIP.

Time and the Censor Pass Away.

WHEN I was of a tender age
I had a passion for the stage.
My parents, who were rather prim,
Essayed with true parental vim
To put an end to "all that rot"
And place the Drama on the spot;
But, notwithstanding what they said,
I used to sing each night in bed—

"Oh, I could write a dashing play,
A flashing and a smashing play.
Its plot would be on every tongue,
Both near and far its praises sung
By elevated brows and low,
Who'd flock to see this *outré* show—
But

It wouldn't pass the Censor.

Oh, I could write a stunning play,
A cunning and long-running play.
I'd have a Ruritanian queen,
A most abandoned bedroom scene,
An abdicating Balkan prince
Who'd make poor Mrs. Grundy wince—
But

It wouldn't pass the Censor.

Oh, I could write a masterpiece,
A vaster and a faster piece,
With dialogue so full of pep
That SHAW would have to mind his step,
And situations so acute
That soon I'd be of world repute—
But

It wouldn't pass the Censor.

Oh, I could write a porty play,
A sporty and a naughty play.
In each pulsating poignant Act
I'd state a most surprising fact. . . .
And then, when it had run and run,
I'd build a castle in the sun—
But

It wouldn't pass the Censor."

Now many years have passed away
And I at last have penned a play
Containing all the daring bits
Of those oft-dreamt unwritten hits.
I stuck it up and sent it to
A well-known West End magnate, who,
On reading it, was filled with joy.
He rang me up and said, "My boy,
You've seen your last financial care
And soon you'll be a millionaire.
For years this play will ease the lives
Of dowagers and vicars' wives."
I reeled. And then I said aghast,
"There is a Censor to be passed!"
The great man clearly pitied me.
"It's nineteen-thirty-six, A.D.
I mean to advertise this piece
With: 'BRING YOUR NEPHEW AND YOUR NIECE.'"
And

It cantered past the Censor.

"Usual Charges damit to hear the Ven. Archdeacon's Lecture at
St. Luke's Hall."—*New Zealand Paper*.
Keep your temper; after all, it's not compulsory.

A Milk Yarn.

ONE of the most familiar sights on the Ballykealy Road is that of Patsy Foley in his dilapidated "inside trap," with, as sole companion, the tin milk-churn that occupies the opposite seat. When the day is very wet Patsy, being an honest and a conscientious man, throws an ancient oilskin coat over the squat receptacle. "They mightn't say out an' out that I'd go so far as to wather the milk," he has said of his wide-awake customers, "but they could be very much on the alert if they thought the lid didn't fit too snug in the downpowers of rain."

This practice of his gives the impression to following traffic that two figures of similiar build and dressed exactly alike are seated face to face. "An' not as much as a syllabus of talk out of them," a sociable lorry-driver said once, when, because of engine-trouble, he was compelled to follow behind the trap for a mile-and-a-half—"only sittin' there the very same as two domes of silence."

On his way to Ballykealy, where most of the contents of his milk-churn are delivered, Patsy Foley calls at a roadside cottage that stands quite alone. There he measures out, in a manner exactly described by the term "slap-dash," one pint of milk, with, as he so truthfully says, "a little over."

On his way home from Ballykealy he calls there again, but this time he does not alight from the vehicle. Instead he summons Mrs. Mac forth with his own peremptory whistle and passes on to her the outstanding bits of news contained in the paper he has been reading ever since the pony left the little town to plod, unhurried and unchecked, towards the farm. And if on his earlier journey she has entrusted him with a written message to some Ballykealy shop-keeper, he passes on also the tangible answer to that note.

In direct contradiction of the opinion of the lorry-driver from distant parts, Mrs. Mac says of her milkman that "he is a nefayrious one for talk," and she depends upon his daily bulletins to keep her entirely up-to-date.

Naturally enough, while any headline may provide Patsy Foley with material for this spreading of the news, the sight of the printed word "MILK" seems to drive all other considerations out of his head; so that Mrs. Mac, eagerly awaiting some much-needed commodity, has often expressed to her daughter the heart-felt hope that the paper contains no reference whatever to this liquid. "If so be that milk is dhrew down" she has said, with no intention of alluding to the manner in which it is first obtained from the cow but only to its inclusion in the day's news—"if so be that milk is dhrew down, I may bid good-bye to me bit of a billy-doo."

When the mysterious milk standard known to Mr. Foley as Grade Ah made its appearance among the things that matter he could talk of nothing else; nor could he think of such things as messages, and Mrs. Mac complained bitterly. "In the heel of the reel," she said of his communications on the subject, "I use to be glad to see him makin' a move, for me heart was broke listenin' to him forever blatherin' about his grey Da."

After that there was a long spell during which the subject of milk was blessedly absent from the news, and Mrs. Mac's messages were delivered once again. For some time the war in Abyssinia figured in the bulletin; but the wholesale conscription of Italian wedding-rings gave grave offence to his conventional listener, and there was a good deal of uncertainty in her mind as to the identity of the Addis Ah-ba-ba. Before this was finally cleared up, however, Patsy Foley had dropped the subject of his own accord and had concentrated upon the floods in France. Until, on a blustery day in January, he was seen returning from Ballykealy



"SCALES? APART FROM THE POSSIBLE EFFECT OF MY CRUDE AND IMMATURE EFFORTS ON THE NEIGHBOURS, I HAD INTENDED TO DEVOTE THE MORNING TO THE BINOMIAL THEOREM."

so deeply engrossed in his newspaper that when the pony halted to snatch a mouthful of roadside grass its owner did not seem to notice that anything unusual had occurred.

Watching anxiously for the grey wool with which to finish her husband's sock, Mrs. Mac felt her heart sink when she saw him come. "I knowed be his muzzle there must be some terrible anon," she says now.

As soon as he saw her Mr. Foley began to talk. "You remember them Eye-talians," he shouted excitedly—"the fellas that melted all the weddin'-rings? That I may never lie but they're making wool out of new milk now; an' the dairy-farmers is on the high penny, I'm'telling you! Sure it knocked every idee of a message out of me head, an' I thought I'd never get back to tell you."

From the open doorway Mrs. Mac spoke with bitter sarcasm and dangled from her fingers the unfinished sock. "You needn't give me anny milk in the mornin'," she said, "you can make it into an ounce of grey wool instead."

D. M. L.

Talking-Song.

THERE are erudite persons whose converse will range
From the latest revue to the rates of exchange,
Who expatiate freely, if given the chance,
On philosophy, literature, law or finance;
But to me the most pleasing of all conversations
Is a candid review of one's friends and relations.

For I like a good gossip, I frankly admit;
I don't demand eloquence, wisdom or wit;
On public affairs I can't open my jaws,
But you really should hear me about my in-laws.

I am dumb upon art or the price of commodities,
But I do like a crack at the family's oddities.

I must say, I think—and I speak without malice—
Someone ought to do something about Cousin Alice.
To attempt to converse with her gives me a pain;
She is suffering clearly from atrophied brain.
The Olivers quarrel like wild-cats, I fear;
I would not live with either for thousands a year.

I am told Uncle Wilberforce drinks like a trout
(They are none of them likely to perish from drought).
Tom's Charlie, I hear, is in rather a hole;
Mrs. Willy, no doubt, is an excellent soul,
But one really could wish she were less of a fool;
And how *can* they afford to send Ann to that school?

What makes little Jane such a terrible child?
I am glad John and Joan are at length reconciled,
Though I don't for a moment believe it will last.
What a pity that Dora *will* try to be fast!
I have every respect for Sophronia McNab,
But she *has* got a face like the back of a cab.

So pass the decanter and take a cigar,
And let us discuss our dear friends as they are;
For I like a good gossip, I freely confess.
At highbrow exchanges I'm not a success;
At Society chat I am right on the railings,
But I *do* like a fling at my relatives' failings.

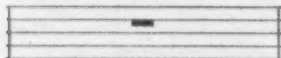
"The black patch left by the band after they had played the National Anthem showed how heavy the ground was."—*Sports Report*.
Or perhaps how heavy the band was.

Notes on Notes.

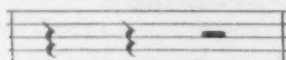
EVERY music-lover familiar with the brief explanatory notes frequently found on concert programmes and on certain scores will be interested in the discovery of the following paragraphs, apparently referring to a work of great scope and ingenuity. No trace of the actual score has been found, and it is only fair to add that the notes themselves have proved, in one case where it was possible to check them, to be inaccurate—the staff at Charing Cross Underground Station are firm in their contention that no such work was ever performed there. In some cases the writer of the notes seems to have had some idea of modifying the original in order to make it more suitable for amateur performance. Whether he was justified or not is a question that cannot be answered until the manuscript itself comes to light. These are the notes:—

The first fifty bars of this composition consist of a rest. In order to let the audience know that the work has commenced, a suitable gramophone record should be played, such as "Land of Hope and Glory" or "Coming Thro' the Rye." This is not of course any reflection upon the members of the orchestra, who will be found to play quite well on mild ale.

Originally this bar was written:



After due reflection I have rewritten it:



thereby retaining to a more marked degree the *je ne sais quoi* of the motif.

Trumpet. This note is held until the player's breath is exhausted. At the first performance, in the buffet at Charing Cross Underground Station, J. Avelung attracted much attention by sustaining it continuously for 27½ minutes. After 17½ minutes the conductor, Dr. Oswald Pippletree, began to feel uneasy and had the Fire Brigade, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the entire casualty ward staff of the local hospital and the Flying Squad summoned. When they arrived he himself led the investigation. At this time the player had maintained the note for 26½ minutes. On approach, the man appeared to be quite normal except for an unshaven chin and a cast in the left eye, and it was left to Captain Rudderbang, chief of the Fire Brigade,

to discover a small flesh-coloured rubber tube which disappeared into one corner of the mouth from out of the top of the waistcoat. This was found to lead to a small bellows worked by the player's foot, thus ensuring an inexhaustible supply of air.

A public vote of thanks was afterwards made to Dr. Pippletree for his resource in investigating. As the Chancellor said, if it had not been for him the movement might quite easily have lasted till the early hours of the morning.

Pianoforte. This note is struck continuously as rapidly as possible until

- (a) the bearings catch fire;
- (b) the hammer falls off;
- (c) the string breaks;

then proceed with the next part as usual.

At the first performance it was found necessary to strike it no fewer than 178,924 times. In this instance the string broke, and the loose end coming up dealt the fourth tipica player a nasty crack across the third waistcoat-button. In succeeding performances another note, which harmonises with the flute obbligato, should be used. The piano can then

- (a) be chopped up and used as fire-wood;
- (b) be slung from the ceiling of the bathroom as a sounding-board for bath-tub vocalists;
- (c) be given to the child next-door to learn on.

In the case of those notes which will not harmonise with the flute obbligato, substitute for the latter a quartet of Japanese singing mice. These will not harmonise with anything.

Next come one-hundred-and-seventeen bars rest. The beats should be counted at rehearsal and simultaneously timed with a stop-watch, so that at subsequent performances it is possible for members of the audience to take a short stroll. Alternatively, a juggler can be engaged to keep them amused during the pause.

Xylophone. There has been much argument and conflict of opinion in the past as to how this note is to be played. Personally, as both hands are engaged, I recommend using the nose, to which a small piece of hard wood has been fixed. If this organ is at all sensitive a felt pad can be inserted between the nose proper and the wood; this will probably be found to afford relief. Some players, however, prefer to use the right heel, as they contend more fire can be got into the attack by this method. It is a matter of choice for the performer.

Pianoforte. Many players will doubtless find this solo passage for pianoforte of prodigious difficulty, consisting as it does of fifty-four notes to the beat. For this reason, and also to make it easier for the publishers, this passage is printed on a special leaf, five-and-a-half feet long. At the first rehearsal the pianist, Elmer P. Squartz, was at first struck dumb at the thought of striking the same note at what was calculated to be—as this movement is *Adagio*—75½ times per second. Much valuable time was lost until he had regained the use of his vocal chords. In the end his native resource came to his aid, and he commissioned a Frankfurt instrument-maker, one Ludwig von Saurpopf, to construct for him a piano with every note tuned to G-sharp (the note in question), and with the addition of an ingenious crank and train of gear-wheels attached to a camshaft he was able, by turning a handle, to comply with the composer's wishes.

All this was set at naught by the composer, however, who at the last moment altered the note from G-sharp to the E-flat five octaves above, contending that this showed to better advantage against the accompaniment of five muted tubas and a solo bassoon. The situation was saved once more by the conductor, Dr. Pippletree, who recorded low E-flat as fast as possible by the Blattnerphone-Stillle process and then ran the record at three-and-five-eighth times the normal speed.

This, the Thirteenth Movement, always places the uninitiated in a predicament. It is marked "*Echosivus Diminus*," and while this is not found in any musical dictionary or glossary, it is obvious that it means an echoing and then slowly-diminishing sound. This is obtained by stationing half the orchestra in the public baths, while the remainder stay in the concert hall. Thus the echo effect. The "*diminus*" is obtained by lowering sheet after sheet of thick tarpaulin on to the remaining players until all sound has been obliterated.

The work ends as it begins—with a rest of fifty bars; and the same method is adopted as then. That is to say, a record is played. Any record will suffice, but "God Save the King" is advised, as this is found to clear the hall quickly. Only the true music-lovers know that this is really part of the work, and remain silent and thoughtful in their seats. If the record runs through before the end of the fifty bars it may be played again or the other side substituted.



Elder Brother. "REFUSING IT! WHAT'S UP, ARE YOU DIETING?"

No Noise.

"I DON'T think you've ever met Great-Uncle Jasper," said Edith the other morning at breakfast. "He married my mother's uncle's sister. I haven't seen him for years and years, but he's written to ask if we can put him up for a week-end, and as he has pots and pots of money . . ."

I dislike Edith's morbid desire to step into people's shoes before they are hatched, but I said that I should be happy to treat Great-Uncle Jasper with the consideration and respect due to his advanced years.

He arrived late on Saturday night and went straight to bed, and on Sunday morning Edith decided that she wouldn't wake him for breakfast.

"I expect the poor old man is tired after his journey," she said, "so we will let him lie. But I don't want you to leave the house until he gets up, because he might think it rude."

It was a fine bright sunny morning—just the day for a brisk walk into the country, and I didn't see the fun of staying cooped up in the house; but there was nothing to do but make the best of it, so I went into the front-room and turned on the wireless. After

a bit of trouble I got quite a decent band from Moscow or Kalundborg or Northern Ireland or somewhere, and I was just sitting back to enjoy it when Edith came bounding into the room and switched it off.

"Great-Uncle Jasper's room is directly overhead!" she snapped, "and he'll think it is a hint for him to get up, and probably cut us straight out of his will."

I stalked out of the room. A bitter sort of stalk. Then I went up to the billiards-room and started knocking the balls about. It wasn't much fun, however, as I am one of those players whose only method of scoring is to hit hard and hope for the best, and I dared not hit hard for fear of waking Great-Uncle Jasper. So I contented myself with kiss-cannons and soft pots for a quarter-of-an-hour, and then Edith came in again.

"I don't think you had better play billiards," she said. "I don't know what Great-Uncle Jasper's views are, but his side of the family were always strict Sabbatharians, and if he came in and found you playing billiards on Sunday it might upset him."

"Is there anything I *can* do?" I asked sarcastically.

"You can go to your study and

work," she said, "so long as you only tap the typewriter softly."

"I can't tap the typewriter softly when I'm writing a murder-story," I said. "You have to hit the keys hard when you're writing a murder-story to get the right thudding-of-bodies atmosphere. Faint wisps of poetry can, no doubt, be typed with a soft touch, but after being harried from pillar to post ever since breakfast I am in no mood for writing faint wisps of poetry."

So I went to the study and lighted my largest pipe and buried myself in a book. The golden hours went by, and it was nearly lunch-time when Great-Uncle Jasper came in. He was dressed in a loud suit of plus-fours and he looked the picture of health.

"You young fellows are all alike," he said, looking at me disparagingly—"spending your time cooped up in a smoky room on a lovely brisk morning like this. Why, I've been up since seven-thirty, walking over the Downs. I didn't like to disturb you, so I just helped myself to a bit of breakfast from the larder and left a note for you in my bedroom."

"Lord ——— behaves exactly the same when shooting as when dry-fly fishing."

Gossip Column.

We shall give him a wide berth.

The Lost.

It has been said that one of the most difficult things to remember is what a new shop was before it was the shop it now is. This may be so; but in my own case the puzzle is, when did I last see the unknown person whom I once used to see regularly but now see no more? There was something about this person that singled him out—or singled her out—from the rest of the punctual moving crowd. Who is he? we used to ask ourselves, as we continue to ask ourselves of those who still are in the daily throng. Who is he? Is he married or single? What kind of a home has he left? Where is he going? That tall hat suggests that he may be a civil servant. Those striped trousers and black jacket and black soft hat proclaim him bound for the Temple. Some office must be in view, or he would not be here always on time, for the artistic observe no hours. And she? Who is she? Where has she come from? Where does she work? Is she engaged yet? Is she in love with her boss? If we met and talked, would she be amusing or just ordinary? And would he? They both look clever, but you never know. And what do they do on Sunday, when for a day routine is broken? All these things we want to know: ships, as we are, that pass in the day. For it is not impossible that they see us too.

Sometimes it is not because they are fresh and candid that they attract, but because they are old and ugly. Like us, perhaps. Yet, every morning, there they are, and, every evening, there they will be again, mysteriously finding their homes, inevitably inserting the right key in the lock. Millions of houses very much alike; millions of locks, millions of keys; no mistakes. For we are such creatures of habit that our feet learn it too, and, no matter what they are thinking about, all these people mechanically find the right place. Everyone knows that it is possible, in the late afternoon, to find oneself upstairs, in the right room, without any memory of ascending the right steps, finding the right key and turning it. Acacia Row is very like Clematis Terrace, but as we happen to live in Acacia Row it does not matter where

our thoughts are, it is in Acacia Row that we find ourselves.

Desperate efforts can be made to break down the tyrannies of custom, but they always fail. Humiliating as it may be to record, the struggle against habit can be habit too. It was quite recently that I heard another testimony to this, when a man whom I will call A entered the railway-carriage bearing *The Daily Wire*—shall we say?—instead of *The Dawn*, which he had been seen reading yesterday. "Hullo," said someone. "A seems to buy a different paper every morning." "Yes," said another man, "he makes a habit of it." Now what could be worse hearing for A, who prides himself on unconventional and impulsive wayward excursions, than that? But there is no real caprice.



"THE BARBER'S SICK, AND I'VE NEVER SHAVED ANYONE BEFORE, BUT I'M READY TO HAVE A STAB AT IT."

Every path has been trodden; habit gets us all the time. One way of proving how firmly it is embedded in us is to have a mirror moved from one side of a dressing-room to another. For weeks, if not months, one goes first to the wrong side.

But to return to my original remarks, it is with suddenness that we realise that he has not been there lately; she has disappeared. Such experiences come to all of us, and, without special information, all of us are equally uncertain as to when the evanishment occurred. At a certain moment we realise that these punctual glimpses have ceased. Where is that man? we ask. Where is that girl? How long is it since I saw him last? Can he be dead? But why dead? Why should he not have moved into a suburb in another direction? Why should he not have changed his occupation or received promotion and with it the right to be

half-an-hour later? Why should he be dead? And the girl, why should she not have married and now be house-bound, or more nearly so? No need to think of death yet. Plenty of time for that. No, she is married.

I am personally—and have been for a long while—much interested by a man I used to pass every morning in the Green Park reading a book and smoking a cigarette. A man with no employment, but certainly not an idler. It is some time now since he has been there. He may merely be away. He may be ill. He too may even be dead, but I hope not. I always used to wonder what book he was reading and to hope that I might get to know him and find out. Now this may never be. On the other hand, he may be there again to-morrow.

When you know for a fact that an old acquaintance or passer-by is dead your feelings are different. The element of finality comes in. "Well," you say, "so he's left us. We shall never see him any more." In short, you know. But in these other cases, where there is only disappearance, we never know and we continue to scan the features in the street hoping for a return. Nor is it only the features for which we look. It is physical peculiarities too, for we find that we have subconsciously acquired knowledge as to how all these people

in whom we are interested move and walk. These idiosyncrasies that the Almighty has arranged are really very remarkable; for just as among all the myriad faces in the world there are no two really alike, so are there no two identical sets of limbs. I have found myself recognising ways of walking that I had not seen for many years, and I am sure I am not unique.

E. V. L.

Things Which Were Never Intended.

"... the Bishop of Exeter recently suggested that modern methods of heating buildings are likely to cause the beetle as well as the congregation to be comfortable and multiply."—*Church Paper*.

An Impending Apology.

"Mr. Quintin Hogg attended the Carmarthenshire Quarter Sessions last Saturday, and expressed himself as being very impressed by all he saw, especially by the beauty of the main building in the Guildhall, where justice is dispensed with."—*Welsh Paper*.



"SHE DOESN'T SEEM TO KNOW VERY MUCH, BUT OF COURSE SHE 'ARDLY EVER GOES TO THE PICTURES."

... By any Other Name.

"Do you know who wrote that thing they're always playing on the wireless that goes 'De-dum-de-de-dum-de-dum—bang'?" asked Vera, gnawing her pen thoughtfully.

I reflected. "It sounds a bit like that piece from *La Source*, if it wasn't for the 'bang' at the end. That's by DELIBES."

"It isn't really a 'bang', it's just a sort of loud 'dum.' But, anyway, it isn't DELIBES. It's by the man who wrote *Hawatha*."

"LONGFELLOW."

"Don't be silly," she said patiently. "The music."

"COLERIDGE TAYLOR," I said.

"Bother! Then I'm wrong after all. I've put Taylor Coleridge. Are you sure?"

I hesitated. Before I had had no doubts about it, but the more I thought about it the more dubious I became.

"I did pelmanise it once," said Vera. "It was something about 'e' coming before 't'—or am I getting muddled up with 'i' before 'e'? In any case, I remember it seemed to work both

ways, and I can never make out who wrote what. Let's see how it sounds."

She stood up and bared her teeth in a passable imitation of the vicar's wife: "Our next item will be an extract from the suite *Othello*, by Taylor Coleridge."

"Orchestrated," I supplemented, "by Coleridge Taylor."

Vera looked at me doubtfully. "Which sounded right?"

I considered. "Both," I said reluctantly. "But why do you want to know?"

"It's the church concert," she explained. "I'm making out the programmes, and someone's going to sing 'Onaway, Awake, Beloved.' So I must know."

"Couldn't you put 'by Coleridge Coleridge'?" Then it would be obvious you had made a slip, and it wouldn't matter which half they thought was wrong."

She shook her head. "I've got to write each one out separately, and I can't make the same mistake every time."

"Well, then, why not write 'Coleridge, Taylor' with a comma in between—like 'tents, officers, for the use of.' If it

really is Taylor Coleridge then you're all right. If it's Coleridge Taylor you can say it's just a squiggle and not a comma at all. You can easily find out which is right before the concert."

Vera looked at me admiringly. "You're really rather clever, you know," she said; "but it won't do. All the other names are written out straightforward."

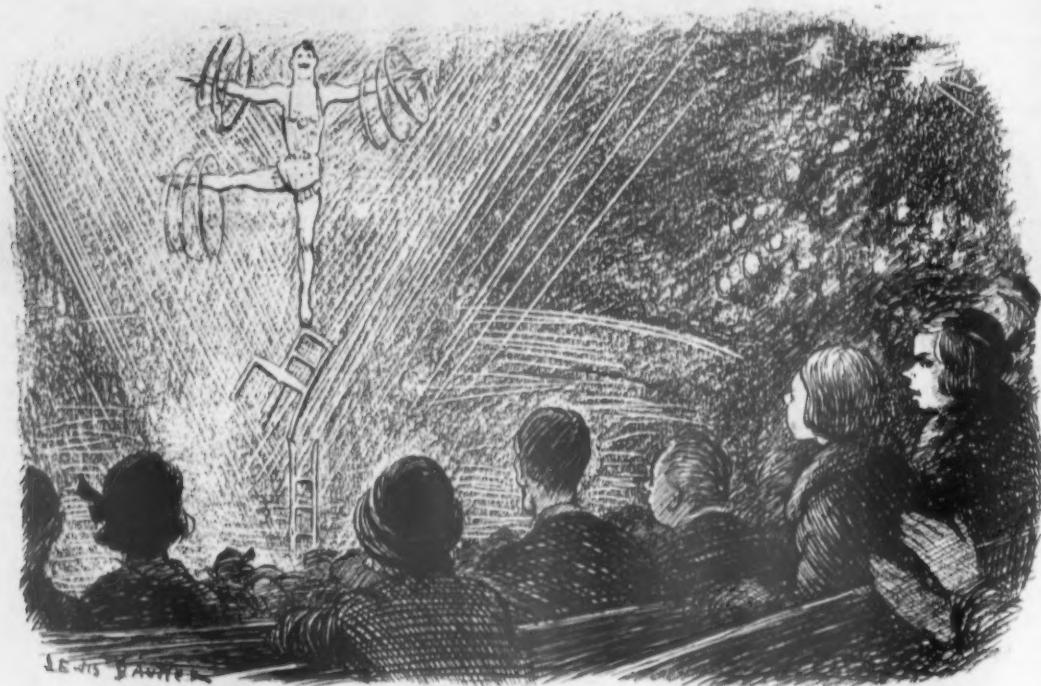
I relapsed again into thought. Vera was standing by the fire observing the effect produced upon the cat by "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner, by Coleridge Taylor: with music by Taylor Coleridge," when my next idea came to me.

"By the way," I said suddenly, "who's singing this?"

She frowned. "That red-headed boy of Mrs. Datchet's. What's-his-name . . . Anthony."

"There you are, then," I said, triumphantly. "Just put 'Onaway, Awake Beloved,' by Anthony Datchet."

Vera regarded me with awe. "And to think," she said softly, "that I have lived all this time with a genius and never found it out!" And she crept away to finish her programmes.



"LOOKS A BIT AFFECTED, DON'T 'E?"

Tomato-Juice.

A Song of the Sea.

LIFE is a most extraordinary thing.

I sit and see the coast of Spain go by,
And watch the circling sea-birds on the wing;

The sun is o'er the yard-arm and I cry,
"Steward, it is the moment for a can—

But not of beer. Bring something soft and cheap;
For England's far, and I'm a better man;

Bring me the best tomato-juice you keep."
And here is news to make the Devil grin—
Tomato-juice is twopence more than gin!

Ozone is in my lungs; and in my soul

Ozone is present. I would drink a toast
In some demure and unfermented bowl

To NANCY ASTOR and the healthy host;
For they are right: and always I will be
Unalcoholic as a heather-bell.

I will take naught but vitamins and tea,
Preserve my liver and my wealth as well.
But, oh! sobriety's as dear as sin—
Tomato-juice is twopence more than gin!

If there is anything that I desire

It is a beaker of tomato-juice—
With Worcester sauce, a dash of it, for fire—
Anti-scorbutic, purifying, puce.

And if these ladies—as I think they do—
Expect refreshment of a liquid kind,

I would delight them with tomatoes too
And put the Demon Alcohol behind;
But I have duties to my kith and kin—
Tomato-juice is twopence more than gin!

So, Steward, bring them sweet Martinis all!

Life is a most extraordinary thing:
False values everywhere the saints appal,
The good men suffer and the wicked sing.
Whenever I determine to be good

I know that some misfortune will befall.
I am a martyr, much misunderstood;

So Steward, mix a cocktail for us all.
But what a ship! How can the angels win?
Tomato-juice is twopence more than gin!

A. P. H.



THE BEWILDERMENT OF MACBETH.

MACBETH (*Mr. RANDOLPH CHURCHILL*).

"I WILL NOT YIELD
TO KISS THE GROUND BEFORE YOUNG MALCOLM'S FEET,
THOUGH BALDWIN'S WORD BE COME TO CROMARTY."

[*"Macbeth," Act V., Sc. viii. (adapted).*]



Governor of Tropical Island. "I'M SORRY YOU CAN'T SEE THE BOOLA-BOOLA DANCE TO-DAY. EVERYONE'S GONE OVER TO TATAHOTATITO IN THE WAR-CANOES TO SEE THE PICTURES."

Art in the Office.

It is wonderful how Art will always find a way anywhere, like love and carrier-pigeons, and Boy Scouts—only more so. In a place like our office, where people think of nothing but business, you will find no love, no pigeons, and only one Boy Scout—Sidney. But you can see a good deal of Art in one form and another. So I am going to tell you about the sort of Art we have in the office, and I shall start off with

Alfrescoes, or whatever the word is. I mean those drawings you get on walls next to telephones. Ouralfresco is about nine inches square. In the middle there is an animal of some sort with four ears, a long neck, and a body with two humps and a check pattern. Miss Elkington says that she meant two of the ears for horns. Mr. Porter did the checks one day while he was waiting for the exchange to answer and before he knew that Sidney had cut him off. There are five legs—three facing one way and two the other; one of them is wearing a football-boot. You can gauge the size of the animal by the small tree on the left of the picture, and on the right there is a sort of hangar, not yet finished, for it to live in. There are telephone numbers dotted over the sky, and there is a very neat "Hullo"

down the animal's neck in Mr. Chudleigh's writing. Mr. Chudleigh can only draw bowler-hats, so he has the top left-hand corner; while the other top corner, with the swastikas, belongs to Padgett. There are other things in the picture: a Christmas pudding and a brick wall and so on. Altogether it is a notable piece of work.

Converted Match-boxes. On Sidney's table there are three match-boxes glued together and painted over with red ink, with buttons sewn down the front. Miss Elkington made this one day, quite subconsciously, while she was talking to Miss Lunn, and she gave it to Sidney to keep things in. I'm not sure that this counts as Art, although the drawers don't open. Let's get on to

Etchings. No one can say an etching isn't Art. Mr. Harbottle has one in his room, and it is well worth looking at. First you have the frame, a narrow black one, round the outside. Inside the frame there is a lot of plain white space, and almost exactly in the middle of this white space you find the etching. It is a very good etching; mostly vertical lines, so that it might be anything—the masts of sailing-ships, or long grass, or just rain.

Lino-Cuts. Under Sidney's table there is a very old lino-cut. Sidney used

to cover it up with the waste-paper basket, but he doesn't trouble now. After all, it's very old lino.

Photography. The photograph hangs on the wall in the general office, tilting down towards the right—except when Mr. Chudleigh straightens it, then it tilts down towards the left. It is a group of forty-eight men arranged in three rows of sixteen each. The men in the front are sitting on a bench with their arms folded, the men in the middle are standing up with their arms folded and the men at the back are either very tall or they are standing on another bench. I should say that this was more likely, judging from their expressions and the way they are holding on to the shoulders of the men in front of them. No one knows where this photograph came from. Mr. Chudleigh says that the man four from the left at the back is Mr. Harbottle. It might be. So might all the others. On such evidence as height of collar, tightness of trouser and abundance of moustache we date this photograph as late-nineteenth or early-twentieth century.

Statues. Probably you didn't expect to find a statue in an office. But upstairs in Mr. Porter's room you may see a large figure, seated, with an expression of brooding gloom that is



"MY HUSBAND IS WRITING AN AFRICAN STORY, AND THIS HELPS HIM TO GET THE RIGHT ATMOSPHERE."

extraordinarily lifelike. But at a quarter-to-one this figure always jumps up and seizes its hat from the door and dashes out. So perhaps this doesn't count either.

Tomtits Upside-down. By this I mean the calendar in the general office. It hangs next to the photograph and is much easier to date. From the inscription on the cokenut that the tomtit is clinging upside-down to I should say that it was just about 1925. If you turn this calendar round you will see, written across the back, "*All the Best!—Hippo.*" We often wonder who Hippo was. Miss Elkington thinks it might be Mr. Harbottle.

Vases. We had a vase once. Now all you can see is the clean place on the mantelpiece where it used to stand—until yesterday.

I think I had better tell you the whole story, because this vase was easily the most significant piece of art in the office. It's difficult to tell you what it looked like. It started wide at the top, narrowing suddenly into the neck and widening again gradually for about a foot-and-a-half downwards, until it closed in abruptly at the end. It was altogether an unexpected sort

of vase. There was a key pattern round the top and there were two handles made of clusters of flowers, while round the base there were a number of exotic birds on a blue background mottled with green.

Mr. Chudleigh told us that a Miss Smith gave it to the office on leaving suddenly. I should say she gave it just before leaving suddenly. Somehow that vase brought out the worst in us. Padgett bet Mr. Porter that the neck was too narrow for a penny to go in. It wasn't. But Padgett couldn't get the penny out to pay Mr. Porter, and naturally that annoyed him—Mr. Porter, I mean. It annoyed Sidney too, because the penny had come out of the petty cash. Mr. Porter used to lean on the mantelpiece and gaze at the vase, and sometimes his arm would move along towards it and you could see what he was thinking. But he always stopped just in time.

Besides Mr. Porter's penny, the vase held Miss Elkington's hairpins. She used to put them in there, thinking it was a safe place, and when she wanted one she would shake the vase and nothing would come out. It didn't matter what you put in—pencils, toffees, bus-tickets—you never got anything out.

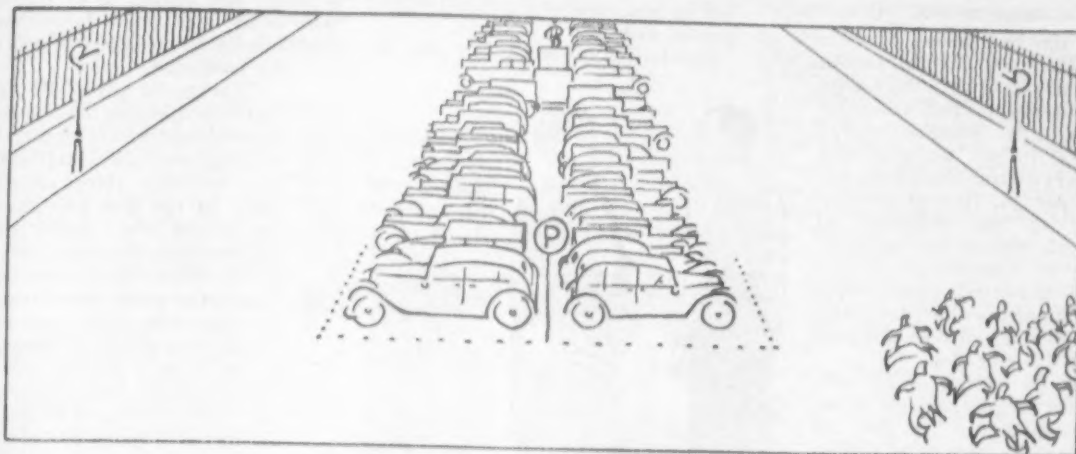
The most exasperating point about the vase was that utter uselessness which is the hall-mark of all true Art. It just stood on the mantelpiece, growing, as it seemed to us, bigger every day. But yesterday Mr. Porter burst into the room and rushed over to the mantelpiece, where some of us were leaning and looking at the vase and trying to decide whether the background was really blue mottled with green or only green mottled with blue. We asked him what he was so excited about, and he said that the rain was coming through Mr. Harbottle's ceiling and dripping on to the floor, and he had thought of a use for the vase at last. And he picked it up.

But the funny thing was that when we searched among the pieces for the penny we found that it was a half-crown.

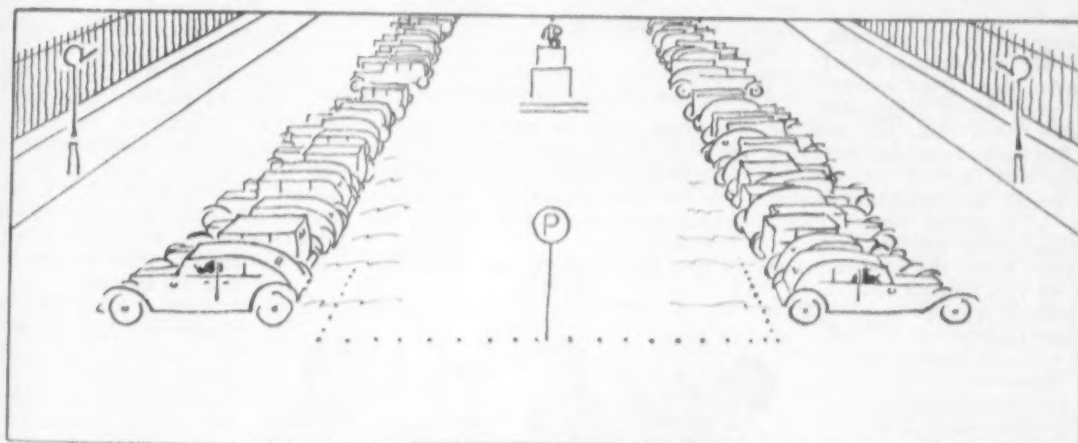
And another funny thing is that as we have nowhere to put all the odds-and-ends, hairpins, toffees and so on Mr. Chudleigh has told Sidney to go and buy some sort of vase—something artistic. After all, as he says, we're two-and-fivepence up, and you can get something artistic for less than that.

So by to-morrow there will be another vase on the mantelpiece. That's Art all over.

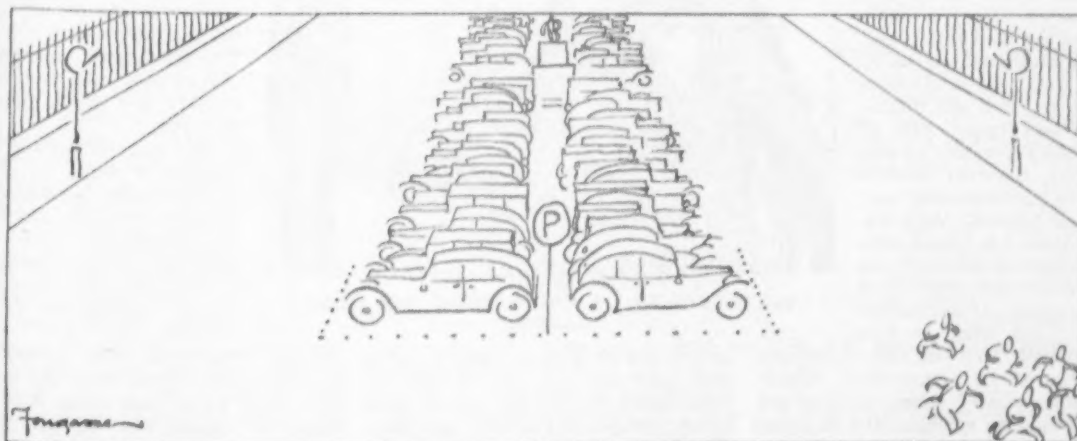
CARS MUST NOT REMAIN IN OFFICIAL PARKS FOR MORE THAN TWO HOURS AT A STRETCH. THAT IS WHY WE ALL COME OUT OF THE THEATRE DURING THE INTERVAL—



AND MOVE OUR CARS CAREFULLY CLEAR OF THEIR PARK—



AND BACK AGAIN INTO IT—



THE JOKE BEING THAT THIS ISN'T A JOKE AT ALL.

Fouquet

At the Play.

"TO-NIGHT AT 8.30" (PHENIX).

IN the programme of *To-night at 8.30* Mr. NOEL COWARD explains why he is presenting three short plays in an evening instead of one. He wants, this ceaseless experimenter, to get playgoers out of their two-and-a-half-hour and three-Act rut. He contends that many of the difficulties of dramatic writers only arise because of conventional length, and he shows us a succession of entertainments which move with the ease and swiftness of a good under-the-hour film.

The six stories in his well-handled sling are arranged in two groups of three. The first trio begins with a piece called *Family Album*; it is a musical piece set in 1860, just after the funeral of a heavy Victorian father. Sons and daughters, rather pointedly reminiscent of Wimpole Street BARRETTs, pass from conventional grief to a progressive realisation that their lamented sire was a bad hat and his reign well ended. He was such a bad hat that the piece, for all its musical accompaniments, is a special history, not a generalised satire, and the jesting is of a familiar type, the now well-worn theme of very human desires peeping through very Victorian deportment.

Mr. COWARD handles his social history with a difference; the piece is plainly his. But the rather obvious targets do not try his marksmanship. More ambitiously, he then shows us in *The Astonished Heart* a little play of the kind that is still commonly thought to justify three Acts. Six brief scenes suffice to trace the infatuation and tragic end of *Christian Faber* (Mr. COWARD himself), the very modern kind of physician who cannot heal himself. Very skilfully does his proud wife (Miss ALISON LEGGATT) let us see at the very outset what an eminent psychiatrist he is. But when he falls in love with *Mrs. Vail* (Miss GERTRUDE LAWRENCE) he makes high tragedy out of the whole business, and jealousy drives him to suicide. He flounders among metaphors and we get the impression, perhaps more sharply than Mr. COWARD intends, that his practice

as a specialist has in fact been built up through manner and vocabulary and a youthful decisiveness, but that he is not in possession of any real body of proved doctrine.

Miss LAWRENCE has in this play her

while behind the scenes in the dressing-room of the music-hall, the most magnificent rows take place. The comedy is broad, but behind it all the time there is an intellectual distinction, a fastidiousness in the choice of material for burlesque.

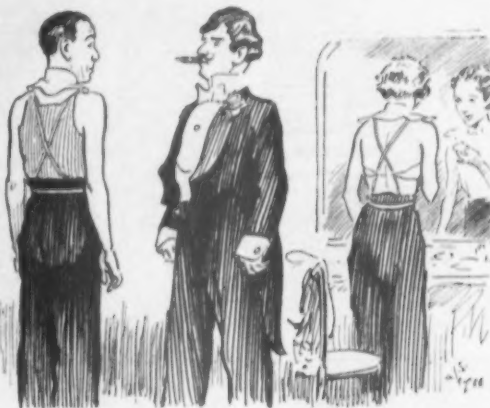
This special gift of Mr. COWARD's for selecting the representative phrases and turns of speech which give us individual histories in a sentence, shines pre-eminently in the first two plays of his second trio. *Hands across the Sea* shows the sort of welcome people living a busy social life in London so easily come to extend to those who look them up in response to promises exacted on a cruise or a distant holiday. The *Wadhursts* from Malaya visit the richer *Pipers* and sit through an orgy of telephoning and cross-talk which means nothing to them.

Miss LAWRENCE is at her great comic best in this play, blundering away in a social discomfort that she is too much preoccupied to realise. Complete inability to concentrate on anything, although annoying when we meet it in real life, makes very entertaining theatre. Her range of talent is shown to great advantage in the second series, for no sooner has the curtain fallen on *Lady Muriel Piper* than we meet *Doris Gow* of Clapham.

Fumed Oak has the theme of Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM's *The Breadwinner* transplanted to a much humbler social sphere. Mr. *Gow* (Mr. COWARD) turns at last after fifteen years of meek slavery and three generations of women; his mother-in-law, his wife and his daughter watch him go. The school-girl daughter is played most effectively and subtly by Miss MOYA NUGENT.

This play illustrates Mr. COWARD's point, for it is wholly made by its swift brevity and would not bear exploitation and the attempt to give it depth.

Mr. COWARD's most ambitious experiment of all comes at the end. *Shadow Play* gives Miss LAWRENCE and the author great scope for dance and song, for it uses music and the dance to suggest not the history of a love-affair but its character. Mr. COWARD is fond of the convention by which successive scenes go back in time,



A DRESSING-ROOM INTERLUDE.

George Pepper Mr. NOEL COWARD.
Mr. Edwards Mr. ALAN WEBB.
Lily Pepper Miss GERTRUDE LAWRENCE.

first real occasions, and conveys admirably the picture of a flirtatious woman bringing tragedy upon herself. But her triumph and Mr. COWARD's was reserved, in his first trio, for the last play.

The *Red Peppers* are music-hall



PAPA'S MADEIRA. A GROUP FROM THE FAMILY ALBUM.

artists, and Mr. COWARD, who is giving such good measure pressed down in these crowded evenings, is at his most lavish. Assailors and as men about town, Miss LAWRENCE and he gave music-hall turns which moved the audience to transports of delighted laughter,

and here he shows us what still bound together a couple whom we first meet on the eve of divorce. But it is easier to express the lighter ties than the stronger ones, especially as the songs, which would fit into any revue, give little help.

It seems to be a transitional work, the forerunner of something Mr. COWARD will one day be able to crystallise, but, as it is, it makes an excellent counter-poise for the two earlier pieces and gives Miss GERTRUDE LAWRENCE further scope for compelling admiration of her splendid diversity of gifts.

D.W.

"RICHARD III" (OLD VIC.)

The more I see of this play the more I wonder how SHAKESPEARE comforted himself about the extraordinary *volte faces* of his women-characters towards *Richard*.

If you take the case of *Anne* you find a woman who, at her first meeting (since the tragedy) with the murderer of her husband and her father-in-law, while actually conducting the latter's coffin to its grave, pauses to rail and, almost before we know, accepts a ring from him in something very near amity. Or if you take that of *Queen Elizabeth*, whose little sons *Richard* had done to death with peculiar brutality, you find her swinging in a few brief minutes from bitter hatred to the contemplation of a marriage between the *King* and her daughter; and swinging so easily that even *Richard*, who had the greatest confidence in the persuasiveness of his tongue, remarked as she went out: "Relenting fool, and shallow changing woman!"

It may have been that SHAKESPEARE was content to bank on the kind of unholy fascination which to-day deluges suspected killers with offers of marriage. At any rate, he did little, and in the nature of the character could do little, to make *Richard* attractive to women; yet *Richard* compelled them, almost hypnotically. He was not so successful with his own mother, certainly, but it is reasonable to suppose that the years had proofed her against her son's attractions.

Anne's difficult moment—the moment at which she cannot bring herself to stab *Richard*—was here very well produced, for as the dagger fell from Miss VIVIENNE BENNETT's fingers, Mr. WILLIAM DEVLIN actually caught it, and than this there could scarcely be a more fitting comment on the brazen courage of the man.

The most interesting point about this production was the relationship between *Richard* and *Buckingham*, whom



ALMOST AS THOUGH SHE WERE
SETTING HER CAP AT HIM!

Richard, Duke of Gloucester . . . MR. WILLIAM DEVLIN.
Lady Anne . . . MISS VIVIENNE BENNETT.



VERY RUDE AWAKENING.

Two Murderers . . . MESSRS. GEORGE WOODBRIDGE
and STEFAN SCHNABEL.
George, Duke of Clarence . . . MR. ALEC CLUNES.

Mr. CECIL TROUNCER played with a light-heartedness which threw the play out of its conventional perspective. Where *Buckingham* is normally just a greedy baron, eager to sell his soul, Mr. TROUNCER showed him as an adventurer, fully aware of the bitter humours of state intrigue and deter-

mined that, if indeed he must sell his soul, then he would extract a cynical enjoyment from the process.

The merits of this experiment are debatable. At certain moments which, for the sake of massing up his character, should have been *Richard's*, *Buckingham* nearly played him off the stage, with laughs sometimes a little easily obtained; on the other hand (if I may whisper it), this is one of SHAKESPEARE's duller plays, and personally, after sitting through its full three hours, I couldn't find it in my heart to condemn Mr. TROUNCER or the producer, Mr. HENRY CASS, for lightening the evening with this unexpected infusion of humour, even if it did somewhat diminish *Richard's* stature. And as a satire on politics as we know them, the scenes in which *Buckingham* described to his master the behaviour of his packed meeting of citizens, and in which *Richard*, discovered on a balcony at prayer between two monks, kept on coyly refusing the crown at *Buckingham's* hands, were excellently contrived.

I liked the production as a whole, but I thought the centre-piece, when it was opened to form a council-chamber, rather garish, particularly the harsh mauve steps; and the dim lighting of the scene in the Tower during the murder of *Clarence*, though it offered a fine silhouette at the end, lost us much of the *Murderers'* expressions. This was a pity. I remember when the O.U.D.S. gave this play in the open-air in Christ Church two summers ago how effective the *Murderers* were; one saw every movement of their faces.

This *Richard* lacked nothing in villainy, and his enunciation was admirable. To my mind *Richard* took a greater intellectual pleasure in the delicious contemplation of his own misdeeds than Mr. DEVLIN suggested; but still his was a very sound performance. ERIC.

"No," said the Vicar. "Between you and I and the doopost, his spelling is awful, and his grammar worse, and our children are very particular about such things."

Parish Magazine.

Well, well; we all have our little weaknesses.

"Think kind thoughts and sad faces will disappear."—*Weekly Text Poster*.

We tried this in the bus. The man sitting opposite stirred uneasily but remained.

Mr. Silvertop and the Gararge.

WHILE he was exorcising the oscillating demon which had come to roost in our wireless-set, Mr. Silvertop and I surveyed the field of local government together.

"It's my belief that Councils get rattled pretty easily if you stand up to them," I said. "I had an aunt who more or less lived for a tremendous holly hedge which ran round her garden. One day the Borough Council sent her a note ordering her to cut it down, as it was too high. Being a logical woman, she simply wrote back on a post-card, 'Too high for what?'—and she never heard another word about it."

"Borough Councils?" hissed Mr. Silvertop, giving the entrails of the set a contemptuous jab with his screw-driver. "Corlumme! they're a rum crew. No co'ERENCE, if you knows what I mean. Ever tell you about that posh gararge I put up for a gent? Well, 'e's got one of them great grey cars what goes a perishing sight too fast for my way of thinking, and seeing what it cost, it oughtn't never to need 'arf-a-turn of a nut, not till Doomsday. But 'e's one of them gents oo's never 'appy unless 'e's playing bears under it, so 'e gets me round and 'e ses, 'Look 'ere, Silvertop, you can't swing a kitten in this ruddy little soap-box. Can you do me a proper gararge with an inspection-pit and a bench and central-eating and lots of lights?' 'That I can,' I ses, knowing money was no object, 'but 'ave you the space?' 'Lots,' 'e ses, 'on that strip of garden running down to where the road forks.' 'The very place,' I ses. I gets on the job with a few mates, and in six weeks or so we puts the last screw in the finest gararge I ever see—even Bluebird 'erself would 'ave dossed down 'appily in it. I'll just give this 'ere a try," Mr. Silvertop said.

He twiddled the knobs and someone who seemed to have a good deal of mud in his throat began to tell us what to do with pet toads when they went off their feed.

"Is it 'im or it?" Mr. Silvertop demanded.

"I think it's it," I said.

"That perishing condenser again, it wants murdering," he remarked blandly. "Well, as I was saying, the gararge was a fair treat, and the gent was just getting ready to spend a nice greasy 'oliday in the pit when round comes a bloke from the Council and ses, 'Ere, what's all this about? You can't go knocking up gararges on a blind corner without our permission.' 'Oo ses so?' my gent demands, 'it's my land.' 'The

Council ses so,' the man replies, 'and you'll 'ave to bash it down again double-quick.' 'I'll see the Council in 'ell first,' says my gent, and from what I knows of 'is temper the Council bloke was lucky not to be 'it for six with a spanner.

"Well, 'im and the Council they goes at it 'ammer and tongs, and in the end 'is lawyer ses, 'It's a fair cop, 'Enery. You'll 'ave to pull the ruddy thing down.' 'I'll be jiggered if I will without compensation,' ses my gent, and writes and tells the Council so. 'Compensation our foot,' writes back the Council, 'you don't get a brass farthing from us.'

"As you can imagine, by this time my gent was fair 'opping-mad, but 'is wife ses, 'Why not ask the Chairman of the Council to come round and 'ave one in the morning and see if a few noggins of the best won't ease things?' Which, after a bit of strong language, my gent does. Well, the Chairman comes all right, and I was there too, seeing as 'ow I knew all about the gararge, and we sits down to a bottle. But when the bottle's finished the Chairman ses it was nice sherry but 'e's afraid the Council can't budge an inch. At that moment in comes a maid to tell my gent someone wants to see 'im. 'Pardon,' ses 'e to us, 'I'll only be a jiffy.' Ten minutes later 'e comes back, and you could 'ave knocked me down with a split-pin when 'e remarks to the Chairman, very dignified-like, 'I've decided to do what you ask, seeing as 'ow I'm such a firm believer in up'olding local government.' The Chairman looked a bit dazed, too.

"After 'e'd gone my gent takes me into the dining-room, introduces me with a wink to a natty young chap and ses, 'Silvertop, this gentleman's come from the Road Department to ask if I'd mind pulling down the new gararge, as they're going to widen that corner.' 'Pull it down?' I ses, acting as if 'orrors-truck—'after all it's cost? We've only just put it up.' 'Can't tell you 'ow sorry we are,' ses the young chap, 'we'd no idea it was a new one, and of course we'll pay full compensation.' 'Let's see, I 'aven't 'ad your bill yet,' ses my gent to me with another wink. 'What was it going to set me back?'

"Close on three 'undred,' I ses, 'and that's cheap, seeing as it's more of a boodoor than a gararge.' 'And 'ow much for pulling it down?' asks the young chap. 'I'll let you off with fifty,' I ses, and 'e takes it like a lamb."

"And did you?" I asked.

"Not as you might say fifty dead," Mr. Silvertop admitted, at last extracting a pure note from the loudspeaker, "it come out nearer eighty by the time

we'd finished. I don't mind telling you, I was surprised myself 'ow solid we'd made that there gararge."

He closed one eye gravely.

"Corlumme! Borough Councils!" ERIC.

Monsieur Paul Narrates.

VIII.—The Illusionist.

"WHEN my friend Adolphe fell in love with a girl called Hélène," said Monsieur Paul, "he found himself in the position of a man who has been invited to embarrass the Sphinx with a riddle or to astonish the Sibyl with a forecast of the weather.

"Adolphe was a conjuror. Throughout Paris his name was known as a noted contriver of illusions and maker of mysteries, and the crowds who thronged nightly to his performances at the Theatre Merlin agreed that since the retirement of Carlos *le grand* there had been in France no better magician than he. Unfortunately for Adolphe, however, this Carlos happened to be the father of Hélène, and in consequence the one person whom Adolphe most desired to impress by his skill remained consistently unmoved. When he ventured at last to propose marriage to her, Hélène rejected his offer with a mild contempt.

"It is not altogether," she said, raising her eyebrows with a faint superciliousness, "that I am not fond of you, my Adolphe. You work hard, you mean well and your moustache is an adornment that any woman might admire. Your technique, so far as it goes, is not contemptible, but your *répertoire* is old-fashioned and elementary. You must remember that for several years I was my father's assistant, and that owing to his care I became an adept in mystery very early in life. I could swallow a billiard-ball almost before I could talk; the discovery of white mice or live pigeons in my nurse's apron pocket became a commonplace while I was still in my perambulator; and by the age of fourteen I could even vanish and reappear with facility and address. In your exhibition I find nothing that either astonishes or interests me, and it must be clear to you that it would be folly to contemplate a married life during the course of which the unexpected was never likely to occur."

"There is reason in what you say," admitted Adolphe reluctantly, "although it is a blow to me that you find my devices so threadbare. But if, by some happy chance, I could contrive a new illusion which would deceive even you, the case would be altered, *n'est ce pas?* For, clearly, if you could be astonished once, one might assume that you could be astonished again."



THE CHINESE INFLUENCE.

"ME ALL-SAME LIKE-UM PIECEE PLENTY MUCHEE—DON'T YOU?"

"If you could do this, which I do not expect," said Hélène slowly, "I might change my mind."

"Never fear!" cried Adolphe, striking his chest, "I will find a way. To a lover no obstacle is insurmountable!"

Adolphe racked his brains. He spent sleepless nights devising new mysteries of unparalleled ingenuity. But, although his reputation as a magician was notably enhanced and the people thronged to his performances in greater numbers, Hélène alone remained unsurprised. When Adolphe came to her eagerly after the first exhibition of a new illusion she would shake her head sadly.

"No," she would say, "I was not deceived. The method you employed was such-and-such. My father often made use of a similar contrivance."

At length Adolphe became desperate. His powers of invention were nearly exhausted and the solution of his problem seemed as remote as ever. But at this time he had a new assistant, a personable young woman called Ninette, and one evening as he was thoughtfully impaling her with swords a new

idea occurred to him. "If," he thought to himself, "I should seem to fall in love with this Ninette, that would be an illusion which would not only deceive Hélène but arouse her jealousy as well. I wonder that I did not think of it before."

Accordingly Adolphe set about creating this new illusion. He allowed a certain tenderness to creep into the manner in which he sawed Ninette in half. He permitted his hand to tremble visibly as he took from her any piece of apparatus which she was holding in readiness, and he spent undue periods in gazing soulfully into her eyes. As a final master-stroke he began, while Ninette was on the stage with him, to appear abstracted, to recall himself to his surroundings with an evident effort, even to make little errors in his performance.

His audiences soon scented a romance, and it was not long before the rumour reached Hélène's ears that the great Adolphe was now so much in love with his new assistant that even the quality of his legerdemain was beginning to

be affected. Surprised and not a little disturbed by this story, Hélène attended one of the performances in person. With her own eyes she studied the conduct of Adolphe towards Ninette, taking indignant note of each tender gesture, each yearning glance. She was surprised at last—and not surprised only, but very angry. After the performance she took Adolphe aside and reproached him most bitterly for his faithlessness.

Adolphe listened to her harangue with courtesy and patience, but although this was the climax to which he had been looking forward for weeks, the anticipated feelings of triumph and elation were strangely absent. The illusion had certainly been a success—Hélène's attitude left no doubt that she had been entirely deceived. But this particular illusion had accomplished a thing which none of his illusions had ever done before. It had deceived the illusionist himself. As he listened to the reproaches of Hélène, Adolphe discovered that he no longer loved her. He was in love with Ninette."

"He Should have Been English!"

THE favourite compliment of the Englishman to a foreigner who really rouses his esteem is, "Dash it all, he might almost be an Englishman!" And sometimes in daily life or in the study of history most of us come upon some foreign personality whose typically English charms or virtues strike us just that way.

Such a one was the late Monk Eastman, an American Jew born in Brooklyn in 1873. For what are the most typical and canonised English virtues? He-manliness, honour, courage, respect for women and, above all other, kindness to animals. All of these he possessed in marked and rare degree, as after a brief biographical sketch I will demonstrate.

His father was a respectable man who kept a restaurant, but the young lad Monk rose to far higher spheres, living to be known as "the Prince of Gangsters" in the good old pre-War days when gangsters were gangsters and gangs were indeed gangs. Twelve hundred thugs were proud to follow him, scorning the fancy soubriquets of their competitors, such as the Dead Rabbits and the Plug-Uglies, to call themselves simply Eastmans. He ruled from Monroe Street to Fourteenth Street, from the Bowery to the East River. Several lesser gangs operated under his suzerainty.

Monk Eastman never pandered to the dandified tastes of the majority of gang-leaders, who were chic and scented. He wore appalling clothes, shaggy hair, a billycock hat several sizes too small and a pair of cauliflower ears. He was of course a big man in politics. Tammany Hall regarded him as invaluable, especially at election times. His gangsters voted in droves and devotedly blackjacked citizens who thought to vote in opposition. Tammany Hall naturally arranged things for the loyal Mr. Eastman whenever he got arrested—which he often did, for he never shirked playing a personal part in battle.

"I likes to beat up a guy once in a while," he used to say; "it keeps me hand in."

And he was indefatigable in the war of his gang against the Five-Pointers and their chieftain, Paul Kelly. He was a killer with no perhaps about it.

Monk was a real he-man. He was a fine boxer. He was a terror at rough-and-tumble contests, though he was but five feet and five inches tall and never weighed more than a hundred-and-fifty pounds. He was famous for

his fighting skill with brass knuckles, he was an artist with a beer-bottle or a bit of lead-piping, and his clubbings were the talk of the town. His nerve was never shaken, though he had about two dozen knife-scars, half of them upon his neck and face. He was so full of bullets that when he once had to strip for a doctors' examination they thought they were dealing with a veteran of every American battle since Gettysburg.

"What wars have you been in?" asked the doctor.

"Oh," grinned Mr. Eastman, "a lot of little wars around New York!"



HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

In a circular issued by the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION there is a recommendation that every British school should possess a gymnasium—suggested, no doubt, by the practice of the fifth century B.C., when the youth of Greece went through a regular course of gymnastic training.

He was honourable. Once half-a-dozen Five-Pointers, armed to the teeth, attacked him when he was unarmed, and, after a tremendous battle, left him for dead. For weeks he lay in hospital in danger of death, but nothing would induce him to give the police the name of the man who had shot him. A week after his discharge from hospital the police found a Five-Pointer lying dead in a gutter.

He was fearless. It is solemn truth that he joined up directly America entered the World War, and served throughout with conspicuous courage and endurance. He ran away from hospital to get back to the Front. When his company was at last relieved

after holding a terribly hot part of the line, he stayed as a stretcher-bearer with the relieving troops. He was in the forefront of every charge. He was esteemed and trusted by both officers and men.

He was chivalrous. It was his proud boast that never under any provocation had he struck a woman with a club. Whenever he was obliged to show firmness with a lady, he simply used his fist to black her eyes.

"I only give her a little poke," he explained—"just enough to put a shanty in her glimmer. But I always takes off me brass knuckles first." In short, a gentleman.

But what shows this American Jew to have been a real Englishman at heart is most of all his devotion to—if I may coin a phrase—his and our dumb friends. He was pre-eminently kind to animals.

It is a very interesting fact that his father set him up before he was twenty with a bird and animal store because of his ingrained passion for feathered and furry creatures. But then an exceedingly awkward situation arose. Monk grew so fond of his stock that he could hardly ever be induced to part with any of them. This was of course nothing short of an economic *impasse*. I attribute his startling alternative career entirely to this predicament.

At one time he owned as pets more than one hundred cats and five hundred pigeons. He often went out in his peaceful moments with his favourite pigeon perched on one shoulder, a cat under each arm, and several more following him. Cruelty to animals made his generous blood boil.

"I likes de kits and de boids," observed Mr. Monk Eastman. "I'll beat up any guy dat gets gay wit' a kit or a boid in my neck of de woods."

Local Finance.

"It's about how I ought to present the details of my personal expenses as assistant secretary to the Social Committee, Sir. There's the stamps and stationery and the petrol for the motor-bike—I've got them O.K. to a halfpenny. It's all these fourpences that bother me."

"Fourpences?"

"It's like this, Sir. I don't know that the treasurer quite understands that it's difficult to be assistant secretary to a secretary like Roberts. Now, as you know, I don't get off duty till five o'clock, and by the time I've had my tea and a bit of a wash and gone round to Roberts's house, he's started business already—gone on his rounds, as you might say."



Little Girl. "WELL, MY FATHER'S AN ENCHANTED ACCOUNTANT."

"Well?"

"It's not that anyone can call me near, but the fourpences *do* mount up in a place where there are so many houses, and Roberts may be in any one of them. If I look for him in 'The Bear' I've got to have one for the good of the house, and by the time I've drawn 'The Harrow' and 'The Crown' and 'The Queen's Head' there's another bob gone—probably two: it depends on the company. It wouldn't be so bad now if Roberts was a man of what you'd call regular habits, but he's so inconsistent—'The Bear' one night, 'The Queen's Head' another. The treasurer

would understand all right, same as you do, Sir, but when it comes to the treasurer's report having to be read out at the next Committee meeting and those Miss Scarboroughs—well, you see . . ."

"I see."

"It's not the time I grudge, but I *do* like to get my accounts made out in a business-like way. Items like 'Half-pints' or 'Drinks' might look queer on a balance-sheet—not that I've had one except for business or else paid for it out of my own pocket. But people get ideas into their heads in a place like this. Now what I came to see you about

is, I know there's some legal word that would look right. It's at the back of my head, but I just can't think of it."

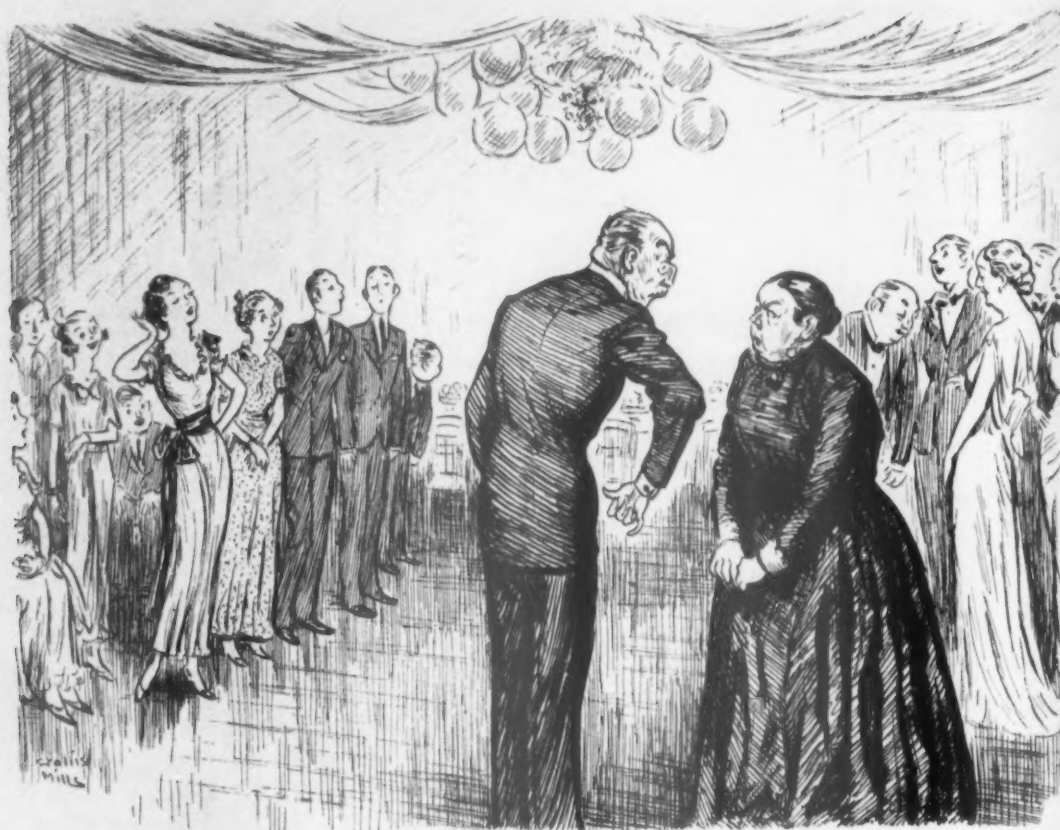
"What about 'running expenses'?"

"No, the treasurer expects full details of them."

"'Lubrication,' then?"

"I've got down 'Oil and Petrol' already. It was on the tip of my tongue just then. Oh, excuse me a minute, Sir, there's Roberts just going into 'The Harrow'."

By next day the assistant secretary had solved his problem—"Overdraft: eleven shillings and fourpence," read out the treasurer.



SERVANTS' DANCE.

Housekeeper. "I THINK, SIR, BEGGING YOUR PARDON, SIR, THAT YOU'D BETTER LEAD OFF WITH AMELIA. SHE'S BEEN A BIT DIFFICULT LATELY."

New Modes for Old Music.

[It has been announced in the papers that "a solo for tambourine" has recently been composed by a lady for broadcasting purposes.]

THOUGH the justly-renowned TAM-
BURINI

Neglected the gay tambourine,
That it antedates ancient Mycenæ
From musical pundits I glean;
And hundreds of years before GLINKA
'Twas known in primeval Cathay
And Peru when the conquering Inca
Held permanent sway.

'Twas sounded by Israel's daughters
With MIRIAM's jubilant shout
As they came through the sundering
waters

That turned the Egyptians to
rout;
But the staunch neo-Aryan critic
Regards it, with pious disgust,
As barbarous, vilely Semitic,
And ban it he must.

Most instruments framed for our
pleasure

Can never be mastered with ease,
But the timbrel surrenders its treasure
Regardless of pitch or of keys.
With practice it wholly dispenses,
For truthfully may it be said
That the tambourine can in both
senses

Be played on your head.

Till this week I had met with no
mention

Of any composer I know
Revealing the faintest intention
Of giving the timbrel a show;
But a lady, quite recently smitten
By zeal this neglect to repair,
A "tambourine solo" has written
For use on the air.

'Tis strange that so arch-orgiastic
An emblem of Bacchic revolt
Should be held to conform to the
drastic
Requirements of ADRIAN BOULT;

For if *Pecksniff* were summoned to
mingle

With us by the psychical powers,
He would surely consider his *Jingle*
Less "Pagan" than ours.

And though, in the latest edition
Of GROVE, to the regular "Group
Of Percussion" explicit admission
Is granted the tambourine's hoop,
I recoil from the current opinion
That tongs, bones and salt-box must
win

The right to promote the dominion
Of organised din. C. L. G.

Will the "Quads" turn out for
Richmond?

"Quins seize their chances against Black-
heath?"—*Daily Paper*.

"NEW TITLE.

Sir Philip Cunliffe Lister has taken the
title of Viscount Swinton Eyres Monsell."
Colonial Paper.

Why he omitted the "and Macpherson"
is not explained.

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The League and its Future.

IT is no light disappointment to discover Mr. DOUGLAS JERROLD devoting a pettish, incoherent and (in details) ill-considered invective to the discomfiture of the League of Nations. Starting with the unexceptionable premise that European civilisation is a product of Christian morality and that this morality is neither upheld by the major part of Europe nor respected by the rest of the world, he accuses the collective efforts of the nations of being stultified in advance for lack of a common philosophy. His loathing for Russia, his dislike of Liberalism—and therefore of representative government—both combine to render him less than just to an association whose general sense of righteousness is at least adequate to the problem of Italy and Abyssinia. This adequacy is something, if not everything; and while it is obvious (as Mr. JERROLD more usefully suggests) that the present world-situation cannot and should not be crystallised by Geneva, it is obvious that until international banditry is discouraged, international readjustments must wait. *They that Take the Sword* (LANE, 6/-) strikes me as a hasty piece of well-meant pamphleteering. The best of it has been said better elsewhere; the worst could hardly have been less adroitly insinuated.

Journalism and Liberty.

The Twentieth Century Library sets out, it seems, to publish a series of books on "problems of to-day viewed in the light of the changing ideas and events of modern times." With this praiseworthy object in view it has already given us a score or so of volumes dealing in small compass and at a moderate price with a curious medley of subjects, ranging from the Jews to Architecture and from War to Women. The latest volume, by A. J. CUMMINGS, handles that large and difficult subject, *The Press* (JOHN LANE, 3/6), which in this connection he takes to signify Journalism and nothing else. Mr. CUMMINGS should know his subject, but he seems to have been rather daunted by the size of the task before him. Modestly he opens by admitting that a really first-class book on the subject has yet to be written. Your working journalist, we gather, has no leisure to devote to a comprehensive analysis of his business: in the present instance, after a few words on the *Acta Diurna*, the news-sheets of the fifteenth century and the early English newspapers, such as the so-called *Weekly News*, he devotes most of his space to the evils of propaganda and the lurking danger of what he is pleased to call "political authoritarianism." (Phœbus, what a word!) This matter of the Freedom



Marine Superintendent. "YES, WE'LL BE SHIPPING SOME HORSES SOON. KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT LOOKING AFTER HORSES?"

Job-seeker. "NO, SAH, BUT AH'M SO STRONG DAT IF DEY GET FRESH AH CAN EASY CHUCK 'EM OVERBOARD."

of the Press seems to have obsessed our author, who confesses on one page that he would like to fling a copy of *Areopagitica* into the face of every modern tyrant.

Guardian of Kings.

The late Detective-Inspector HERBERT FITCH was for many years employed in the unostentatious guardianship of members of our own Royal Family both at home and abroad, as well as those of other countries who were visiting these shores. Kings and Emperors, Princesses and Queens—there were few of the great ones with whom he was not brought into touch, and in *Memoirs of a Royal Detective* (HURST AND BLACKETT, 18/-) he has set down his experi-

ences of and with the various personages he had to look after. Like others of its kind, the book suffers from over-enthusiasm. Every flower in the bouquet is without a flaw; there is not a court-card in the pack that shows the least imperfection. With those of foreign countries we are indifferently concerned, but we decline to believe, and have no wish to believe, that our own Royalties are inhumanly destitute of all endearing frailties, unless, like ourselves, they are on their best behaviour when under the eye of the police. Apart from this weakness (which may be a strength with the circulating libraries) the book has plenty of interest, and contains some quite good stories. The Grand Duke Boris and the taxicabs may be commended to the reader, and, especially, the tragic discomfiture of the butler at Buckingham Palace on being informed that he was to be presented with the White Elephant of Siam. "How can I possibly keep an elephant, Mr. Fitch? In the Palace here, too!"

Soldiers Three.

Mr. FREDERICK NIVEN writes with affection, sincerity and a quiet forcefulness of what he knows and loves—the life of his humbler fellow-countrymen seen squarely through neither rose-tinted glasses nor the more fashionable darkish blue. *Old Soldier* (COLLINS, 7/6) shows us the uneventful but by no means uninteresting routine in the porters' basement of a famous Edinburgh silversmith's and in the home of ex-cavalryman *Stewart Reid*—a friendly, humorous, honest, reflective—indeed moody—fellow, a bit of a lad potentially, but ridden tactfully on the curb by his competent *Minnie*: grateful, without subservience, to have a modest job with employers who haven't forgotten what they owe to the soldier. Down below the shop, with its displayed wealth and affluent customers, the humble porters and polishers work and talk, most of them friendly folk, one or two cantankerous or malicious. *Reid's* pals are his two ex-soldier companions—old *Todd*, a Boer-war warrior and kindly martinet in command of the basement, and *Teddy Leng*, who has seen better days, as they say, but, as he has the fine sense to recognise, not better fellows. An honest piece of significant modern life.

"A Yankee Ship Came Down the River."

Miss MARY ELLEN CHASE, in her new book, *Silas Crockett* (COLLINS, 7/6), tells the story of four generations of *Crocketts* of Saturday Cove, beginning with a *Silas* who sailed in the Canton trade and filled his gracious white-porticoed house in the elm-shaded village street with the colour and romance of the East, and ending with his great-grandson and namesake, driven through stress of economic circum-

stance to stand—like many others whose forebears had been little monarchs in their own floating kingdoms—at the cutting-tables of the local cannery. In her opening chapters Miss CHASE fairly revels in descriptions of the silks and satins, the china and furniture which the home-coming clipper captains of New England brought back during the heyday—as brief as it was resplendent—of American shipping; and although the latter part of the book inevitably lacks much of the colour and variety of its beginning, the portraits of these Maine seamen, and still more perhaps of their wise and patient womenfolk, are drawn with a real affection and knowledge. Not much of the action takes place at sea; but the clean salt air of the little New England seaport, in its prosperity and its decay, blows constantly through its pages.

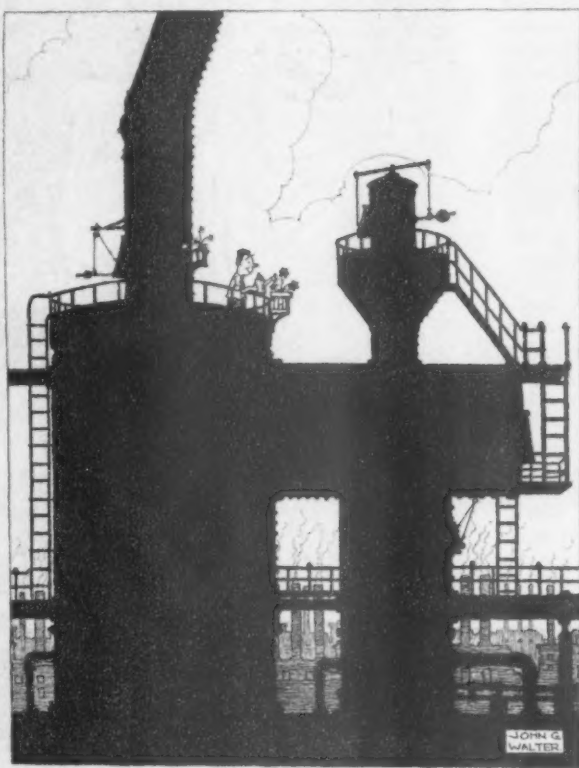
Heritage.

Mr. F. H. CROSSLEY, in *The English Abbey* (BATS-FORD, 7/6), draws our attention to an inheritance which some of us perhaps are inclined to undervalue, and it is impossible to study his superb collection of photographs without realising the beauty and extent of our monastic possessions. Apart, however, from the numerous illustrations, Mr. CROSSLEY writes so carefully and clearly of monastic life in mediæval times that it is easy to understand both its uses and abuses. To-day some of the ordinances laid down for lay brethren make quaint reading. For instance, if a brother injured himself by "indiscreet and immoderate labour" he was either put on a diet of bread and water, to chasten his over-zealous spirit, or was soundly beaten. Surely a severe ordinance, and more than a little discouraging to zealous workmen. This volume, which is excellently pro-

duced, deserves the warmest of welcomes.

Family Troubles.

Mr. CARTER DICKSON's fertile imagination shows no sign of exhaustion in *The Red Widow Murders* (HEINEMANN, 7/6), and once again he gives a remarkable exhibition of ingenuity. Elaborately staged, this tragedy of the unfortunate *Brixhams* moves without a check to its climax. And through the grim time when poison and madness were in the air, that wonderful man, *Sir Henry Merivale*, sucked his pipe and gradually solved the mystery. Admirer of *H. M.* as I am, I should feel on easier terms with him if his moon face had not on two occasions "split with fantastic jollity," and I also think that his creator might allot him a more melodious exclamation than "Uh-huh!" But these are trifles in a tale which, if at times almost too horror-provoking, is admirably constructed.

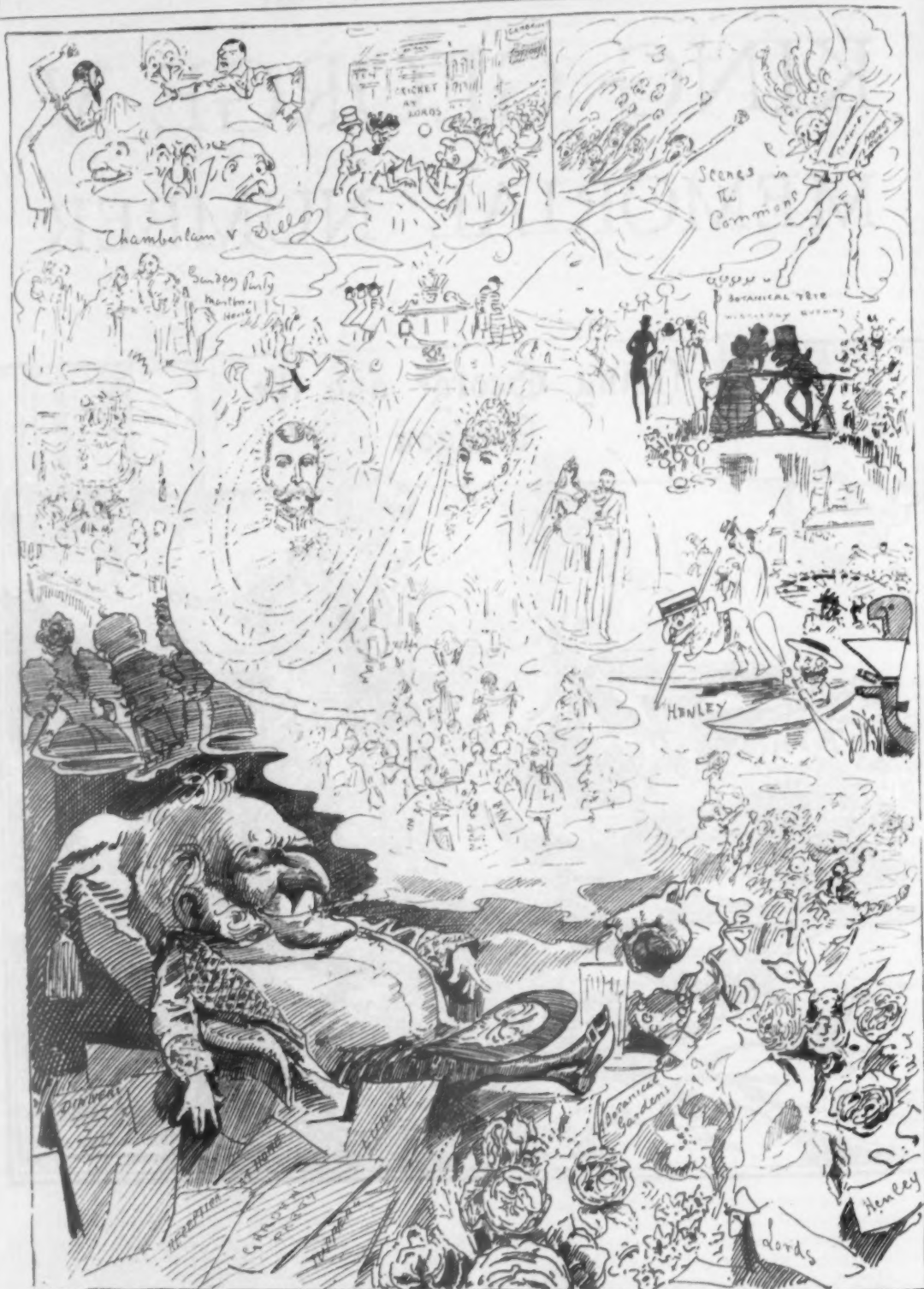


THE HORTICULTURIST.

KING GEORGE V. MEMORIAL NUMBER

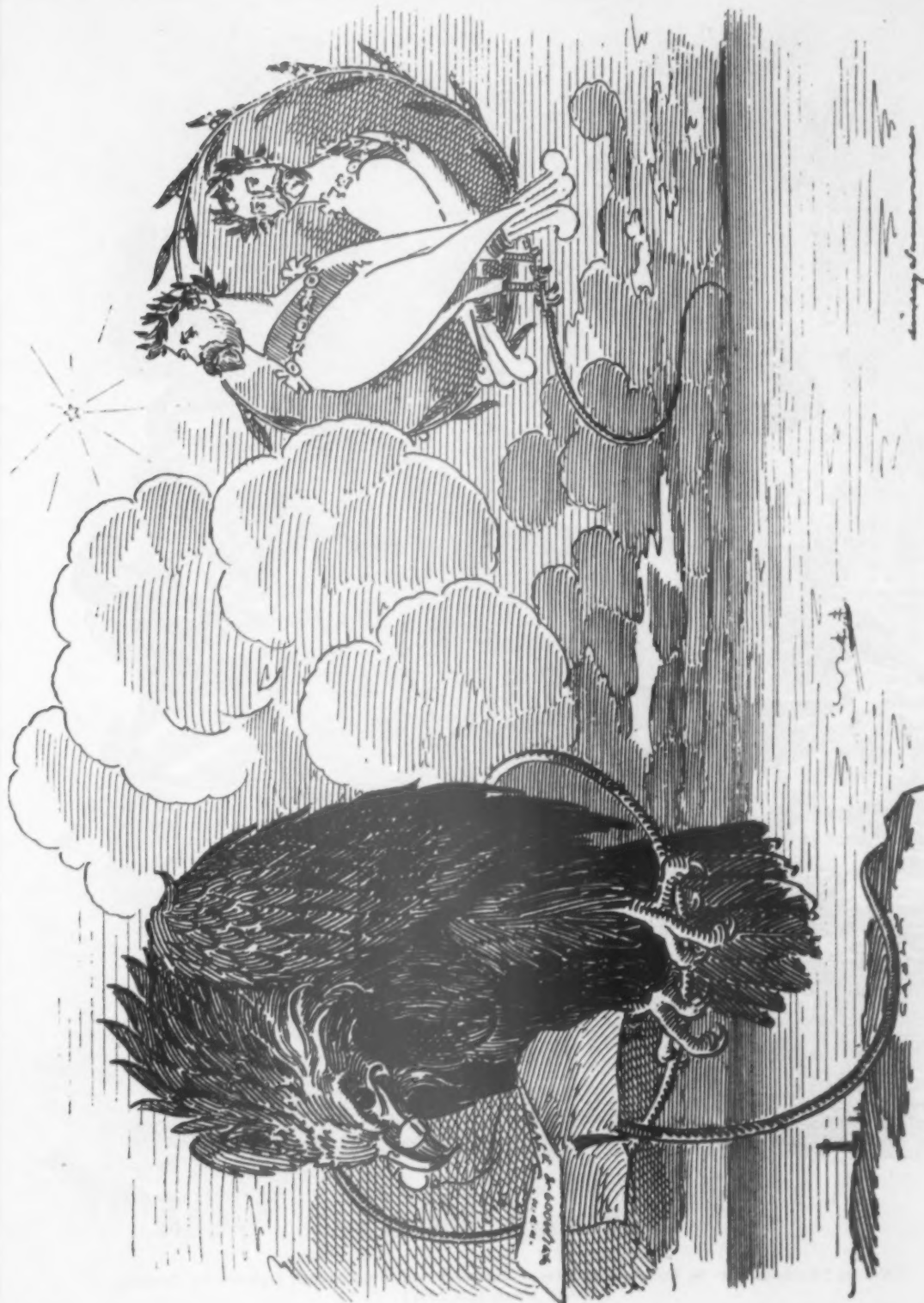


[In a speech delivered at the Guildhall on December 5th, 1901, KING GEORGE V., then PRINCE OF WALES, used the memorable phrase, "Wake Up, England!"]



THE WEEK OF THE YEAR

[The DUKE OF YORK (afterwards KING GEORGE) was married on July 6th, 1893, to PRINCESS VICTORIA MARY, daughter of the Duke of TECK.]



THE PRINCES' MESSAGE TO AMERICA

["Sir FRANCIS KNOLLYS is desired by the PRINCE OF WALES and the DUKE OF YORK to thank Mr. PULITZER for his cablegram. They cannot but believe that the present crisis" (caused by President CLEVELAND's message to Congress about the disputed boundary-line between British Guiana and Venezuela) "will be arranged in a manner satisfactory to both countries, and will be succeeded by the same warm feeling of friendship which has existed between them for so many years. *San Francisco, Dec. 24, 1895.*"]

January 4, 1896

Livingstone

*March 13, 1901*

THE MAGIC CARPET

[Wishing "Godspeed" to the Duke and Duchess of CORNWALL and YORK on their departure for Australia, Saturday, March 16th, 1901.]



1936

“ROUND THE WORLD AND HOME AGAIN!”



H.R.H. GEORGE, PRINCE OF WALES

"I know, Sir, that you will maintain the prestige of the Title. It would be impossible to increase it."



Bernard Partridge.

December 18, 1901

THE WELSH DRAGON

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. "Come to my Arms!"

[The badge of the Red Dragon is now, by Royal command, added to the "achievement" of the PRINCE OF WALES.]



INDIA'S HOMAGE

November 15, 1905

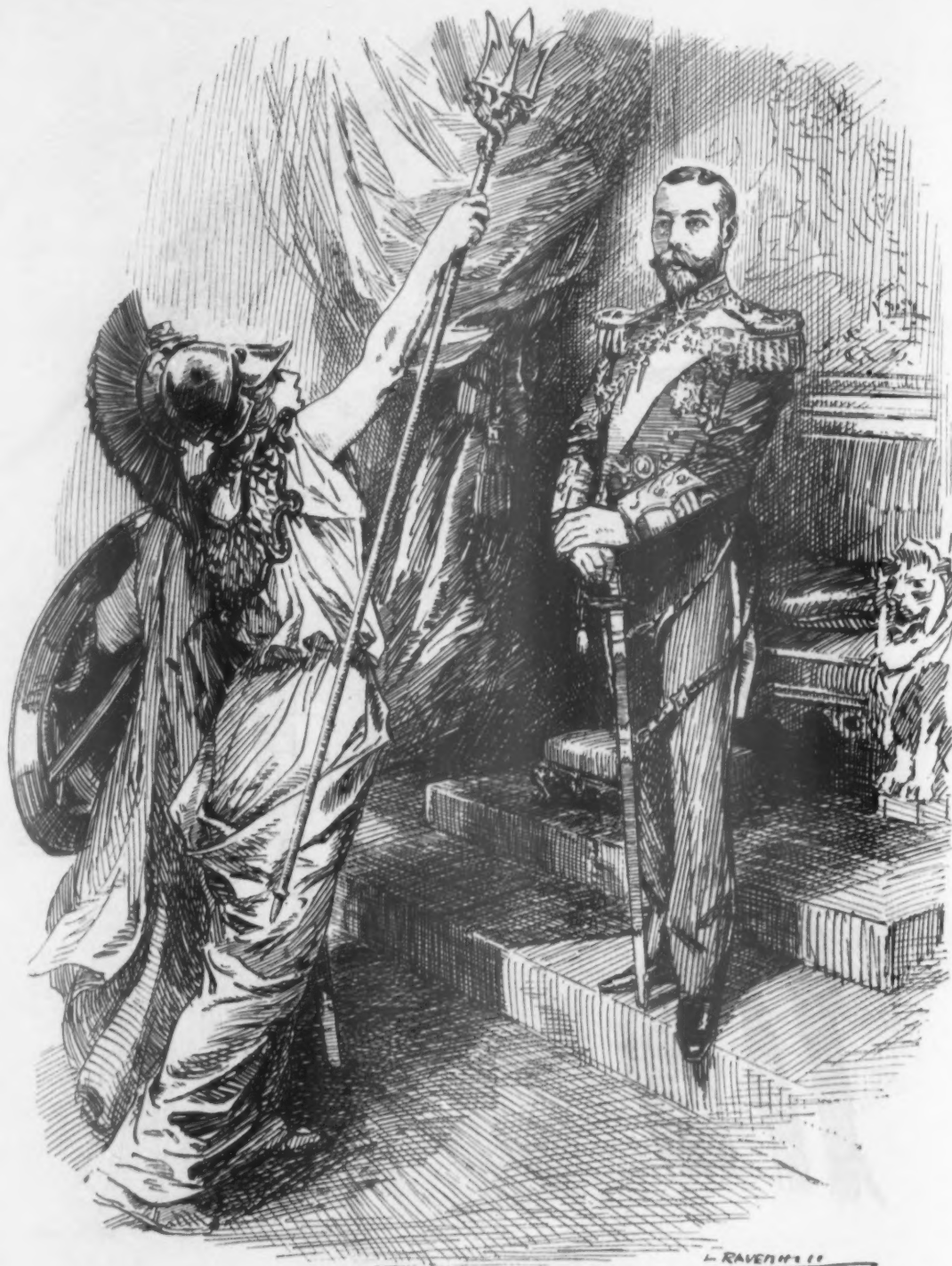
[The PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES landed at Bombay on November 9th, 1905, and received a very loyal welcome.]



July 22, 1908

SALUT AUX MORTS **TO THE MEMORY OF WOLFE AND MONTCALM**

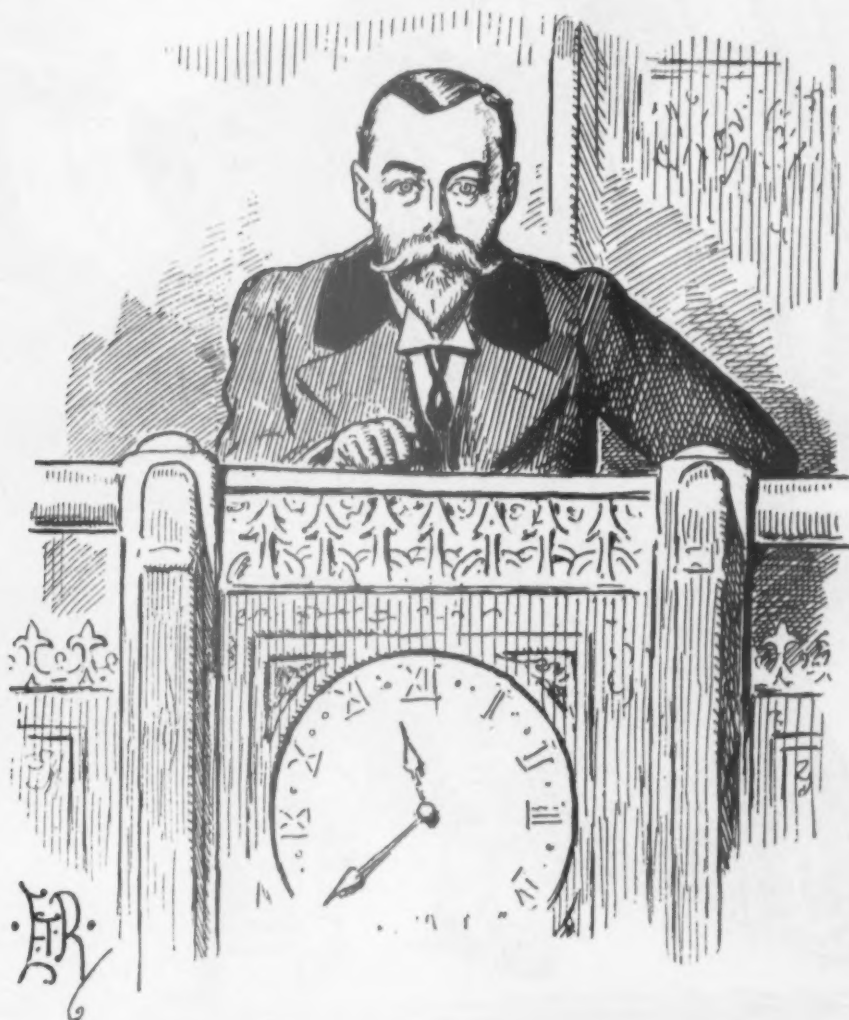
[The Plains of Abraham at Quebec, on which both WOLFE and MONTCALM fell, were dedicated by the PRINCE OF WALES as a National Memorial on July 24th, 1908.]



HAIL, KING!

May 18, 1910

[KING EDWARD VII. died on May 6th, 1910, and the accession of KING GEORGE was publicly proclaimed in Great Britain and throughout the Empire on May 9th.]



**"A VISITOR AS WELCOME AS HIS APPEARANCE
WAS FREQUENT"**

[His Majesty KING GEORGE, when PRINCE OF WALES, was a keen student of debate
in the Peers' Gallery.]



THE SHIP OF STATE: A NEW EMPIRE

May 25, 1910







To the Memory of His Majesty King George.





THE CAPTURE OF WINDSOR CASTLE

[On July 4th, 1912, a Grand Rally of Boy Scouts was held at Windsor in the presence of the KING.]

*December 13, 1911***THE KING - EMPEROR**

Delhi Durbar, December 12th, 1911



THE KING AT THE FRONT

December 9, 1914

[KING GEORGE paid a visit to the troops at the Front, November 29th—December 5th, the first such visit by a British Monarch since GEORGE II. fought at Dettingen in 1743.]



LONG LIVE THE HOUSE OF WINDSOR!

[On July 17th, 1917, a Proclamation was issued stating that henceforth the Royal House of Great Britain and Ireland would be known not as the House of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, but as the House of Windsor.]



December 19, 1928

A NATION'S VIGIL

[The long strain of the War and his unremitting devotion to the service of his country were responsible for the KING's serious illness at the close of 1928. The nation had come to realise how much it owed to one of whom it has been truly said that he was not "a symbol but a very human being," and the anxiety with which the course of his illness was followed was not confined to the crowds who read the bulletins at Buckingham Palace, but was shared by all the great English-speaking family of which he was the head.]



THE KING SPEAKING

FATHER NEPTUNE (*listening-in to the Inaugural Meeting of the Naval Conference, opened by KING GEORGE V. in January, 1930.* "HEAR, HEAR! I'M WITH YOU, SIR."

Rudyard Kipling.

THERE is no need of excuse for including a tribute to RUDYARD KIPLING in this Memorial Number. KING GEORGE and he were of the same age, they were united by ties of personal friendship, and in their love for England and the Empire they were one. For while the KING was the wise and unselfish ruler of his far-flung Dominions, whose labours in maintaining peace and stability in times of unprecedented stress have won world-wide recognition, KIPLING was the impassioned interpreter of Imperial sentiment for two generations of Englishmen.

It was the custom of reviewers on *The Spectator* under the rule of HUTTON and TOWNSEND to go to the office—the old house in Wellington Street, long since pulled down—on Tuesdays, look at the new books on the shelves and see if there was anything that appealed to their fancy. One of them, in the year 1889, picked up a paper-covered book entitled *Soldiers Three*, and did not take more than a minute or two to recognise that a new star had swum into our ken. He was allowed to carry it off, and had the privilege of infecting with his enthusiasm MEREDITH TOWNSEND, who himself had started his journalistic career in India at the same age as KIPLING—seventeen. This review led to an introduction to the author when he returned to England in 1891 and was installed in a rather poky flat in Villiers Street, and to a friendship that lasted till his death.

Others are better equipped to weigh and appraise his claims to enduring fame as a poet and story-teller. The writer's aim is to illustrate the qualities he revealed in *tête-à-tête* talks and

correspondence. In company or with strangers he was shy and rather angular. When you were alone with him, he was the most exhilarating of companions, radiating vitality, goodwill and interest in the other man and his concerns. He would occasionally recite poems which he never published, but he was never egotistic. He never betrayed any jealousy of his contemporaries. Nothing

every copy from cover to cover. One never heard him discuss games, and it is perhaps remarkable that in this country his popularity was not seriously affected by his attack on "flan-nelled fools" and "muddled oafs." And his devotion to animals, wild or tame, and his genius for interpreting their thoughts are not easily reconcilable with the aims of the big-game hunter or the follower of blood-sports. But he was emphatically no sentimentalist. His affection for his friends was genuine and deep, but void of effusion.

Though he made no pretence to accurate knowledge of Latin or Greek, he had a great admiration for the classics, and during the blackest hours of the War found diversion and distraction in the production of a little volume purporting to be the Fifth Book of the *Odes* of HORACE. The idea was to write the *Odes* in English and then have them translated into Horatian Latin by A. D. GODLEY, RONALD KNOX, A. B. RAMSAY and J. U. POWELL. Anyhow, he was the guiding spirit of the conspiracy, and though his own contributions were few in number, he was full of helpful suggestions, and greatly delighted when a reviewer in *The Scotsman* treated this squib as a genuine work of HORACE.

In his last letter to an old friend, written only a fortnight before his death, he writes with high praise of the epigrams in RAMSAY's recently-published collection of Latin-English verses. From the same letter may be quoted the words in which, with characteristic modesty, he speaks of the tributes which he had received on his seventieth birthday: "The net result is to leave me scared—just plain scared! 'Lord ha' mercy on me. This is none of I.'"



THE SINGER OF EMPIRE

gave him greater pleasure than to recognise the talent of young writers. He had a great admiration for the *Green Days* and *Blue Days* of Mr. PATRICK CHALMERS, and was delighted by a set of verses on the smell of breakfast bacon, which appeared during the War and of which he said that in no other country in the world could they have been written at such a time. His admiration of *Punch* as an institution was unflinching, and he apparently read

George the Fifth

(On the occasion of his Silver Jubilee, May 6, 1935)

THIS is the KING
To whom we bring
The tribute of our tears and of our laughter:
The slow increase
From War to Peace,
The days of that dark overshadowing
And the days after.

By banner flown
And trumpet tone
We tell the story of his years, yet knowing
What heart he hath
Who set the path
In perilous places, and the night not done
And no star showing.

Ridden by storm,
Earth had no form,
And the trees of the forest were fallen among
the grasses,
And still in the brake
There are whispers awake,
And who shall say what enemies swarm
On the hill passes?

But if to our sight
There comes a light,
To him, the steadfast guardian, who hath striven
And not despaired—
So calm he fared—
Of the safety of his Peoples and their might,
Our thanks be given.

This is the KING
We have risen to sing
Round all the world and prayed Godspeed to follow;
And all these years,
Part joy, part tears,
Never the words had a false ring
Nor the prayer seemed hollow.



THE HERITAGE

The Light Burns On.

*Among the winter woods by rain made dim
In his own lands the hour of resting fell;
The Shadow that comes to all men came to him
Who had toiled long and well.*

*So quick a change from summer of last year—
The flag-lined streets and the trumpet's shouting breath
To the slow steps of mourners moving here
And the pageantry of Death.*

*Duty and strife are ended: he who led
And, leading, served his Empire and his State,
Where the great names of England are written and read,
Shall be accounted great.*

*We knew his purpose and we knew his choice
And how he kept them swerveless to the end;
We knew his peoples listened to his voice
And loved him as their friend.*

*We knew these things and on their faith rely
For consolation in remembering
That the lit flame of service held on high
Passes from King to King.*



VIVE LE ROI!

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

One Man in His Time.

THE multifarious career of *Beaumarchais* (NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 21/-) is not only entertaining in itself, it is an illuminating sidelight on the French Revolution, with whose egalitarian approach it is closely identified. PIERRE-AUGUSTIN CARON, a youthful watchmaker, set his heart on attaining to aristocratic office. The bourgeoisie under LOUIS XV. was coming to the fore; and PIERRE-AUGUSTIN, adroit, amusing, unscrupulous, made himself agreeable to plain but influential ladies such as Mme. FRANQUET, wife of a high official, and a quartet of elderly unmarried royal princesses. At four-and-twenty he had wedded FRANQUET'S widow and taken a title from her estates. This was in 1756. In 1799 Citoyen BEAUMARCHAIS quietly breathed his last with the expiring Directorate, having been Lieutenant-General of the Royal Hunt, part-financier of American Independence and author of *The Barber of Seville* and *The Marriage of Figaro*. Irrepressible adventurer, kindly though faithless husband, and exemplary brother to five sisters—witness his journey to Spain which combined big business with the coercion of a recalcitrant suitor—BEAUMARCHAIS has given Herr PAUL FRISCHAUER an admirable subject for biography. A scandalous chronicle undoubtedly; but what gaiety, verve and resource in both history and historian!

Pamela Unadorned.

The only drawback to reading *Ann Cook and Friend* (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 7/6) to the sort of family circle that revelled in *The Young Visitors* is that the characteristic spelling of this new masterpiece of the absurd is necessarily lost. A pity this, for, thanks to the impeccable editorship of Miss REGULA BURNET, the artless story of a Georgian housekeeper which Mrs. COOK embedded Arabian-Nights-fashion in the third edition of her cookery-book is left spelt as it was written. Its authoress, who fed General WADE'S men in a Northumbrian inn, on their way to Culloden, recounts her own fortunes and those of a friend in previous situations. Her pictures of exemplary or termagant employers, of "endearing" husbands who build model accommodation for cowslip-wine and of "bargains" (domestic bullies) who beat their wives, is full of the genuine high life below-stairs that RICHARDSON so gracefully travestied. Perhaps the high-water-mark of an inimitable book is the proposal whose embarrassment sends its recipient "stepping into the Store-room"; but I can recommend every page of Mrs. COOK except her recipes, which, superbly competent, exhibit even more than the customary eighteenth-century lavishness with eggs and cream.

Berry in Sugar.

The absence of *Berry*, perhaps most silver-tongued of all the great masters of inactivity, from the fiction-lists since 1931 has been a grief to me and many. A loud and general cheer is likely to greet the publication of *And Berry Came Too* (WARD LOCK, 7/6), eight stories in which Mr. DORNFORD YATES describes as well as ever the hair-raising adventures and idiotic situations in which the *Pleydell* family are embroiled. Over those mettlesome steeds, excitement and humour, he has a rare control, switching from one to the other with admirable timing, and so long as the *Pleydells* are in danger or *Berry* in oratorical mood I could go on reading about them for a very long time. I tire a little of the unre-

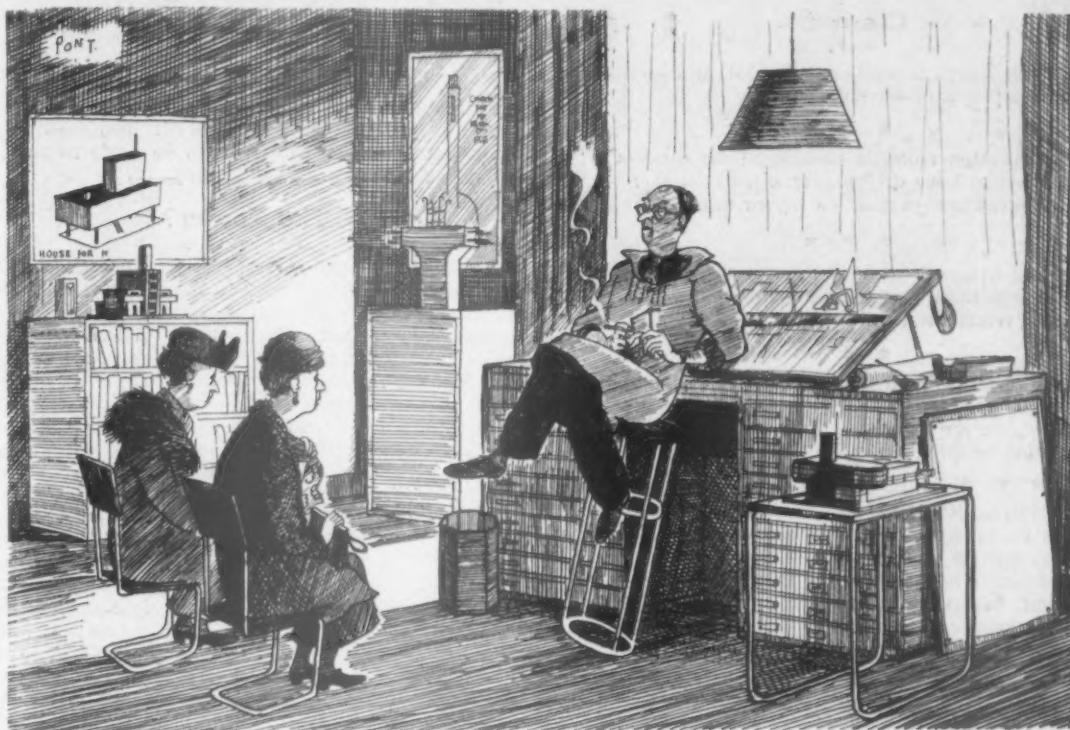
lenting opulence in which Mr. YATES rather revels—the inhabitants of White Ladies travel exclusively in Rolls-Royces, and drink champagne even at their picnics—but though I can forgive this, I cannot so easily pardon the lush sentimentality which engulfs Mr. YATES whenever he contemplates his women-characters. This is a curious blind spot in a writer whose sense of humour is beyond question. In six out of the eight stories, and eleven times altogether, *Boy*, the narrator, likens his girl-friend with enthusiasm to a child (never explaining why, for her mental and physical development seem perfectly satisfactory); and when he gets going on the beauty, sweetness and virtue of the others I must admit that I shudder, for such glucose goes ill with *Berry's* magnificent asperity.

The Tale of a Town.

It has been said that to be able to make a convincing stage-crowd out of half-a-dozen people is the hall-mark of a good producer of drama. If a similar test may be applied to the art of fiction, then Mr. EDWIN LANHAM must be accounted a very competent novelist. For by describing the inter-related lives of a handful of men and women, their actions and passions, their dreams and devices, he has suggested the entity and entirety of a not inconsiderable town and given it reality in time and space. The town is Rutherford, in Texas (which you will not find to the letter on any map), and *The Wind Blew West* (HEINEMANN, 8/6) is the story of the waxing and waning of its fortunes through half-a-decade which began some sixty years ago. As a matter of fact one gets the impression of a far longer period, so much is crowded into it; and Mr. LANHAM is very skilful in suggesting at once the slow progress of expectancy and the swift arrival of achievement or disaster. His skill is also manifest in the proportion which he has maintained between his characters and their all-important setting of locality and period. All are individual and self-supporting, yet the town remains the protagonist of their drama. Since this is a tale of the old frontier, there are many instances of violence and extravagant living in it. But if there is crudity in the matter, there is none in the treatment.

Gretchen-Columbus.

Fräulein HELENE SCHEU-RIESZ rather surprises me by her sub-title, "a story of pre-War types in after-War life," because all the people in her book seem to me to be so very modern. But, after all, *Gretchen Discovers America* (DENT, 6/-) in her own way, and even if her dates are not always quite accurate and if she does make the mistake of thinking that the Washington Conference took place in an hotel, her letters to a girl-friend are prettier and wittier and naughtier than most authentic diaries. I want to quote all the time—"He sometimes gets up at six o'clock in the morning to bake bread. It is very bad bread but it makes him happy, and his wife is such a pacifist that she eats it," and, "Can you afford to marry?" "Not yet. But I can afford to get engaged. Can't you?" and, "Think of Achilles, who was brought up among girls in girls' clothes! Of course he had to wreck Troy to make up for that." The author has written an excellent skit on several crazes, and allows the girl-diarist, who is half-shrewd and half-naïve, to be infected, though never very badly, by Feminism, Pacifism, Free Love and Psycho-analysis. She ends as a Quaker, and I was sorry to say good-bye to her.



"DID I REALLY UNDERSTAND YOU, MISS WILSON, TO USE THE EXPRESSION, 'A COSY NOOK,' IN CONNECTION WITH THE HOUSE YOU WISH ME TO DESIGN FOR YOU?"

Moments.

"LOOKING back over a not uneventful life of sixty-odd years," said Colonel Hogg oracularly, "it is not the great moments of success or tragedy that stand out. One remembers rather the occasions—not to put too fine a point on it—when one made a darned fool of oneself. I once gave a lecture on 'Modern Humour,' and by the time I had been speaking for ten minutes the audience was almost hysterical with laughter. I lowered my eyes modestly and found that I was wearing only one spat."

"The silliest thing I ever did," confessed Johnson-Clitheroe, "happened at a railway booking-office. 'Single to Liverpool Street,' I said with easy hauteur. 'Via where?' said the man. 'The quickest route, whichever it is,' I said. And then he pointed out that I was at Liverpool Street. Of course I'd meant to book somewhere else."

"Most of us have done that at some time or other, I should think," said Colonel Hogg; "but my own favourite way of making a fool of myself is to walk into the wrong shop when there are the entrances of two shops adjoining one another. Deuced awkward when

you want a pound of sausages to find a young lady glaring at you over a counter piled with lingerie and that sort of thing."

Stivvins blushed.

"The silliest thing I ever did," he admitted—"and I've never had the hardihood to mention it to anyone before—happened on top of a bus. I handed the conductor sixpence and said, 'Ten Yellow Perils, please.' . . . I always smoke Yellow Perils and I always buy them in tens, and I suppose my subconscious mind connected sixpence automatically with smokes."

"One particular moment often comes back to me in the watches of the night," I said, "and I can never think of it without my blood running cold. It was after a theatre one night, and by desperate bravery I had secured a taxi. I seized Edith by the arm and lugged her inside . . . and then found it wasn't Edith. It took quite a lot of explaining, and I don't think even then anybody really believed me."

"And then of course there are the ordinary everyday slight mistakes that must have happened to all of us," said Johnson-Clitheroe, "such as drinking

somebody else's beer, discovering just as we finish lighting our pipes that we are in a Ladies Only Non-Smoking carriage, and getting the tubes mixed and smearing our faces with tooth-paste instead of shaving-cream . . ."

"And chatting to people we've not met for years about things we did together when the world was young, and suddenly remembering that the fellow we were talking to wasn't the fellow we thought he was, but another fellow belonging to an entirely different period of our golden youth."

We mused thoughtfully, and a little fellow with a tooth-brush moustache bustled into the room.

"May I ask what you gentlemen are doing here?" he asked, looking at us with disfavour. "You are not members of this club, are you?"

"No," said Colonel Hogg, "but we are members of the New Radical, and we were told we could use the Red and White while our own is closed for re-decorating."

"This is the Red and Black," said the man with the tooth-brush moustache; "the Red and White is across the street."

Charivaria.

EVENTS in Egypt remind us that PHARAOH had no experience of a plague of students.

★ ★ ★

A Northampton motorist summoned for careless driving is alleged to have driven over a policeman's foot. A careful motorist always makes a detour round policemen's feet.

★ ★ ★

According to an expert more fish are caught when there is a full moon than at any other time. Romantic young men should remember this.

★ ★ ★

In view of an eminent doctor's assertion that influenza and alcohol produce the same effect, we are thinking of giving up influenza.

★ ★ ★

The accidental discovery, which is to be tested in hospitals, that grass contains properties beneficial to human beings is regarded as throwing a new light on NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

★ ★ ★

Members of a newly-formed association for motorists with good records are to have a badge with the motto "*Bene Merentibus*." Their cars will be known as merentibuses.

★ ★ ★

"What do you call a person who often speaks to total strangers?" asks a correspondent. A telephone-subscriber.

★ ★ ★

A Florida, U.S.A., merchant who insisted on singing songs throughout the night was shot at by a man-servant. Not every man can be a pierrot to his valet.

★ ★ ★

"Improved Homes for Soldiers' Wives," runs a headline. Better quarters for better halves, so to speak.

★ ★ ★

"There should be some sort of consolation prize for the losing team at the Cup Final," asserts a writer. How about a saucer?

★ ★ ★

A German writer expresses doubts as to whether the world was ever drowned. He seems to be one of those men who won't take NOAH for an answer.

★ ★ ★

One of our judges has ruled that fowls have a right in the road. This confirms what fowls seem to have known all along.

A specimen has been published of the type of finger-print which indicates musical talent. This can easily be verified by glancing at the piano-keys.

★ ★ ★

In view of a Russian inventor's claim that he has perfected a motor-cycle which travels over the snow on skis, it is expected that an attempt will be made to reach the Pole by pillion.

The Kneller?

READING the other day in *The Times* a paragraph headed "A Kneller Worked by 80 Women," I was reminded—who would not be?—of myriad tapestries that I had seen, not least the RAPHAEL cartoons at South Kensington, and, abroad, that vivid series at Aix-in-Provence of scenes from *Don Quixote*, and particularly of the Old Masters

which the famous Miss LINWOOD used to translate into needlework and which she displayed in her gallery in Leicester Square. To come to London a century ago and not visit Miss LINWOOD's Exhibition was shamefully to neglect the whole duty of the sight-seer. It was as important as the National Gallery and far more extraordinary. Old Masters in needlework! How many Old Masters in all Miss LINWOOD's busy patient hands reproduced, I cannot say, but a hundred used to be shown, of which the masterpiece was "Salvator Mundi," after CARLO DOLCI—those being the days when CARLO DOLCI was admired above his betters. I wonder where they are now, just as I wonder where the great canvases that we used to gaze at reverently in the Doré Gallery are now. The last of Miss LINWOOD's pictures was "The Judgment of Cain," upon which

she was engaged for ten years, finishing in 1829, in her seventy-fifth year. After this, I understand, she did no more, as her "eyesight failed."

Her "eyesight failed."

The words having no special message—not then—I fell to hoping again that Miss LINWOOD's pictures had not been allowed to perish, and wondered if some of the specimens that one occasionally sees in old curiosity-shops to-day were worked by her. But so much do they represent the activities of a time which seemed to be past for ever that it is not surprising that I was interested to read about the eighty women who have just reproduced a Kneller. An amazing revival, I thought. The wheel again come full circle.

And which Kneller? I asked myself; and was continuing to speculate when, looking again at *The Times* more closely for information, I realised that it ran, "A Kneeler Worked by 80 Women." So that's that.

Oculists, forward.

E. V. L.

QUEEN MARY.

"I trust that with God's help I may still be able to continue some part at least of the service which for forty-two years of happy married life we tried together to give to this great land and Empire."

The Queen's message to the Press, January 30.

If any voice of ours, if any song

Had made her seem in sorrow less alone

Whose sorrow stabbed more deeply than our own—

Widowed and mourning—if our love most strong

For him she helped and comforted so long

Had found an utterance worthy of the throne,

She listened to that grief: the words were known,

And all the tears of the uncounted throng:

And then, so great her kindliness of will,

Even amid her anguish bitter and keen

She turned to think about her people still.

She would not leave them lonely but be seen

Doing those tasks she only can fulfil.

Such was the gracious answer of the QUEEN.



BETTER THAN NOWT.

"DON'T GO DOWN THE MINE, DADDY."

"AYE, I WILL AN' ALL, LASSIE. T' EXTRA MONEY WON'T GO FAR, BUT T' PAPERS SAY 'IT'S THE BEST ATTAINABLE AND ONLY MADE POSSIBLE BY A SPONTANEOUS EXPRESSION OF PRACTICAL PUBLIC SYMPATHY.' SO NOW THA KNOWS!"



Eagle-eyed Mistress. "REBECCA, YOU HAVE OMITTED TO DUST 'A SOUVENIR FROM WORCESTERSHIRE'!"

Mr. Silvertop, Prophet.

I MADE bold to ask Mr. Silvertop whether he ever felt the urge to invent.

"If I does I smothers it good and 'ard," he replied darkly. "Inventing's like this 'ere folk-dancing—once it gets into the blood it seems to turn a man 'arf barmy. Once worked for a gent in the Patent Office, I did, and you wouldn't believe the things 'e told me sane-looking blokes used to bring in there. Electric machines for making tripe smooth on both sides and window-panes to make Camden Town look like the Alps was nothing. Inventing? No fear. I once 'ad a lesson I won't forget."

"What sort?" I asked.

"Well, some people I did odd jobs for moved out to a big 'ouse in the country, and every now and then they used to 'ave me down. Rich, they was.

'E was something posh in the City and weighed close on twenty stone, but always affable. About a year ago 'e gets 'old of me in 'Town, 'ands me the plans of a fire-escape 'e's invented, 'is wife being scared to bits of fire and on 'er way back from Australia, and tells me to get it made quick as I can and come down and put it up. I takes a look at them plans and I ses, 'See 'ere, this ruddysprocket 's going to jam when you're about 'arf-way down the outside of the 'ouse. It ought to go the other side.' 'Poppycock!' 'e replies. 'E couldn't say I 'adn't warned 'im, could 'e?

"It took a few weeks to get the parts cast, and when I'd put them together according to instructions I took the 'ole caboodle down to 'is 'ouse. There was a great box full of gears what bolted on to the bedroom wall, and a steel cable with a sling on the end what caught you under the arm-pits

—all made double-strength, neither of them being what you might call feather-weights.

"The next morning I gets everything fixed by about eleven, and nothing would satisfy the gent but 'e should try it straight away. 'Sure it's fixed in firm?' 'e asks. 'She'll pull the 'ouse down soon as give,' I answers, and with that 'e gets into the sling and pushes off. It was about forty foot to the ground, down a blind wall. 'E goes down a treat until 'arf-way, and then, just as 'ow I'd said, that perishing sprocket jams. 'Just free it, Silvertop, will you?' 'e calls up 'appily. I 'aves a shot, but of course it's 'opeless. Proper jammed, it was, with 'is weight on the end, and I 'ad to tell 'im so.

"I'll say this for 'im, 'e kept 'is temper something beautiful. 'What about a ladder?' I shouts down. 'It'll 'ave to be a sight longer than any we've got,' 'e ses. 'Phone the Fire

Brigade.' This I does, and I finds they're off somewhere on a farm-fire, so I leaves a message. When I comes back to the window and reports 'e ses, 'Crums! I've just remembered I've got to ring my stockbroker at eleven. It'll cost me five 'undred if I don't. You'll 'ave to put a longer wire on the phone without letting on to the P.M.G. and lower it down.' That takes a bit of time, but I manages it. Corlomme! 'E was a sight for sore eyes, swinging about on the end of that cable—for there was an 'ell of a wind blowing—and yelling into the phone for all 'e was worth about them bulls and bears and debenchers and suchlike. I 'ad to go inside and 'ave one with the butler to keep a straight dial.

"After that 'e gets through to Paris on big business. I reckon it was just as well there wasn't no television, for if the Frenchie sitting snug in 'is office at the other end could 'ave seen 'im, like a conker on a string, shouting 'Nong, nong' and 'Wee, wee,' 'e'd 'ave called the deal off.

"'Look 'ere, Silvertop,' 'e ses when 'e's finished, 'are you sure you can't

ease that there something sprocket?' 'Done my best,' I tells 'im, 'it's waste of good time. But I've got 'arf-a-dozen of the gardeners up 'ere, and if you'll catch 'old of this rope we'll see what we can do.' Well, three times we pulls 'im up as far as the window-sill, but not an inch further can we get 'im, and 'e was getting such a narsty purple with the effort that we 'ad to give up and wait for the Fire Brigade. 'E was fairly comfortable in 'is sling, after we'd lowered 'im a rug and an 'at and *The Times*.

"The next thing to 'appen was the arrival of the Vicar and three other gents to 'old a committee-meeting of the British Legion, of which 'e was Chairman. 'E laughed just as 'earty as they did, and you 'ad to 'and it to 'im for that. 'Come on, chairs for these gentlemen out in the drive,' 'e shouts, 'and sherry. And you can let me down a double.' Which we did. 'Cheero, you chaps!' 'e cries, catching their eyes. 'Cheero, old boy!' they shouts up, craning their necks. 'Ere's to the Fire Brigade.' After that they sits down and, the Secretary not being present,

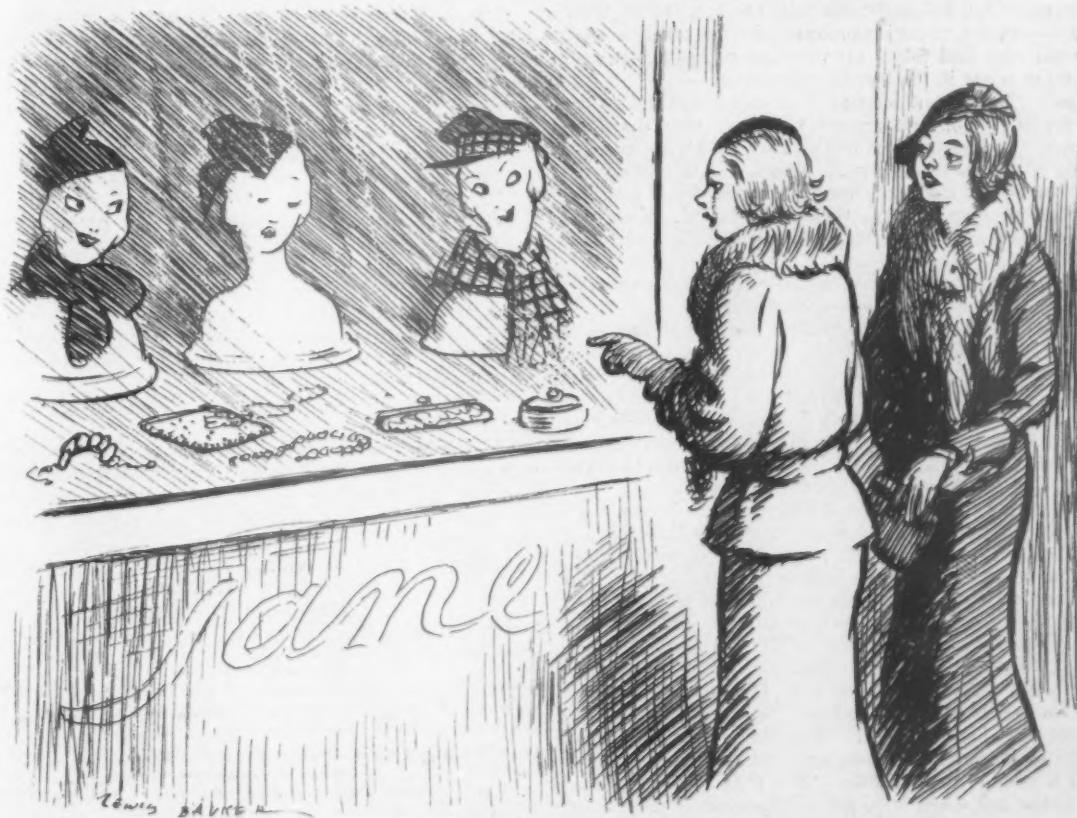
we lowers 'im down the minutes of the last meeting. 'E was just beginning to yell them out when at last the Fire Brigade arrives, bringing with them one of them concertina affairs on wheels. While they was fixing it my gent goes on reading the minutes to save time, though the rest of the Committee was too busy watching the firemen to listen much. It took some time to get everything ship-shape, then the 'ead fire-bloke 'e ses, 'Now, Sir, if you steps up we'll get you out of the 'arness.' And what do you think 'appened at that moment?"

"No idea," I said.

"That there sprocket, 'aving decided as 'ow it'd been jammed long enough, comes to life again, and about ten seconds afterwards my gent makes a perfect landing in the 'olly-bush underneath. Believe me," Mr. Silvertop assured me gravely, "'oo-ever said invention was the mother of the devil knew a thing or two." ERIC.

Our Helpful Contemporaries.

"You must go to Norfolk to see Norfolk." *Daily Paper.*



"I LIKE THE 'AT IN THE MIDDLE BEST, BUT P'RAPs THAT'S ONLY BECAUSE THE LADY LOOKS MORE REFINED."

Interview with Gaffer.

"CAN you tell me the way to Sluncombe?"

The aged gentleman sitting on the stile glanced up, took his short clay pipe out of his mouth, spat shrewdly and put the pipe back again, but otherwise gave no indication of having heard my question. I came a little closer.

"Can you tell me how to get to Sluncombe, please?" I repeated.

Still he made no sign. I went right up to him and, putting my mouth within three inches of what I took to be his ear, addressed him again.

"I want to go to Sluncombe," I roared. "SLUNCOMBE. S for Stupid, L for Lumbering, U for—U for—"

"I've eerd a many questions in my time," said the old man suddenly, turning upon me a look of such extreme displeasure that I instinctively leapt back a couple of paces; "ah, many an' many's the question I've 'ad put to me one way or t'other since the day I were born, an' never a one on 'em was any the better for bein' spoke over an' over agin. Leastways," he added, with crushing deliberation, "not as I knows on."

"I'm sorry," I said humbly. "I thought you didn't hear me the first time."

He seemed genuinely surprised.

"Didn't 'eer you?" he repeated. "An' why shouldn't I 'eer you? 'Tis quiet enough 'ere, an' it?"

I looked back at the little path I had come along and the peaceful fields on either side.

"Very quiet indeed," I admitted. "But you see I—well, as a matter of fact I thought you might be just the slightest bit dea—That is to say, I wondered whether perhaps—"

The old man had taken his pipe out of his mouth and was staring at me in obvious bewilderment.

"Deaf?" he said. "Me deaf? I an't never been deaf in all me life. You arst anyone you likes, they'll tell 'ee the same. Toothache I've 'ad, and 'whiles I've 'ad doctor in along o' me knees an' me stummick, but I've kep' me ears to meself an' they an't none the worse for it neether. I kin 'eer me own shadow, time I'm walkin'. You look arter yer own ears, young feller, an' I'll look arter mine."

He pulled at his pipe for a moment and then a thought seemed to strike him and he began to chuckle.

"So that's what you was a-hollerin' for, like an insterical wumman? I reckoned you was a mad chap—barmy-like, see?—bein' you couldn't talk natural an' quiet. Well, I be danged! Wotever med you think I were a deaf 'un?"

I explained with what dignity I could that his failure to answer my question promptly naturally led me to suppose he was rather hard of hearing. But it was obvious that the old man had never listened to such nonsense.

"Owver kin I answer 'ee straight off," he began, with the air of one who reasons with an unusually backward child, "when I don' know wot 'ee be goin' to arst me afore I 'eers 'ee speak? I got to 'ave time to think, an't I? I'm sittin' 'ere wi' me clay, resting me bones on this old stile, an' first I knows about it there's summon a-arstin' me 'ow 'e gotter go over to Slunkum. 'Ullo,' I ses to meself, 'ere's another o' these 'ere dratted young feller, melads lorst 'is way,' I ses. 'Dunno 'oo 'e is. Dunno where 'e come from. An' wants to go to Slunkum. Wot's 'e want to go to Slunkum for?' I arsts meself. 'Tis a tidy way to Slunkum,' I thinks to meself; 'and then agin' tidn't so far neether—not fur a young 'un,' I thinks. 'Not that 'e'll get nuthin' for 'is pains, not when 'e do get to Slunkum,' I thinks; 'so wot do 'e want to get to Slunkum for, that's wot I want to know? 'Owsomever,' I ses to meself, 'if so be as 'e do want

to get to Slunkum,' I ses—an' you a-bellerin an' a-screamin' in me ear'ole, mind, so's I kin 'ardly foller meself think—'if so be as 'e do want to get to Slunkum,' I ses to meself, 'why, then, let 'im go to Slunkum, and be danged to 'im!' I ses."

"You don't think much of Sluncombe then?" I put in mildly.

"Well, if 'e an't the 'astiest chap ever I see!" observed the old man to his pipe. "Never set eyes on me afore in 'is life, an' first 'e makes out I be deaf an' then 'e tells me I 'ates me own birthplace. Wotever will 'e—?"

"If you were born at Sluncombe," I said rather impatiently, "I should have thought you could tell me how to get there without all this trouble."

"If I knowed what 'ee wanted to go to Slunkum for, mebbe I could tell 'ee 'ow to get there. It arl depends. There be Upper Slunkum an' there be Middle Slunkum an' there be Little Slunkum. Leastways there were, but they be arl Slunkum now."

As a matter of fact I had seen Sluncombe on the map and thought it would be a good place to walk to from my hotel. But if I were to try to explain to this old fool that I merely wanted to walk there so as to be able to walk back again, I knew that his last doubts about my sanity would go. So on the spur of the moment I said that I wanted to see the church.

The information afforded the old man the utmost delight.

"An't never been a church at Slunkum, not in my time," he chuckled. "You'll 'ave to go over to Marblesham, bein' you're set on a church. An' if so be as you wants to get to Marblesham—"

"I know," I said. "If so be as I wants to get to Marblesham, why, then, let me go to Marblesham and be danged to me, you say. But, as it happens, I don't want to go to Marblesham; I want to go to Sluncombe. And if I can't see the church I shall see something else. I shall probably see the oldest inhabitant."

"That you won't," he said confidently.

"Why not?"

"'Cause 'e's dead."

"Oh," I said, somewhat dashed. "Then perhaps I shall be permitted to see the next oldest. Or is he dead too?"

"No, 'e an't dead neether. But it an't no manner o' use your goin' to Slunkum to see 'im—not to-day, any'ow. An' I'll tell 'ee for why: 'cause 'e 'appens to be sittin' on this 'ere stile at this very minute a-talkin' to a young mad chap wot thinks 'e's deaf and don't like 'is own birthplace. An' there y'are."

"I see," I said. "So it looks as if I needn't go to Sluncombe after all?"

"Not if you wants to see the secon' oldest in'abitant, you needn't. Because I be the secon' oldest in'abitant o' Slunkum, an' if so be as you wants to see me, why, 'ere I be. But wot I arsts meself is, wot do 'ee want to see the secon' oldest in'abitant o' Slunkum for?"

"I don't," I said bitterly. "I'm cured." H. F. E.

O Tempora! O Mores!

"All table decorations tend to be low, just now, and there is a great liking for all forms of troughs."—*Domestic Gossip*.

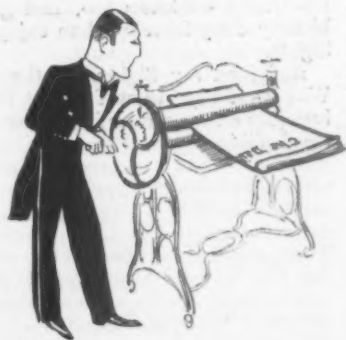
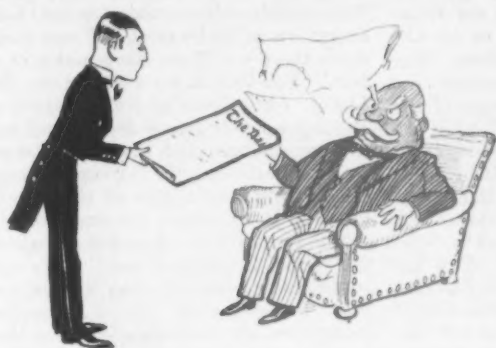
"In February, 1929, the beach at Whitstable resembled the Arctic regions, and the natives have never ceased to speak with awe and wonder of the time."—*Letter to Press*.

Now we know what makes an oyster talk.

"I am so very pleased indeed with your £1 parcel of undergarments, I am showing them to everyone round . . ."

Extract from Testimonial.

Isn't this carrying enthusiasm just a little too far?



THE CONTROVERSIAL NEWSPAPER.

Sportsman and King.

(Sandringham, January 20th.)

Now he has fallen asleep
Where he loved to be.
The high pines mourn on the heath,
The marsh reeds sigh to the sea;
A cock-pheasant calls from the woods,
A late thrush sings,
And the wild-duck flight at dusk
With the plaintive whisper of wings;
Over the bleak sea-wall
Their dark wings sweep.
In the lovely country he loved
He has fallen asleep.

Sights.

I HAVE twice visited Naples for a few hours, but have never seen Pompeii. "Is this a record?"

I have four times visited Ceylon but never travelled to Nuraliya. This, I know, is a record.

I have had two half-days in Lisbon, but declined to dash out to Estoril, to inspect the old Coaches, or visit Cintra. This was naughty. I have spent many days in Gibraltar but never "did" the rock-galleries. I have just spent a week in Madeira and never left the hotel-grounds, except to swim and book my passage home; never climbed the mountains by funicular or car, never descended them in one of the celebrated baskets on sledges. I must have missed hundreds of cathedrals in my time, thousands of picture-galleries, millions of excellent museums. I am disgraceful. In Berlin I did nothing but the Zoo; in Egypt I darned nearly missed TUTANKHAMEN, though I did the Pyramids and desert thoroughly. In Australia I wantonly avoided the Blue Mountains. At Honolulu I was in trouble because I cut the Naval Base and Canning Factories and went surfing instead. The other day I was at Coruña for a few hours and they could not get me ashore to see Sir JOHN MOORE's tomb; but I sat on deck in the sun and searched for it with magnifying-glasses.

In Jamaica I simply swam and swam and watched the humming-birds; and I never went for a Beautiful Drive if I could possibly avoid it. I don't think I saw many of the pictures at Madrid. I did Niagara Falls, but under duress. High mountains bore me. I am awful about "sights." What is the matter with me?

FREUD would know, I suppose.

It worries me. I feel that I do not deserve to travel about. Yet I enjoy myself travelling, and I work hard at my holidays. I will walk miles to find a famous café; I never miss an oppor-

tunity to plunge into a properly-warmed sea. I dance with vigour on the Equator and leap from my deck-chair to look at flying-fish or see the porpoises enjoying themselves. But cathedrals, mountains, museums . . . Can it be that I have no sense of the sublime?

No, they shall not say I am lazy. In the delicious island of Ceylon I twice did the long tour through the jungle to see the Lost Cities; but even there it was more the monkeys and the fire-flies and the elephants that drew me than the noble remnants of the Temples of Buddha and the admirable bits of ancient palaces. I went to see the Temple elephants bathing on a very hot day; I visited the jolly planters and studied the manufacture of tea; but they could not lure me up their lofty mountains to the enchanting Nuraliya of which they all talked so much.

They gave the oddest reasons for wanting me to go to Nuraliya. They said that up there it was blissfully cool, like England, and I should see nasturtiums and sweet peas growing. I said that I had not travelled to the tropics to be cool—I wanted to have a good sweat; nor had I sailed the seas for three weeks to see nasturtiums growing—we had them at Hammersmith. But I find this everywhere in the world. In Madeira the other day, when I was about to swim, they said that I ought to enter a motor-car and drive up through the clouds to the top of the mountains, where I should find that the air was sparkling—"like Scotland." I said "Good heavens!" and hurried into the sea.

I sympathize with our gallant exiles, who weary of being warm and, after years of palms, bananas and bougainvillea, delight to look upon a British pansy. But we swift visitors, who within a few weeks will be thawing our sponges again, are not to be attracted thus.

Especially, in my case, if the inspection of nasturtiums, Superb Views or waterfalls involves motor-drives along the edge of circuitous precipices. And I find, outside these shores, that nearly all sights do involve this. It is a most extraordinary thing—no matter where I land, the first thing the residents want to do is to put me in a motor-car and send me up a mountain or along very high cliffs. And I do dislike it so.

I think it was those alarming Canadian Rockies that destroyed my nerve for motor-mountaineering. We used to lurch along in a charabanc with one or two wheels over the edge of Dead Horse Canyon, many miles deep, and at all the hairpin—and unfenced—turns the driver would explain the statistics

of timber. In Ceylon, as you whizz along the *cud* (? *kud*) or cliff, your host explains about rubber or tea; but every few miles he says, "If you look down there you'll see the remains of a bus." You look down and you do. In Lisbon, forty yards of travel behind a Portuguese taxi-driver determined me to ignore Cintra (which I believe to be on a slight eminence); for the capital chap kept taking both hands off the wheel, lighting a cigarette, turning round, grinning radiantly and saying, "Inglees very good. Italiano no bon." It is my considered judgment that neither he nor the Jamaican driver (equally genial) has the smallest regard for the sanctity of human life. A man who deliberately goes to see a "sight" in their company is simply cheating the insurance companies.

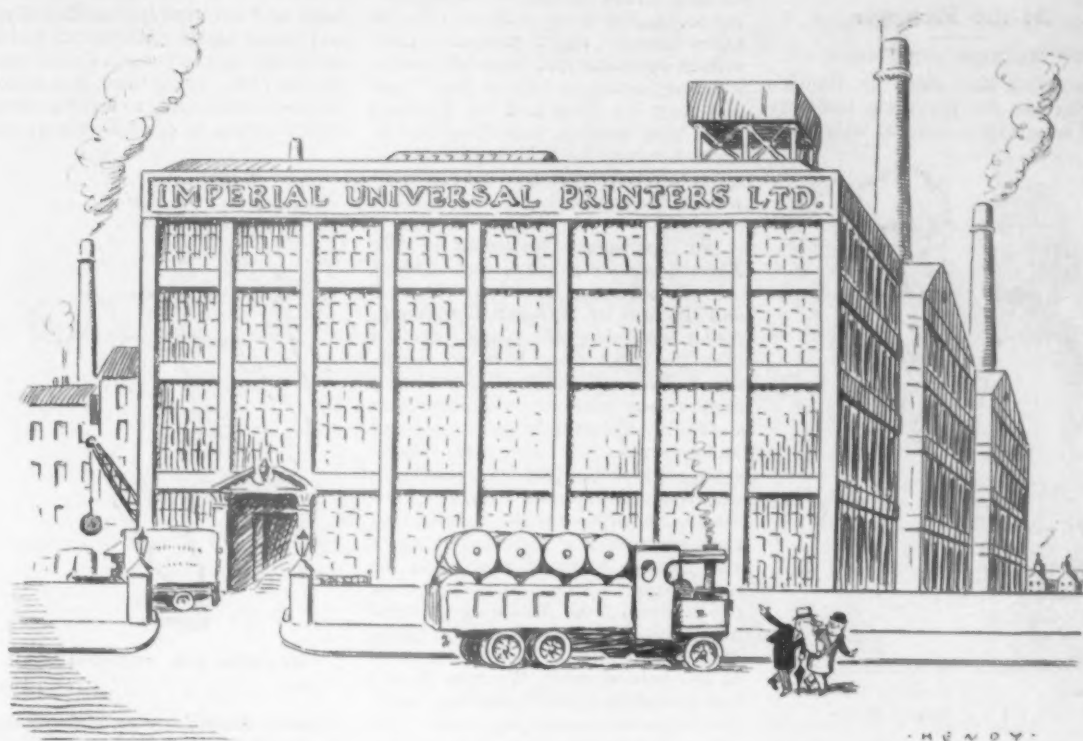
I suppose the truth is that residents do not realize how dangerous it is to see their sights, because when the drivers are driving "locals" they do not think it necessary to discuss timber or politics or make gestures of international friendship.

At all events, I always assume now that to see almost any foreign sight is tantamount to suicide by car; for it is sure to mean motoreering, and the guide will talk politics at Dead Bus Corner.

This, I admit, is seldom a very good excuse for missing cathedrals and museums, Blue Caves, mosques and botanical gardens.

It worries me. I feel wicked, as we steam away, thinking that I have missed the Sight, though I know very well that next time, unless we stay much longer, I shall miss the Sight again and sit on deck in the sun. It worries me; for I know how it pains good people if you fail to see their favourite Sight. It is hard to say why this should be so; for if they have seen it that, one would say, should content them. But I understand; indeed I have this noble weakness too, and grieve bitterly if my friends fail to enjoy my Sight.

But then my Sights are the best. Was I not right to surf-ride at Honolulu (the only morning I was there) instead of goggling at a Pineapple Canning Factory? Was I not right to go and view those extraordinary "apartments" at that hotel in Lisbon, thus missing cathedrals (if any), palaces and casinos? There are many of these in the world; but I never saw anything like those apartments. That spacious bathroom, with the Portuguese mosaic floor, and the Portuguese marble steps leading up to the sunken bath, crushed-strawberry in colour; concealed lights at the four corners, high up in ornate holders



"THEY LEFT OUT A PAIR OF INVERTED COMMAS IN MY LAST BOOK ON THUCYDIDES."

of, I presume, gold! It was more like an altar or a royal tomb. It was my idea of the Queen of SHEBA's bath and the film-fan's idea of the bath of MARLENE DIETRICH. And the rest of the suite was to match. There is a Sight, boys, if ever you visit Lisbon; and, if you are rich, you may actually hire the apartment and wash your ears in the strawberry bath, though I did not feel that anything so vulgar as washing would there be suitable.

But I still worry, I confess, about the cathedrals, the museums and the mountains. I must, I fear, be singularly lacking in sense of the sublime. Or am I just an unusually honest and strong-minded fellow?

A. P. H.

Anglophobia in the West Indies.

"Her husband, who came here from Canton five years ago, is not a British subject. He is regarded as a respectable man."

Jamaica Paper.

"WATERED MILK FINE."

Daily Paper.

À chacun sa goutte.

"With all her frocks Mrs. — has a trunk full of the newest hats—little natural burnished stray sailors . . ."—Melbourne Paper.
All handsome men are slightly sunburnt.

Interesting Infants.

(With apologies to Edgar Allen Poe.)

HEAR the voices of the Trips—
Pretty Trips!
What a strange cacophony of sound
comes from their lips!
They're so merry and so bright
In the darkest hours of night.
Watch their parents walk the floor—
There they go;
Up and down, like Polar bears, from
one till four,
To and fro,
Till they flop,
Till they drop.
For you never knew such rips,
Till you learn to come to grips
With the Trips, Trips, Trips,
With the Trips, Trips, Trips—
With the merciless and devastating
Trips.

See the pictures of the Quads—
Lucky Quads!
There they are, all four of them, alike
as peas in pods.
See, the quartet proudly sits,
On the front of *Daily Bits*—
Playing on the garden path,
Or perhaps
They are seated in the bath,

While their Nannie, tall and slender as
a lath,
Turns the taps.
Life's a dream;
Life's a scream.
They're the darlings of the gods,
And Dame Fortune smiles and nods
At the Quads, Quads, Quads,
At the Quads, Quads, Quads—
At the trusting unsophisticated
Quads.

Hear the story of the Quins.
Hello, Quins!
They were born in Poland, though their
parents both were Finns.
How they scream in sheer delight
In the middle of the night
From their tiny infant throats!
And the sound
Of the penetrating notes
Can be heard throughout the dwelling,
where it floats
All around.
How they moan,
How they groan
When they feel the safety-pins
Sticking in their little shins;
You can hear the shrieks of anguish
Of the Quins, Quins, Quins,
Of the Quins, Quins, Quins—
The yelling and the screaming of the
Quins.

At the Pictures.

DU MAURIER AND DUMAS.

IT is a long time since Mr. Punch's own GEORGE DU MAURIER, suddenly turned imaginative novelist after being



A CALF QUARREL.

Mimsey VIRGINIA WEIDLER.
Gogo DICKIE MOORE.

for so many years merely a satirical draughtsman with a remarkable gift for trenchant legends under his drawings, contributed to *Harper's Magazine* a story called *Peter Ibbetson* and thus inaugurated his second reputation. When was it? As long ago, I fear, as 1890; and those whose memories go back so far will probably do wisely to avoid the film which has been made out of that romance, because they will find in it so little that they once treasured. For it has been Americanised. *Gogo* is a peevish American boy, *Mimsey* a cantankerous American girl, neither of whom seems likely to grow into the devoted lover of the other; while *Peter* is the famous adventurous screen-star, GARY COOPER, of whom it has become difficult to think as a bruised convict living a dream life with *Mimsey* the mature. Almost everything that GEORGE DU MAURIER, the intangible capricious "KIKI," stood for, will be missed; but most of all that lovely dominating giantess, the *Duchess of Towers*, as she appeared in his illustrations—a type of *grande dame* to which the rather squat person of ANN HARDING never even approximates.

This is not to say that *Peter Ibbetson*

on the screen makes an uninteresting story, for there is much that we follow intently, and it contains a marvellous explosion and landslide, which it is bewildering to believe that GARY and ANN (or *Peter* and his *Duchess*) could ever survive; but those who in their loyalties keep a separate and special niche for GEORGE DU MAURIER will be disappointed.

The last screen treatment of *The Three Musketeers* that I saw was a silent one, played, among others, by "DOUG," and devised by EDWARD KNOBLOCK. And I remember then being surprised that the road from Paris to Calais, which I always think of as rather a monotonous route, should have been so rich in hill and dale and forests and watercourses. At the new talking version which has just been produced, with WALTER ABEL as *d'Artagnan*, I felt the same surprise—the same except that there was more of it. But Mr. KNOBLOCK and DOUG attempted more than the new adaptor, who has concentrated on the recovery from Miladi of the vital diamonds. In so doing he has simplified DUMAS' magnificent story almost out of recognition, while WALTER ABEL's impersonation of the roystering boastful Gascon seems curiously tame. The *Athos* of PAUL LUKAS and the *Porthos* of MORONI OLSEN have far more personality and spice, and I think that the Musketeers' Chorus which they sing is the best thing in the film. *M. de Treville*, played by LUMSDEN HARE, is an excellent character; and the *Richelieu*



d'Artagnan (WALTER ABEL) to *Richelieu* (NIGEL DE BRULIER).
"SAY, CARD., GET YOUR HAIR WAVED."

of an actor named NIGEL DE BRULIER—not mentioned in the programme—is a scheming Cardinal indeed, but I doubt if his "men" were invariably spitted whenever they and the Musketeers came to sword-play. Surely a Cardinal's man now and then prevailed?

A gayer and more irresponsible

new picture is that called *Coronado*, a brisk and entertaining medley of song and dance and foolishness, in which a newcomer, or new to me, named JOHNNY DOWNS (who, in the film, is a millionaire's son pretending to be a vaudeville-artist) strives to combine the galvanic



MAKING HIS POINT CLEAR.

Athos PAUL LUKAS.

steps of FRED ASTAIRE and the mellifluous if lugubrious notes of BING CROSBY and succeeds fairly well: and there is a jovial sailor named *Chuck*, played by JACK HALEY, who smiles and smiles and is a comfort. But the best thing in *Coronado* is *Dad* (played by LEON ERROL), a drunken old-timer of the stage, who not only lures the millionaire to drive an ancient car into the sea but confuses a company of Beauties by his cannibalistic gyrations. A really funny lunatic. E. V. L.

So Differently in America.

Attabo University,
U.S.A.

January, 1936.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—We read your paper over here, but the flavour of the articles is sometimes too English for an American palate.

With this in mind, I submit the following synopsis of a short story of university life in America, which I am only too willing to enlarge on request. The episodes are authentic and the characters drawn from life, but the names have been altered to avoid giving pain to relatives.

I am, etc., CONSTANT WRITER.



AT THE ROMAN WALL.

Centurion. "YES, I FIND THESE SCOTS PRISONERS VERY USEFUL FOR SPEEDING-UP MY TROOPS ON A FORCED MARCH."

THE SWEETHEART OF THE CAMPUS.

Hiram P. Hookins is a husky sophomore, with a high "Z" (Zest) content, studying philosophy and military strategy at Brownville University. He is attacked by a gang of hoodlums for refusing to join in the college yell at the "Boo Gibbstown" meeting on the university campus on the eve of the football match against that great university.

Nosegay Wanamaker, a blonde co-ed freshette, with a high intelligence quotient, comes to the rescue and bangs the assailants over the heads with her half-finished thesis (ten thousand pages on "Emotional Values in Work Relief"). The cops hold the hoodlums.

"Thanks a great deal," says Hiram.

"You're entirely welcome," replies Nosegay, and as she gazes into his starry eyes they recognise each other as the sharers of the lowest place for two years in Grade 8 at Jonesburgh High, way down Tennessee, their old home.

"I'd like to pursue this meeting further," says Hiram.

"There is a phonograph concert of BEETHOVEN'S Eighth Symphony in Room 5746 to-night," replies Nosegay. "Meet me there after the lecture on 'Sex Repressions in Seaweed.'"

Ed Schwartzbungler, editor of the

university magazine, big drum in the college band, and part-time barber at the university beauty-shop, sits behind them at the concert.

He has long admired Nosegay, and has often put extra pep into her perm.

To belittle Hiram and Nosegay in each other's eyes, he decides to report Hiram for smoking at the concert—a serious offence—and to accept no more of Nosegay's "Cosmetic Notes" for the university magazine.

The college authorities take a grave view of Hiram's breach, but, undaunted by Ed's action, Nosegay starts a university magazine of her own, *The Powder-Puff*.

In a colourful speech she rebukes the University President for his narrow-minded treatment of Hiram.

A generous sum of ten thousand dollars has been donated to the University Improvement Scheme by the proprietors of the Wiskerwitz Shaving Cream. Ed Schwartzbungler has been secretly negotiating to spend this sum, plus two half-backs, for the purchase of Farragut McSicker (a tough guy from the hick college of Jack and Jill) for the forward line of the university football squad in time for the great clash. The practice of trading players is frowned on by the college authorities, a highbrow bunch of folks who disapprove of permitting athletic prowess

to count in scholarship examinations. Farragut McSicker has scored more touch-downs than any other player in years, but he has difficulty in satisfying his mathematical professors, and for two semesters he has not succeeded in getting a grade in long division.

Hiram reveals Ed's plot to the authorities. At the great football match he saves the game for Brownville by leaping into the stadium and preventing the crowd from removing the goal-posts. Hiram is slated to appear in quiz before the College President, who rewards him for his public-spirited behaviour by okaying his pardon, and Hiram is made second cheer-leader to the university team.

It is decided to set aside part of the Wiskerwitz appropriation for the purchase of a superhet radio for the university (thereby enabling the *alumni* to listen to ads. on eight different stations), and the rest for the building of a new entrance-gate to be known as the Psychiatric Approach.

After Nosegay has vainly tried to adjust him to his environment, Ed Schwartzbungler continues his career of jealousy-fanned crime, and is last heard of drinking himself to death on four-per-cent. port.

The lovers are married, but like all good Americans, they go back to school.

More Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club.

From Miss Gwendoline Makepeace, Love-in-the-Mist Cottage, Roughover.

Monday, 30th December, 1935.

DEAR MR. WHELK,—Something terrible has happened. While my cook (Mrs. MacStue) was taking the short-cut to Roughover this morning across the sixteenth fairway, her dog (Kelpie) was deliberately stoned from behind a gorse-bush by two juvenile members of the Club—Master Peter Little and Master Robin Badger.

Now, Mr. Whelk, this is a dreadful thing to happen and almost mediæval, for although the dog (it is like a son to her) was not hit, Cook comes of a very respectable Forfarshire family, and she has told me that unless the boys apologise she will give me notice. And, Mr. Whelk, troubles never come singly, as I have my sister (the difficult one) coming to stay on the 17th of next month. So will you please do something about the apology immediately?

Yours in great trouble,
GWENNIE MAKEPEACE.

From Mrs. Little, Rosemary House, Roughover.

Thursday.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter has astounded me. Peter has just told me he wouldn't dream of doing any such thing as stone a poor dumb animal; and you will see how perfectly ridiculous your accusation is when I tell you that he has never lied to me or done anything unkind since the day he was born.

Under these circumstances it is Mrs. MacStue who should send me a letter of apology, so that my son's character may be cleared.

Yours faithfully,
LUCINDA LITTLE.

P.S.—Peter's report from school arrived only this morning. His House-master says he "never does anything by halves, and will make good one day;" which only bears out what I have said.

From Robin Badger, 3, Links Road, Roughover.

3rd January, 1936.

DEAR MR. WHELK,—Daddy was very cross about your letter and has told me that I must reply myself.

Well, it was me and Peter all right, but we were not stoning Kelpie; it was Mrs. MacStue—because she sneaked to Peter's mother last hols. over our taking a few measly strawberries from Miss Makepeace's garden.

Hoping this letter will do; but Daddy says I am not to apologise as Miss Makepeace is an old busybody and only wants to get him into trouble because he once told her what he thought of her for keeping him waiting on one of the tees.

from ROBIN BADGER.

From Miss Makepeace, Love-in-the-Mist Cottage, Roughover.

Monday, 6th January, 1936.

DEAR MR. WHELK,—Your most unsatisfactory letter received, telling me to try to induce Mrs. MacStue to

Whoever it was, see that you put the matter right without delay, or there will be trouble.

Yours sincerely,

ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

P.S.—I wish you a Happy and Prosperous New Year, but very much doubt if you will have one.

From Mrs. Little, Rosemary House, Roughover.

Tuesday.

DEAR SIR,—I have your letter of yesterday's date, and note that Robin Badger has told you that my Peter did actually throw stones. Robin Badger is a nasty little tell-tale and is a very wicked and dishonest boy; but in any case the matter must now be dropped as Peter has gone to stay with his uncle in Belfast.

Even if he had been throwing stones, I would not let him apologise. Miss Makepeace is an old cat, and you are something far worse.

Yours faithfully,

LUCINDA LITTLE.

P.S.—I met Mr. Badger (Robin's father) in the street to-day, and you would be surprised at the things he said about you.

From Miss Makepeace, Love-in-the-Mist Cottage, Roughover.

Wednesday, 8th January, 1936.

DEAR MR. WHELK,—My sister is coming a day earlier, and Cook has been threatening to pack her trunk all

afternoon. Unless you can do something immediately I shall resign from the Club.

Yours sincerely,

GWENNIE MAKEPEACE.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., Captain Roughover Golf Club.

8/1/36.

SIR,—What the devil are you playing at? Miss Makepeace came round to my house before breakfast to-day about that dam cook of hers and, before she had done, called me a dirty old fox and the Club a nest of vipers.

Kindly note that you will go to her house on receipt of this letter and apologise to Mrs. MacStue in person. The way you mismanage things is almost incredible.

Yours faithfully,
ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.



"IF YOU MUST KNOW, I'M GETTING THE RIGHT ATMOSPHERE FOR MY NEW BOOK 'ACROSS THREE OCEANS IN A TEN FOOT BOAT'."



"BEIGE IS KINDER TO MODOM THAN CERISE."

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., Captain Roughover Golf Club.

10/1/36.

SIR,—I have received your letter containing a point-blank refusal to do as I tell you in terms of my letter of the 8th.

You can therefore consider yourself sacked.

Yours faithfully,
ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

Telegram from Mrs. Whelk (his mother), from London.

HAVE BEEN REGISTRY OFFICE AS REQUESTED ONLY ONE COOK AVAILABLE 16TH BUT CULINARY ACCOMPLISHMENTS APPEAR END AT BREAD AND MILK AND BOILED EGGS SHALL I DISPATCH FROM MOTHER.

From Mrs. MacStue, Cook to Miss Makepeace.

13/1/36.

DEAR SIR,—Well, Sir, your letter give me a turn and no mistake, but Sir don't fash yourself about getting the

cook for mistress as you was writing about, for Sir it will be all right and I will not now be wanting an apology. My wanting one was all along of my rheumatiz which has been powerful bad along of these snell days, but Sir I have been taking salts recent and am feeling better.

In conclusion Sir no one knows more than me that Boys will be Boys having five grown sons all in good employment. Wishing you a Happy New Year.

I am, Yours Respectfully,
AGGIE MACSTUE.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., Captain Roughover Golf Club.

14/1/36.

MY DEAR WHELK,—I am glad that you fixed up the row, but am extremely annoyed to hear that you have actually had the audacity to take my giving you the sack seriously.

Kindly note that if you dare leave the Club there will be trouble. Surely you are not going to sacrifice your future happiness because a couple of boys

have flung a few pebbles at a disagreeable and witless old cook?

Yours sincerely,

ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

P.S.—There are times when I am almost persuaded that you do not like being Secretary of Roughover.

P.S.2.—Come and have dinner with me this evening at 8 o'clock. My wife is up in Town and we can have a good "go" at the white port you likeso much.

G. C. N.

"How can I add a round yoke to the low neck of a dress?"—Letter to Daily Paper.

How about breaking an egg over it?

"Godwit in Garden."

Nature Column.

A lovesome thing, Godwot.

"It will be remembered, too, that I foretold that our hats would be smaller. They are.

Several milliners have flocked into half-measures and are making half-hats."

Daily Paper.

They will not, however, charge half-prices for them.



DOING THE HONOURS.

"Oh, Mrs. Browne, I forget—have you met my brother?"

"I Have Before Me as I Write."

(With apologies to all autobiographers.)

WHEN I went out in 1901
To fill a post in Cairo,
My Public Work had just begun
And I was but a tyro.
A rather sleek and oily sheikh,
Whom I'd annoyed a trifle,
Declared that he was tired of
me
And promptly raised his rifle;
But, luckily, the wound was
slight—
A graze upon my carcase . . .
I have before me as I write
That metal-lined cigar-case.

When I went out in 1906
To quell a native riot,
The devils tried some dirty tricks
To keep the British quiet.
A stealthy black approached my
back
While I was taking tiffin
And raised on high his assegai
To "do big English stiff in;"

But, luckily, Gillespie-White
Perceived the brute was near . . .
I have before me as I write
That nearly fatal spear.

When I went out in 1910
To ginger up Bermuda,
A score or so of angry men
Said, "Who is this intrudah?"
The hostile group put in my
soup
A deadly kind of venom
Designed to still and then to kill
The author (Major Denham);
But, luckily, my guest that night
Was Dr. Humphrey Purvis . . .
I have before me as I write
That famous dinner-service.

When I went out in May, '19,
To tour remote Australia,
The P.M. said, "I'm more than
keen
Your trip won't be a faliah."

With grit and push I probed the
Bush
And met the toughest rangers;
My hearty laugh and witty chaff
Soon made us far from strangers.
At last they said (as well they
might),
"A parting gift we'll choose . . ."
I have before me as I write
That brace of kangaroos.

When I went out in '22
To dine with Lady Porter,
I fell in love (and so would you)
With Maud, her eldest daughter.
In '23 she married me
With awnings at Westminster;
But soon she said she wished instead
That she'd remained a spinster.
She found my house "a perfect
sight!"
And full to overflowing . . .
I have before me as I write
A wife who'll soon be going.



THE TRAVELLER-KING.

MR. PUNCH. "OUR CONFIDENCE IN YOU, SIR, IS UNBOUNDED: AND ALL THE MORE BECAUSE YOU KNOW *THIS* BETTER THAN ANY SOVEREIGN THAT HAS EVER REIGNED OVER US."





"OF COURSE, WHEN IT GETS REALLY COLD THEY'LL BECOME TAMER."

Mr. Porter Does the Filing.

Mr. Chudleigh pushed his pile of books through the door, steered it across the room and dropped it heavily on the table by the window.

"My own room's impossible to work in," he said, sitting down and spreading the books out in front of him, "what with some infernal workman hammering somewhere overhead and bits of plaster falling off the ceiling."

Sidney, taking all this to be a hint, banged his rubber-stamp twice more and stopped. For perhaps a minute we sat in an eerie silence. Then there was a clattering outside and the door burst open. It was Mr. Porter.

"I want some work," he began.

Mr. Chudleigh looked at him. His lips moved.

"All right," Mr. Porter went on. "It isn't my idea. I was perfectly happy upstairs till old Harbottle told me to go and do something useful."

"Fourpence and carry nineteen," said Mr. Chudleigh, writing it on his blotting-paper. "Now you leave that chair alone. It's all right as it is."

"I wasn't going to mend it," said Mr. Porter, putting it down opposite

Mr. Chudleigh. "I'm going to file those papers in Sidney's tray. Mr. Harbottle's suggestion," he explained as he sat down and emptied the tray over the table.

Mr. Chudleigh brushed one of the papers off his sleeve and went on with his adding.

"What do I do now?" Mr. Porter asked Sidney. "I'm never certain what it means when you say you file a thing."

"You'd better just put them alphabetically, Mr. Porter," said Sidney. "You see, you take the name of the person the letter's from, Mr. Porter. First A, you see—"

"And then B. I know," said Mr. Porter. "Well, that's easy enough. I shall put all the papers in a tidy heap and grasp them in the left hand. Then with the other—or right—hand I shall take each letter, bill or what-not out in alphabetical order. What a lot of bills, by the way. Months old, too."

Mr. Chudleigh started violently.

"Sorry," Mr. Porter said. "I was wrong. Receipts. They've got things stuck on at the bottom."

Mr. Chudleigh said nothing, but it was obvious that he had lost his place

and was beginning again at the top of the column.

"No," said Mr. Porter indistinctly. He was holding several letters in his teeth. "This is not the way. I haven't got anything like enough fingers." He shuffled all the papers together again. "Now, this is what I shall do. I shall still grasp them in the left hand, but I shall deal them out into different heaps. One for A—there. One for K—about there, I should think. Hullo! Here's someone called Smith Hastings. What shall I do about that?"

"It's perfectly simple," said Mr. Chudleigh. "In a case where a name is a double name with a hyphen one counts it as beginning with the first letter of the first name."

"But there isn't a hyphen and it's just printed across the top of the paper, so that it might be two people, Smith and Hastings, or it might be just one man called Hastings whose Christian name was Smith. Though that's not likely. Or it might be—"

"I suppose it hasn't occurred to you to look at the signature?" said Mr. Chudleigh.

"I thought of that," Mr. Porter said. "But I can't read it."

Mr. Chudleigh ran his finger round



"EXTRAORDINARY THING; IF THERE'S ANYTHING WITHIN A MILE OF ME, I ALWAYS SEEM TO HIT IT—DOESN'T MATTER WHAT IT IS."

his collar. "Sidney," he said, "this room is totally airless. Please open the window at the top."

Sidney fetched the boat-hook to pull the window down. "Sorry, Mr. Chudleigh," he said as he knocked some of the books on to the floor with the other end of the pole.

Mr. Chudleigh found his place again. There was a silence.

"Snap!" shouted Mr. Porter.

Mr. Chudleigh jumped and knocked another book off the table.

"Sorry," said Mr. Porter. "But I've just got another Appleton. Three's my record so far. Three Joneses. I——" he stopped suddenly.

Mr. Chudleigh looked up. "What are you staring at me for?"

"I'm not staring at you," Mr. Porter answered. "I'm gazing into the middle-distance and wondering whether I'm going to sneeze or not."

Mr. Chudleigh stood up and shut the window with a jerk.

"I'm not," said Mr. Porter.

"Not what?"

"Not going to sneeze. I couldn't let you know sooner, or I'd have told you not to bother about the window." And he stood up and opened it again.

"Another Jones," he went on, picking up his papers. "Two at Potters Bar and two at Basingstoke. Do you know, until I was fourteen I thought Basingstoke was in Lincolnshire."

Mr. Chudleigh put his pen down. "This is too much," he said. "Are you suggesting that Basingstoke is in Lincolnshire?"

"I didn't say that. I said I used to think it was. I know perfectly well it's in Hants. Why, you can't move anywhere in Hampshire without hitting up against Basingstoke. I was only mentioning it because it was rather funny that right up till when I was fourteen——"

Mr. Chudleigh clutched at his hair. "It may strike you as still funnier to hear that I'm just starting to add up this column yet again. This time I was at the bottom line but one. If you think of anything else funny, let me know."

There was another silence.

"Here's something else funny," said Mr. Porter. "Here's a letter beginning 'Dear Mr. Harbottle.'"

Mr. Chudleigh stood up. "Why do you think I came in here?" he asked.

"I was wondering," said Mr. Porter.

"I mean, if you wanted to be *quiet*, why come in here? Why not stay in your own room?"

"Because there was someone making a deafening noise with a hammer exactly over my head."

"Could you hear it too?" asked Mr. Porter. "Old Harbottle said it deafened *him*. That's why he suggested I should do the filing. I was fixing a floorboard."

Mr. Chudleigh collected his books into a pile, steered himself across the room and opened the door. There was a sudden gust of wind.

"Oh, well," said Mr. Porter, collecting his papers from the floor and stuffing them back into the tray, "I was getting rather sick of filing, anyway. I don't suppose Harbottle would mind if I went upstairs again and finished that floorboard."

King's Custody?

"Burglars Take Silk."—*Daily Paper*.
But only, they will say, in self-defence.

"The Mission will close with a Pie Supper, and we appeal to all our friends for their prayers and support."—*Church Paper*.
You never know with a pie, do you?

Translations from the Ish.

XIX.—UNFORTUNATE JUXTAPOSITION.

EVERY time I see the name of LES
ALLEN,

Some disrespectful goblin
Thrusts into my mind the title
Of a gloomier, imaginary band-leader:

"Les Miserables
And His Saxophone Seven."

XX.—LIBEL.

At the New Year
The coal-merchant started afresh,
With clean slate.

XXI.—A FANCY.

"Occasionally,"
Said the writer of leading articles,
"I cheer myself
With the thought of BACON, to-day,
Composing straight away on the type-
writer

Five hundred words in twenty minutes,
With a boy sniffing at his side
Ready to dash away with the result
And bring back

In one hand a damp proof whereon
Every punctuation-mark
Has already been altered by the
printer's reader,

And in the other hand a Memorandum
From the Editor,
Telling him to avoid words
That send the housewife to the diction-
ary."

XXII.—OF COURSE.

We may not be so presumptuous
As to assume that we ourselves
Are going to Heaven,

But our taste is impeccable:
We know exactly who else is.

XXIII.—THE COST OF LIGHT.

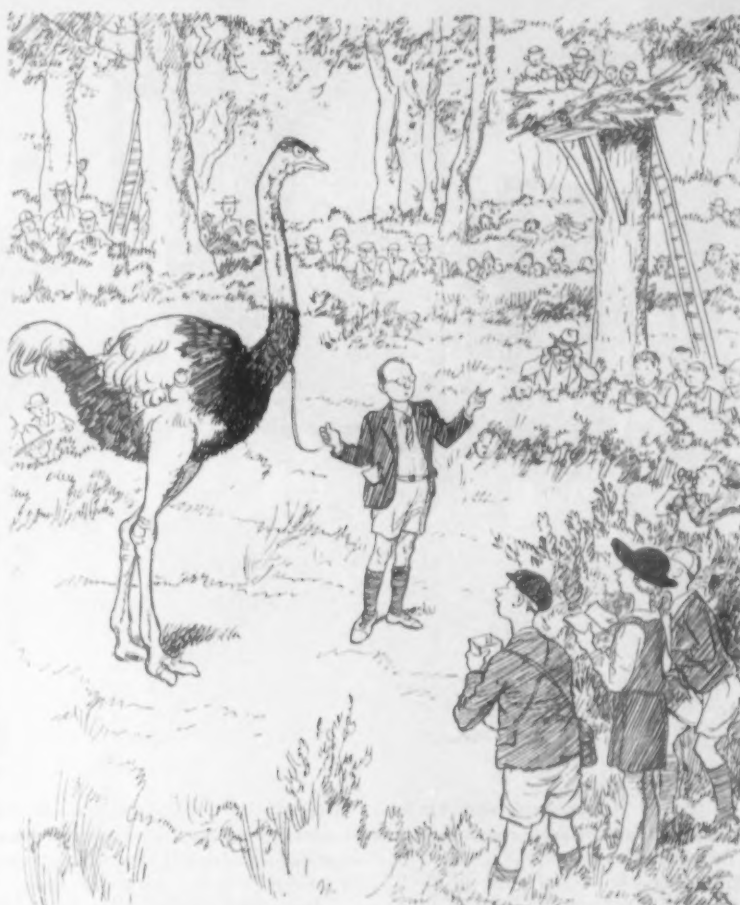
After the installation in his house
In a prominent position
Of a new electricity meter
Wherein a gleaming pocked disc
Could be plainly seen turning, fast or
slow,
According to the number of lights in
use,

Mr. Smith,
Who had been suffering from lack of
sleep,
Became noticeably healthier.

XXIV.—PRETTY COOL.

What annoys many an average reader
Of aphorisms

Is that they should be written
Without any indication
Of how clever he is to be understanding
them.



EDUCATION NOTES.

BIRD-WATCHING CLASS FOR BEGINNERS.

XXV.—OUT OF STEP.

I never yet bought a newspaper
From a brisk street vendor
But I had to shake it out
And go to work on it all over again,

Because
That just doesn't happen
To be the way I fold my papers.

XXVI.—SPECIALITY.

"In the United States,"
Said the old gentleman sadly,
"They probably think by now
That exactitude or precision in
speech
Is a prerogative of butlers."

XXVII.—MANUFACTURED EVIDENCE.

Late in life,
Wishing to provide himself with a lurid
past,
He had his chest tattooed with

Various
Regrettable
Designs.

XXVIII.—SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

The Ish Traveller will see
In English post-offices
A notice:

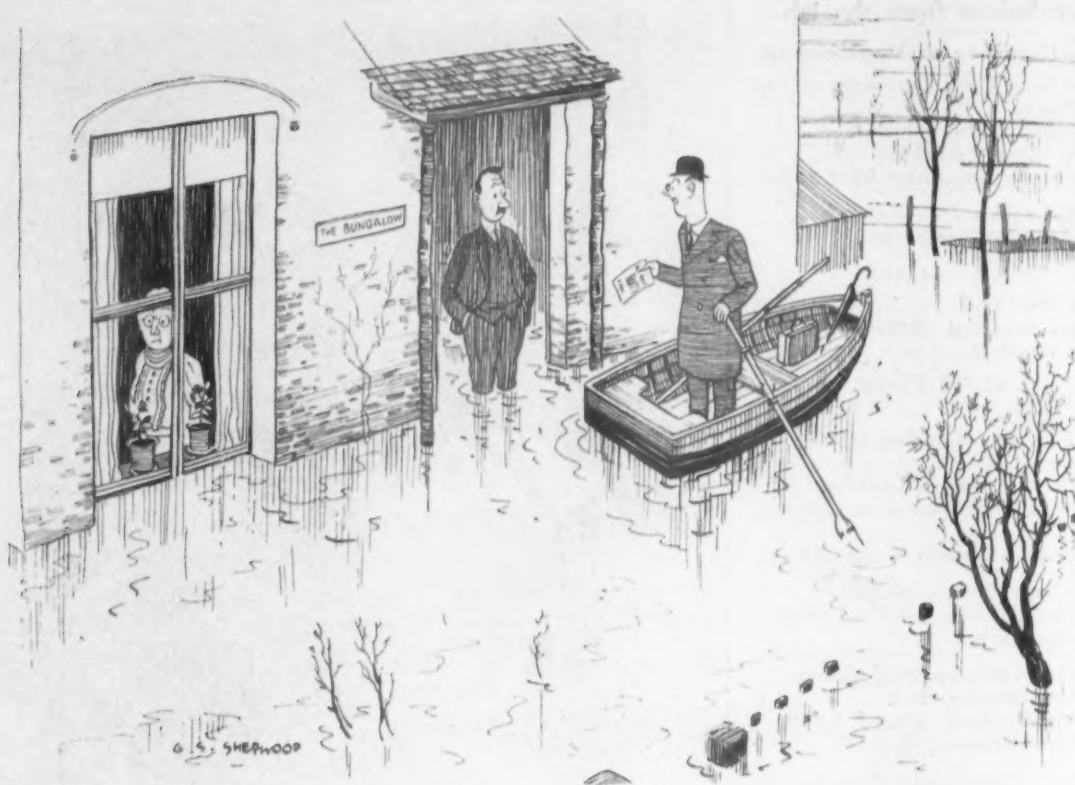
"The Postmaster is Neither Bound to
Give Change,
Nor Authorised to Demand it."

I think with astonishment
Of the Postmaster
Stuck there motionless, silent, at his
counter.

It always seems a kind of *impasse* to
me.

XXIX.—CASE FOR THE EAGLE EYE.

The subtlety of modern life
Grows more oppressive.
Constant vigilance is necessary.



"I REPRESENT THE 'ALL-DRY' BOAT AND PUNT COMPANY, SIR. MAY I TAKE YOU FOR A TRIAL NOW?"

A newspaper,
Explaining what to look for in
A "What's-Wrong-With-This-Pic-
ture?" competition,
Says:

"For instance,
A Crusader would not raise his helmet
to a lady,
Or wear tennis-shoes." R. M.

As Others Hear Us.

The Sympathisers.

"THE poor, poor Johnsons!"
"Frightful, isn't it? I've never
heard of such a series of misfortunes.
First one thing and then another. I
couldn't stop thinking about them
after I heard."

"I lay awake till one o'clock this
morning wondering what I could do for
them. In fact I heard the clock strike
a quarter-past. Everyone says I worry
far too much about my friends—but
I'm afraid it's the way I'm made."

"Ah! worrying doesn't really help
matters. Now I'm one of those tire-
some practical people whose impulse is
always to do something. Whenever I

hear of some dreadful tragedy my very
first impulse is to dash to the spot."

"In a way, though one knows so
well how deeply we all feel for the poor
dear Johnsons, this is really almost
worse for me than it is for them. You
see, I know them so well—I've always
been exactly like one of the family—
so naturally it's all most terribly
upsetting for me. I've been wondering
if I oughtn't to leave everything and
go to them for the next few days, just
to cheer them up. If it wasn't for my
wretched health I shouldn't hesitate.
Nobody knows what my neuralgia's
like."

"I always think neuralgia must be
so dreadful. Rather like my recurrent
influenza. It comes and it goes, and
then it comes again and goes again,
and then—if you'll believe me—it
actually comes and goes again. The
doctors think I'm a completely unique
case. They simply can't understand
why I'm up and about at all. 'You
ought to be in bed,' they say."

"Ah! that reminds me of what
happened to me in Ceylon once. It
was at a party, and some very dis-
tinguished French visitors were being
entertained, and oddly enough nobody

except myself could speak a word of
French. So that I simply had to enter-
tain them the whole afternoon. It
was too absurd. But there it was—
nobody else seemed to know a word
of anything but English. I mean, of
course, I suppose they knew a few words
here and there, but not to speak
fluently."

"That's like the dancing-class I
take the children to. My Betty
happens to be the *only* child there who
does the Irish jig properly. Just
chance, of course. But I couldn't
help being amused when I heard her
being called out to show the rest of
the class how it ought to be danced."

"I shall never forget a ridiculous
thing that happened to me just the
other day. A woman I scarcely know
at all came straight up to me and asked
me to tell her *where* I had my hair
permanently waved. She really hardly
believed me when I told her it was
absolutely natural."

"People are so funny, aren't they?
I was mistaken for GLADYS COOPER
the other day. I distinctly heard some
people say, 'Look, there's GLADYS
COOPER!' just as I went past. As a
matter of fact it's happened before, so

I suppose there must be some kind of ridiculous likeness."

"How difficult it is to account for things like likenesses! I'm rather interested in abstract questions of that kind; it's the contrast to my *intensely* practical life, I suppose. Someone said to me, not so very long ago, they couldn't think how I got through such quantities and quantities of work. Do you know what I answered? I simply said: 'Work,' I said, 'is work.'"

"Did you really? I always wish I could think of things like that. The only time I'm really amusing is when I write letters. So many people have begged and implored me to publish some of my letters in book form. I can't think why."

"Heaps of people have said exactly the same thing to me, oddly enough."

"I always envy people who can write. Of course I suppose I'm lucky in my music really. I was fearfully amused only last week when someone asked me if I wasn't a professional singer. I don't know what made me think of it just now, I'm sure."

"Talking about the poor Johnsons, I expect. I believe one of them used to sing once."

"That probably was it. One's mind is so full of them, poor dear things, one can't think of anything else."

E. M. D.

Hannibal.

He is the ace of selfishness;
He lives a life of gain and greed;
He has no interest unless
His own; Himself is all his creed.

With arrogance does he equip
Conceit; he knows not gratitude
Nor friendliness nor fellowship
Nor gentler trait nor softer mood.

If his advantage be at stake,
He can be courteous, he can play
The charmer; if there's naught to make,
He's distant as the nebulae.

Frigid, contemptuous and blank,
Aloof, sublime, at apogee;
Ego and insolence and swank
And super-selfishness is he.

And yet he gets away with it,
Because his beauty is so rare
Critics confounded can but sit
With fulsome speech and doting stare.

He has the body of a god—
Of silk and steel, of cord and spring,
Lithe as a balanced salmon-rod,
Poised as a sea-gull on the wing;

A whole wherein each burnished part
Combines perfection to express;
He has no soul, he has no heart,
But, oh! but, oh! his handsomeness!



KEEPING THE PARTY CLEAN.

Intellectual Guest. "TO APPRECIATE THE SCANDINAVIAN POETS WE SHOULD READ THEM IN THE NORDIC—DON'T YOU AGREE?"

He gets away with it. . . . And I,
By modes and manners edged about,
Trained to exist unselfishly,
Taught to give in, give up, give out,

Wonder chagrined, "Could I attain
This rare and ruthless nonchalance,
Neighbours ignore and peers disdain
(And still in their esteem advance)

Were I as exquisitely planned,
Were I as well-worth looking at,
As godlike, beautiful and grand
As Hannibal, this household cat?"

H. B.

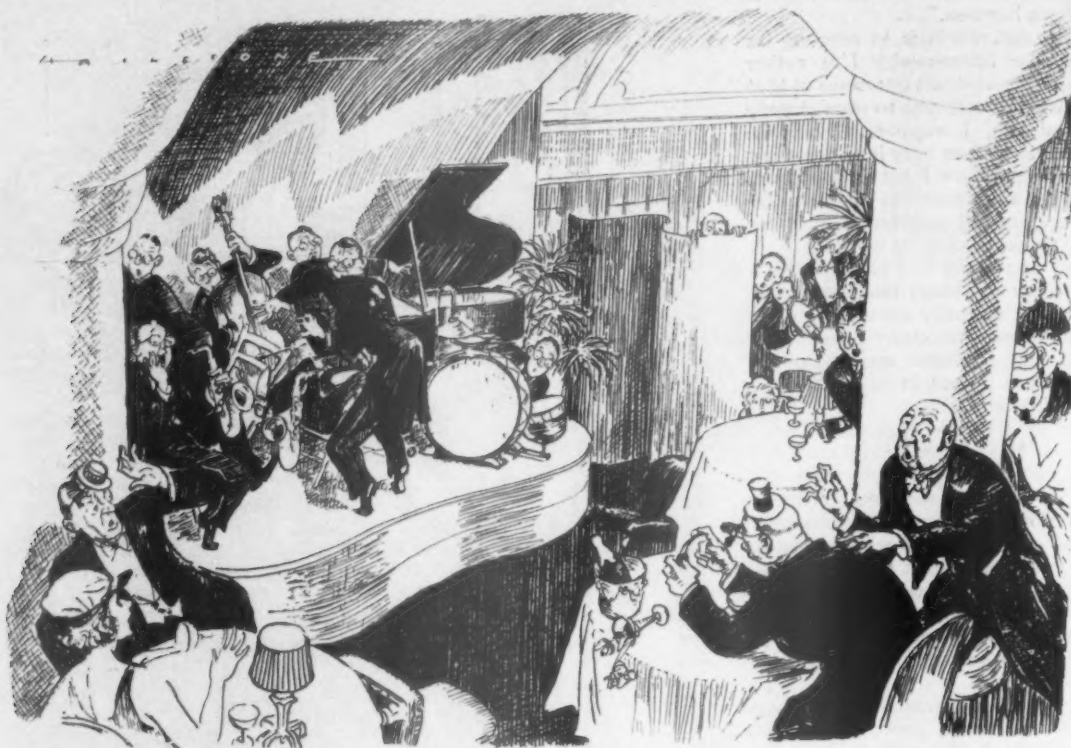
"SLEEPING BOY CONFOUNDS DOCTORS."
Sunday Paper.

Waking adults often use even stronger
language.



"As the *Star* said in its news story: 'Than flowers, there was only one thing more of at the birthday party today of the 70-year-old Commerce Trust Company. That was first names.'"—From an American Journal.

That's English—that was.



"COME, SIR, EVEN IF YOU DON'T LIKE THE TUNE, YOU REALLY MUST NOT FLICK YOUR ICE-CREAM AT THE BAND."

Modern Folk-Songs.

The Country Dance.

(To be sung to the tune of "Come, Lassies and Lads!")

"COME, lassies and lads, with your mothers and dads
And away to the School-Room hie.
We've started a list of Things to assist
The funds of the W.I.

And we want each wife to come,
And bring her husband too,
And we hope that all will have a good time,
As we're sure they are bound to do;
And we hope that all will have a good time,
As we're sure they are bound to do."

I said to Elaine, "Our duty is plain,"
And Elaine she replied, "Right ho!
I'm quite all right for the Thursday night—
But I wonder who else will go?

And I don't know what to wear—
Well, it's only the Institute,
(Twice) So I think I'd better go half-and-half,
And you in your best day-suit."

So we went to the Hall, and I felt I was all
Correct in my old blue suit,
And so did she, with a very small "V"
And very long sleeves to boot;

But when we joined the throng
We almost funk'd the test:
(Twice) The village was all figged up to the nines—
We were horribly under-dressed.

All thoughts, we knew, would be fastened like glue
To the ignorant things we wore.

The disdainful girls had rows of pearls
And silks that swished the floor;

And every elegant man
Had tails and a perfect tie,
(Twice) While carnations scarlet and pink and
white
Just walloped me in the eye.

The baker's boy would have graced the Savoy,
The butcher was dressed to kill,
And the gardener, Frank, from "Ivy Bank,"
Was a model of tailor's skill;

And Elaine she said to me,
As we made for the darkest chairs,
(Twice) "I shall give Mrs. Toop a piece of my mind
For taking us unawares."

So there we sat, as black as your hat,
Like skeletons at the feast,
With valetas and tangoes and other fandangoes,
Till the lunatic noises had ceased;
And suddenly came a rush
Of many a friendly lynx

(Twice) With sausages, sandwiches, jellies and
cakes,
And the corresponding drinks.

Then the jazz-band brayed and the dancers swayed,
And, before we knew where we were,
We were prancing round to the charming sound
Of everyone's long-lost air:

The dear little Dicky-Bird
Who gave the Worm the Push,
(Twice) And "After the Ball" and "Daisy Bell"—
And of course the "Bull and Bush."

J. C. S.

Ho! Ho!

English Humoristics for Nordic Students.

IN England it is gratifying to obtain a sense of humour, for then you are taken for a cholly decent lad and for your lot it is "Hail, fellow!" and "Fanci seeing you some more, well I never!" in a contented tone.

Englisch humoristics are a bit rum and request careful planning-out beforehand. These are the typical brands:

I.—SLAPP-STICK, SLAPP-DASCH, BACK-SLAPP AND HIT-AND-RUN. (In fact, hearti boister, generally.)

Do have a care how you employ these ways for laugh-and-grow-fat. With the ladifolk, for an instance, never subscribe to hearti boister, whatever be your custom at home, as the dear things are apt to fall about in the rough-and-tumble and receive a mischief.

No, I tell you, this sort of behaviorism is all very well and very risible too, but it is only for the masculines, and

even then should be restricted to times when all are gay, such as after meat.

Only so is it allowable to give the englisch best people a putsch or two and prank about generally.

II.—SARCASTICISMUS, IRONICS AND WITTY TALKINESS.

These are harder to do than boister but can be very mirthy. Exemplars:

A.—For menfolk.

When one says "Really I am not myself to-day," then rapidly riposte somewhat of this model—"Well, then, let me know who you are instead, will you?" or "Gratulations dear old fellow, ho! ho!" Say it with chuckling, lest you put his back up. Should this happen, then add: "I say, keep your hair in!"

B.—For ladifolk.

It is unwise to apply talk of such a description to she-friends, but it may be used to strangers who annoy. Thus when, in a crowd, a weighty dame overtreads you on the toes, say: "Dear me, my good girl, although I now perceive that you have not yet learned to stand on your own feet, it would be nice if you would vacate my toepieces."

In all cases, if it seems not clear whether they comprehend the nature of your remarques, disclose a resounding titter or giggle to get things going. Otherwise retain a grim outlook according to the more modest behaviorism, which the good englisch society so dotes on.



Informative Stranger. "IT MAY INTEREST YOU TO KNOW THAT THAT IS WHAT IS CALLED AN 'AUTOGIRO.'"
Farmer. "YOU MAY BE INTERESTED TO KNOW THAT THAT'S MY BOY PILOTING IT."

Time Talks.

It is a peculiar thing, but nearly every fresh invention of Science seems to result in more noise. Scientists, it would almost seem, just go about looking for opportunities to introduce some up-to-date but ear-splitting way of carrying on a hitherto reasonably quiet occupation. And the more we poor quiet-loving fools protest, the more they go on doing it. For instance, though I see in my paper a column headed, "STEPS TO MAKE BRITAIN QUIET: MUTING ROAD-DRILLS," etc., the matter, as far as I can make out, is still only in the embryo stage. Societies are formed and letters of complaint are written, and all that happens is that a church chime gets reduced (which one could only hear, anyway, when the trams weren't running), or an occasional road-drill is muted (never the one outside my window); and meanwhile the scientists go on, gleefully wholesale, with their work of modernising something else, originally fairly silent, by putting a noise in it. This is not just idle talk; for the adjacent headline to the one quoted above reads, "TALKING CLOCKS NEARLY READY."

Talking clocks! Ye gods! A clock was a quiet enough thing in all conscience. A decorous ticking, an occasional strike or chime—and now look what's happening. True that at first it seems the only talking clocks will be in telephone-exchanges, and then all they will do is announce the time, whenever you ring them up, in a golden voice borrowed from the specially-chosen telephone-operator at Victoria; but how long do you suppose the matter will rest there? Pretty soon scientists will give those clocks voices of their own; next, an ability to add a cheery "Good-morning!" or "Mind you're not late!" or "Time for your glass of beer!" Nor, I feel certain, will the faculty of speech be confined to mere clocks in telephone-exchanges. All clocks will as a matter of course come to be made with the ability to sustain short conversations on subjects of topical interest; and since, as with human beings, the boundary between being

conversational and being garrulous is a narrow one, it won't be long before, instead of apologising for unpunctuality by saying your watch was slow, you'll be explaining that your clock was so talkative you couldn't get away.

Worse still, all this will have a terribly bad effect on the clocks themselves. We all know the severe look on their faces even now when we discover that we ought to have been at some rendezvous ten minutes ago. Well, endowed with speech to back up their silent condemnation, clocks will be simply insufferable. They will adopt tones of conscious rectitude, and gradually will look upon themselves as guardians of our morals and habits. It

—enforce silence by busting it a good one with a bedroom-slipper. No, instead there will occur, probably every morning, some such dramatic scene as this:—

Clock (clearing throat). C-r-m-m-m-m—Ping-ping-ping-ping-ping-ping-Pong! Eight o'clock! Time to get up!

(After a pause). I say, eight o'clock!

Sleeper. Wassarmatter?

Clock. Eight o'clock's the matter, my lad! No! Something inside me tells me it's now one minute past. Get up!

Sleeper. Ermf!

Clock. Get up, you lazy devil! *(With that excessive early-morning brightness displayed by those who are up when others are not).* Show a leg there, my hearty! Show a leg!

Sleeper. Shurrup!

Clock (annoyed). Get up! My job is to get you up, isn't it? Well, I'm trying to do it. *(A pause, then wheelingly)* Come on! There's a good chap! You'll be late at the office you know. *(With affected surprise)* Why, look, it's past eight!

Sleeper (stirring). I bet it isn't.

Clock. Look into my face and see if I'm not speaking the truth.

Sleeper. You're fast.

Clock (indignantly). Well, upon my soul! Fast! I've never been so insulted in my life. *(Working up to it).* What a thing to say to a respectable well-wound-up clock that

keeps good time! *Me* fast! Who are *you* to accuse me of dissipation, hey? What time did *you* come home the night before last, hey? Fast yourself! I'll have you know that my mother could actually chime, and my grandfather was the soul of correctness, even though he couldn't talk . . .

Sleeper (with feeling). Wish I had him now!

Clock (very bitingly). I suppose you think it's funny to loll about in bed all morning taking cheap cuts at your betters? What you want is a thorough alarming about three times a morning, and for two pinions and an extra fitting I'd do it.

Sleeper. You haven't got it in you.

Clock (stiffly). There's no need to harp on my disabilities. I'm quite conscious of them. Indeed, I wish I'd been able to strike *you* instead of a paltry

In Memoriam

"O. S."

IT was with the profoundest regret that we learned of the death on Sunday, February 2nd, of Sir OWEN SEAMAN, who for 26 years was so brilliantly successful an Editor of *Punch*. His inimitable light and satirical verse was an unfailing delight, and during the Great War his patriotic poems proved an inspiration to his countrymen. He was Knighted in 1914, and in 1933, the year after his retirement, was created a Baronet. No one who worked with him will ever forget his sympathy, geniality and tact.

will be worse than having a nagging wife, and many a confirmed bachelor will be rushed into matrimony, preferring to face someone who is at least human and may even believe that he really *has* been kept late on business, than a coldly incredulous clock which, with smug hands pointing accusingly to 1.30 A.M., will open a tirade of righteous abuse the moment he crosses the threshold, only pausing now and then to chime the quarters.

At the beginning of the day too the presence of a loquacious clock with a self-imposed Mission will be quite unbearable. No longer will we be able to turn our faces to the pillow and refuse to see the time, or even—as those of us more deeply sunk in shame have often done, when the alarm which we have in a rash flood of optimism set the previous night goes off with a *whirr*!



Tea Steward. "INDIA OR CEYLON, MADAM?"
She. "CERTAINLY NOT! SINGAPORE."

eight o'clock. . . . Bless my jewels and main-spring, I don't know what's come over you young fellows! Time was when I was consulted every hour of the day and my advice was taken . . .

Sleeper (really angry). Will you shut up, or I'll bash your face in!

A silence.

Clock (after several conciliatory ticking noises). Aw, c'mon now, don't be angry. After all, it's for your own good I'm doing this. I'm trying all I can to get you up! *(Persuasively)* It's a lovely day outside! . . . *(Clears its throat*

again and, after trying out a note or two, breaks into song with marked attention to time but not much to tune). Hail, smiling morn, smiling morn, smiling morn! That tips the hills with goooold, that tips the—

(Sleeper sits up and reaches for a slipper and the song dies away into a diffident ticking.

Sleeper (sarcastically). Thank you!

Clock (after a silence). Nearly had you up that time. Ah, well, if you're determined to lie in bed, I'll tell you a few stories. There was once an Irish clock, a Scotch clock and a Jewish clock.

Well, it seems the Scotch clock had only one hand, and—stop me if you've heard this—

[Sleeper leaps out of bed and does so.

Now will you come on, boys, before it's too late! "NO SPEECH FOR TIME-PIECES!" is the slogan. "WE WANT DUMB CLOCKS!" A. A.

"Agdid hummed softly to himself, in Berber, unintelligible to his companion."

From a Short Story.

The only answer to this kind of thing is to whistle back in Hindustani.



Difficult Customer. "IS THE MANAGER AVAILABLE? PERHAPS HE'S GOT MORE SENSE."
Assistant. "HE HAS, MADAM. HE WENT OUT JUST AS YOU CAME IN."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Bully of Europe.

Sawdust Caesar (BARKER, 12/6) does not strike me as being a particularly happy title for a book about Signor MUSSOLINI. The DUCE has proved himself a man of metal, however base. He has at any rate had force enough to make himself a nuisance to Europe and a menace to civilisation. The historians, with whatever distaste, will be constrained to take note of him, although, it is to be hoped, they will be able to dismiss him as a transient if embarrassing phenomenon. The book which Mr. GEORGE SELDES has written they will use with caution; for Mr. SELDES, though he backs himself heavily with documents, quotes only such as will support his argument; or, if he grants the other side a hearing, it is but to deride it. Nevertheless, he must be allowed substantially to have proved his case. He stops short of the Abyssinian war, that disastrous climax, but all that he describes is its logical prelude. He portrays a man who from his earliest days has been a bully and a coward, who has always been ready to change his opinions for a fee and to double-cross his fellow-conspirators. Perhaps his colours are too uniformly dark, but it is true that, imagining himself the peer of CÆSAR and NAPOLEON, MUSSOLINI has shown little real creative genius to justify his methods. The abuses which he has set out to remedy have largely been cockshies of his own construction. The sad thing is that Europe has so lost its sense of values and of humour that—not only in his own country—he should have found

a measure of acceptance. Now that G. B. S. has let us down, we badly need a new VOLTAIRE.

A Letter-Writer of Parts.

CHARLES LAMB, who, despite an occasional jibe at Leaden-hall Street, relied shrewdly on "the blest security of a counting-house," would, I feel, have welcomed *John Freeman's Letters* (MACMILLAN, 8/6) as the expression of a sympathetic mind delightfully functioning in oddly kindred circumstances. For LAMB's Islington read FREEMAN's Anerley, a few pence from town and still fewer from the country, where, with something of RUSKIN's tenderness for an unfashionable South London suburb, FREEMAN produced his poems, his articles for *The London Mercury* and most of the high-spirited, spontaneous and graceful letters which his widow and Sir JOHN SQUIRE have so generously given us. Perhaps it was a mistake to classify these under their recipients. We start with a FREEMAN of forty and retrieve a FREEMAN of twenty-five; while critical comments on topical episodes—the death of MAURICE HEWLETT, for instance—are too widely sundered for effectiveness. But how attractive a personality is revealed thus piecemeal! Deliberately keeping both the poet and the critic in him unspotted from the world, the letter-writer, with his mahogany office in the background, belongs—as Mr. DE LA MARE's introduction so charmingly testifies—to the tradition of ELIA and TROLLOPE, BAGEHOT and AUSTIN DOBSON.

Tragedy of Two Cities.

The illegitimate sons of criminous clerks have always exercised a fascination for the novelist. One remembers—

if vaguely—*The Gadfly*, written by a Russian émigré's wife in Victorian London and dealing in the close-knit manner of its period with much the same theme as *The Son of Marietta* (GOLLANCZ, 9/6). This, the work of a Dutch writer of the FEUCHTWANGER-school, deals with an eighteenth-century Bishop of Todi who loses his heart to a maidservant with a lovely voice, herself the child of strolling players. *Benedetto*, putative child of the simple countryman to whom *Marietta* is married, becomes an open and exultant law-breaker where his parents have been furtive and unhappy ones; though a certain dignity and righteousness enter his life with a family of Venetian Jews, who entertain him after his criminal flight from Todi. A light-hearted irony—too little in evidence—plays over ecclesiastical accommodations with secular art. But the core of religious psychology is not Mynheer JOHAN FABRICIUS's strong point; and though his episcopal palace and his convent exhibit a Byronic picturesqueness, the tragic concessions of dedicated lives to a dissolute age fail to sustain their claim to interest and sympathy.

Here and There.

MR. JERRARD TICKELL's method of switching the readers' attention so frequently from one set of characters to another at the most exciting moments of the book may irritate some people, but personally I think the trick, as used in *See How They Run* (HEINEMANN, 7/6), is very effective. I think too that the author may have discovered the mysterious formula for best-seller writing—so difficult to describe and so easy to recognise. His *Nicola*, who, as a child, leaves Vienna in a famine train to be educated in England and temporarily adopted by "Aunt Kathleen" (a model to all aunts), is a charming creature. And *Peter*, who later falls in love with her, is the perfect blend of idealism and cynicism. The political stuff is excellent; so are the descriptions of English country life (including highbrows at breakfast) and Viennese life and American life. True, since the author is so romantic as to have included some heroics—even though these do come near to heroism—he might just as well have omitted certain crude phrases and expletives: his book is vivid enough without them. But the book (I believe it is a first novel) is a really excellent piece of work: all the characters are likeable, and their introducer's humour and humanity never fail.

The Whole Story of India.

From 3000 B.C., when a great civilisation was flourishing at Mohenjo Daro, down to 1935 A.D., when the Government of India Act began a new era, is a long stretch of time. Yet Sir GEORGE DUNBAR, in his *History of India* (IVOR NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 12/6), has contrived to compress into six hundred pages a full account of the happenings during this period.



"REMINDS YOU OF THE SWELL LINER ADVERTISEMENTS, DON'T IT, SIR?
'RUNNIN' WATER IN EVERY CABIN.'"

It is a marvel of condensation. This volume will serve as a reference book for facts and dates, and is at the same time suitable for straightforward reading. The author somehow finds time to tell us a great deal about ASOKA and AKBAR, the high-lights among Indian monarchs, and he deals in some detail with modern political movements. Authorities are quoted and impartiality reigns throughout. The publishers are to be congratulated on producing this handsome volume at a bargain price. The illustrations are numerous and form an artistic entertainment in themselves. There are, further, no fewer than sixteen delightful maps.

A Young Man's History

Michael and His Angels (DENT, 7/6), by MR. LEWIS GIBBS, is one of those novels that begin with the hero's birth and carry on till death or matrimony—in this case matrimony—

provides a suitable ending. *Michael* is the son of a curate who has lost an eye; and his father's infirmity—sympathetic, courageous and kind as that father is—produces inevitably (boys being what they are) a sense of inferiority in his son which does much to mould his character. *Michael's* career as teacher in a business-college; the sisters, *Sybil* and *Antonia Grey*, one of whom he loved while the other loved him; his experiences in the War; and the happiness which came to him at last are described by an author who knows his world and period, and draws human beings both alive and likeable. Mr. GIBBS has realised too that nobody accepts life at its surface-value; our relationship to something beyond ourselves and our fellows is, as it was with *Michael*, in some degree the preoccupation of every one of us. This recognition of values beyond the ephemeral makes *Michael and His Angels* an outstanding novel.

Virus.

The publishers (JARROLDs) of *Dictator of Death* (7/6) are not reticent in applying epithets to the work of Mr. FRANK KING, but after reading this tale of wholesale murder I am convinced that most of them are justified. In almost less than no time *Paul Grendon*, Mr. KING's "private investigator," gets into his stride and is dealing with a problem that may legitimately be called poisonous. Bad as the state of affairs was at the start, it soon becomes worse, and the first words of Chapter X. are, "This was the beginning of perhaps the most astounding period in the annals of New Scotland Yard, and of the British Medical Association." Such a statement seemed to me foolishly audacious, yet I am ready to admit that Mr. KING was not unreasonable in making it, for his criminal-in-chief had found a deadly poison, by means of which he hoped to control the world. The story may be too lethal for all tastes, but it is packed with exciting incidents, and no private investigator, either in fact or fiction, can ever have been more industrious and lucky than *Grendon*.

Pilgrimage.

After reading *Crusade* (JARROLDs, 7/6) I am left wondering what Mr. RUPERT CROFT-COOKE means his remarkable story to imply, or whether he intends it to imply anything except perhaps the difficulty of trying to carry out CHRIST's teaching in the world of to-day. Taken seriously, this is an indictment of what may be called conventional religion. But when Mr. CROFT-COOKE takes a totally visionary and ineffective man like *Harry Whelen* to show the world how far it has strayed from Christianity, I confess myself puzzled. Anyhow *Bert*, who tramps for months with *Harry*, is, in spite of his flagrant breaches of various commandments, astoundingly kind at heart, and as they wander over England his philosophy and conversation are to me a perpetual delight. And it is *Bert*, with no religion that could be acceptable to the orthodox, who dies because *Harry* wished to reform the world.

Let me add that whatever view may be taken of it, this book will arouse discussion.

A Cautionary Tale.

Mr. RICHARD HULL has refrained from overcrowding his stage in *Murder Isn't Easy* (FABER AND FABER, 7/6), for, if a bogus inventor and a busy Inspector are excepted, only five people play leading parts. As an act of grace I think that Mr. HULL might have made one at least of his five more human and attractive; but that is my sole grievance against a yarn which is unconventionally and often humorously told. Indeed I suspect Mr. HULL of enjoying several laughs within the boundaries of his capacious sleeve. You may, for instance, be considerably surprised if you begin this story by looking at its concluding words, but whatever the purists may think, this sentence is, under the conditions, absolutely correct and fitting.

Jealousy.

In *The Opperman Case* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 7/6) Mr. JOHN BENTLEY has set his skilful investigator, *Sir Richard Herrivell*, to work on two extremely intricate problems. A hectic weekend party, given by *Julian Opperman*, was abruptly interrupted by the sudden death of his cousin and soon afterwards of the host himself. The cousin was shot and, until *Sir Richard* began his investigations, it was presumed that he had, either accidentally or intentionally, killed himself; but *Julian's* death was brought about by such an ingenious device that a bullet-headed *Chief Inspector* may easily be pardoned for his failure to discover it. Mr. BENTLEY maintains

a firm control over the leading characters of this two-fold tragedy, and he ends it with a vividly spectacular scene.

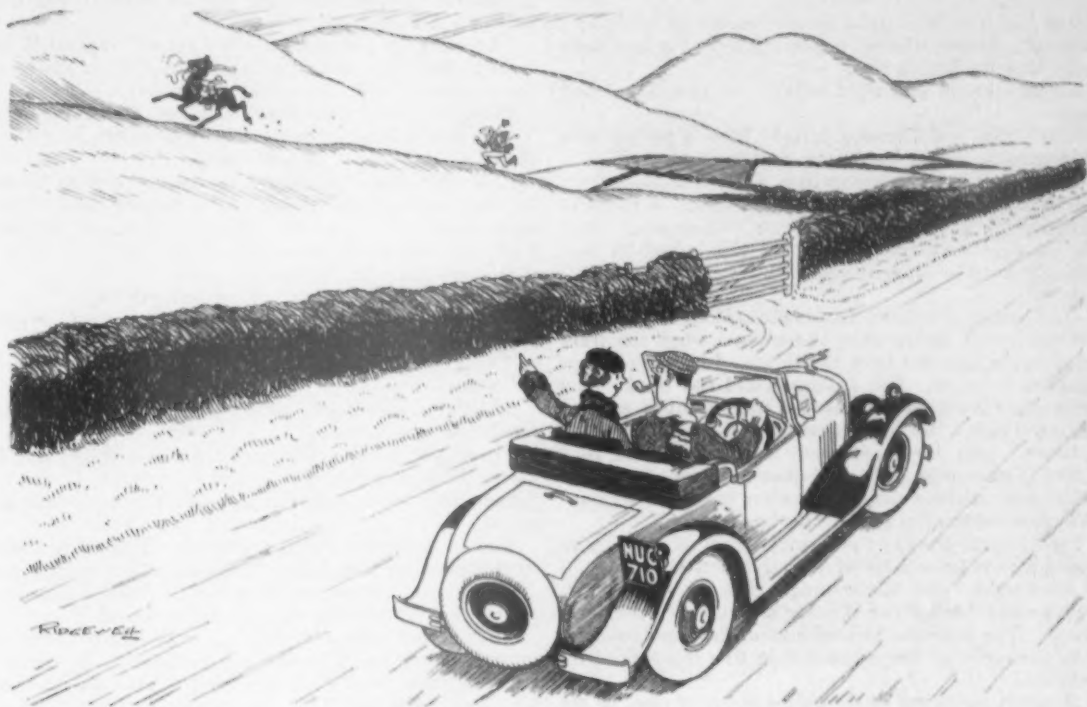
The Melomaniac's Lament.

[In a letter to *The Times* on the performances of musical dogs, Mr. CECIL LEWIS records the fact that "DARWIN played the trumpet to a row of runner-beans to see if music could affect their growth."]

FROM the days of early childhood, ere I entered on my 'teens, I found more inspiration in lyric kings and queens, And even in the efforts of would-be Chaliapines, Than in following the conflicts of the Guelphs and Ghibellines. I've studied bells and college-yells and Irish funeral keens, I've learned to play the chopstick waltz upon two soup-tureens, And probed the possibilities of hitting on a means To stop the peacock's shrieking as his plumes he proudly preens And the buzzing of the Hoover as my furniture it cleans. I rejoice that WALFORD DAVIES has captivated JEANS, Though failing to conciliate the gloomiest of Deans, But, alas! I am unable to relate to the marines— Because I was not present—the devastating scenes When DARWIN played the trumpet to a row of runner-beans.

C. L. G.





"LOOK, PERCY, THERE'S SOMEBODY HUNTING!"

Salute to St. Valentine.

WHEN GEORGE THE SECOND or THIRD held sway
And spring was in the air,
My great-great-grandmama, so they say,
Answered a whistle and hurried away
To Gretna Green in a posting-shay
With a kind of a clown from a SHAKESPEARE play.
Though caught at last by a coach-and-pair,
Little did great-great-grandmama care;
There was nothing to do and nothing to say,
And she married her love on St. Valentine's
day.

When WILLIAM THE FOURTH was England's king
And buds were on the willow,
Her daughter Corinna received a ring
From a highly-respectable Colonel Byng,
With an offer of marriage in early spring.
Wasn't it, then, a remarkable thing
That little Corinna cried into her pillow,
And braved the battle and braved the billow
For a poor young ensign with nothing to bring
Save Valentine vows and an arm in a sling?

When QUEEN VICTORIA came to reign
And snowdrops came to flower,
Corinna's Amanda was sent from Spain
To learn deportment and form her brain
And her high little, spry little spirits to train.
But what can you wish? It is springtime again;
Amanda is weary of petticoat power;
Amanda is waiting till clocks strike the hour;
Amanda is running through February rain
With the boy from the crammer's down Vicarage
Lane . . .

The frigate's a ghostly ship to-day
That plies across the Styx;
No one travels by posting-shay,
And the cowslip-fields where the Vicarage lay
Are dark with mortar and deep with clay
And wholly unsuited to running away.
Sentimentality's certainly nix
In nineteen hundred and thirty-six—
But, "Bless you!" the ghostly grandmothers say,
"How those telephones ring on St. Valentine's day!"

The Clue of the Missing Umbrella.

It was just a minute-and-a-quarter past four by Jones's wrist-watch. Smith, who sat opposite him in the first-class carriage, was smoking a cigar.

Robinson's watch said eight minutes to two, but it had stopped.

"Enderbridge and Thropley train!" cried a porter with a red moustache called Macintyre, and they were off.

Of course it was the porter whose name was Macintyre. His moustache was known simply as Wilfred. I mention this apparently trivial fact because it was on such small details as this that the solution of the incredible and diabolically horrible tragedy about to be narrated eventually turned.

The train plunged without warning into Moleshott Tunnel. It was pitch-dark in the long tunnel, and when the train emerged again into the light Smith and Jones blinked in the sudden radiance. But Robinson did not blink. His face was quite black and his swollen tongue lolled against his distorted chin. His bowler-hat was awry.

"I fancy," said Jones nervously to Smith, "that that chap has been murdered." Automatically he glanced at his wrist-watch and saw that it was twelve minutes after four.

"We must inform the police," declared Smith.

"I hardly think it will be necessary," replied Jones, who possessed a wide knowledge of detective fiction.

He was right. At Enderbridge Hercule Poirot, Dr. Thorndyke and Lord Peter Wimsey stepped into the compartment. The inscrutable workings of fate had brought them to the scene of the crime within five minutes of its commission!

As the train pulled out of the station the great clock in the General Waiting Room chimed the quarter-past.

Accustomed as they were to strange and terrible happenings, the three detectives were visibly affected by the sight which met their eyes. Dr. Thorndyke raised his eyebrows, Poirot shot out a startled "*Mon Dieu!*" and Wimsey took a hasty pull at the bottle of Cockburn '04, without which he never travelled.

"It is a bad business, this," said Poirot. "For the moment I am in charge. You permit me, yes?"

"No," said Thorndyke and Wimsey.

"Eh bien! And now, Sir, may I inquire what is your name?"

"Jones," said Jones.

"And yours, Monsieur?"

"Smith," said Smith.

"Smith and Jones. It is odd, that. And what, pray, is the name of this poor gentleman?"

"Robinson," said Jones. "It's on his attaché-case."

"So, Robinson!" cried Poirot, his eyes shining with a curious cat-like gleam. "Somewhere I have heard that name before! *Mais* where? I must think—*think!*" and flinging himself into a corner, the astute little Belgian detective buried his egg-shaped head in his hands.

Meanwhile Thorndyke had been making a careful examination of the carriage-floor. Already he had three envelopes full of dust, while in the special glass retort, which invariably formed a part of his equipment, lay three pieces of orange-peel, seven cigarette-ends, a tin-tack and a length of tarred twine of the type used by half-cast dock-hands in the Far East. Suddenly he gave a cry.

"I expected this," he said grimly. "There is another body under the seat. Quick! We must get it out."

Willing hands came to his assistance, and a moment later the little group found themselves staring down at the body of a well-dressed man in the late thirties or early forties.

It was Lord Peter Wimsey!

"What were you doing under that seat?" demanded Thorndyke sternly, whipping out his sextant and taking several quick readings.

"Looking for a button, don't y'know," replied Wimsey calmly, flicking a stray particle of dust from his tie into the envelope which Thorndyke held ready.

Poirot's egg-like eyes began to gleam with excitement.

"No buttons are missing from the attire of the poor Monsieur Robinson," he said softly.

"No, but one is missing from mine," replied Wimsey, holding up his sleeve, and the little Belgian detective sank back disappointedly to the cushions. It began to seem as if the mystery would never be solved.

Wimsey drew Dr. Thorndyke aside.

"You noticed his spats?" he asked quietly.

The doctor nodded. "Clearly of Indian workmanship," he said.

"Ah!" said Wimsey, "but there is something else——"

"You mean——?"

"Exactly. Why should a man who is going to be murdered trouble to put on spats?"

Thorndyke was about to reply when someone said in a rather hesitating voice, "It can't be right, it can't be. Spats and a bowler-hat, but no umbrella—it doesn't make sense."

The speaker was a little round-faced Roman Catholic priest, who had been lying unnoticed on the luggage-rack.

"What are you doing on that rack?" barked Thorndyke.

Father Brown smiled rather a twisted smile.

"Undergoing the torture," he said mildly, and for a moment, as he lay stretched out on the rack, he really did look like a victim of the Inquisition. "Find the umbrella," he added, "and you'll find the weapon."

"There was no weapon," replied Wimsey contemptuously. "The man was suffocated. Look at his face and the way his tongue is hanging out."

("And his spats," put in Thorndyke, who was deep in an intricate calculation.)

"Oh, is that his tongue?" asked Father Brown foolishly as he scrambled down from the rack. "It looks to me much more like the handle of an umbrella."

The stunned silence of the little first-class carriage was broken by Poirot.

"I have it!" he cried suddenly, his cat-shaped head gleaming with exhilaration. "Robinson—the great sword-swallower!"

"The whole thing was fairly clear from the start," began Wimsey. "Robinson was no doubt on his way to an exhibition of sword-swallowing—an art, by the way, of which I used at one time——"

"He unwisely decided to practise with his umbrella while passing through a tunnel," went on Thorndyke.

"Couldn't quite manage the crook," said Father Brown gently.

"And so expired," concluded Lord Peter Wimsey, cracking a bottle of Château Terfort St. Croix-du-Mont 1928 over his head.

"*Nom d'un nom d'un nom d'un nom d'un nom!*" said Hercule Poirot. H. F. E.

Things We Should Never Have Dared To Say.

"Later he said 'You may go to the devil.' Plaintiff said he then went to his solicitor."—*Police Court News*.

"Here are some dress ideas from stage and screen. Charming —, in 'Nina,' is fond of tomato, and wears it on a lovely soft green dinner gown."—*Fashion Paper*.

Egg can be worn in the same way on a nice black waistcoat.



SAYING IT WITH GUNS.

"I DON'T KNOW WHICH OF MY BOY-FRIENDS IT WAS—BUT IT'S NOT MY IDEA OF A LOVER'S VALENTINE."



"I WON'T BE HOME TO-NIGHT, MUMS, BUT EVERYTHING'S *QUITE* ALL RIGHT—I'VE BEEN ARRESTED."

"Cedant Arma Togæ."

WHAT a hope!

We poor scribblers have been reading with envy and due humility about the painters (artistic) who are decorating the spacious walls of the many rooms of the *Queen Mary*.

Knowing two or three of them, I know that the work will be both good and gay. But what about the nation's poets and prose-writers?

In brief, I want to bring back literature into house-decoration. In books, in advertising, in the drama, on the films the scribbler and the draughtsman work hand-in-hand. Grand indeed are the pictorial artists who design the posters of to-day: but few indeed are the painted posters which seek no aid at all from the printed word.

But when the ship, restaurant, inn or hotel is to be decorated the word-monger is forgotten. Why is this? Surely, in the smoking-room—shall we say?—of the *Queen Mary* the works of the POET LAUREATE or the late RUD-

YARD KIPLING deserve to be displayed beside the finest painting of the day. And surely, considered purely as a decoration, they have an equal claim—provided always that they are set upon the wall in a legible and noble script. The fine picture, it is true, may be studied and enjoyed again and again. But the ordinary passenger, I fear, will seldom study a second time the paintings on the walls of the smoking-room. Once he has seen them he has seen them, and forgets their existence. But a scrap of good verse, grand or gay, or a piece of thunderous prose will frequently recapture his attention. He will want to remember exactly how the words went, and read them again; he will recite them aloud to his fellow-passengers, delighting in the sound of his voice. In the long rough mornings, when all the other passengers are sick below, he will sit alone in the smoking-room, sipping tomato-juice and getting the literary walls by heart. No painted wall, however well done, can hope to gain the same attention.

Moreover, the words on the literary wall can be changed frequently with-

out much difficulty (for we poor authors never expect to be on show for long); but to get a painter to do something different—or worse, to get a new painter to do something new, will provoke appalling, and probably national, trouble.

I would not have all the decorations literary. I would mix the bowling, which is always wise. I would say, if I owned the *Queen Mary* or *The Latest Restaurant*, "Old boy, I want the North and South walls covered with delicious mural paintings, with Derby Day, with still life, with the arrival of the *Mayflower*, or what you will. But on the East and West walls I want wonderful words, cunningly selected and tastefully exhibited—inspiring poetry and spicy limericks, grand passages from Mr. BELLOC and little bits of Sir W. S. GILBERT, extracts from essays, from leading articles and sermons, quotations from SHAKESPEARE, from Mr. BALDWIN, the Report of the Licensing Commission and the judgments of the King's Bench. Words on walls are, at least, always read, as the small boy knows."

But there is a deeper matter in which

Art and Literature and Science and Journalism and all the Learned World may speak as one.

The theme is delicate and difficult. But, briefly, do we not have too much of the Armed Forces on State Occasions and too little of the Peaceful Brains of the Nation?

I love His Majesty's Navy and Army and admit, reluctantly, the necessity for an Air Force: I delight in their uniforms and bands and flags, and look with pleasure upon a fine Admiral or General in his Number Ones. But if I see nothing else in a National Procession I feel that I am seeing the nation in a rather queer way. I should like to see as well, for example, the Lord Chancellor and the Lord Chief Justice, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Speaker of the House of Commons. If uniforms are *de rigueur*, I would add that all these gentlemen can appear in raiment which would make a Field-Marshal feel small. And what a fine four these gentlemen would make!

I would like too to see the Lord

Mayors of Liverpool and Edinburgh and the other great cities of the North; and the Vice-Chancellors of a university or two; and some of the high doctors and scientists and kings of business (limited, if you will, to those who have honorary D.C.L.'s and can face the military in a gaudy gown); nor have I forgotten the T.U.C., the Editor of *The Times* and the Poet Laureate.

All this, no doubt, would be difficult and, in the working-out, might lead to envy, jealousy and disaffection. But that, I suggest, is the right line. For the Armed Forces, as all men know, are not the only loyal or useful subjects of the KING. If one may respectfully say so, by the way, it would be a pleasing and a timely novelty if HIS MAJESTY could sometimes wear, instead of the uniform of an Admiral or Field-Marshal, the robes of a Judge or the gown of a Vice-Chancellor.

As for the poor Arts, they will never, I suppose, be recognised officially as an important section of the nation—except at charity matinées, meetings,

bazaars and dinners, where they are graciously permitted to act, sing, speak or give their works away for nothing to an extent not known in many other professions. Among all the special parties at the Royal Jubilee I cannot think of one at which the Arts were able to express their corporate loyalty and devotion, though everybody else had a "do" of some sort. But perhaps this is the fault of the Arts. They must get together next time: for if they do not express themselves, nobody else will.

Some of the Arts will say modestly that they would not look well in a procession. Well, give them some good clothes and I think the Art Forces would look no worse than some of the poor old warriors I saw tottering and shuffling along the other day. I think Sir THOMAS BEECHAM would carry his baton as bravely as any Field-Marshal; and, to be quite frank, I thought that, uniforms apart, the Armed Forces were looking exceptionally plain. They have gone off since my day. A. P. H.



WINTER SPORTS IN SWITZERLAND.

"THEY SAY IT'S NOT REALLY COMPLICATED."

Mr. Porter Minds the Dog.

"HERE'S an interesting problem," said Mr. Porter, walking into the general office. "A man puts a bowl of water on the floor and goes off to fetch the stamps stuck on to bits of envelopes that he's going to peel off in the bowl of water and use again if he can find any glue. Hardly is his back turned when he hears a glucking sort of noise, and on looking round he is horrified to see a wolf drinking out of the bowl. The wolf finishes the water and then lies down in front of the apology for a gas-fire and goes to sleep. The wolf is twice the size of the man and half the size of the room. What does the man do?"

Mr. Chudleigh looked up from *The Times*. "It's not a very likely situation, is it?" he asked rather impatiently.

But the rest of us were gazing at Mr. Porter. "Oo, Mr. Porter!" said Miss Lunn, "do you mean that you—?"

Here Miss Elkington came hurrying in. "Where's Mr. Porter?" she asked. "Oh, Mr. Porter, Mr. Harbottle dictated a note for you just before he went out." She opened her note-book. "He spoke awfully fast because he was in such a hurry," she went on, shutting the note-book, "but I can remember it. He wants you to look after his dog until he comes back at half-past two to take it away for the week-end, and it's an Alsatian, so you've got to take it for a really good run at lunch-time, and buy it some dog-biscuits, because it needs a lot of exercise, but it will keep absolutely quiet if you give it something like an old sock to play with. Is that clear?"

"Perfectly," said Mr. Porter. "It explains everything. An Alsatian, is it?"

"Someone open that door," said Mr. Chudleigh. "It will be scratched to pieces in a minute." I noticed that he moved well behind the table before he spoke.

"Well, it's friendly enough," said Mr. Porter as Sidney put his rubber-stamp back on his table and turned the waste-paper-basket the right way up. "Look at its tail. Good dog. Hi! 'Good dog,' I said. What's its name, Miss Elkington?"

"I forgot to ask," said Miss Elkington. "But I shouldn't think it would make any difference, would you?"

"You can't trust them, you know," said Mr. Chudleigh. "I should be careful. You never can trust Alsatians. They're never really tame. Here, shoo, will you? They may behave as if they're tame, perhaps for years, and then they break out without warning. Good dog.

So a cousin of mine told me, and he knew a man who had several. One of them bit a chauffeur. Here, go away. Right through his gaiters."

"I'm ever so fond of dogs," said Miss Lunn. "They always seem to know it, too. Isn't it funny how dogs always seem to know when you're fond of them? Good dog, then."

"I think you ought to take it up to your room, Porter," said Mr. Chudleigh. "After all, it's your responsibility. An old sock; that's all it wants. Haven't you got an old sock anywhere?"

"I've got two," said Mr. Porter. "And I'm going to hang on to them if I can. Where's the box of tennis-balls? Now, you hold his collar, Sidney, and I shall show him the ball and dash upstairs, and when I call, you let go and he'll follow like a shot."

He did; just like a shot. Sidney picked his chair up, put his collar straight and sat down. "Now we can have a nice quiet morning," said Miss Elkington to Miss Lunn, taking out her knitting. "I haven't so much as touched this jumper for weeks."

Half-an-hour later Mr. Porter came back. "I want another ball," he said. "That last one went out of the window."

"I don't want to complain," said Mr. Chudleigh diffidently, "but if you could possibly stop those continual thudding and scuffling sounds in your room I should be glad."

"So should I," said Mr. Porter. "The trouble is that I'm throwing the ball for the dog to fetch, and the wretched animal thinks he's throwing it for me to fetch. You know how the wallpaper in my room was beginning to peel off? Well, it's nearly finished peeling off now."

Three-quarters-of-an-hour later he was back again. "That one went up into the electric-light," he said.

"You look hot," said Miss Elkington. "Naturally," Mr. Porter said irritably. "I am hot. What's happened to that clock?" he asked, brightening suddenly. "Do you mean to say it's lunch-time already?"

"That reminds me," said Miss Elkington. "Here's his chain, and Mr. Harbottle says that some restaurants don't mind if you take him in with you, but some do."

"And don't forget to give him a really good run," she said, as Mr. Porter came downstairs with the dog and stood on the doorstep. We were all there to see him off.

"I shall have my lunch first," said Mr. Porter. "I shall try that place round to the left." His arm jerked out, and he disappeared down the steps and round to the right.

"But didn't you have any lunch?" asked Miss Elkington, taking out her knitting again. "You just went round in a circle and came back, and you've been here ever since? It's ten past two."

Mr. Porter climbed down from the table and dusted his hands. "I haven't got it, I tell you," he said to the dog. "It's up on that cupboard."

"The poor thing!" said Miss Elkington. "What about his run? You know what Mr. Harbottle said. And what about his dog-biscuits?"

Mr. Porter took the two paper bags that Sidney had just brought in. "One of these is dog-biscuits," he said shortly. "The other is my lunch. It's egg-sandwiches, or should be. It doesn't feel like egg-sandwiches."

"It's rock-cakes, Mr. Porter," said Sidney. "It's all they had."

"Go away, you wretched dog!" cried Miss Elkington. "Oh, Mr. Porter, he's eating my wool! Stop him quickly."

"He's hungry, poor thing," said Miss Lunn, who had just come in. "Did he want his dinner, then? You see, he understands." And she emptied the bag on to the floor and stood with her head on one side and a sentimental smile on her face. "Who would have thought," she asked Mr. Porter, "that a great big dog like that would have been so fond of rock-cakes?"

Mr. Porter put his coat on. "There are some occasions," he said as he buttoned it up, "when a man can express himself adequately only by walking out of the room, slamming the door and going off to have an enormous lunch which will be paid for by the petty cash. This is one of them." He walked towards the door and swung it open. Then he stopped and felt in his pockets.

"Where's my other glove?" he asked angrily.

Mr. Harbottle came in. "Ah," he said, smiling vaguely. "So you've been looking after my dog? That's good. Come along, you lazy beast. Ah! I see you've given him an old glove, Porter. I said an old sock, but really he likes an old glove even better. He'll never drop an old glove once he gets hold of it. It will keep him amused in the train. It's wonderful how dogs can amuse themselves, isn't it?"

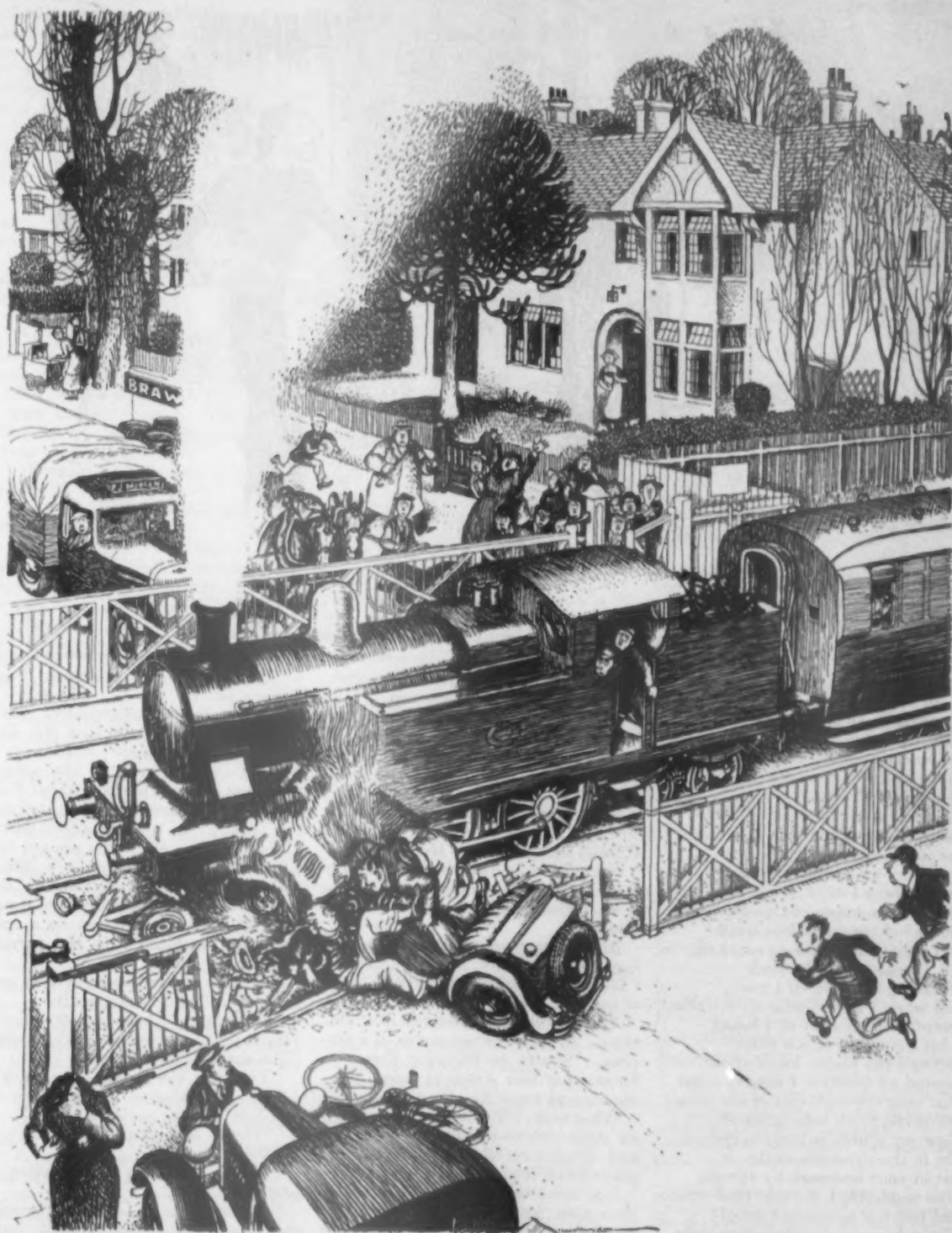
The Pantomime Season.

"WE ARE SPECIALISTS IN CLIMBING PLANTS."

Gardening Firm's Advt.

Especially beanstalks?

"Mr. Cordell Hull, the Secretary of State, dropped a bombshell into the Senate Mutilations Investigation."—*Maltese Paper*.
And then what?



"REMAND ME THAT THE BRAKES WANT ADJUSTING WHEN WE GET BACK, WILL YOU, OLD MAN?"



"CAN I CLEAR THIS SNOW AWAY, MUM?"

"CERTAINLY NOT! AND JUST REMOVE YOUR UNSIGHTLY FOOTMARKS FROM IT!"

The Sporting Golfer.

EMBITTERED golfers would have cursed

My brassie second at the first;
To me its curve towards the right
Epitomised the grace of flight.
I watched it settle in a tree
And fairly swooned with ecstasy;
Nor was I even slightly vexed
About my air-shot at the next.
The swishing niblick to my ears
Recalled the music of the spheres;
I liked to hear my caddie laugh,
And only boxed his ears for chaff.
But I'm particularly fond
Of fluffing tee-shots in a pond,
And when I pulled mine at the third
I wept with pleasure as I heard
It hit the water with a clout
And saw the pretty water spout.
Beyond all question I should name
That shot the high-spot of our game,
Till at the tenth hole in the round
I saw my fourth putt go to ground
Not in the supercilious tin
But in your heelmark by the pin.
Most laughable I thought that stroke,
And just my notion of a joke!
It may have made you dormy eight,
But I do not regret my fate;
I broke my clubs across my knee
With perfect equanimity,

And then I danced upon the green
Until the secretary had seen.
The fool reported the affair.
In future I shall play elsewhere.

Man's Place.

MANY years ago somebody—probable the PRINCE CONSORT—said that Woman's place was the Home.

Nearer to our own times somebody else—possibly MUSSOLINI—said (practically) that Woman's place was the Cradle.

At this stage you mutter to yourself—quite mistakenly as it happens—"What! an article on the new freedom of women? I shan't read it!"

You are making the error of a lifetime. In fact, the two errors of a lifetime. Firstly in thinking that you know what this article is going to be about, and secondly in not reading it.

What everybody ought to have said, all these years—the PRINCE CONSORT and MUSSOLINI included—is: *Man's place is the Home.*

Let us at once proceed to consider your own family-circle, or mine, or, for that matter, almost anybody's in the whole of the British Isles.

How very, very familiar is the situation.

"The Braggs," I announce, "are giving a party."

Laura replies enthusiastically: "How splendid!" and I know that she, like myself, has instantly visualised a brilliant entertainment in the nature of a cross between the last Act of *Cinderella* and the first Christmas-tree she ever went to, at the age of four years.

The reactions of Charles are not the same. They are, in fact, entirely different. If he visualises anything at all, it is something more like the waiting-room at Fiddletown station on a cold afternoon combined with the parrot-house at the Zoo.

Nor does his response—if response it can be called—come quickly.

"The Braggs?" he says distrustfully. Almost in the tone of somebody saying, "The man-eating tigers?"

"Yes, dear, the Braggs. You know."

"Oh. The Braggs. I know."

"Well, they're having a party."

"Why?" says Charles.

"Why?"

"Yes. Why are they having a party?"

If Charles can't see why people, the Braggs included, should have parties—and it is more than evident that he can't—one rather falters at the prospect of trying to make him see.

"Love's Labour's Lost," one thinks in one's literary way.

Laura—either less literary or more optimistic—embarks on the forlorn hope.

"It's splendid of them!" she says gaily. "They can't possibly get more than six people into that drawing-room, and they're sure to ask the whole neighbourhood, so it ought to be rather fun."

One feels that judgment here has perhaps been over-ridden by enthusiasm. The appeal, as worded, is obviously doomed to failure.

"Well, we can always say we can't go," says Charles. "I daresay you can think of some excuse."

"No, I can't."

This is not literally true. What I mean is that I could easily think of some excuse, but neither wish nor intend to do so.

This Charles grasps without any difficulty at all. He now changes the whole venue of the case.

"What on earth do they want to ask us for?"

"So as to polish off everybody they know," says Laura.

"Because they feel," say I, with more tact, even if less accuracy, "that we should help to make the evening a success."

"You don't want to go, do you?" Charles inquires in tones of utter incredulity. "Why, last time we went you said the room was like a furnace."

"So it was."

And Laura got stuck the whole time with that man she says she can't bear."

"Yes, it was frightful!" says Laura, shuddering dramatically. "I shall never forget it. He kept on talking about steam-tractors. It was ghastly."

"Not more ghastly than the woman I got stuck with, who told me about her boy's school report sixteen times running," I remarked bitterly.

"As for the food——" says Charles.

Laura and I, with one voice—or, anyway, two voices and one set of words—at once echo: "Oh, the food!" in tones that admit of no illusion about the frightfulness of the food.

At this stage Charles shows his hand. (Not that it has ever been concealed so far as the experienced eye of his wife is concerned.)

"Then why in the name of heaven do you want to go to this beastly party?"

"Because," says Laura in reasonable accents, "it is a party, after all."

But the real answer of course is that woman's place is anywhere but the home. Man's, on the other hand—but you have guessed the rest for yourselves. E. M. D.



DISTINCTION.

Hostess (by way of introducing Author). "THIS IS MR. WYNRUSH-JONES. HE DOESN'T HUNT."

"But."

If rivers were of mayonnaise,
The seas of greenest cheese,
Our vegetarians and such
Might not be hard to please.

If all our cabbages were kings
And cats adopted mice,
The teetotalitarians
Would find no drop of vice.

If politicians were as pure
As little boys in blue,
The pulpsteering parsons might
Not preach as now they do.

If bankers had but hearts of gold
And ledgers that decayed,
Our bookmakers could draw the dole
Or find some other trade.

If gongsters gong'd and then were gone,
If gangsters gong'd then ganged,
No law we'd need to stand before,
Arraigned and then harangued.

If traffic jams were edible,
If country belles were weddable,
If bedtime tales were credible
These tears would not be sheddable.

The Long and the Short of It.

"Two baby peccaries, or South American wild swine, born at the Zoo recently . . . are only about 10 in. long and correspondingly short."—Zoo Notes.

"The local Council of Nathanya, a Jewish colony on the coast north of Jaffa, has named one of their squares after Mr. Isaac Foot." Sunday Paper.

It is to be called, quite simply, Square Foot.

Owen as Editor.

CO readers of *Punch* he was known as "O. S.," but in earlier days he contributed to various journals over the pseudonym "NAUTICUS." The alias was happily chosen, for anyone not knowing who he was might well have guessed from his build and countenance that he was a sailor. And he was happy either on or in the sea, for he was a good swimmer, and on recovering in 1932 from a long illness resumed his habit of diving from high spring-boards. And in this context one should not forget his long and devoted services in connection with the training-ship *Implacable*, the appeals on behalf of which owed much of their success to his eloquent pen.

Where charitable or philanthropic work was to be done, he was lavish of time and trouble—witness his work on the Board of the Putney Hospital for Incurables, where he took the utmost pains in considering the claims of applicants for assistance. Sinecure offices did not appeal to him. But these labours did not exhaust his benevolence. He was always ready to sacrifice his leisure to look after invalids or impecunious friends, and during the twenty-six years of his editorship he seldom, if ever, had a complete holiday. He loved the good things of this world, but he never forgot his lame ducks, and they were many and importunate. The amount of good he did by stealth was remarkable.

As an editor he had an exceptional capacity for continuous work; nor is it easy to forget the courage and endurance that enabled him, when he was suffering great discomfort and pain, to finish off the paper and go straight from the office to the nursing-home for an immediate and severe operation. But his greatest and culminating achievement as Editor of *Punch* was reserved for the years of the War. It is an open secret that on its outbreak the question arose whether Mr. Punch would not have to put up his shutters. What room was there, it was asked, for a comic paper in the midst of this world convulsion? That the paper could go on and serve a helpful purpose was due mainly to the fortitude and inspiring example of OWEN SEAMAN. When one thinks of all that it means, "He edited *Punch* in the Great War" is perhaps his greatest title to remembrance.

When he joined the staff of the paper as assistant-editor he at once made his influence felt by encouraging the outside contributor and thus enlarging the inner circle by enlisting fresh and young blood. In this sphere he was

indefatigable in the task of revising and correcting contributions, writing endless letters with his own hand. His criticisms were occasionally resented by sensitive minds, but were in the main greatly appreciated; and in not a few instances young writers who have since attained distinction have frankly owned that he taught them all they know of the craft of verse-writing. He was well-equipped for the task by his brilliant achievements as a scholar at Shrewsbury, at Cambridge, and by his experience as a schoolmaster at Rossall and a professor at Newcastle and a University extension lecturer. And if there was a tinge of academicism in his love of logic and dislike of

irrelevance, he was at any rate a master of technique, and in an age progressively inclined to claim poetic licence in form as well as matter, he maintained in his own work and demanded from his contributors a high standard of workmanship and decorum.

With regard to his own verse it may be enough to say that he was one of the first to raise the art of parody from mere verbal mimicry to an instrument of criticism. He held that it was compatible with admiration for the author parodied; but was very far from holding that all poems were fair game, and would never accept travesties of such pieces as *Lycidas*.

He was equally happy in light and in ceremonial verse, and it is worthy of record that of all modern poets the one whom he knew best was BROWNING. As a young man he gave a remarkable series of extension lectures on BROWNING, and after his retirement from *Punch* many hoped that he would recast and expand them into a volume to prepare for the revival, long overdue, of the great poet whose inveterate optimism is probably the chief cause of his total disregard by the fashionable critics of today. But while he was confident that the revival would

come, he was modestly doubtful of his ability to act as its pioneer. Though his recovery from his illness gave him a new lease of life, the only literary work undertaken after his retirement was the Prologue to MILTON's masque of *Comus*, given in 1934 in Ludlow Castle, where it was first performed three hundred years before.

The restoration of his health enabled him to resume many of his social activities and recreations, to visit his friends and take occasional trips abroad. He had earned this last holiday by many years of unremitting exertion, and he was happily able to enjoy it. He was himself and at his best till within a few days of the end, which came swiftly and peacefully. "He loved his life, though not of death afraid" is true of one whose memory will be an inspiration to those honoured by his friendship.

"O. S."

ob. FEBRUARY 2, 1936.

OH, in our school-days, all those years ago,
Your dog-eared volumes decked their little shelf
With CALVERLEY and J. K. S.—I know
I speak not for myself

Only, but all a generation gone,
Who grew with books like those, and thought it
normal
A man should be a wag although a don
And, though informed, informal.

That race of scholars, humorous and discerning,
I sometimes think they do not breed them now,
In days when wit's more cruel and cold, and
learning
Wears a more solemn brow.

In *Cap and Bells* and *Borrowed Plumes* your style
Aped to perfection all the scribbling crowd;
You wore your quiet inconspicuous smile
And others laughed aloud.

And later, when the tide of battle rolled
In mimic war, you turned the neatest verse:
In neatest rhyme their quaintnesses you told—
And then came something worse.

Yes, when events became too grave for mirth,
Quite effortless you could dismiss the clown
And speak for all of us to half the earth
And never let us down.

Never vainglorious in victory,
Never hysterical in black distress,
A spokesman's voice commanding, calm and free,
Our thanks for all, "O. S."!



"WHAT'S THE GOOD OF OUR 'AVING COME INTO MONEY IF I CAN'T WEAR WARM UNDERCLOTHES?"

Rush-Hour Idyll.

THE Girl Who Rejected My Seat
 When I offered to stand
 In the bus
 Most probably thought me
 Effete.
 The Girl Who Rejected
 My Seat—
 Her smile was appealingly
 Sweet
 (And didn't she know it, the puss!).
 She might have refused me
 With hate
 Or accepted with mincing
 Banality;
 She might have begun a debate
 On the theme of the Sexes' Equality;
 She might have been shy
 And aloof;
 She might have been coldly disdainful
 Or have uttered a Public Reproof
 That was studiously,

Stingingly
 Painful.
 She might have been looking elsewhere,
 Or sneezing,
 Or patting her hair;
 She might have been dreaming
 Of GABLE, and that,
 Or dozing,
 Or scheming to purchase a hat;
 She might have been brazen,
 She might have been coy,
 She might have been thinking of meet-
 ing her boy
 (And many young women think thus).
 But THE Girl Who Rejected My Seat,
 Need her smile have been limpidly
 sweet?
 (Ah! such smiles are not really for us!)
 And need the dear creature
 Have stood on my feet
 When I offered to STAND in the bus?

Podgy and the Farmer.

LITTLE Podgy McSump and I had been overtaken by heavy rain and we had gladly accepted the kind offer of Mr. Sandy Neeps—commonly called "The Sea-lion" on account of his enormous dimensions—to drive us home in his car. I sat at the back. Podgy, because he is so small, was given the place of honour beside Mr. Neeps.

"An' is this the first time ye've been drove hame in a motor?" asked Mr. Neeps, squinting down quizzingly at Podgy.

"Ay," responded Podgy, gaping in wide-eyed wonder at the great swarthy face of the farmer, not unlike that of

"An' whit's yer name?" asked Mr. Neeps.

"It's Podgy McSump," still gaping. "Is that yer ain beard ye're wearin'?"

"Whit?" ejaculated the startled farmer.

"Is it yer ain beard?" repeated Podgy.

"My ain?—oh, I see," pulling himself together. "Ay, I can assure ye it's my ain. It's a' my ain growin', as ye might say," he added with a chuckle.

"An whit d' ye wear it for?" persisted Podgy.

"Whit dae I wear it for? Oh, just—just to make me look bonny. To make me look bonny," shouted Mr. Neeps, with a roar of laughter that shook the old touring-car from stem to stern. "Ye're a fair wee divert," he gasped, wiping the tears from his eyes. "Whit else would ye like to ken?"

"Is it a farm that ye keep?" asked Podgy.

"Ay," shaking his head sadly and his face becoming suddenly overcast, "I keep a farm."

"An' d' ye get a lot o' money for keepin' a farm?"

Mr. Neeps let out a sort of bellow that made me jump, although Podgy kept remarkably calm. "Money?" echoed the farmer. "Whit like is money?" he demanded sarcastically, in his agitation plainly overlooking Podgy's youth and addressing him as a man of the world. "This mornin'," Mr. Neeps went on to relate, "I sold a

pig; an' whit dae ye think I got for her?"

"A shillin'," suggested Podgy.

"The price," declaimed Mr. Neeps tragically, "worked oot at about five-pence a pound. Whit dae ye think o' that?"

"An' is yer pig deid noo?" queried Podgy. "Whit was its name?"

"Wee Grumpy," moaned Mr. Neeps. "An' she's likely pork by this time, poor beast." He stared fiercely through the windscreen. "An' these blood-suckers maybe gettin' as high as half-a-croon a pound for bits o' her. Blood-suckers!" he snarled.

Podgy stared at him curiously. "D' ye no' like bein' a farmer?"

"I would rather be deid," asserted Mr. Neeps with feeling.

merchantmen," explained Podgy glibly, "an' bury the plunder in the pirates' lair."

"Good for you. But, tell me"—an idea apparently occurring to him—"whit dae ye dae wi' the folk that's on the ships ye capture?"

"Ye droon them," answered Podgy calmly. "They have to walk the plank."

"Walk the plank?" mused Mr. Neeps. "D' ye ken, Podgy, I wish I could come wi' you an' be a pirate."

Podgy looked concerned. "But I'm to be the captain," he pointed out.

"That would be weel kennt. I would only want to be the man whit makes them walk the plank."

"Mind, it's just the bad ones that ye droon," Neeps warned him.

"Oh, they would be terrible bad yins I would droon," declared Mr. Neeps. His voice tailed off into a murmur. He seemed to be going over an imaginary list. I fancied I caught the sound of words like "Foreign Dumpers" and "Politicians."

"They would a' walk the plank, Podgy," announced Mr. Neeps, speaking with emphasis, "under my personal supervision. An' whit's mair," the fierce look coming back into his face, "I would be glad to supply the plank at my ain expense."

We parted from Mr.

Neeps at my gate, thanking him for his kindness, and stood looking after him as he drove away.

"If he had just a red hanky on his heid," murmured Podgy reflectively, "I think he would look nearly the same as Captain Kidd." D.

Miss Smith Adds Her Tribute.

"Kipling was a great writer. His books were nearly all successful except an early one called 'The Light,' which failed."

Schoolgirl's Essay.

"Miss G. — was smart in a grey two-piece suit, the coat finished with a collar and revers of grey Persian lamb. The postman's hat was black."—Report of Wedding.

Who cares what he wore?

"The failure of the company would appear to be due to its inability to achieve the object for which it was formed."—Daily Paper.

Of course that may have had something to do with it.





"GIVE OVER TEASIN' OF 'IM. YOU'LL ONLY DRIVE 'IM TO CRIME!"

An Absolute Necessity.

THIS morning I saw a little red note-book in a stationer's. Note-books are my vice. When more abandoned or convivial beings drug or drink I slip out quietly and buy a note-book, but like most addicts I generally manage to persuade myself that I need it—in fact that I ought to have it; and so far I really can't manage to need that little red book.

It is faintly ruled and has letters like an address-book. Everyone needs an address-book, but then I've got one already, a rather nice little blue one, so I can't need another. A book for recipes is useful too, but I've got one of those, with a very good recipe for boiling an egg in it and another for making porridge. Then it's handy to have a book for writing down the names of books people recommend to you when you haven't got the book you write down books in on you . . . but I said that little yellow one I bought was for that. The fact is that I don't really use the books I've got

already. The engagement-book, for instance:—

"TUESDAY. *Dentist?*
WEDNESDAY. *Dentist?*
THURSDAY. 2.30, *Dentist.*"

And then the tooth stopped aching and I rang up and never went. Still, one has to have an engagement-book, and if I hadn't put it down I might have forgotten to ring up and cancel it. Then I've got a diary for putting down interesting things that happen, such as "*To office, 9.30*" and "*Caught bus home, 5.0. Rain.*" And a little book for putting down amusing stories, if I hear any—only I don't know where I put it; and another for jotting curious words in so that I can look them up when I get home. I have two which I bought for accounts—one for my handbag, for putting down things like bus-tickets as I buy them, and another at home for copying out the things I put down in the one in my handbag, so that if I lose that one I still know what I've spent. As a matter of fact I've used most of these for writing letters during

those days when I have not had the book I bought for writing letters in on me, but there's still a good bit of each left. I have one for copying out poems that please me too somewhere; and one for making notes of things I must buy; and another for lists of seeds or plants that would grow well in the garden (but I'm never quite certain which of these I meant for which); and I've several more in various places too. In fact I have so many that I don't know how many I have got, which is why I don't use them, I expect.

If I only had a list of them: "Diary (brown; dropped behind bureau). Recipes (pink; kitchen, inside *Mrs. Beeton*). Address-book (blue; in the proper place for a wonder) . . ." then I might use them more often. I really ought to make a list. I shall make it on a bit of paper and pin it on my bureau; or, better still, I shall make it in a little book that I can carry about with me—a little red book, with faint ruling and letters like an address-book, would really perhaps be best.



"DARLING! IT'S PERFECT. YOU LOOK ABSOLUTELY BLOTTO."

The One Among So Many.

[“Nearly ninety thousand umbrellas are lost in London every year.”—*Statistical Report.*]

(THE rain is pouring down like mad.)

Some ninety thousand, nearly,
Of London brollies good and bad
Are lost in London yearly;
I don't care twopence for the rest;
(There is no sun to shine;
The very sparrows look depressed.)
But, dash it, I've lost mine.

Some days ago it passed away,
Whither I have no notion,
And still I cannot but display
Some natural emotion;
It had a splendour all its own;
Naught but the highest craft
Could have produced such style and
tone;
It's that that makes me daft.

You think that all, but it is not;
This was no mere umbrella;
It was a gift—the best I've got
So far—from Arabella;

I know exactly what it cost;

It bore its maker's name
(Exceeding posh) and now it's lost,
And mine, alas, the blame.

I told my loss to Scotland Yard,
The C.I.D. and that lot,
And did they, though I pressed them
hard,

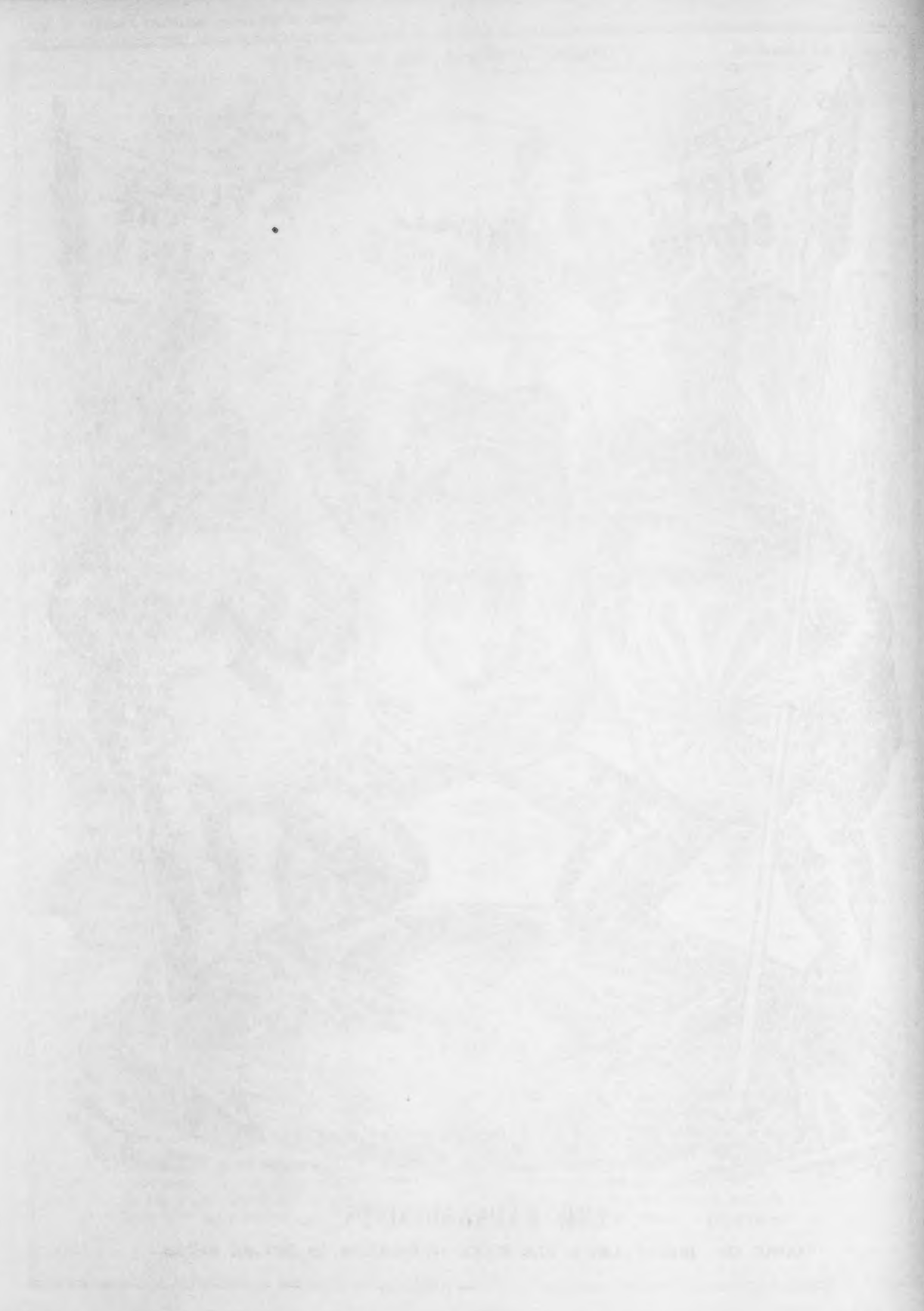
Do any good? A fat lot.
One consolation yet remains;
She thinks I've got it still,
And while I have my share of brains,
With any luck, she will.

I will fare forth—to seek its peer
Would be, no doubt, to flatter—
But I will find about as near
Its twin as makes no matter;
My Bella shall be spared this woe,
Tough though the job may be;
She'll never spot the change, and oh,
The difference to me. DUM-DUM.



THE EXPANSIONISTS.

"COME ON, BOYS! LET'S ALL MAKE OURSELVES AS BIG AS BULLS."



Impressions of Parliament.

Tuesday, February 4th.—If a Peer who was the Chairman of a public company happened to swindle his shareholders out of a million pounds, that might be a misdemeanour for which he would have to account at the Central Criminal Court; but if he were to succumb to his baser nature and steal a silver match-box, that would be a felony and so would set in motion the costly and complicated business of a trial before the House of Lords. The absurdity of this situation was pointed out this afternoon by Lord SANKEY, who, his memory refreshed only by half-a-glass of water, treated the House to a long and brilliant speech. There was nothing in the present system, he argued, to prevent a Peer acquitted by the Upper House of a felony from being tried subsequently at the Assizes for a misdemeanour, nor to prevent the 21 Dukes, 27 Marquesses, 125 Earls, 75 Viscounts and 461 Barons from turning up as judges at a trial; and no one wanted a criminal trial to be a pageant. The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, he added, was in agreement with him.

Although there has not been a case of a Peer accused of treason for nearly two hundred years, Lord RANKELOUR seemed to think it still a reasonable contingency, and insisted that such a case should be reserved for trial by their Lordships. After some debate, in which Lord HALSBURY rather delightfully asserted that at neither of the trials he had attended had he seen any trace of pageantry (but omitted to explain where his idea of pageantry began), and Lord HAILSHAM, in his judicial capacity, supported Lord SANKEY, the motion was carried by 45 to 24. A Bill to abolish trial by Peers will therefore shortly be brought forward.

From the legal point of view this step is undoubtedly sound, for there is no longer any possibility of a hostile court; but it is a pity that a spectacle so rich in good "theatre" as the trial of Lord DE CLIFFORD should never be repeated. On that occasion the robed Peers collected in the Royal Gallery, presided over by the LORD CHANCELLOR, wearing a wig surmounted by a cocked hat, were more like a page from LEWIS CARROLL than anything Mr. P.'s R. has ever seen.

This afternoon the faithful Commons also had its share of spectacle, when Sir GEORGE PENNY, as Treasurer of the Household, delivered the KING's reply standing in full uniform at the Bar. This he did magnificently, never faltering in his recitation.



THE RED ROSE OF LANCASHIRE.

Mr. CLYNS (to the President of the Board of Trade). "I'D HAVE YOU KNOW, SIR, WHAT MANCHESTER FANCIES TO-DAY, WEST-MINSTER WILL JOLLY WELL HAVE TO FANCY TO-MORROW!"

Briefly the Cotton Spinning Industry Bill, which Mr. RUNCIMAN commended to the House, outlines a scheme by which the number of spindles should be cut down, the redundant ones being paid for out of a levy on those which continue working. The debate showed a good deal of

Conservative feeling that such a measure was too negative to arrest the Japanese attack, and brought from the Labour Benches the usual suggestions of a banker's ramp; but the Bill was read a Second Time by a comfortable majority, Mr. HERBERT WILLIAMS' motion to refer it to a Select Committee being not so easily defeated.

Wednesday, February 5th.—The leaders of the three Parties in the Upper House paid tribute this afternoon to the memory of Lord READING, whose mellow wisdom and marvellous clarity of thought had so often enriched their debates.

It is amusing to observe with what simple and undisguised pleasure the Commons, so apt to take a narrow view where other people's games of chance are concerned, indulges in its own little lotteries. Yesterday Mr. LANSBURY won loud applause by winning the first place in the ballot for Private Members' motions; and as a result of this intrepid gambling he moved this afternoon that the House should affirm its belief that war was futile, and that the Government should call a conference, through the League of Nations, to consider the question of redistribution of materials and peoples. In his own inimitable way he urged that at Geneva the nations should "give up the tomfoolery about guns, and get down to the bedrock problem of why nations wanted to pile up arms."

Supporting him, Dr. SALTER pleaded for a voluntary economic reorganisation of a world where essential commodities were so ill-distributed. Mr. EMBRY-EVANS moved an amendment agreeing about the futility of war but expressing confidence in the Government's conduct of affairs; Mr. BERNAYS seconded this and argued that a strong League was better any day than giving away tit-bits of the Empire; Mr. LLOYD GEORGE demanded a world conference to reconsider the whole question of mandates; Mr. AMERY would not admit that war was futile, since it did settle matters, but failed to explain exactly what the Great War had settled; and in reply Lord CRANBORNE largely agreed with Mr. LANSBURY, except that in his view conditions were not yet more favourable to a World Economic Conference than they were in 1933.



THE PARLIAMENTARY LUCKY DIP.

Mr. LANSBURY. "AFTER ALL, THERE'S SOMETHING TO BE SAID FOR BEING A PRIVATE MEMBER."



QUICK WORK BY THE MERCURY STOP-PRESS REPORTERS.

On Posting Leeches.

("Leeches, live, transmission by post of," is an entry in the "Post Office Guide." Regulations say that leeches must be enclosed in a box "so constructed as to avoid all danger and to allow the contents to be ascertained.")

Oh, a Dracula's excesses
Make appalling crimson messes,
And the night's a horrid blend of *rouge et noir*;
But for sanguine sights and screeches
Fill a sorting-room with leeches,
And the place will soon be like an abattoir.

I have seen a *sanguisuga*
Which could puncture a beluga,
So of what avail the sorter's tender skin?
Insatiable suctorian,
"Twill drain him grey as *Dorian*
And leave him water-weak and wafer-thin.

It's a cause of endless trouble
When a leech gets swollen double;
It's a thing which every buyer must deplore;
For excessive blood is cloying,
And it's really most annoying
When you find your leeches full of postmen's gore.

Said my great-grandfather Jasper
(What a wheezer, what a gasper!
For with blood too rich by far was he accursed):

"With my leeches on each ankle
I can smile." But it would rankle
If he thought a leech had bit a postman first.

We are more anæmic, surely,
Or perhaps our blood runs purely,
For to-day the leech is just a sort of pet.
There's the dragon-leech, the sand-leech
And the comic little land-leech
Who will make your house a shambles—if he's let.

Should your kindly inclination
Bid you cheer up some relation
With a handsome box of leeches, kindly see
That they're adequately muzzled
And yet visible. (If puzzled
It is up to you to write the P.M.G.)

If the Press is to be heeded
Richer blood is badly needed
In the British postal service. (Cries of "Shame!")
So be sure to wrap your leeches
In the way the guide-book teaches,
And Mount Pleasant need not then belie its name.

Rake's Progress.

"You really must make a start on the garden this afternoon," said Edith; "and I'll lend you a hand. We ought to have swept up all the dead leaves when they fell in the autumn, and I expect it will take us the whole afternoon to rake them into piles and cart them away. It's no good trying to do anything else, because the whole place is covered by the beastly things, all sodden and squishy."

"But we've only got one rake," I said. "You can spend a jolly afternoon raking away to your heart's content, and I'll go off and play golf. Then tomorrow morning I'll do a bit of raking."

"Nonsense!" said Edith. "I'll borrow a rake from Colonel Hogg."

She borrowed a rake from Colonel Hogg and started work, but when I went to the tool-shed to get mine I suddenly remembered that I had lent it to the Vicar in the autumn. I explained to Edith that I must just pop along to the Vicarage to get my rake, and after looking in the tool-shed to find that it was missing, she told me to hurry up about it and went back to her work.

I found the Vicar in his garden, also using a rake.

"That's my rake, I think," I said, "that you borrowed in the autumn. Edith and I are to spend the afternoon leaf-removing, and I'd be glad to have it back."

"This isn't your rake," said the Vicar, showing it to me; "it's a new one I've just bought. I lent yours to Johnson-Clitheroe. I hope you don't mind?"

"Not in the least," I said. It was much pleasanter strolling about Little Wobbley smoking a pipe than standing knee-deep in mud and leaves.

I popped across the Common to Johnson-Clitheroe's house and found him alone except for a bottle of whisky and a siphon.

"Thanks," I said, "I will. Just popped in to collect my rake. I lent it to the Vicar in the autumn, and he says he passed it on to you."

"That's right," said Johnson-Clitheroe. "I remember borrowing a rake from the Vicar in November. I expect it's in the tool-shed."

We inspected the collection of exhibits in the tool-shed, but my rake wasn't there.

"Come back into the house," said Johnson-Clitheroe, "and we'll ponder for a bit. I have a faint recollection that somebody came here in December to borrow a rake when I was in bed with flu. My wife would probably



Proprietor of Village Stores. "GOT EVERYTHING THERE FOR MRS. BROWN? COUPLE O' YARMOUTH, FOUND O' CAMBRIDGES, 'ALF-A-DOZEN BATHS AN' A POT OF OXFORD."

recollect who it was. She'll be in presently if you'd care to wait."

She didn't come in, as it happened, until half-an-hour had elapsed, but that wasn't my fault. We asked her if she remembered lending a rake to anybody.

"That's right," said Mrs. Johnson-Clitheroe. "I remember lending it to somebody when George had flu."

"Who was it?" I asked.

"I can't just think for the moment," said Mrs. Johnson-Clitheroe, "but it'll come to me soon, I expect. You'd better stay and have a cup of tea with us."

We had finished tea when it came to her, and Edith was most unreasonably cross when I got back.

"How could I find my rake," I said reproachfully, "when you were using it? The Vicar lent it to Johnson-Clitheroe, and Johnson-Clitheroe lent it to Colonel Hogg . . ."

Our Economical Old Boys.

" . . . he was a frequent visitor to his old school. After his return from Australia the old tie was re-knit."—*Daily Paper*.

"A well-dressed man suddenly rose from his seat and throw a stone through one of the stained-glass windows.

Members of the congregation and officials rushed towards him and escorted him from the building, and the service continued without a break."—*Daily Paper*.

How fortunate that he choose an open window.

At the Revue.

"FOLLOW THE SUN" (ADELPHI).

WHEN we went to *Follow the Sun* at the Adelphi with Mr. C. B. COCHRAN, we found ourselves wandering not only up and down the world but up and down the centuries. Wherever there is rich colour Mr. COCHRAN is eager to annex it, and his happiest effects are achieved with the help of our colourful ancestors, and resemble the more tasteful and expensive kind of Christmas-card. It was so with the scenes of "The Three Holy Kings," of MOZART playing in a salon, of a Dickensian Christmas, where our following of the sun left us in the end.

In this revue the eye is magnificently served; the Young Ladies, if they have had predecessors from whom they might not wrest the beauty prizes, have clothes to wear more splendid in their variety and their voluminousness than any Chorus before, and make most effective play with them. The human figures appear and reappear in stage settings in which all colours are splendidly mobilised. There are deep rich effects with primary colours dominant, and there are delicate groupings of greys and greens. Sometimes, as in Mr. OSBERT SITWELL's ballet of an Edwardian shooting-party, which is perhaps the high-water-mark of the evening, cartoon figures achieve a new charm through the skilful blending of individually grotesque suits of clothes.

The new world provides two banquets of colour, a Mississippi river-boat scene and the tropical luxuriance of the setting in which the Cuban musicians and dancers produce the Rumba and the Carioca and work up a frenzy of excitement. There is indeed a wealth of remarkably good dancing, and Miss CLAIRE LUCE,

whose many gifts are poured into the evening, received at one point such an ovation that non-stop revue had to pause until the audience had exhausted its enthusiasm.

Another pillar of the cast with many triumphs was Miss IRENE EISINGER

with her songs; and Mr. NICK LONG, Junior, showed himself a most original kind of light acrobatic dancer. The eye was feasted and delighted not only by the large set-pieces but by a number of little vignettes, like the charming



SUN FOLLOWERS—SOUTHERN.
CIRO RIMAC AND CARITO.

caravan song, "Akrobat." Where, of old, songs were just songs and were sung on their merits, they are now dramatised and mounted on decorative backgrounds, and they gain greatly from all this solicitude. The most immediately memorable song in *Follow*



SUN FOLLOWERS—NORTHERN.
MISS CLAIRE LUCE AND MR. NICK LONG, JUNR.

the Sun, called "How High Does A Little Bird Fly?" lent itself particularly to its carefully-studied setting.

Mr. COCHRAN gives colour and music and movement with a profuse hand, and lavishes pains on scenes which are no sooner perfect than they begin to

dissolve. He knows—no man better—how very soon the most splendid sight has been seen. But he does not take equal pains to make his audience laugh; and the mind is left envious of the lavish provision made for the eye and ear. It is not that he has envisaged the show as a spectacle without laughter, for the evidence is patent that provision of a sort has been made.

There are sketches, very free from subtlety or fineness of wit, which make some broad satirical points. There is a contrast between the British and American Broadcasting systems which is content to make the obvious fun of British correctitude and American commercialism; and there is an attempt to satirise the films, which rests on the hoary jest that on the stage or screen people get through at once on the telephone. The parody of a crime-film bore no relation to any modern films and reproduced the characters and styles of an old-world stock repertory company. A sketch of the stolid British home which nothing can arouse is deprived of its whole point by the substitution of "Rule, Britannia!"—which does not bring people to their feet—for the National Anthem.

Mr. VIC OLIVER, both inside and outside these sketches, has the chief duties of comedian, and handles very tenuous material with an engaging smile.

But, Shades of the Follies! what entertainment is this to set before a sophisticated audience wrought to a certain pitch of expectancy? Revue to-day has cut free from any moorings there ever were and has abandoned even the pretence of a connecting thread or theme.

In a surprise packet of this sort anything can be made to fit, and Mr. COCHRAN, who inserts mediaeval religious art into his revue, has the field of

stage humour to draw on without having to fall back on seaside-entertainers' sketches about wives who talk or about twins and the income-tax collector. The past has proved a better quarry for coloured pictures than for wit.
D. W.

At the Play.

"THE DOG BENEATH THE SKIN"
(WESTMINSTER).

As a theatrical experiment this is full of interest, but viewed as an entertainment, an edifier or a work of art (and I cannot decide into which of these categories its authors, Mr. W. H. AUDEN and Mr. C. ISHERWOOD, would most like it to fall) it must be set down as uneven.

Dissatisfaction with the social and political re-orientation of post-War Europe is its *motif*, and its form is a series of satiric episodes enlarged upon by a male and female commentator, Mr. GYLES ISHAM and Miss VERONICA TURLEIGH. These two had by far the best of the book, and spoke their lines most intelligently.

Mr. AUDEN and Mr. ISHERWOOD are pretty gloomy about things in general. I take it they think that mechanisation



MISS VERONICA TURLEIGH.

has landed Society in the soup, that Fascism in its various forms is rapidly corrupting world-politics, that Nature cannot be expected to go on for ever being made a fool of by Science, and that money has somehow got mixed up with loyalties.

Parts of the commentary show great poetic feeling and a joint ability to attack with felicity of phrase and considerable wit (in view of this I found a recurring addiction to vile couplets and Cockney rhymes all the more distressing); but what is noticeably lacking is the humour which makes prolonged satire palatable. For this, wit alone is not

enough, and here the irony is so terribly in earnest that even when comic relief is attempted the audience has an embarrassing feeling that it would be rude to laugh. And it can hardly be blamed, when it is treated in rapid succession and with vivid realism to a brothel, a lunatic asylum and an operating-theatre where a major operation is in progress. It seemed to me that the audience was so stunned by the sheer weight of all this gloom that for that evening at any rate it had lost the capacity to laugh.

What about the dog? you ask—and with reason. Well, the thread connecting the episodes is the story of how every year a certain English village sent out one of its young men to search for the heir to their dead squire's



THE DOG WITH INSIDE INFORMATION.

Alan Norman Mr. JOHN MOODY.
The Dog Mr. GEOFFREY WINCOTT.

baronetcy (pure *Young England*!); the year in question the winner of the ballot and the five hundred pounds for expenses being a lad of unusual charm and unusual innocence—a regular *Master Sanguine*—to whom the everyday absurdities of modern life came newly. On his search he was accompanied by two extraordinarily cynical journalists, who were sometimes rather funny, and by a large hearthrug dog out of which, when the search seemed hopeless, stepped the missing Bart, very hot and damp, who had adopted a dog's-eye view in order to assay the integrity of his friends. His friends, I need hardly say, emerged from the ordeal with their reputations in tatters.

As Searcher and Bart-hound Mr. JOHN MOODY and Mr. GEOFFREY WIN-



MR. GYLES ISHAM.

COTT did very well, and the enunciation of the Chorus was much to the credit of the producer, Mr. RUPERT DOONE. Personally I do not share the Group Theatre's affection for masks; but I should like them better if there was more consistency in their use. Why, in the well-staged restaurant scene in this programme, were some diners in masks and others not? ERIC.

At the Ballet.

"AUCASSIN AND
NICOLETTE"

(DUKE OF YORK'S).

MISS WENDY TOYE has written a charming ballet round the well-known

mediaeval romance of Aucassin and Nicolette.

The music by JOSEF HOLBROOKE is somewhat undistinguished, and Miss TOYE has done little more than justice to it. We feel that she has found discretion the better part of valour, and has treated the subject without originality of movement.

ALICIA MARKOVA, although surprisingly not "*sur les pointes*," danced deliciously the part of Nicolette. ANTON DOLIN "toyed" amiably with the part of Aucassin.

The attractive *décor* was by MOTLEY, also the costumes.

The programme was completed by the ever-welcome *Les Sylphides* and by *David*, with its striking drop-curtain designed by EPSTEIN.



"NOW, MISS ADAMSON, IF JANE IS EVER NAUGHTY WHILE SHE'S AT YOUR SCHOOL, PLEASE JUST DO AS WE DO—THREATEN TO STOP HER SMOKING DURING MEALS."

Uncle Joe and Democritus.

MENTION detectives or clues to my Uncle Joe and you start him on the subject of the Insurance Assessor.

A thing he has always noticed (he will tell you) about detectives in fiction is that they see only what will eventually prove to be of use to them. No spent match, no bit of mud is wasted; by catching the detective's eye the tiniest circumstance proclaims its significance. "In real life," Uncle Joe says, "that's all my eye"; and his story of the Insurance Assessor, by which he illustrates this contention, is full of charm and the grateful clatter of domestic mishaps.

The house of Uncle Joe and Aunt Susannah was broken into while they were away. On their return they found that a chunk had been gouged out near the lock of the front-door, which opened at a touch; within, many small valuables were missing. One of the subsequent annoyances was the visit of this Insurance Assessor—"to see," Uncle Joe declares, "whether we really

had been burgled, which it appeared they didn't for a moment believe."

The Assessor was a lanky suspicious man with straw-coloured hair and rimless pince-nez which incessantly slid down and were pushed up his thin bony nose. The top of a slide-rule stuck out of his breast-pocket, and on the flap of his coat was an acid stain no bigger than a man's hand, but no smaller. Discussing this stain afterwards, Uncle Joe and Aunt Susannah decided that he had unsuccessfully claimed for it from his own company, and was now grimly wearing the suit until it fell to bits, just to learn 'em.

Uncle Joe believes that this man saw himself as a detective and would have gone to any lengths to detect. It was with a peculiarly cynical air that he wrote down details of the gold snuff-box, the gold locket, the diamond ring and the other things that had been taken; and when he had them he was in no hurry to go. He began, Uncle Joe says, to snoop about. He found the gap in the wood of the door and scrutinised it; then he said, "What's this?"

"That's a hole," said Uncle Joe, with a frank open countenance.

"I mean the stain," the Insurance Assessor said icily. "There seems to be a curious dark stain not only beside the broken surface, but also in it. What is that?"

He appeared to think that this stain was at least evidence of some plot to defraud his company.

Uncle Joe cogitated for a little. He had no idea what the stain was. The Insurance Assessor's suspicions visibly increased.

"Hm!" he said dryly, "and perhaps you can explain these scratches on the linoleum beneath?"

Uncle Joe was still silent, puzzled. "I daresay I could find out," he suggested at last.

"Pray," said the Insurance Assessor, "do."

Uncle Joe then went to consult Aunt Susannah, leaving the insurance man drawing his own conclusions, with intense energy, right and left. Presently Uncle Joe returned, and, assuming an anxious guilty air, he explained the position to the Insurance Assessor,

who stood sternly waiting to hear how criminally significant his clues had been.

"Sit down," said Uncle Joe. "It's a longish story. You must know that my young nephew is staying here. He wears a belt. The other morning he got up very early to take out the bits of coke that were stuck between the teeth of the rake. Now, while he was getting dressed he happened to hit the iron frame of the mattress several times with the end of his belt, making a sound like the striking of a clock. Our maid——"

The Insurance Assessor got a bit restive and said this seemed to be irrelevant, but Uncle Joe said, No, it all fitted in.

"Our maid, hearing this," he went on, "thought she was late, and hurried on with housework she would otherwise have left till later. When my nephew had come downstairs and been out to the coal-shed, which is also the tool-shed, to take the bits of coke out of the rake, he came in again and picked up a small chipped cup full of water-stained brown. In this cup he had collected the drips from the brown hat he

had worn in the rain the day before. He was going to take the stuff up to his room and analyse it—he got a chemistry-set for Christmas. He had to go through the hall, where the maid, pressing ahead with the housework, had taken away the mat and opened the door. Well, he slipped on the linoleum and spilt the stain over the broken part of the door, and then he trod on the cup."

The Insurance Assessor opened his mouth and Uncle Joe proceeded instantly: "Of course you want to know how the bits of coke got stuck in the rake. Well, the day before, when his aunt found a splash of red paint on the bit of the old carpet-sweeper she uses to keep the scullery-door from hitting the mangle——"

The Insurance Assessor intimated that he had heard enough.

"All right," Uncle Joe said, "don't be annoyed. You may know the story of Democritus and the figs. One day Democritus ate some figs that tasted of honey, and this interested him very much until his maid, or, as you might say, serving-wench," he bowed

to the Insurance Assessor, "explained, laughing heartily, that the figs tasted of honey because they had been with some in a jar. Democritus then went off the deep end, because he would have liked to find this out for himself. Now how was I to know you had no point of similarity with Democritus—a fine big feller like you?"

After this the Insurance Assessor took his hat, Uncle Joe says, and went, completely overlooking the significance of a bulge in one of the umbrellas in the stand a few inches away. Into this umbrella, they found afterwards, the burglar, who must have been interrupted, had dropped all the valuables he had taken.

"Now in a story," Uncle Joe will conclude, "are you going to tell me that any detective would have seen the stain and overlooked the bulge? Huh!" R. M.

Those Were the Days.

"I have a picture of my great grandfather . . . who was born at Dover in 1785 reading the Weekly Dispatch."

Letter in Sunday Paper.

You can't start too young, can you?



OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE.

Master of Bobbery Pack (feeling effects of much festivity). "HOUNDS, PLEASE!"



"Now, Miss Adamson, if Jane is ever naughty while she's at your school, please just do as we do—threaten to stop her smoking during meals."

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OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE.

Master of Bobbery Pack (feeling effects of much festivity). "HOUNDS, PLEASE!"

Gallic Hay.

HAVING travelled a great many miles in France and called for tea both in the morning and in the afternoon, I have come to the conclusion that one of the things that that country needs is an instructress in tea-making. It is a bad time, I know, to suggest any addition to the responsibilities of the French, for they are dispirited and tired of life, they don't want to spend a bob, and few English, the natural moneyed tea-drinkers (as distinguished from the Russians, who are not moneyed), now visit their shores; but all the same, they, the French, the cooks of the world, ought to know that the herb can be good and could be made as well worth drinking as any coffee; while as a beverage it might revive them and restore some of their old resilience.

But lessons would have to come first: lessons in how to buy tea, so that it was tea and not dried grass chopped up, as it now seems too often to be; lessons in warming the pot; lessons in how little rather than how much to put in; lessons in not warming the milk; and, simplest but most important of all, lessons in boiling the water so that it is still boiling while it is being poured on, instead of merely having boiled previously. Nothing difficult here, but a few practical demonstrations would be useful; and what better career for Englishwomen who want an occupation than to pass from town to town and village to village spreading the light?

I don't pretend that the great mass of tea-drinkers in England know much about preparing the infusion: the pot is almost always extravagantly overburdened with leaves, thus increasing our admiration for the wise American and Dutch habit of using little muslin bags with the right economical amount in them; but the water usually boils at the right moment, and the quality of the herb is uniformly better. We keep our hay for the cattle. Also we were always adepts at giving advice, even while not always practising what we preached.

The French need other things too, first and foremost some strict traffic regulations and the will to respect and obey them; for never have I been conscious of such rampant individualism as you now find among their motorists. But it is doubtful if at the moment any enactments would have effect. The nation, as I have said, is too disenchanted and too unwilling to expand in any way; besides, motorists everywhere rejoice in defying the law. In France their disregard of it may, however, be more noticeable. French motorists,

when they are asked to keep to a certain limit, at once exceed it, while the notice "RALENTIE" seems to call out their worst passions. Even in England, where a certain fear of authority prevails, motorists do very much as they wish: at any rate those—and they have become the great majority—who drive their own cars.

But I cannot harry the French just now. This is not the time. This is not the time even to urge that bicyclists over there should be forced to show lights. I will therefore merely repeat the wish that every car in the world should be made to carry mirrors which really reflect what is coming, and be made not only to have signals but to use them.

As to Gallic hay, however, something practical might be done?

E. V. L.

The Kurdistan Lover Sings.

(Belles in Kurdistan covet second-hand motor-tyres, from which they make themselves shoes.)

LAST night my love smiled joyous smiles;

Two fine new shoes she wore.

(The left should do two thousand miles,
The right looks good for more.)

On England's strident Watling Street
Their chequered days began—

Dear shoes which clothe my true love's feet

In peaceful Kurdistan!

Henceforth my love need never frown,

But, should she hide her head,

How easily I'll track her down!

You see, I know her tread.

Last night my love enchanted me,

Her eyes so kindly shone.

A non-skid nonpareil is she,

A patchless paragon!

The Leer of Père Junot.

THE leer of Père Junot has for ninety-six years been the most remarkable feature of Saisou—that is, if he wore it in his cradle, which seems reasonably likely when you regard the hideous face of his great-grandson. Were Saisou big enough for such fame, the entry in *Michelin* would read thus:

"SAISOU (*Chose*). 357 h. [All of them, says Père Junot bitterly, liars of an imposing magnitude.] *Circulation difficile tous les jours*. [When you have driven through, you massage your backbone and know why.] *Voir: L'œilade de Père Junot.*"

If M. MICHELIN will fix a suitable remuneration, I am prepared to reveal the whereabouts of Saisou. All the world will then rush to see this celebrated leer, and the 357 h. will make their 357 fortunes.

The leer of Père Junot used to come out strong, I am told, when he was ticking people off, but in the course of over ninety years the 357 h. were ticked off so often that they became callous. The leer is now only provoked by reminiscences of the past. Père Junot's memory is as elastic as those of most men of his age. It usually goes back to LOUIS PHILIPPE, but it has been known to stretch to Waterloo. Thus, when M. le Curé in 1914 spoke admiringly of the Cossacks, Père Junot leered. The Cossacks who rode into Paris in 1815, he explained, were prodigious.

François is a frequent victim of the leer. François (eleven, and quick at figures) is the partner of his father, who keeps the Hôtel du Monde and deputed to him the touting branch. He steps on to the running-board of your car as you bump over the stones, and holds forth on the virtues of his father's cooking. If you had a hand to spare you would shove him off, but he knows the paving is too bad for that, and so gets a good innings. His father is very pleased with the touting, but Père Junot is not. He does not insinuate that the touting lacks verve, *elan*, or inspiration. He just leers and observes that under the third Napoleon the touting was entirely phenomenal. François goes fishing sometimes, and he says Père Junot has told him that prior to 1871 not only were the fish magnificent but even the worms were surprising.

A nephew of M. le Curé came to see him last month on short leave. He is an understrapper in a cavalry regiment, and his bright blue toggery and clinking spurs set male and female of Saisou by the ears. The women adored him, the men secretly admired him. All but Père Junot. He shook his head sadly, leered, and remarked that in his young days the military were incomparable. Pressed for details, he added that they were marvellously corseted. They say the young military would have tried this experiment in allure but his leave was up next day.

The paving of Saisou is of a kind which should be laid down on our blackest bits of road. To it Père Junot and many others of the 357 h. owe their longevity. Speed-limits are unnecessary and accidents never happen. It consists mainly of holes, with little holes between. Occasionally there is a large round stone like a Neanderthal



"DO YOU GO TO VICTORIA?"

"OUTSIDE ONLY."

"AND WHERE DOES THE INSIDE GO TO?"

skull, but that is just to give you a bump up instead of a bump down. Of course if you live in Saisou you realise that this is as it should be, because you can thumb your nose at the wickedest of manslaughterers; but visitors have been heard to complain. Such a one was rebuked by Père Junot. (Leer.) The paving now, said Père Junot, was a bagatelle. "Under LOUIS PHILIPPE, monsieur, it was sinister." [Ministry of Transport, let us have some sinister paving on the Great West Road.]

The trousers of Père Junot might be called another feature of Saisou. They

are grotesque, fantastic, terrible, like the Notre Dame gargoyles. The tradition is that he bought them in 1857 from a Crimean veteran, who had debagged the oldest inhabitant of Constantinople to obtain them. The date is fixed with precision, because Père Junot, being told by an English visitor (female) that his trousers were a disgrace, replied simply, albeit with a leer: "In 1857, madame, these trousers were spectacular."

But his best adjective was reserved for the distinguishing characteristic of Saisou. The Rue Carnot, as the visitor's

nose informs him, is bounded on the north by two mixens and on the south by three mixens; and if you don't know what a mixen is you can go to Saisou and find out. It is the most mixenish village in a superbly mixenish Department. One year an artist ventured up the Rue Carnot and retired hastily. "Père Junot," he said angrily, "ça pue!" The old man drew himself up from the semi-circular to the scythe-blade shape. "Monsieur," he said with a dramatic leer, "in the time of the Second Empire the smell of the Rue Carnot was stupendous."

W. G.



"PUT ON YOUR HAT, MY GOOD MAN. IT IS DELIGHTFUL TO SEE SUCH RESPECTFUL MANNERS IN THESE DAYS."
 "OI WERE A-GOIN' TO SCRATCH MOI YED."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

India and Scotland: Old Style.

ALTHOUGH few, if any, of the letters which Miss URSULA Low has discovered among her family archives are to be regarded as masterpieces of the epistolary art, their cumulative effect, in her happy selection and skilful arrangement of them, is a very vivid picture of life as it was lived in two widely separated parts of the world a hundred years and thereabouts ago by the class of folk from which (then as now) we have mainly got our administrators. The principal writer and recipient of these letters was Sir JOHN Low of Clatto, who, first in the army and later on the political side, served with great distinction for *Fifty Years with John Company* (MURRAY, 15/-). But a host of his relatives by blood and marriage come into the story, and JOHN Low riding the storm of a palace revolution at Lucknow is no more memorable than RICHMOND SHAKESPEAR brilliantly negotiating between Khiva and St. Petersburg or ALECK DEAS making a good end to a not very promising beginning on the fatal retreat from Kabul. There are glimpses too of a succession of Viceroys, of whom DALHOUSIE, writing perhaps the most appealing letters in the book, is brought nearest to us; while, at the other end of a leisurely and uncertain postal service, life goes on at Clatto

in the kingdom of Fife with an ancient dignity and serenity, not too tragically disturbed by anxiety for the absent or the delinquencies or unco' guidness of certain of the present.

"The Friend of the Oppressed."

When BIRRELL said that Sir Samuel Romilly (ALLEN AND UNWIN, 18/-) "stood out in the frieze of our Parliamentary history like the figure of Apollo amongst a herd of satyrs" he was not so far out as regards that great lawyer's aspect in his own period. Champion of manacled slaves, of flogged sailors, of transported poachers and the innumerable victims of a criminal law that punished two hundred offences with death, this Georgian Solicitor-General merits the full-dress biography he has at last received at the hands of a legal admirer. Mr. C. G. OAKES has taken endless pains to assemble the facts of his hero's life and has sensitively stressed their bearing on problems of to-day. Reform, it is submitted, is not the work of organisations, still less of the proletariat, but of individual pioneers painfully educating colleagues and public. ROMILLY was especially alive to the danger of retaining penalties whose barbarity the jury declined to endorse, with the result that notorious criminals went unconvicted. Soundly pitted against SHELLEY and BYRON, less fortunately implicated against QUEEN CAROLINE, his story has its sensational features. But this is a student's biography, not a pretext for historical gossip.

"Houyhnhnm."

From COUNTRY LIFE comes *Everyhorse*,
A book of gravity and mirth,
Which traces riding from its source
And driving from its birth.
Herein are prose and poetry
Enriched by real pictorial art,
And the exponent of these three
Is versatile FRANK HART.

Here, from a half-forgotten past
Ere *Gilpin* rode or *Gilpin's* sire,
We come, by stages slow or fast,
To petrol tank and tyre;
Wherefore you'd venture "*Ichabod*"
Of the high Houyhnhnms' old degree?
Nay, Pegasus remains a god
Above machinery.

Behold, with Mr. HART to aid,
Gymkhana and the County Show;
In pigtails and Jodhpurs arrayed,
Oh, see the babe *Diana* go
When the pack opens in the gorse
And Shetlands scuttle and career;
Nor fear this morning for the horse
Nor for his rider fear.

A Chinese Interpreter.

The spectacle of Europe wreaking havoc with scientific resources she has neither the conscience nor the wit to control will not have been wholly wasted if it deters the older civilisations from following in her footsteps. Something of this, I gather, has taken place in China. The advanced of the last generation envied and imitated Europeans. Modern Chinese youth is turning back to traditional ways as being admittedly more suited to the national character. What this character is and has been, what it is making for and what are the obstacles to its self-determination can all be vividly appreciated in *My Country and My People* (HEINEMANN, 15/-), a remarkable study by a young English-speaking Chinese patriot. Cosmopolitan enough to Americanise (slightly) his English, to survey his field with a humour resembling that of CAPEK and to know that you change at Bletchley for Oxford, Mr. LIN YUTANG backs the racial instinct of his countrymen, with its simple cultured routine, to outlast Communism. Justice armed with a sword will end, he hopes, the present alliance of bureaucrats and barbarians. The world must have patience with China and China must have faith in herself.

A Footnote to French History.

As a study of a prominent character in Anglo-French politics of the fifteenth century, *Louis d'Orleans* (MURRAY, 10/6) is both useful and attractive. As an effort to procure "the unmasking of that seductive phantom, the Middle Ages," it strikes me as ill-directed; for the prime of the Middle Ages was well over before the era of the Great Schism and the Hundred Years' War. Mr. F. D. S. DARWIN has elected to study this decadent and troubled time in the person of one



"FOR 'EAVEN'S SAKE TAKE THAT 'APPY GRIN OFF YER FACE, OR YOU'LL JIGGER UP THE 'OLE SHOW. IT'S AN 'ANG-DOG LOOK WOT FETCHES THE MONEY IN THIS BIZNISS."

of its more amiable figures; for although his Duke was the reputed lover of his mad sovereign's wife, the charge undoubtedly originated with the Burgundian faction which ultimately had him assassinated. On the other hand, his clever diplomacy built up a great bastion of estates on his country's north-eastern frontier, a feat as acceptable to France as it was distasteful to Burgundy. Finally the career of JOAN OF ARC—to which Mr. DARWIN's book is an illuminating prelude—is almost incomprehensible without a knowledge of her DAUPHIN's father, the insane CHARLES VI., and the father of her companion-in-arms, DUNOIS, who was the able, cultivated and incontinent duke of this monograph.

Dodging the Firing-Party.

Stories about and by spies are usually obviously untrue and very boring. Captain GEORGE A. HILL, D.S.O., however, now continues his account of his life during the War as a Secret Service agent in Russia, in *Dreaded Hour* (CASSELL, 8/6), by telling of his experiences after the Revolution. His book is evidently true and is excellent reading. Few, after escaping from that dangerous country with such difficulty, would have so coolly returned to it by Foreign Office order; fewer still would have run such risks for so small a reward. He is amusingly sarcastic about the conferences at Versailles, Genoa and other places of glorious memory, where thirty-two nations wrangled over the spoils of victory while Europe, wearying of statesmen's vacillations, starved, despaired and turned to revolution. I note with pleasure his gratitude to and liking for the Navy, especially in the Black Sea, where they even forgave his wearing of white spats on board. I think the best chapter is on the evacuation of Odessa: gentle humour, grim tragedy and wailing mobs of refugees make up an enthralling story, through which one hears the roar of our Fleet's shells passing overhead. Yes, a good book and modestly written.

England Under a Dictator?

MISS STORM JAMESON sets out to make our flesh creep in her new novel, *In the Second Year* (CASSELL, 7/6): for she draws a horrid picture (circa 1940) of England under a Dictator, rather unfortunately named Hillier, head of a "National State Party" which disposes of its opponents in "training camps" that are purgatories, or, when pressed, with a gun. If it is intended as a tract for the times or cautionary tale, passages in her story are much too indefinite and un-English; and the moral seems to be that in such a period all decent people are imprisoned or buried. If her intention is merely to tell a story with this background, she has failed to make her people important enough to the reader to keep him from peering at it over their shoulders. She lets Andy Hillier, cousin of the Dictator, in telling the tale, describe things outside his possible knowledge—for instance, the feelings of a dying man—and win confidence where his mere name would have been a signal for silence. Not one of Miss STORM JAMESON's best books, though her wide range of thought and gifts as a writer are both in evidence.

A Mixed Bag.

MR. ROLAND PERTWEE, in *Four Winds*, made an expert study of a queer character, and Paul Ascherer, the millionaire who is the central figure of *Such an Enmity* (NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 7/6), was assuredly too superstitious to be normal. Convinced by a gipsy's prophecy that he was in danger of

death, Ascherer engaged a doctor to come to his house on the Côte d'Azur. The doctor's job was no sinecure, for at a dinner-party given on the evening of his arrival it was obvious that the guests were neither agreeable to their host nor to each other. In fact hatred and suspicion were abroad, and in a few hours the doctor was one of the busiest men in the South of France. It would be unfair to reveal the outcome of this palpitating tale, but I can say that Mr. PERTWEE has relieved its tendency to become too grim by a pleasant love-story, and that his introduction of a simple and good-hearted Yorkshireman into the sophisticated atmosphere was a most happy idea.

Secret Service.

MR. FRANCIS BEEDING has gone to Geneva for the scene of *The Eight Crooked Trenches* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6), and has told a story that is almost bewildering in the intricacy of its plots and counterplots. The chief participants

in such yarns must needs have amazing physical endurance and very hard heads; but in this contest of wits and other weapons I did find myself wondering whether Colonel Granby and his understrapper, Peter Hamilton, could be extricated from some of the situations in which they found themselves. In spite, however, of the machinations of L.52 (a very crafty German, believe me), they live to serve another day—a fact which those of us who find pleasure in spy-tales and hectic adventures will welcome with applause.

Detection Without Frills.

Inspector—nay, rather Chief Inspector French has been at it again.

Beginning with an inquiry into the disappearance of a private detective employed by an Insurance Company, he soon finds himself investigating *The Loss of the "Jane Vosper"* (Collins, 7/6). This unhappy ship had simply settled down in the Atlantic after a series of explosive noises in her interior—a circumstance which her owners and others rightly considered suspicious. As for the development of the situation, what need one say except that it is in the best FREEMAN WILLS CROFTS tradition? For hair-raising thrills, diabolical monsters, or detectives who leap like gazelles from clues to conclusions one must go elsewhere; but those who like a good solid sensible story of detection find in Mr. CROFTS their unfailing ally. He is no great stylist, but his construction is so good that one does not mind the lack of ornament. The virtues of the amiable French, his perseverance, his cleverness, his lack of conceit have been sung often enough. Here I shall only (and most ungratefully) mention one very minor vice. I wish he would not spend so much of his time getting depressed over his lack of progress and telling himself that "he, French, must succeed." Surely he knows by this time that everything will be all right in another couple of hundred pages!



"No, no, hold it over yourself. I'm a shareholder in this hotel and I know what your uniform is worth."



THE BRITISH CHARACTER.
PREDILECTION FOR WEEK-END COTTAGER.

Star - Gazing.

From the Stalls.

I LOVE this girl. I'm not aware
Whether in life she's dark or fair;
Her eyes, for all I know or care,
Are yellow, pink or green;
Her charms, I'm told, in whole or part
Owe less to nature than to art,
But what of that? She has my heart,
My Lady of the Screen.

Oft, in the old pre-Movie age,
One loved the fairies of the Stage,
Material creatures—quite the rage—

Of simple flesh and blood;
They cast a spell, I'm bound to say,
But though attractive in their way
They are of grosser earth to-day
Which nips one in the bud.

Far lovelier is the girl I sing,
An aerie, unsubstantial thing
Of light and shadow, blithe as Spring,
And limber as an eel;

And, as she's twice life-size at least,
One's joy is by that much increased;
One has, in fact, a two-fold feast
And doubled sex-appeal.

O flawless figure, perfect face,
Compact, as far as one can trace,
In well-nigh more than mundane grace,

We shall remain unknown,
We shall not meet; but as they're good
At fakes, I learn, in Hollywood,
This has, if rightly understood,
A merit of its own.

The time will come, beyond all doubt,
When some new star will knock you out;
Your span is two short years (about)

Or at the utmost three;
But you'll have had a whacking screw
And, if your latest spouse be true,
The world may still be good for you
As change is good for me.

And, for the moment, there you are,
My peerless photographic Star,
Still to be worshipped from afar
As former Stars have been,
Still to be honoured, still to shine
Your little hour, and then decline
To that dead galaxy of mine,

My Ladies of the Screen. DUM-DUM.

Charivaria.

"I want a book that is chock-full of different characters," says a film producer. How about the telephone directory?

★ ★ ★

At a private view a gossip-writer noticed that Lord and Lady — spent some time looking at the pictures. Titled people of course can do these unconventional things.

★ ★ ★

"Nine out of every ten lectures submitted to the B.B.C. are never broadcast," says a writer. This is not enough.

★ ★ ★

The employees in an American tinned-fruit factory are encouraged to sing happily at their work. So they make merry while they can.

★ ★ ★

Officials estimate that if the cards of every person insured under the National Health scheme were stacked one above the other, a ladder ninety times the height of the Nelson Column would be required to reach the top one. The inconvenience of this arrangement will be at once apparent.

★ ★ ★

The Italian public is said to be given only such war news as Signor MUSSOLINI chooses. *Si non e vero e Benito.*

★ ★ ★

"It is advisable," says a writer, "that before buying a house, one sees how the land lies." It would of course also be an advantage to see how the estate-agent lies.

★ ★ ★

"Only foolish men whistle at their work," declares a business-magnate. This seems unduly hard on engine-drivers.

★ ★ ★

"Office mechanism can never take the place of the efficient typist," says a writer. That probably explains why you never see a business-man taking an adding-machine out to lunch.

★ ★ ★

An African missionary says cannibals never eat anyone over twenty years old. Youth will be served.

★ ★ ★

The Cambridge crew at practice throw their oars into the air, catch them and resume the stroke. A few repetitions of this accomplishment during the Boat Race itself would add to its interest.

★ ★ ★

Educationists consider the average schoolgirl of to-day cleverer than her mother. This is regarded as a triumph for Mind over Mater.

★ ★ ★

"Ex-telephone operator gives birth to triplets," announces a headline. Her husband, we understand, is of the opinion that she has given him the wrong number.

★ ★ ★

"In olden times," writes a novelist, "people couldn't put two and two together." He has evidently never heard about NOAH.

★ ★ ★

"Cigars," says a connoisseur, "should not be lighted twice." There are even cigars that should not be lighted once.

★ ★ ★

"The fastest human sprinter," we are informed, "falls far behind a lion." But not if the lion sees him

Ho! Ho!

Englisch Humoristics for Nordic Students.

PUN-FUN.

A MODICUM of the Best People assert that they eschew punning and deem it a social solecismus. They vilify the author of such and cry "O-pun the door!" in a manner to indicate resentment, and groan outwardly. So take care of yourself before putting forward a dictum couched in this style.

You may find, though, that along of the Very Best People that money can buy it is more of a dasched good proposition altogether indeed; but even here depreciation is sometimes of necessity, and it is wise to be slightly schame-faced.

"Really, I talk away in puns and twos, sixteen to the dozen" might be a good thing to aver after releasing a remarque somewhat too far-flung in an attempt to be excusable; or, "Pardon my remarques, they slip out all too glibly for me!"

Puns, of course, are chokes in which the two main words are resembular. Owing to the menacing attitude adopted towards them, it is valuable to learn a set of phrases. Thus it would never do to shout, "Ho! Ho! what a delicious pun, I think!" only to hear the Best People complaining.

These dictums are fairly safe to use:

"He has punned! Ghastly! Does he indeed take us for not-wits?" (To be said in a confidential sideways to someone else.)

"Did you make that pun with aforethought or was it just a terrible accident?" (Await the riposte before deciding whether to guffaw or to sneer in the teeth of the responsible.)

"Never mind, so did Shakespeare." (This is a first-class thing to say as a consolation prize when all are stern. Also it is, of course, always popular to allude to the literature of the realm in which you are situated, and Shakespeare will do for nearly everything.)

On the whole it is the action of he who is slier than his fellows to give the whole sorri business a wide berth. If you try the little game on yourself, you shall undoubtedly place your step on the wrong corn altogether or let slip something impropriatorial. Englisch is oh! how an easy language to offend society in as innocently as just-tumbled snow. You chatter in all simple-mindedness and suddenly lo! what a blushing and hostilities, and no one will be explanatory.

VOCABULAR.

He who puns *Punster* (fem. *punstress*), *pundit*.

In a manner of punning. *Punningly, punfully.*

A pun which all repeat. *A currant pun.*

The Gangster's Home—A Lullaby.

ROCK-A-BYE baby, in the tree-top;
Your daddy's a Dago, your mammy's a Wop,
Your uncle's the boss of a smuggling ring,
Your grandpapa's resting (for life) in Sing-Sing.
Rock-a-bye baby, in the tree-top,
Your mammy's a gangster and so's your old pop.

Rest your wee head my arm upon,
Sweet Public Enemy Number One.
Close your tired eyes, my dear little son,
And Santa shall bring you a sub-machine gun.
Slumber so softly, my own little wee man,
Or mammy will send for the nasty old G-man.



A PENNY FOR HER THOUGHTS.

MR. PUNCH'S RESPECTFUL SUGGESTION FOR THE REVERSE OF A NEW COPPER COINAGE, IF THE MINT HAPPENS TO BE IN ANY KIND OF DOUBT.



GRATITUDE.

The Truth About Keys.

THERE is a fortune and a knight-hood for him who shall invent an Unlosable Key. Not until the Unlosable Key appears upon the market may mankind and love together laugh at locksmiths.

The chief fault of a key lies in its size. In mediæval times, when the drawbridge and the portecullis took the place of the Yale lock, the least important key was of the kind of which the country sexton says, "No, zur, the key be up at Parson's." Ask him to fetch it and he will trudge off to the Rectory, to return with a very considerable piece of ironmongery—the sort of key that none but *Giant Despair* could carry about in his trouser-pocket. In those leisurely times there was no harm in that; but nowadays when a man has to take his place in crowded carriages he cannot hope to go about his business, like a turnkey or a Dickensian housekeeper, with a row of iron implements clashing at his girdle.

The modern key, however, may be slipped into the trouser-pocket, and

anything that may be slipped into the trouser-pocket is a direct challenge to the malice of fate. The man who designed that pocket planned a masterpiece of insecurity. He had a vision of keys sliding into the cracks of sofas.

The terrible thing about a key is that it is unique. You cannot buy a pound of assorted keys from the grocer, or borrow a key from your next-door neighbour. You lose your wife and you may console yourself with the reflection that there are other women in the world; but who loses his latchkey suffers irreparable loss. Keys can be very cruel. Who has not been frozen to the heart, in the midst of a merry evening, by the vision of a latchkey lying in the centre of his dressing-table? Not the foolish virgins, disconsolate without the bridegroom's door, sustained more exquisite anguish than does the keyless reveller who stands in a following wind and attempts to knock up a short-tempered landlady in a quiet and tactful way at two o'clock in the morning.

The latchkey impasse is but one aspect of the subject. There is the Horror of the Locked Suitcase, which occurs most commonly when a man

arrives tired and worn at a strange hotel. For the motorist there is the Misery of the Lost Ignition-key, which comes at a time when he has an important assignation at the station. Every key that is made is potentially a lost key.

You may affirm that you do not lose your keys. If that be true then you are a remarkable man, for it is a scientific truth, based upon my own personal observations, that the number of keys lost in twelve months would provide enough iron to enter into the soul of every man, woman and child in the British Isles. "Then where do they go, these keys?" you may retort. "An occasional key might rust to nothing in the course of years, but the millions of keys of which you speak cannot all vanish into thin air. One would expect them, like leaves in autumn, to drift into gutters and clog the drains, but, to my knowledge, they present no problem to the local destructor works."

Know, then, that in every English home there is a box for Old Keys. The oldest and least honest member of the household is usually in charge of its mysteries. In this box are keys of all

imaginable shapes and sizes, ages and descriptions—keys that would have been small in fairyland and keys that might unlock warehouses, keys that have spent years buried in back-gardens and keys that look suspiciously new. You may well ask from whence they come! They come through holes in trouser-pockets, they come from highways and hedgerows, they are got by fair means and foul. I do not say that all are not the legitimate spoil of the scavenger, but I do contend that many a good key is smuggled by agents to the old witches of the Key Box, much as dead bodies (for a consideration) were brought by secret ways to Scottish medical students in the last century.

Sometimes I suspect these harpies of an even fouler traffic in keys. I can imagine them creeping from their lairs on dark and windy nights, when the racing clouds obscure the moon, and stealing upon the sleeping towns and villages to pry beneath door-mats for the latchkey hidden there against the return of the goodman of the house. In nightmare I have seen them stooping over still forms . . .

I cannot leave the subject of keys until I have touched upon the tortures of the Locked-In. In the bad old days, before our railways had attained to their present pitch of perfection, there was a peculiarly revolting form of this torment reserved for unwary travellers. More disconsolate ticket-holders—I have it from a high official—have been carried on to Crewe, when they have wanted to go to Birmingham, through washing their hands behind an unopenable door than through any other known cause. I have an elderly relation, a man of choleric disposition, who, intending to alight at Salisbury, was whisked away into the wilds of Dorset because he had treated the locking arrangements of this compartment to more force than mechanical discretion. No abducted maiden, pinioned in the arms of her ravisher whilst the chaise sped swiftly towards his lonely manor, ever watched the towers of her papa's residence recede in the distance with such indignation and despair as possessed my peppery relation when carried captive into Dorset.

However, it is encouraging to remember that man's ingenuity can solve every problem. I have two proposals to put before you whereby the agony of the Lost Key may be placed for ever upon the list of archaic inconveniences.

Firstly, I should take steps to enforce such a standard of conduct as would render all bolts and bars superfluous, and I should inculcate in the



"No, Sir, we 'AVE NOT GOT THE EVENIN' PAPER YOU LEFT IN THE 5.32 LAST TUESDAY."

common mind such a nice respect for property that you might go for a holiday to the South of France and recollect without a qualm that you had left your front-door wide open, or cloak-room your suitcase between the paws of one of LANDSEER's lions in the quiet confidence of finding it there when you had agreed upon lodgings for the night.

My second proposal is to borrow an idea from the Captain of the Forty Thieves and manufacture vocally-actuated locks that would "answer to 'Hi!' or any loud cry."

"Ye gates, lift up your heads!" the Squire would whisper at the entrance to his park, and the wrought-iron gates would at once swing back. "Open, d—m you!" he would hiss at the front-door, and so proceed, without let or stay and without the use of one key,

to the inmost parts of his manorial home.

I could have wished that such an invention were already on the market, for if "Open, you — brute!" would have served my portable typewriter as a key this article would have been completed some hours ago.

"He stepped from his bath, and, glancing at his wrist, noticed the time. It was after eight. He called to his man to telephone the nearest florist. . . ."—From a Serial Story.

And not, as you might suppose, the nearest watchmaker.

"Surrey probably regret bitterly the opportunity they threw away in their bootless endeavour in the rain."

Report of Rugby Football Match.

Their opponents, apparently, only gave them socks.

Wild Words.

You yourself, mooning or bustling along, may not have noticed much about the literary style of cinema-advertising except its tendency to exclamatory conjunctions, such as AND! in the middle of an advertisement of a two-feature programme, or even AND!!—which so often, for so many of us, ought to be BUT!!! For those who notice these things, however, it makes an interesting study quite apart from this percussive aspect. Some of us have watched it broaden down from precedent to precedent, and others of us find that it has been developing unnoticed like the Lily of Malud.

I found the other day an old newspaper, an evening paper of late 1931—this is none of your business, but, if you must know, it was lining a drawer I have not been allowing anyone to clean—containing a number of film advertisements, and with the help of this we can put on an instructive then-and-now act. In this short time precedents have been broadening something fierce. One phrase which lured you into cinemas in 1931 was this:

A Picture You'll Love, Cheer and Weep Over!

Compare that simple-minded and cautious announcement with our local cinema's dashing deposition on behalf of what was called the best film of 1935:

A Blast of Searing Emotion that will Crumble the Walls of Your Heart!

Observe the technical advance. Note the added verve, the freer and more confident use of physiology. Many films are advertised like this to-day that I think ought to be in the pharmacopeia, used and recommended on all occasions by medical men.

Furthermore, it seems to be recognised to-day that the effect of a film is by no means confined to the people who see it. Towards the end of last year there was a British film to which someone took a thermometer:

A Scintillating Musical-Comedy Romance that Sets the Mercury Bubbling,

and only a week or two ago we had one—

The Play that Rocked Broadway for Eight Months!

which seems to demand a seismograph with attendants in four-hour shifts.

Back in 1931, before this rich vein was tapped, they used to get discouraged from time to time and rack their brains for peculiar, not to say dubious reasons for demanding your custom:

A Story so Lifelike, so Dramatically Perfect, We Urge You to See it!

This goes into the Doubtful Superlatives Department with the more celebrated effort of a year or so later:

So Unusual is this Picture that it has to be Seen from the Beginning.

These examples have all been simply pearls from the publicity-man's oyster, the precipitate resulting from the chemical action of the film on his emotions, or the mere vague label on the bottle. In the Recipe, Prescription, Engineer's Specification or Summary method of advertising there has, I believe, been less change. I can't find any example of this method in my 1931 paper, but my recollection is that

20 Stars, 200 Girls, Gaiety, Spectacle, Music, Laughter, Romance, Drama

might equally well have appeared then as when it did—a month or two ago. If the film piles it on, the advertising

piles it on. A technique good enough for XAVIER DE MAISTRE or an auctioneer's catalogue is good enough for us.

Another point I have failed to mention is the important one of local idiosyncrasy. It sometimes happens that for one reason (such as the manager's calligraphy) or another (such as his eyesight) the slogan attached to a film in Hollywood or London suffers a sea-change before it gets on to a provincial poster. Peculiarly rich and strange was our local cinema's adaptation of

The Champion of the Damned Defies the Law!

—at least I deduce it was the Law—about a year since, when, thanks to the writing of the person who communicated this ejaculation to the poster-artist, people crowded in to see a film which they were assured would narrate how

The Champion of the Damned Defies the Navy!

Probably the film thus summarised is pretty rich, but it did not happen to be the one that was here at the time.

Again, not so long ago I saw outside a local cinema the notice in red capitals

WHERE HERE AGAIN.

All great art admits of more than one interpretation, and this is one of those statements that open up enough lines of thought to keep you busy all the morning. These words might have been the vestiges of some larger, lightning-blasted notice, even more obscure and even greater art, such as

"YOU CAN'T DO WHAT WHERE HERE AGAIN," WAS THE PIANO-TUNER'S CRYPTIC REPLY.

Or they might have been an insufficiently-punctuated bit of playfulness, meant to read "WHERE? HERE AGAIN!" to obviate the supposition that whatever it was wasn't there after all or had sneaked off somewhere else this time. Or they might have been, as they were (I think) intended to be, "WE'RE HERE AGAIN." They referred to the DIONNE quintuplets, or a film of them; and while we are thus in the midst of plenty I may mention another notice outside another cinema that was recently showing some pictures of the St. Neots quadruplets. This notice referred to the quadruplets as

England's Magnificent Reply to Canada's Medical Profession—which seems to me pretty good too.

But let us end on a more sombre and incomprehensible note. The best they could do in 1931, to judge from the paper I have, for what we may call the Serious Human Problem picture was—

Guilty!—of Telling the Truth to the Man She Loved!

But not so long ago we got this:

SENSATION!!! *One woman against 500 millions—fighting to keep her love aflame amid ten centuries of darkness—chasing a phantom happiness on the lost horizon of the veiled East—because the man who refused to love her needed her!*

To-day, when the boys set out to produce a fog, believe me a fog is what the boys produce. R. M.

Zoological Note.

"Then, like a swarm of bees leaving a hive, the globe-trotting pachyderms suddenly zoomed off to pastures new."
From article on Wrestling in S. Africa.

Are You Bad At Figures?

"Now Mr. and Mrs. Lee were married in 1876 and unless you are bad at figures, you will find that that was fifty years ago."
Local Magazine.

Mr. Porter Dictates.

"I READ in a Sunday paper once that the average person speaks at two hundred and something words a minute," said Mr. Porter. "Or was it a hundred and something? Anyhow, I should say I was a bit above the average. Is that too fast?"

"I'm not going to do it in shorthand," said Miss Elkington, sitting down at Sidney's typewriter. "I'm going to type it straight off. It's still tea-time, you know. I shouldn't have thought any letter was as desperately important as all that. Miss Lunn, be an angel and put the saucer over my tea, will you?"

Mr. Porter put his own cup down and stood up. "And don't talk," he said to the rest of us. "It's bad enough to see a lot of people just sitting round a fire while other people are working. 'Dear Sir, with reference to your memo of even date *re* ours of 18th prox, and which we have to hand, having received same this A.M.—'"

"Not that one, silly," said Miss Lunn to Padgett. "I mean the one with the mouth and the hair. You know. In that one with either FRANCHOT TONE or GARY COOPER, and he hardly came in at all."

"We beg to respectfully submit that—"

"Just a moment," said Miss Elkington. "I haven't even got the paper in straight. This machine's utterly different from mine. I do wish someone would stop people making different makes of typewriters so different. Now, what's the man's name and address?"

"James something," said Mr. Porter. "I shall think of the surname in a minute. Hi! Miss Elkington, don't type *that*. I meant the film man. I don't know *this* man's name. It's on his letter. I'll go up and fetch it afterwards."

"Why not fetch it now?" asked Miss Elkington sweetly, as she adjusted another sheet of paper in the typewriter.

"Because it's too cold . . . Oh, all right, then," said Mr. Porter.

"I can't actually put my hand on it at the moment," he said, coming down again. "Let's leave that part out. Can't you start at 'Dear Sir' and put it in at the bottom later?"

"That's what I was doing," said Miss Elkington. "I've put 'Dear Sir, with reference to your memo of even date *re* ours of 18th prox, and which.' I couldn't remember any more."

"You didn't type *that*?" said Mr. Porter in horror. "I was just prac-

tising. I was being funny. You didn't think I'd call anything a memo *re* anything, did you?"

"You don't think when you're typing," said Miss Elkington stiffly. "You're not meant to."

"Now we're off," said Mr. Porter cheerfully when she was ready again.

"Dear Sir."

"Dear Sir," said Miss Elkington. "Bother! I've put 'Deaf Sir.' I believe they make these typewriters specially so that when you do make a mistake you type the most ridiculous word. Well, that looks more or less all right now. You can tell it's meant to be 'Dear.'"

"Dear Sir," said Mr. Porter. "I have received your letter of the—"

"Of what?" said Miss Elkington. "I can't hear anything. This typewriter's deafening."

"Of the"—whatever the date is. I don't know yet because I can't find his letter. You'd better just put 'I have received your letter.'"

"But I've put that you received his letter *of*. And I'm not going to try rubbing anything else out with this piece of pumice-stone. And if you think I'm going to start again—oh, well, perhaps I am."

"I noticed that too," said Miss Lunn. "I mean, the carbon paper being in the wrong way round. I was going to tell you when you put it in, but it went right out of my head. Well, look at ROBERT DONAT, stupid. He's got a moustache, hasn't he?"

"Well, look at CLARK GABLE," said Padgett. "He shaved his off, didn't he?"

"That's different," said Miss Lunn.

"Dear Sir," said Miss Elkington. "I have received your letter." Of course it's different. He had to be because of the film. Full stop. By the way, do you want it with single spacing or double, Mr. Porter?"

"What's the difference?" asked Mr. Porter.

"Double's twice as much space between the lines as single, and if a letter's long it's single and if it's short it's double."

"You can't make it double, Miss Elkington," said Sidney, taking his head out of a cupboard. "It's stuck at single."

"On the short side," said Mr. Porter.

"Well, that's that," said Miss Elkington. "I've started right at the top. I'm not going to begin again. Can't you make it longer, Mr. Porter?"

"Not much," said Mr. Porter. "I've just remembered I had his letter the Friday before last, so we can say I received his letter of the whenever it was. Last Thursday week."

"But I've put 'I have received your letter' and then a full stop."

"That's easy," said Mr. Porter. "You've only got to rub the full stop out."

"You can't possibly rub full stops out," said Miss Elkington. "Not the ones on Sidney's typewriter. 'I have received your letter.' What else?"

"Not much," said Mr. Porter. "Just 'I will answer it to-morrow. Yours faithfully, Mr. Porter.' And now for his name and address. Where would I have put an important letter that I'd just found after I'd lost it for over a week?"

"In your tray marked 'Important,'" said Miss Elkington sarcastically.

"I believe you're right," said Mr. Porter, and he went off and came back with the letter.

"It's lucky I didn't lose it again," he said, "because it had a lot of points that needed answering, and I couldn't answer it before because I couldn't remember them. So I'd been thinking all last week that I'd write to him just to cheer him up until I found *his* letter, as I knew I should sooner or later. But of course I couldn't write before this afternoon because I hadn't got his name and address except on his letter."

"Well," said Miss Elkington, "if you'll give me the name and address I can go back to my tea."

"But of course," Mr. Porter went on, "we needn't send that letter we've just done, now I come to think of it. We can start again and write properly, because now I've found his letter I can answer all the points in it."

"You can if you like," said Miss Elkington, taking the saucer off her tea-cup—"if you like typing on Sidney's typewriter. If you think I'm going to waste any more time—well, I'm not."

"It doesn't matter," said Mr. Porter. "The telephone number's on his letter. So I can ring him up, and I needn't do it till to-morrow. Grand things, telephones. And now," said Mr. Porter, taking his cup and sitting down, "after that I shall enjoy my tea all the more. Even if it is nearly cold. That's the best of those rush jobs."

Neck or Nothing.

"But Dene was holding out his wrist to the moonlight, craning his eyes to see the time by his watch."—*From a Novel.*

Forecast for Mem-sahibs.

"In hot weather we hear the forecast 'Temperature above average. Further outlook simla.'"—*Schoolgirl's Essay.*

"COATS THAT CAN BE WORN INSIDE OUT." *Daily Paper.*

No politician should be without one.



Publisher. "WE ARE PUBLISHING YOUR BOOK. WE SHALL ANNOUNCE IT AS 'MISS SMITH'S GREAT FIRST NOVEL.'"

Author. "I HAD ONE PUBLISHED TWO YEARS AGO."

Publisher. "AH! THEN WE'LL CALL IT 'MISS SMITH'S FIRST GREAT NOVEL.'"

Author. "AND I HAD ONE PUBLISHED TEN YEARS AGO."

Publisher. "I SEE. WELL, WE MUST CALL IT 'MISS SMITH'S GREATEST NOVEL.'"

Variations on a Theme.

[" Criticise and, if necessary, correct the following sentences:

1. A young anaconda was found in a bunch of bananas on Friday at Froyle. . . ."
From a Civil Service examination paper.]

WHY paint the lily?

Why scent the rose?

'Twere no less silly

To think such prose

Requires refining.

Form so sublime

Deserves enshrining

(*V. inf.*) in rhyme.

"A young anaconda was found

In a bunch of bananas

On Friday at Froyle." I'll be bound

That in all GLORIANA'S

Great days, with their infinite range

Of singers, no sweeter

A cadence was heard. Let us change

To a different metre.

"A young anaconda was found in a bunch of bananas on Friday at Froyle."

When it's printed like this it possesses more punch and the rhymes demand rather less toil.

Its song booms along like the gong for one's lunch, yet as smooth and as soothing as oil.

(*Chorus, please!*)

Oh, a young anaconda was found in a bunch of bananas on Friday at Froyle.

But, although the above has a lilt that is quite corybantic And goes with a swing,

This arrangement gives fuller effect to its richly romantic Swinburnian ring.

It clings round the heart, written thus, as the lissom lianas Curl, clamber and coil—

"A young anaconda was found in a bunch of bananas On Friday at Froyle."

Why paint the lily?

Why scent the rose?

'Twere no less silly

To think such prose

Requires refining.

Form so sublime

Deserves enshrining

(*V. sup.*) in rhyme.

"The Rumanian Government, it is reported, will levy a tax, payable in wind, on the Rumanian oil concerns."—*News Report.*
And blow the expense?

"Shortly before the interval a Scottish passing movement broke down and Davey got permission and scored a try which Jenkins converted."

Football Report in Indian Paper.

Decent of him to ask.

At the Pictures.

CHARLIE.

LET me say at the start, in no uncertain terms, that any rumours which



J.W.D.

A PRODUCT OF THE MACHINE AGE.

may have been current suggesting that CHARLIE CHAPLIN has been putting sociology above humour are wrong. His interest in being a tramp, a hobo, the down-and-out, one against the world, the champion and exemplar of the under-dog, extends only to the comic possibilities that can emerge from this position. In *Modern Times* CHARLIE is more determinedly funny than ever, while some of his devices to keep us laughing are far more elaborate than anything that has gone before and not a whit less successful. To read about how uncontrollable was the laughter of ourselves and others, no matter what the provocation, is boring; and I will therefore merely say that I do not envy anyone who can keep unmoved while CHARLIE, in order to save time as a worker and enable his employer to make more money, is being fed by machinery. This probably is the crowning moment of the hour-and-a-half of nonsense that is spread before us—nonsense of a genius.

Thinking it all calmly over, I realise that most of the more violent fun is associated with food. First we have CHARLIE fed by machinery, and his mouth wiped by machinery and the machinery going wrong. Then we have CHARLIE in

prison powdering his skilly with cocaine and going mad with the drug. Then we have a *gamine* (PAULETTE GODDARD) stealing bananas for her family. Then we have a mechanic (CHESTER CONKLIN) caught in the cogs, but with enough face on view for CHARLIE to feed it; while there are several other meals at which too much is eaten, or at which CHARLIE's chair sinks into the floor or the table is overturned; and finally, a roast duck is used in a café as a Rugby football. A marvellous climax to the most dexterous piece of waiting ever seen! The mention of these experiences alone should dispel false ideas as to CHARLIE's serious bent towards Socialism. There is even a custard-pie.

I am not sure that *Modern Times* is as good as certain of its predecessors—it gets a little ragged and disjointed after a while, and there is one needlessly coarse episode—but I am sure that it is the most amusing film now being shown and that after the first few moments no one misses talk. As for CHARLIE he is the same as ever. Age has not staled nor custom withered him, and if in real life his hair is white, it is black in the picture; and if in real life he may be less active, he is active enough here even on roller-skates.



J.W.D.

THE SINGING DISCOVERY.

OUR FAN REGISTERS THE CORRECT REACTIONS.

Annette LILY PONS.

He is even a more gifted CHARLIE than we have ever seen. We knew about his fantastic freakish ways; we knew that he could skate on rollers

with astounding skill; but we did not know that he could compose music or sing. But this film of *Modern Times*,



J.W.D.

SOB RELIEF.

A Tramp CHARLIE CHAPLIN.
A Gamine PAULETTE GODDARD.

which is entirely of his invention, has occasional bursts of melody and one long comic song—all from CHARLIE's brain. I say "comic," but who shall say? For it was gibberish. It was characteristic of this artist that he should break the silence only when he had no words.

In PAULETTE GODDARD he has, I think, a valuable ally, and as the picture ends without any more ending than CHARLIE and his *gamine* (whom he has not kissed) fading away side by side on the road that leads to the dawn, I hope—we must all hope—to meet them again.

It cannot be said that, as Annette, LILY PONS, the new singing star, is likely to out-rival and silence GRACE MOORE, although I suspect she was brought from Grand Opera with that intention. She has none of the acceptable volume; in fact she seems to sing entirely from the roof of her mouth. Nor is the story of the film, *I Dream Too Much* (a meaningless title), good enough for her. Too little thought and pains were, I fear, given to it, so that she falls in love and marries, amuses herself on a roundabout, becomes a star, loses her husband and regains him, all far too easily.

E. V. L.

Umgogumtshani.

"UMGOGUMTSHANI," said Edith thoughtfully.

"You really *will* have to see the dentist about them," I said sympathetically. "Of all human trials, a wobbly plate is the worst—it curseth her that speaks and him that hears."

"Umgogumtshani" is a genuine word, said Edith. "It means 'Grandmother of the grass' and is the name of a tribe or clan of stingless bees imported from Rhodesia. It says in *The Times* that stingless bees are going to be all the rage this season, and really, when you come to think of it, it is funny nobody ever thought of it before. I mean to say, when you think of all the thousands and thousands of people who get stung every year all over the place, stingless bees would be a distinct convenience. But I suppose people have got so used to sort of never seeing bees without stings that it hasn't occurred to them it might be done. Like people just went on getting wetter and wetter for years and years until somebody invented an umbrella."

"I'm frightfully interested in Umgogumtshani, of course," I said, "but would you mind being quiet for just five minutes while I finish writing this poem?"

"Of course," said Edith. "When I married you I made a vow always to be as quiet as a mouse when you were at work. That nice Mr. Phelps who writes thrillers was saying only the other day that he wished *his* wife would realise that Art demands concentration. I shouldn't have spoken at all only that word 'Umgogumtshani' sort of caught my eye, and I said to myself, 'If stingless bees, why not buzzless flies?' and then it occurred to me that if nature could only be harnessed, as you might say, many of the minor inconveniences of life could be avoided. Of course there'd be no sense in barkless dogs, because, after all, that's what dogs are really for, but miaouless cats would certainly be an improvement. After all, a cat can catch mice perfectly well without miaouing all over the place. And cackleless hens. I assure you I didn't sleep a wink after four o'clock this morning because Colonel Hogg's hens were cackling and cackling. But perhaps that's their way of talking to one another, and, if so, of course it would be cruel to remove their cacklers. Though, with the marvellous things they can do nowadays, I don't see why each bird shouldn't be fitted with some sort of little attachment that could be switched on and off, so that they could be prevented



"MIND YOU, MEGGIE, MARRIED LIFE BAIN'T ALL LOVERS' LANE."

from cackling between, say, ten-thirty at night and eight in the morning—"

"I'm trying to think of a rhyme for 'thistle,'" I said rather pointedly.

"What about 'whistle'?" And now I think of it, somebody certainly ought to invent errand-boys that don't whistle. If I've spoken to our milkman once about his boy, right under the bedroom-window in the early mornings, I've spoken a thousand times, but it doesn't make the slightest difference; and it's always 'Annie Laurie.' I can't think why, with HENRY HALL churning out new songs within the reach of everybody night after night, that boy should go on sticking to 'Annie Laurie.'

As soon as I hear the gate clang every morning I say to myself, 'Now "Annie Laurie" is going to start,' and though I hope and hope that if he *must* whistle he'll try something else, it is always 'Annie Laurie'—"

"If you won't be quiet and let me think of a decent rhyme for 'thistle,'" I said, "I shall be forced to make a remark that has been trembling on my lips for the last ten minutes and suggest that if somebody invented tongueless wives—"

"You should count your blessings," said Edith, "and be grateful that it is only 'thistle' you have to find a rhyme for, and not 'Umgogumtshani.'"

The Preamble.

CLOSING-TIME in the following districts is now as follows:—

Westminster (including Knightsbridge) -	11.0 P.M.
Kensington (including Hammersmith) -	10.0 P.M.
Chiswick -	10.30 P.M.

And these districts are adjacent, the one to the other, respectively.

So, having been solemnly and loudly shepherded out of the "— Arms" in Kensington at 10.0, the citizen can walk a few yards and continue his conversation for another hour at the "— Arms" in Knightsbridge. Or, by strolling over the Western frontier of Hammersmith at 10.0, he can have another half-hour in Chiswick. Or, again, another half-hour in Barnes, Paddington or Willesden.

The like of this, I think, is not to be found in Paris.

In either case this hypothetical gentleman will hear two "Last orders, please!" and probably have two lots of "final rounds." The Kensington Licensing Justices may not know it, for they are never at the "— Arms"; but it is the Last Ten Minutes that most often does any mischief that is done. It follows mathematically that where there are two sets of Last Ten Minutes twice as much mischief is done.

The Kensington Licensing Justices, therefore, have a heavy load of responsibility: and it is a hard thing indeed that virile and impecunious Hammersmith should be under the régime of the royal and rich but namby-pamby Borough, whose citizens and justices, having fine houses and clubs and hotels in which to spend their leisure hours, do not wish to congregate in pubs.

In the old days, when we were writing plays at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, much damage was done to British Drama by the said Justices; for, since the bar was closed by their order at 10.0, it was important to finish the Second Act by 9.55 at latest, in order that some at least of the dejected audience might be able to console themselves and be persuaded to remain in the theatre. If the curtain

came down at 10.1 the Interval must be dry: and surely it is a hard thing for a dramatist to have to cut his Second Act about in order to fit the edicts of the old ladies and gentlemen of the Kensington Licensing Bench.

Now, I do not think that you will find the like of these things in Paris or any other French city. And that, we are authorized to say, is one answer to the question we have recently heard: What exactly is the point of the Public Refreshment Bill, 1936?

The answer does not satisfy us. The Bill reads well enough and looks well enough on the pale-green paper:—

A BILL
TO
Amend the laws concerning
public refreshment.



"WILBERFORCE, THIS GENTLEMAN WISHES TO BE A GORILLA."

Whereas it appears that the laws concerning public refreshment are vexatious and unreasonable, and are not well fitted to the good sense of Englishmen and the conditions of the present time:

And whereas the said laws, as at present administered, are a hindrance to improvement in the resorts of the people, a cause of intemperance, a burden upon trade, a danger to the King's revenue, and a discouragement to foreign travellers proposing to visit this realm:

And whereas it is commonly accepted that England is now to be considered as a part of the continent of Europe, and should so conduct herself in all proper and peaceful affairs: and in this affair it is expedient that she should follow the good and civilized customs of France, which, by reason of the said laws, is now not possible:

Be it therefore enacted, by the King's Most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled and by the authority of the same as follows:

ADOPTION OF
THE LAWS OF
FRANCE.

HOME
SECRETARY'S
POWERS.

1. The laws of England concerning the provision of public refreshment, including the sale or supply of wine, beer, spirits, and the like, shall be made, *mutatis mutandis*, the same as the laws of France.

2. The Secretary of State shall ascertain what are the laws of France at the date of the passing of this Act, and shall, from time to time, make all such orders and regulations as are necessary to give effect to Section One of this

Act. Such orders and regulations shall be laid in draft before both Houses of Parliament, and when both Houses by resolution have approved the draft, either without modifications or with modifications and additions to which both Houses agree, they shall have the force of law:

Provided that the Secretary of State shall within six months of the passing of this Act make regulations for the protection of persons employed in the refreshment trades and for the restriction of their hours of labour.

REPEAL OF
LICENSING
ACTS, &c.

SHORT TITLE
AND
APPLICATION, 1936.

3. On the coming into operation of any orders or regulations made under Section Two of this Act, any statutory or other provisions of the English law which are inconsistent therewith shall cease to have effect.

4. (i.) This Act may be cited as the Public Refreshment Act, 1936.

(ii.) This Act shall not apply to Scotland, Northern Ireland or Wales.

At least His Majesty's Government cannot say, as they have said about all other attempts at Licensing reform, that it is a "piecemeal" measure. It is the most comprehensive Licensing Bill ever presented to Parliament. It covers everything, with a sheet-and-a-half of paper.

But its promoters, we feel, must be very young and inexperienced. What vagueness! Surely they know that in

modern legislation every "i" and every "t" must be dotted or crossed respectively, as the case may be, by, with or from? Here all is nebulous. What is this extraordinary suggestion that the HOME SECRETARY should "ascertain what are the laws of France" and imitate them? It is true that if the HOME SECRETARY should happen to visit France he would observe that in this department of life all is civilized and sane, that the citizen can get what he wants when he wants it, but does not cause Parliamentary debates and Bills by taking too much. It is true that Mr. BALDWIN has said that "our frontier is now the Rhine." It is true that at the time of Jubilee, when for a brief space the laws of London were almost like the laws of Paris, the people of England did not disgrace themselves. It is true that at that time many statesmen delightedly described the behaviour and gaiety of the people as "almost Continental." But is it seriously supposed that *England* is going to take lessons from the said Continent? A million times No!

The one feature of this deplorable document which we can commend is the revival of the Preamble. In most modern measures the preamble, if there is one, is a feeble and anæmic thing. But the legislators of the past knew how to use it. It rolled; it thundered; it said things. Consider, for example, the preamble of the Treasonable and Seditious Practices Act, 1795—

"We, Your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the lords spiritual and temporal, and Commons of Great Britain, in this present Parliament assembled, duly considering the daring outrages offered to Your Majesty's most sacred person, in your passage to and from your Parliament at the opening of the present Session, and also the continued attempts of wicked and evil disposed persons to disturb the tranquillity of this Your Majesty's kingdom, particularly by the multitude of seditious pamphlets and speeches daily printed, published and dispersed, with unremitting industry and with a transcendent boldness . . ."

Or the cheery overture to the Suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, 1803—

"Whereas a treasonable and rebellious spirit of insurrection now unfortunately exists in Ireland . . ."

We like too the vigorous preamble to the English in the Law Courts Act, 1731—

"Whereas many and great mischiefs do frequently happen to the subjects of this kingdom from the proceedings in courts of justice being in an unknown language, those who are summoned and impleaded having no knowledge or understanding of what is alleged for or against them in the pleadings of their lawyers and attorneys,



THE END OF A PERFECT COURSE.

Cheerful Host. "THIS LAST HOLE IS CUNNINGLY DEvised—A DRIVE, A PITCH, AND LO! THE TRAIN TERMINUS!"

who use a character not legible to any but persons practising the law: to remedy these great mischiefs, and to protect the lives and fortunes of the subjects of that part of Great Britain called England more effectually than heretofore from the peril of being ensnared or brought in danger by forms and proceedings, in courts of justice, in an unknown language, be it enacted . . ."

One knows at once what PITT's Militia Act is about, and is at once excited:—

"Whereas a well-ordered and well-disciplined militia is essentially necessary to the safety, peace and prosperity of this kingdom: and whereas the laws in being for the regulation of the militia are defective and ineffectual . . ."

But the purpose of most modern measures has to be explained by a long and extremely dull memorandum:

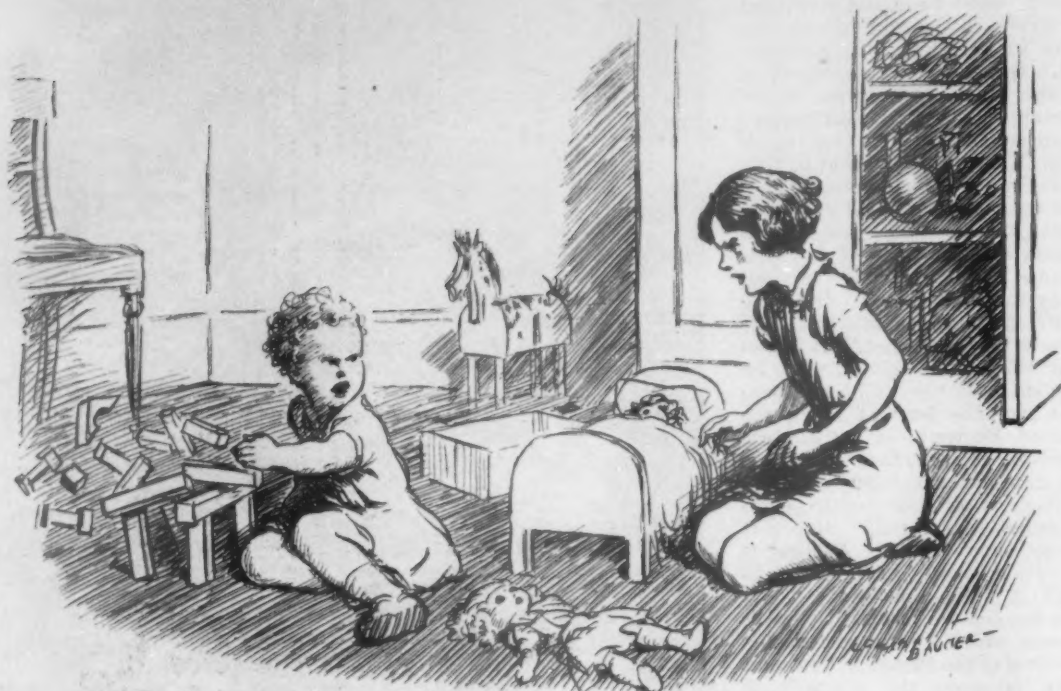
and even then the purpose is not always plain, even to His Majesty's Judges. Let us, by all means, have more preambles. Why not, for a change, a preamble in verse? A. P. H.

The Internal Congestion Engine.

"I should think it was a 1925 model. The bonnet was wide open and the February sun was shining upon the greasy engine. The driver was sitting inside speaking to his passenger."—*Evening Paper.*

An Impending Apology.

"Messrs. Scott & Sons, Bowling, Dumbartonshire, launched to-day the single-screw motor vessel *Babinda* for the Australasia United Steam Navigation Co., Ltd., London. The naming ceremony was performed by Mrs. Mathers, wife of Captain Mathers. She is 175 feet long and has cargo capacity of 800 tons dead weight."—*Scots Paper.*



"AND LOOK HERE—DON'T FOR GOODNESS' SAKE BEHAVE LIKE A CHILD OF ONE."

The Raconteur.

I HAVE just been told by my Uncle Alfred a richly amusing story which seems to me to deserve a wider audience, if only for the pains he took in telling it—or rather acting it; for Uncle is a raconteur who believes in getting thoroughly into the skin of each character. It would be a pity if such an effort were to be wasted on an audience of one.

It appears, then, that there was once a fellow, an ordinary sort of fellow, who had a brother with a wife—a decent body, Uncle Alfred says; that would be the wife, I suppose, but the point is of no great consequence. Very well, then. This fellow one day called at his brother's house, a ramshackle sort of affair, and asked the wife if his brother was in. Whereupon the wife said, No; he was in the outhouse. And what, asked his wife's brother, was his brother doing in the outhouse? "Oh," replied his brother's wife, "he be a-päaentun'." (I cannot convey in print the broad blurred Yorkshire brogue that my Uncle Alfred gave to the word, but "painting" was what it meant.)

Well, off went the brother to the

outhouse where his brother was working—which was a biggish concern with a loft and a ladder leading up to it—and stood at the bottom and called up to his brother through the hole in the floor: "Maërnin', Bill"—or Harry or whatever his name may have been; and Bill replied, "Maërnin'" (meaning "Morning": that is as near as I can get to Uncle Alfred's lazy whimsical drawl).

"Fwat be ye dewin' up thicky larft?" asked his brother. "Oh," replied the brother, "juist päaintin'." "And wot do ye be päaintun' of, Bill?" "Oh, t'maëngle [mangle]," answered Bill laconically; and the conversation went on in the delightful Devonian-Irish burr which my Uncle Alfred has at command, until it transpired that the second of the two brothers (let us call them, as it occurred to my Uncle to do at this stage, A and B) had lugged the whacking great mangle out of the scullery of the house, acrarst the yaird, and, by some herculean effort, up the ladder into the loft. 'Moun'n M'omet,' commented my Uncle in mirthful paroxysms, "M'omet moun'n—WHAT?" (an allusion, of

course, to the well-known saying that if Mahomet cannot go to the mountain the mountain has to come to Mahomet, or something; the mountain, as Uncle explained, being in this case the mangle and Mahomet the paint).

Having got thus far, it is essential for due enjoyment of the yarn to forget that last bit, which rather lets the cat out of the bag, and hark back for the cream of the joke.

"Well," brother A said, "but why did ye be goan' to all thicky trouble?" Whereupon brother B replied: "Well, yer see, the päünt wur 'eer!" *The paint was there!* As if— However, there is no need to labour the obvious.

Such, then, was my Uncle's story, considerably condensed and with his racy idiom and mellow style no more than suggested; and I pass it on for other folk's delectation, because there is no reason why I should be the only lonely sufferer from his diverting anecdotes. In fact, dammit! if it were not that I have hopes of him in another direction I shouldn't have had to listen to this one. But a trouble shared is a trouble spared, don't they say?



TROUBLE AMONG THE LOCARNO "QUINS."

Impressions of Parliament.

Synopsis of the Week.

Monday, February 10th.—Commons: Debate on Sugar Industry.

Tuesday, February 11th.—Lords: Debates on Assyrians in Iraq and Com-



LORD STRABOLGI. "ANYHOW, I'VE STARTED THE BALL ROLLING!"

mission to inquire into expenditure on Forces.

Wednesday, February 12th.—Lords: Debate on Position of Peers.

Commons: Debate on Education.

Monday, February 10th.—Sir WILLIAM DAVISON is still worried on the score of Soviet appropriations; and it does seem a little odd that the country whose leader's speeches at Geneva read so remarkably like those of Mr. GLADSTONE in their quiet dignity and respect for the sanctity of property and opinion should still be owing considerable sums of money for the various commodities belonging to other people which it collared during the Revolution. A small portion of a certain oil-well still pertains, so far as common decency goes, to Mr. P.'s R., but, unlike Sir WILLIAM, he has pretty well given up hope. Anyway, it wasn't a very good well.

("Hullo, Steward! We haven't had a crack for ages. How are your snowdrops?")

"Feeling the frost cruel, Sir."

"I see there's a question down about these Sunday wireless pro-

grammes from foreign parts. What do you think about them?")

"Well, Sir, I'm not one to rail at the B.B.C., but they're not what you might call gay of a Sunday."

"So you tune in abroad?")

"I do, Sir, after I've had what you might call my whack of sacred music. How anyone can see any harm in the stuff the foreigners send out beats me; and them accordions are lovely. I always feel a better man after I've listened to them. But I can't say I hold with this advertising."

"It offends you?")

"Well, Sir, it isn't quite that, but I ask you—one moment they get you up in the clouds and the next they're telling you nasty things about your inside. It's crude, Sir, that's what it is."

"I entirely agree, Steward, but what can we do?")

"That's for the B.B.C. to say Sir.")

When the Greene Committee investigated the sugar-beet industry they recommended that, since there was no hope that it would ever become self-supporting, it should be closed down. But, as Mr. ELLIOT argued to-day, that was all very well, but how could the Government throw forty thousand men out of direct employment and a great many more out of indirect employment? He was asking the House to give a Second Reading to the Sugar Industry Reorganisation Bill (which it did), a measure which will arrange for the amalgamation of all the factories in a single Corporation and for a Sugar Commission to keep an eye on it.



PAPA RAMSAY TAKING MASTER MALCOLM TO THE HOUSE.

(After John Leech's cartoon in "Punch" in 1845.)

Tuesday, February 11th.—Their Lordships were in good form to-day. The PRIMATE, after emphasising the moral responsibility which this country still had for the welfare of the Assyrian refugees from Iraq, and explaining that the international contributions to their



"PITY THE POOR PEERS!"

LORD PONSONBY CHAMPIONS THE CAUSE OF THE OPPRESSED CLASSES.

settlement in French Syria fell short by £180,000, told the House that he was prepared to sponsor a public appeal for funds provided that the Government could promise that the scheme was being actively carried out.

For the Government Lord STANHOPE accepted his offer of help, and after Lord CECIL had condemned this shifting of their responsibility, the PRIMATE admitted that he would be relieved if the Government would find the extra sum for themselves.

Lord STRABOLGI then proposed that an inquiry, something of the nature of the Escher Committee after the Boer War, should be set up to ensure that the Forces were being expanded along the most practical lines. But, in his first speech in the Upper House, Lord MONSELL was unable to accept the suggestion—on the grounds that such a Commission would be unable to prepare a report under two years, that the selection of its personnel would present insuperable difficulties, and that in any case these questions had been amply investigated already by the ex-



ANCIENT BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR.

Queen Boadicea. "I SHOULD LIKE A FEW SPARE SCYTHES, MR. JONES. I EXPECT TO RUN INTO A TOUGH CROWD OF ROMANS TO-MORROW."

perfs. This debate was only of course a *ballon d'essai* before the big debates on Defence which are coming.

In the Commons the Resolution to renew the tramp-shipping subsidy was passed after Mr. GREENWOOD had delivered a fiery speech attacking ship-owners for allowing a state of things in which such a case as the *La Crescenta* affair could occur; other Labour Members had called—not, surely, without reason—for a clean-up of what they termed the slums of the sea; and Mr. RUNCIMAN had expressed his satisfaction at the way in which the subsidy had worked. Being an employer in a derelict industry is no fun, and several ship-owners put their difficulties to a House which, though sympathetic, seems to feel that more might have been done for the men when shipping was booming.

Wednesday, February 12th.—The disadvantages of being a member of the House of Lords are often forgotten. At election-time, if you are a Peer, you may work yourself to death for a candidate but you will not be allowed to vote for him; if you chance to be an unrepresentative Scottish Peer you may neither vote in elections nor sit in the House; and if you are a Peer's

eldest son and a keen young politician, the death of your father may suddenly translate you in the middle of a Ses-



OUR BACK BENCH WHO'S WHO.

To have the noblest moustache in Opposition
Would satisfy many a politician,
And therefore plenty
Must envy Mr. McENTEE.

sion (as happened recently to Lord MANSFIELD) to a House where ministerial rank is even more inaccessible. These points were put to their Lordships to-day by Lord FOXSONBY, who suggested that Peers should not only be entitled to vote in elections but should also be given the right to offer themselves as candidates for the Lower House if they cared to sacrifice their right to sit in the Upper. These views found rather more support than opposition; but Lord HAILSHAM was unable to accept the Resolution or to promise any reform of the Lords during the life of the present Government.

On a day which the Commons devoted to education it was disappointing not to find the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery packed with critical children holding a watching brief. The first part of the debate, on the instigation of Mr. SHORT, was concerned with a suggestion that parents should be given State maintenance grants when their children were kept at school beyond the present leaving age, which, at the rate of five shillings a head, would cost the nation about £6,000,000. In an excellent maiden speech Mr. H. G. STRAUSS demolished the notion that the State should lose both ways.

As Others Hear Us.

The Backward Glance.

"DIDN'T you tell me you'd heard from Mary, my dear? What does she say?"

"She says that her boy *likes* school, Uncle Robert, and is getting on very well."

"Is he—is he? Have I ever told you about my first journey to school, when I was six years old?"

"Yes, Uncle Robert, I think you have."

"Ah, I couldn't have been a day over six years old. I walked eight miles to the station, with the snow three foot deep on the ground, I remember. Of course, things were very different in those days."

"They must have been."

"I don't know whether I've ever told you what a rough time they gave us. I remember being held upside-down out of a sixth-story window by some of the bigger boys for nearly an hour on end. Raining, it was, too, at the time. There was a big fellow called H. L. Rampant—capital chap at heart, but a bit of a bully—Have I ever told you what he did to me when I was seven years old?"

"Well, yes, Uncle—as a matter of fact, you have."

"Ah! then I mustn't tell you again. Seven years old, I was, I remember, when I was told Rampant wanted to see me. And what do you think he wanted me for? Why, to do his Latin con. for him; and what's more, he said, if I didn't do it right he'd gouge both my eyes out with his penknife. He'd have done it too. There was nothing soft about school in those days."

"No. It doesn't sound as if there was."

"Stop me if I've told you this before, my dear, but it may interest you to know about my first journey to school, when I was six years old. Walked to the station, I remember, carrying my playbox—a matter of nine or ten miles, it must have been, and the snow nearly five foot deep on the ground. And seven hours in the train—and mind you, there was nothing like heating in those days, or food either. Have I ever told you what was the only thing I had to eat on my way to school?"

"Yes, I think you have, Uncle Robert. Wasn't it just lemon-drops?"

"Lemon-drops, my dear? Good heavens, no! We weren't the pampered little creatures you see to-day—bless my soul, no! Lemon-drops, indeed! Why, I should have thought myself lucky if I'd so much as seen the *outside* of a lemon-drop through



"KINDLY SIGN AND RETURN TO BEARER."

a shop-window once in three years. Lemon-drops, indeed! No, no, no. We were brought up rough in those days—and none the worse for it either."

"Yes, I see."

"Lemon-drops, by gad! I'd like to have seen my poor father's face if he'd caught me making a young hog of myself with a lemon-drop. By Jove! I believe the old gentleman would have had a fit—upon my soul I do. Haven't I ever told you what he said to me when I was four-and-a-half years old and came down late for family prayers?"

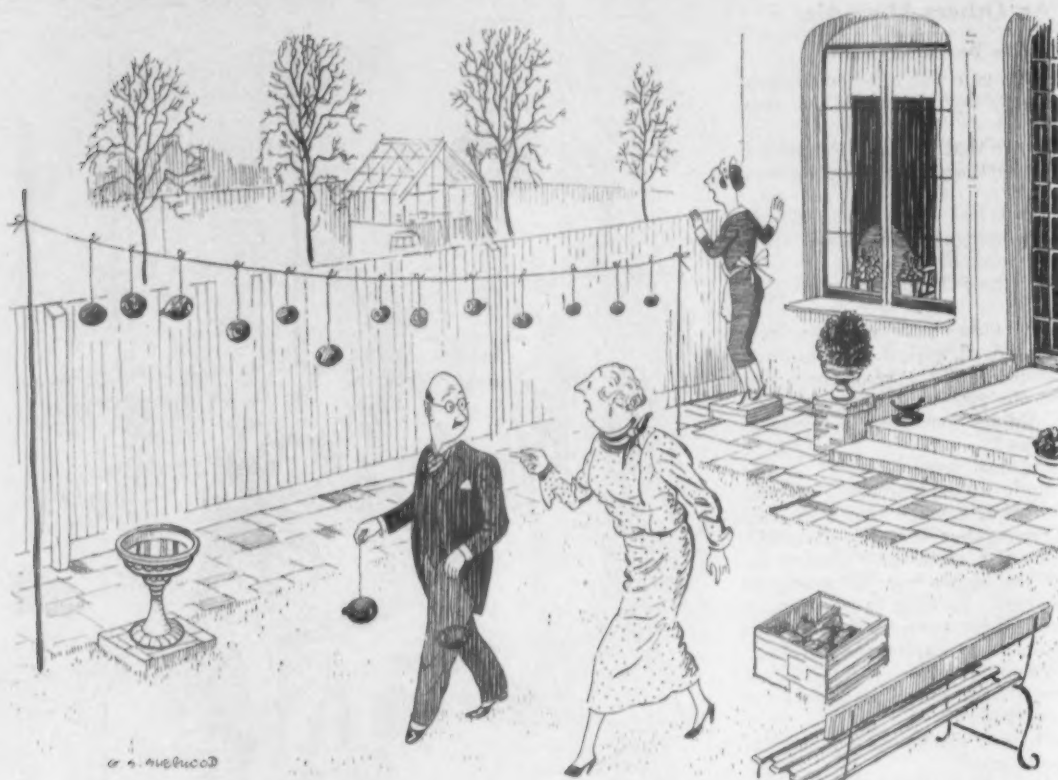
"Yes, I remember. You've told me."

"Ah! Well, stop me if you've heard it before. I can remember it as if it were yesterday. Two-and-a-half minutes late I was, by my great-uncle

William's gold repeater. And my father made me go without breakfast for a week and gave me a tremendous thrashing as well, because, as he said, 'Good Wine Needs No Bush.' He always had a saying to fit every occasion, had my dear father. We don't breed 'em like that nowadays, more's the pity."

"No, Uncle Robert."

"Mind you, I don't say that roughing it was *all* to the good. It may have done a certain amount of harm in certain cases even. I remember one of my sisters—she was only the seventh one, and no doubt the nurses were busy with the many younger ones at the time—she fell from the top of the stairs to the bottom. One of those old-fashioned London houses, it was, six or seven stories high—I can see her now, as one



"TAKE ALL THOSE NUTS DOWN, ERNEST, AND DECANT THE BIRD-BATH. LILY HAS SEEN THOSE UNGRATEFUL TOM-TITS EATING BREAD-CRUMBS IN MRS. STIBBING'S GARDEN!"

of the elder brothers gave her a shove—there's always a certain amount of wholesome rough-and-tumble in a large family. Well, she landed on her head, as far as I remember, and the noise brought my dear father out of the parlour. He simply told her to get up and put brown paper and vinegar on the bump, and stop crying directly."

"And did she, Uncle Robert?"

"Bless me, yes, my dear. Children did as they were told in those days. It wasn't till years and years later that we found out she'd done her brain some permanent injury or other. My dear father never allowed any fuss over trifles—and quite right too. *Nil desperandum*, as he always used to say. Full of pithy sayings, he always was."

"I see, Uncle Robert. Would you like to hear what Mary writes about her boy?"

"Very much indeed, my dear. Just started school, hasn't he? Let me see, have I ever told you about my first journey to school, when I walked ten miles to the station, carrying my own luggage, through a snowstorm? Stop me if you know what's coming . . ."

E. M. D.

"Elijah" at the Albert Hall.

IN 1884, seven years after WAGNER had conducted the historic series of concerts at the Albert Hall, *Parsifal* was given in that building, for the first time outside Bayreuth, under the late Sir JOSEPH BARNBY, with a cast including leading Bayreuth singers but shorn of all scenic accessories. After fifty-two years the process has been inverted and we are treated to a "pageant production" of the *Elijah*, described in the bills as a "great spectacle" comprising "amazing ballets, costumes, scenes and music." The relegation of music to the last place in the order of importance is further emphasised by the fact that the smallest type is reserved for MENDELSSOHN. Still, his name does appear, though in very small capitals—perhaps "minion" would have been even more appropriate in a performance including as its chief attractions volcanic eruptions in the wilderness of Sinai, fire from heaven and the final ascent of *Elijah* to heaven in a whirlwind of flames. But music has not been forgotten and

vocal and instrumental resources are provided on a lavish scale—a choir of one thousand voices, a full orchestra and a distinguished conductor in Mr. ALBERT COATES.

The Albert Hall has fulfilled many varied purposes since its opening in 1871 in the service of art, political propaganda of all sorts, and pugilism. When the Colonial Premiers visited England in 1907 dinner was served in the boxes before the speeches were delivered at a great demonstration of Imperial solidarity. But its suitability for spectacular pageantry has never been exploited so thoroughly as in this performance, and the producer, Mr. T. C. FAIRBAIRN, has turned his long experience as a pageant-master to good account in the grouping and handling of crowds, the kaleidoscopic brilliance of Oriental costumes and the skilful use of the latest devices of stage machinery and lighting.

The Albert Hall is not an ideal place for sound. The acoustics are far from perfect. The only occasion on which I have found it perfectly satisfactory was a meeting of massed brass bands. In some of the seats there is a discon-

certing echo. It is not popular with all soloists, though many of them have appeared there, in their prime or at their farewells. But for broad effects and climaxes, as well as for seating capacity, it more than justifies its existence; and in spite of his "small-caps" and the inevitable liberties taken with his score, MENDELSSOHN's music seemed to me to dominate all the sensational appeals to the eye which threatened to submerge the spiritual significance of the story.

With regard to the cast of "famous principals" engaged for the fortnight's season, which opened on February 10th, none of the singers was successful in obliterating the memories of the great artists whose names are associated with the oratorio in the past. Mr. HAROLD WILLIAMS, who appeared as the *Prophet* in the first performance, was replaced on the night I attended by Mr. HENRY GILL, who has a sonorous baritone but whose reading of the part was ultra-sentimental. He had, however, the excuse that in the culminating scene in the Wilderness, ushered in by the chorus "Behold the Lord God Passed By," *Elijah* is instructed in the book of words to display "ecstatic upliftment" (*Phœbus! what a word!*). Anything more unlike the fiery virile passion which Mr. SANTLEY infused into his delivery of the denunciations of *Ahab* and the words "Take all the prophets of Baal" it is impossible to conceive. Of the other soloists Miss STILES-ALLEN as the *Widow* and in the final scene—quaintly described as taking place at "a theological college founded by *Elijah*"—was conspicuous by the volume of her voice and the dignity of her bearing.

The minor parts were well filled, and the trio of angels sang with delicacy and restraint. The Baal choruses have strength and passion, but MENDELSSOHN was much more at home with fairies (as in his *Midsummer Night's Dream* music) than in the exotic orgies of a ballet "of a bacchanalian order, provided for the amusement of potentates from the surrounding countries [I quote once more from the programme] to celebrate the completion of the Ivory Palace of King Ahab and Queen Jezebel," and I seemed to recognise passages interpolated from his secular compositions to mitigate the austerity of his score as it stands.

It is only right to add that this curiously mixed entertainment—which may well have made MENDELSSOHN turn in his grave—seemed very much to the taste of a large audience, and that the success of the venture seems to be assured. The programme states that it has been launched in aid of the



OUR VICARIOUS AGE.

"BY GAD, SIR, THE INSURANCE COMPANIES SHALL SMART FOR THIS!"

National Birthday Trust Fund, for the extension of Maternity Services and the Charity Productions Fund of the Fairbairn Pageant Choir, who share the profits equally.
C. L. G.

A Point of Contact.

I DON'T like Brown,
He's not my sort;
I hate his manner
And I loathe his port;
But when he says, "Do
You remember 'Squibs,'
And 'Bulgy' Wilson,
And A. J. Gibbs,
And 'Dandy' Mathews,
And 'Silly' Poyntz,
And 'Flat-faced' Fisher,
Who'd double joints,

And Hogstitch major,
Who slept in form
And spun mad yarns
In the Upper Dorm.,
And the 'Vulgar Fraction,'
And 'Tiddler Tom,'
And poor Geoff Mallard
(Killed on the Somme),
And that gorgeous day
In July '04—
The sickening pause
And the mighty roar
From the House when Geoff
Held a catch, high up,
From the last man in,
And we snatched the Cup
By a single run
From Silverdown?" . . .
Then I like Brown's port
And I quite like Brown.

At the Play.

"STORM IN A TEACUP"
(HAYMARKET).

"We go," say those anxious to disappear from our view, "to see a man about a dog"; and we shall know for many months to come where to find them. They will be at the Haymarket Theatre, watching a *Storm in a Teacup*, which is all about a dog, and a highly mongrel one at that.

It seems that that sense of the theatre and of public interest which enabled Mr. COWARD to be ready with his *Cavalcade* for the national crisis of 1931 has visited Dr. BRIDIE also, and made him come forward to greet the fiftieth anniversary of Cruft's Show with a play ideally suited to the taste of dog-fanciers. Patsy is a mongrel of "forty-seven varieties," and yet Patsy can check and perhaps blast the promising career of *Provost Thomson* of the little Scottish town of Baikie.

The R.S.P.C.A. should take hard-hearted and influential men to this play to show them what will too easily happen to them if they indulge their callousness towards the brute creation. But the play is hardly less a tribute to the enormous power of the Press. *Frank Burdon* (Mr. ROGER LIVESEY) does not think much of his job as a reporter on the little local paper. He is, nevertheless, able, by printing the story of the *Provost's* harsh dealing with a poor Irishwoman and her impounded dog, to turn Baikie upside-down.

Provost Thomson (Mr. IAN MACLEAN) has had few checks so far in a career which has moved steadily forward from success in business to success in municipal politics. He is now on the eve of adoption as Parliamentary Candidate, and we see him preparing his great speech. Dr. BRIDIE—or perhaps it is the author of the original German whose comedy he has adapted to Scotland—makes very good play with the besetting failings of the liberal progressive type of public man, his failure to maintain in private and daily life the love of humanity which reverberates in his platform phrases.

Provost Thomson is a bad case, humorless and self-important, but he is fully punished. His wife (Miss IVY DES VOEUX) abandons him for the more generous and uncalculating ardour of young *Burdon*—a desertion for which she is afforded a sound pretext; for the *Provost*, who wants no

half-hearted worshippers at his shrine, prefers in his dark moments the company of *Liabet Skirving* (Miss ETHEL GLENDINNING), the wife of the editor of the local paper in whose columns the devastating story of the dog appears. Miss DES VOEUX has a singularly

hers, does not somehow lend itself very well to the stage. And these scenes drag a little. We see all their friendship from the very beginning, and their flirtation gets no time to grow naturally. But then the whole play, after looking as if it was going to become a drawing-room, or character-comedy, becomes more and more a broadly humorous affair, and the last Act, in the Courts of Justice, is often farce.

Miss SARA ALLGOOD (who is Queen of the Company), as *Mrs. Flanagan*, makes the transition with easy mastery. At the beginning she acts (in poverty and oppression) with impressive intensity and depth, and lifts the play to a very high level of tragi-comedy. At the end, resplendent with the clothes the owner of a famous dog can well afford, she enjoys the centre of the stage and the richest moments of a very amusing scene.

There is plenty to laugh at in this play—so much that the author or the producer might have used local colour with a little more restraint. The Scottish mannerisms are underlined lest the dull Sassenach should fail to find them funny. It is all unnecessary, because here is a really funny plot, and although it is a small matter that *Provost Thomson* shall be disappointed, we are at the heart of everything on the critical days and watch with great interest the ups and downs.

Among the minor characters *Horace Skirving* (Mr. NORMAN MACOWAN) and the jovial and obese *Mr. McKellar* (Mr. EDGAR K. BRUCE) made figures after the heart of comic black-and-white artists, and moved and talked as such figures should. D. W.

"PRIVATE COMPANY" (EMBASSY).

It is now fourteen months since Mr. MICHAEL EGAN first asked which was the dominant sex in marriage, and the question is still being put nightly to argumentative audiences at the Aldwych. Small wonder, then, that he has decided in his new play to shift this fundamental though insoluble controversy into the world of business in the hope that the public will be prepared to discuss for the next year or so the relative efficiency of women in offices.

His First Act was promising. Scene One showed *Margaret Grierson* (Miss ENA BURRILL) running her own publicity agency with an all-female team and growing success. Big new accounts were in the offing; she was able to im-



HANDS UP IN THE NAME OF THE LAW.

Sheriff Murgatroyd Mr. C. M. HALLARD.
Mr. McKellar Mr. EDGAR K. BRUCE.

difficult and rather thankless part to play, because nothing really happens to justify her sudden transfer of affection. Her growing friendship with young *Burdon*, a business of shy rushes on his part and of amused interest on

THE HERO (CANINE) WHO RODE
OUT THE STORM.

Honoria Flanagan . Miss SARA ALLGOOD.
(and her dog)

press prospective clients with her charm and keenness, and subsequently she was able to deliver the goods. In this part Miss BURRILL was excellently cast, for in a period when so many stage actresses are content to act mainly with their bodies, her capacity for facial expression is very refreshing. (I am convinced that once a year dramatic schools should practise a one-Act play devoid of any movement, so that the students would have to depend entirely on inflections of voice and face. If they could only learn to do that their range would increase out of all knowledge.) Miss BURRILL is sometimes too stiff in action, too inclined to stand to attention, but here, sitting at her desk and acting into her perpetually-ringing telephone, her performance was a model.

The office of M.G. Publicity rang true, not smacking of the *boudoir*, but carefully decorated, and its staff, consisting of a Mayfair vamp, a saddish spinster and an adenoidal office-girl, were credible characters.

Scene Two. Downstairs, in sharp contrast, the office of a prosperous engineering company subscribed depressingly to the Early Bog-Oak period of office-furnishing. This company was anxious to get control of M.G. Publicity, but Margaret Grierson, while eager to get a new account, had no intention of selling out. The preliminary overtures having been made by the vamp, whose personal goal was the affection of the Managing Director, Stephen Grant (Mr. S. J. WARMINGTON), we settled down to what seemed all set for an interesting exhibition of the differing methods of men and women in commercial diplomacy. A good subject, surely.

But I am afraid we were disappointed in what followed, for the developments from this sound premise gradually lost our interest because we failed to believe in them. When Grant, in an interview upstairs which began well, produced his trump card and it turned out to be a clause in Margaret's lease by which his company could throw her out of the building, her anger was understandable but not her consternation; for what—and this was never explained—was to prevent her moving round the corner in a London full of suitable offices? And when Margaret, having violently taken up her cudgels, discovered herself in love with Grant, one could sym-

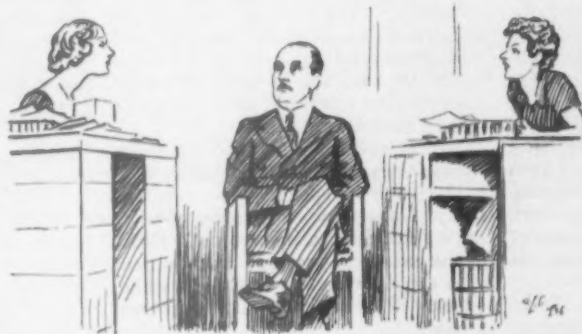
pathise with her dismissal of her outrageous secretary, who was in any case better adapted to a shooting-stick than an office-stool, but one couldn't begin to believe that wild horses would have dragged so strong-minded a woman, on the very evening of Grant's



TWO "HEADS" SHOW SIGNS OF BECOMING ONE.

Margaret Grierson . . . MISS ENA BURRILL.
Stephen Grant . . . MR. S. J. WARMINGTON.

bullying proposal, to his flat to offer an amnesty and a loan of the five thousand pounds with which he was endeavouring to keep his blackmailing wife at bay. Such reckless imprudence and lack of dignity seemed not only a slander on the modern business-



OVERHEADS IN A WOMEN'S OFFICE.

Margaret Grierson . . . MISS ENA BURRILL.
Stephen Grant . . . MR. S. J. WARMINGTON.
Sybil Harding . . . MISS HELEN VANE.

woman but also quite out of keeping with Margaret's character, which, up to that point, had been painted with firm strokes. In the final scene she and Grant debated for a little the abstract theory at issue, but went no distance. The gradual collapse of the interest

was the greater pity because Mr. EGAN's dialogue is attractive.

The cast were not always perfectly audible. In this respect Mr. WARMINGTON was an offender, his clever impression of a tired business-man being at times just a little over-tired. Miss HELEN VANE's smart harpy was well done; I liked very much Miss ALISON COLVIL's melancholy typist, and to Mr. MICHAEL DYNE we were greatly indebted for his two splendid invasions as a blethering young artist.

ERIC.

My First Play.

I WROTE it in a single week.
When NOEL COWARD heard: "What cheek!

That's my prerogative," he said,
And cast the typescript at my head.

(Now, though it found no home at last,
You can't deny my play was cast.)

My mother read it—gave a scream.
"It has a most immoral theme!"
Complaining thus, a hole she made—
Interred it with our garden spade.

(Now, though the play was left to rot,
You must admit it had a plot.)

I dragged it later from its tomb
And locked it in my private room.
So, as it was once more interred,
A second funeral occurred.

(This made me happier than at first,
Because my play had been rehearsed.)

Years passed. Still anxious
for renown,
I took the manuscript to town.

I never saw the thing again
Because I left it in the train!

(So, though rehearsals
weren't begun,
It may have had a good
long run.)

"... But those unheard
are sweeter."

"Music was provided by the pipe-band of Queen Victoria School and the brass-band of the 1st Battalion Gordon Highlanders. There was a complete absence of wind."
Glasgow Paper.

"Many blackmailing letters may have been written with Post Office pens."—Daily Paper.
Is this possible?

"NEW TIP FOR SHINY NOSES."
Fashion Note.

With matt finish this time?

Sugar and Spice.

NOTHING fills me with more dismay than a grocer's shop. This is a most distressing thing to have to say—and a most risky one. It is bound to lead to trouble. No one who has ever raised his voice, however mildly and inoffensively, against the morals, methods, habitats, phraseology or what have you of any of those Trades, Guilds and Professions which supply the public with goods, cut off the public's hair, repair its watches and in general minister to its most indispensable needs, will dispute this assertion. You may say that the Army is incompetent, you may criticise the size of policemen's feet, you may even hint that railway-porters are at times brusque to the point of incivility, and probably no one will take the trouble to contradict you. But you must not say these things about grocers and brewers and spectacle-makers. Just try mentioning in print that bakers as a class are addicted to absinthe and see what a storm of protest will be raised. I don't know why they object to criticism, but they do. It's like a white shirt to a laundryman; it sends them into a frenzy.

I see now that I have alienated the laundrymen (a most sensitive body of men), and with these as well as the grocers against me it is going to be a stormy passage; but I don't greatly care. I feel sort of reckless.

As a matter of fact, when I have explained the reason for the distress or agony which overtakes me in grocers' shops it will be seen that no criticism of grocers, nor even of their shops, is implied, but rather a criticism of myself. But of course that won't make any difference at all. Few, if any, grocers are going to stop to read beyond my opening sentence before emerging from behind their sugar-crates, whipping off their white aprons and sitting down to write furious letters in defence of grocerdom to the popular Press. It seems a pity, but there it is.

I rather admire grocers really. I like them much better than ironmongers, for instance, who tend to have dark moustaches and persistently hang most of their stock on the ceiling—an unprofitable and callous device which simply leads the customer to crack his shins against the lawn-mowers left in the middle of the floor for that purpose. Grocers are generally fair men and they do keep their gangways clear. They are astonishingly quick with their hands too. A draper or haberdasher could probably give him points in the matter of tying things up with string, because

most of his goods are in ready-made packets and string is something of a stranger to him, but for sheer speed of assembly the grocer stands alone. "Pound of Indian, tin of tomato, half of butter, packet of breakfast-flakes, dozen eggs, cloves, chutney and two of gran," he echoes eagerly, and almost before the customer has finished reading out her list he has the whole lot neatly stacked up in front of her on the counter—and that, mind you, though the tomato-soups may be a dozen yards from the granulated sugar department and a journey right across the shop be necessary to get the butter.

Another sublime thing about grocers is their aplomb. They never show their feelings. You may see a customer sometimes give an order that takes nearly half-an-hour, fast as the grocer works, to execute. At the end of it there is a heap of merchandise six feet high by four feet wide on the counter; soups and savouries, eggs, butter and cheese, bacon and soap and flour and sardines—all the riches of the shop have been tapped to make up that noble pile. "Come," you say to yourself, "this is something big. This is an order in a million. He will be able to retire from the business now," and you look at the grocer expecting to see him rubbing his hands with delight and preparing to escort the lady to the door with bows and smiles and little murmurous sounds of gratitude. But does he do anything of the kind? He does not. He simply leans his knuckles on the counter and begins to indicate weak points in the structure. "We've some nice pickled walnuts in this morning," he says, and adds those and some anchovies and a pound of dried figs to the heap before the customer can think up a reasonable excuse for refusing them.

However, it was about grocers' shops rather than the men themselves that I proposed to speak. One gets led away, I suppose; and, really, grocers are a most fascinating subject. Think of the courage, I mean to say, of a man who can operate one of those terrible bacon-slicing machines and never turn a hair!

The root of my malaise in grocers' shops (because I do want to get this in before I have to stop) is simply that once I am inside I never can remember what I came in for. If I could walk straight up to the counter and say, "Half of tapioca," or whatever it is they have asked me to call in for, I daresay there wouldn't be any trouble. But there always seem to be two or three people waiting to be served when I come in, and listening to the immense lists they read out sends me into a

kind of daze. I lean patiently against the counter trying my best to concentrate, and have just got to the point of wondering what the large woman in the green hat wants so many nutmegs for when a voice says, "And for you, Sir?" and I realise my turn has arrived. Finding myself, at this crisis, entirely unable to remember wanting anything at all, far less what that something actually is, I simply say the first thing that comes into my head—generally preserved ginger. Having got it, I retire to the end of the queue and start over again. I have bought as many as four jars of preserved ginger before giving it up and going home.

Unpleasant people of the type who can always produce a cut-and-dried solution of any difficulty tell me I've only got to write down the name of the thing I want to remember on a piece of paper and there I shall be. But, of course, there are two obvious drawbacks to this plan. In the first place, it might not work, because it's no use writing down what you want to remember on a piece of paper unless you're the kind of person who remembers which pocket you put the piece of paper that you wrote the thing to be remembered on in; and secondly, even if you did remember which pocket you put the piece of paper with the thing to be remembered written on it in, what proof is there that you'd be able to read the name of the thing that you'd written on the piece of paper to remember it by?

Besides, supposing I could read the name of the thing I'd written on the piece of paper to help me to remember the name of the thing I wanted to remember to buy, what excuse should I have for buying all that preserved ginger?

Grocers ought to think of these things. H. F. E.



"MAYFIELD COUNCIL.
"UNSATISFACTORY COLLECTION OF REFUSE."
Local Paper.

It seems rather a wholesale condemnation.

"A Continental Combustion Chamber,"
Motor Paper.
Geneva?



"Now, Billy, what did I tell you last time about birds?"

"SURELY YOU AIN'T FORGOTTEN ALREADY, TEACHER!"

The Guest-Room.

Oh! the Guest-room, the Guest-room,
It's always the best room—
The new room—the blue room,
The room with the chest-room . . .
It's a warm room, the new room,
The blue room, the Guest-room,
It surpasses the Lounge and it shows up the Rest-room
Disgraces the mode of the Reading- (or Smoke-) room,
Divests all enchantment from Closet and Cloakroom,
Diverts the attention from Office or Oak-room . . .
It shames the Divan-room, the room Oriental;
It's cushions are soft, it is more ornamental;
It's aspect is new, it's *décor* Continental

(If your guests number *two*, it might prove detrimental).
But there's *room* in the Guest-room,
The blue room, the best room;
There's floor-room, there's drawer-room,
There's door-room—there's more room in this room,
Much more than the Store-room!
An idyll! A bliss room!
You'll find it a dry room . . .
What? . . . *No!*—this is my room!
You thought . . . ! Oh, my *darling!* No!
No! I'm **EMPHATIC!**
The Guest-room?—the best room?
It's up in the attic



"NOW DON'T GET HEATED, WITNESS. I WILL PROTECT YOU IF COUNSEL GOES TOO FAR."
 "YOU'D BEST PROTECT 'IM, ME LORD, WHEN I GETS 'IM OUTSIDE."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A Poet's Intimations.

IT is not for nothing that Mr. S. R. LYSAGHT has borrowed a title from GEORGE MEREDITH. For in *A Reading of Life* (MACMILLAN, 6/-) there are not only several tributes of admiration to that for the moment neglected writer but a permeating accord with his cordial philosophy. Mr. LYSAGHT, who has been writing prose and verse with a quiet but authentic distinction for fifty years past, is concerned with such unfashionable matters as the true, the good and the beautiful. That there is an ultimate truth he is convinced, though he is doubtful that mortal vision, inevitably limited to the scope of an "island world," will ever penetrate the veil which hides it. He believes too in an absolute good—the quality, that is to say, which is beneficial to life, as evil is that which is harmful to it; and beauty, he holds, is the expression, comprehensible by the senses, of that good. This puts his "reading of poetry" on a very different plane from most contemporary criticism; and perhaps it is legitimate to complain that he confines poetic virtue too closely to SHAKESPEARE, MILTON and the nineteenth-century romantics. But at least we may thank him for lifting us above the dust of "peevish" controversy and sterile cynicism. For the rest, touching and adorning all the larger issues, his book is full of memorable sentences. If it is to be regarded as its author's testament, it is, both in spirit and in phrase, a testament of beauty.

A Citizen of the World.

Professor R. B. MOWAT's *Life of Gibbon* (BARKER, 10/-) makes no attempt to handle the historian with his own brand of depreciation. Not infrequently I caught myself regretting a chance missed; for, to his latest biographer, GIBBON is "an admirable man" and his eighteenth century an age of reason whose recapture is urgently desirable. Given these tastes and a decision to reconstruct a personality and its setting rather than to appreciate or criticise an historian, Professor MOWAT has written an eminently readable book, full of vivid contemporary detail cleverly interwoven with enthusiastic comment, and ampler, if less impartial, than the useful little YOUNG volume of four years ago. It was odd to discover the English period—stigmatised by YOUNG as the least happy of GIBBON's life—described as more enjoyable than Lausanne; for Lausanne gave GIBBON a charming if ill-requited sweetheart, a congenial friend and a mode of life which satisfied alike his conceit and his cosmopolitanism. His biographer, however, is soundly appreciative of the cosmopolitanism; and a scholarly sociability which fortified its possessor's Swiss friendships and maintained his French ones through an era of Anglo-French tension is a quality well worth salvaging.

Brighthelmston into Brighton.

The prevailing influence of the film on the novel—a weakness for quick-change effects pictorially impressive but inadequately motivated—is exhibited, I feel, in *Regency*

(HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 8/6). Here a vulgar rake's pretty daughter, originally christened in honour of "Prinny," is entered betimes for the Pavilion Stakes; and though the Prince Regent is neither her first nor her last lover, a lock of her hair is found among the docketed collection over which, in one of the book's most telling scenes, the royal debauchee rummages and ruminates. An illegitimate daughter, devoutly brought up by a converted father, betakes herself to a High-Anglican convent, but emerges to marry a fellow-ritualist, her career making perhaps rather tactlessly free with memories and ideals still held in reverence. The third, fourth and fifth generations proceed *via* a patched-up elopement to ferro-concrete beauty-parlours and cocaine, the pattern relying for continuance on its background and the alternative streaks of piety and passion in *Regency's* descendants. The background is precise and cleverly indicated — Brighthelmston into Brighton has been well-documented of late; but Mr. D. L. MURRAY's animated cast leads a rather two-dimensional existence.

This Business of Governing.

"There is always a sensible way of dealing with public matters if statesmen and peoples will be sensible enough to look for it." So says Professor Sir ALFRED ZIMMERN, most refreshingly, in *The League of Nations and the Rule of Law*, 1918-1935 (MACMILLAN, 12/6), a volume of cool analysis and critical appraisal. The business of the League is to help its member States to find their own practical solutions in an atmosphere actively kept free from the threat of war, through the exercise of an authority more akin to that of a constitutional monarchy than of a "Parliament of Man." In reaching this conclusion, after an elaborate study of the many and diverse elements that went to the shaping of the Covenant and after tracing much frenzied Genevan history, the author is not simply doing his best to save something from a wreck, but rather anticipating a natural and even desirable development. At the least we are getting the world by degrees to think in terms of a single world community; and even though the principal impression that this volume conveys may be one of the appalling difficulties involved in that condition now irrevocably imposed on humanity, yet it is by no means the work of a pessimist. Incidentally it is a miracle of patient research.

Poor Mother!

Life with Father (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 7/6), by the late CLARENCE DAY, is the most attractive specimen of literary *delikatessen* which has come my way for a long time. It is a collection of small helpings which have been consumed by various American magazines, and the flavour, once you



"I THINK HE HAS FOUND HIS *MÉTIER* NOW."

have decided that you like it, is unforgettable. *Father* was an eccentric but wealthy broker in New York about the beginning of the century, and these descriptions of his family life are written in the first person by his son, a master of telling simplicity and the unexpected phrase. *Father's* personality was preposterous but completely vivid; he was a large and lovable baby, endowed with no consideration for others, an infinite capacity for loud self-pity, a conviction that, unlike other men, he was not designed to withstand either pain or privation, and a sound knowledge of the art of good living. I will confess that the graph of my enjoyment started at a flattering angle, paused, and gradually ran down-hill for exactly half the book, as I registered a growing feeling that the joke of *Father's* odd behaviour was wearing thin; but then, with the section in which the little boy discovered that the Bible was not an

Anglo-Saxon monopoly and that "Behold now behemoth" could also be expressed by "*Voici l'hippopotame!*" I suddenly began to laugh and continued to do so, unrestrainedly, to the end. It is with all the warmth of a convert, therefore, that I beg my readers to try this exceedingly rare and amusing book.

Portrait of a Missionary's Wife.

I fancy that Mrs. PEARL S. BUCK herself would agree with me in describing *The Exile* (METHUEN, 7/6) as a biography rather than the novel its format suggests. It tells the life-story of *Carie*, an American girl of French and Dutch descent, who, longing to know God, seeking to win a sign from heaven, dedicated herself to service in the mission-field. Marriage with another would-be missionary was her only way of fulfilling her intention, and that marriage itself, in the long years of child-bearing and child-losing which it brought her, prevented her from doing much of the conventional work of her calling. But she lived in China, and the contacts she made, the tender care she showed for suffering, the homes she created where Americans, lost and lonely in a strange land, were made welcome, may perhaps have been even more valuable. Mrs. BUCK's connection with *Carie* seems to have been very close, and she has drawn a lovely living picture of her and her setting; but the book fails a little because neither the novelist's gift of selection nor the biographer's of imparting historical reality has had full play.

The Complete Theatre Fan.

There is little of design in Sir GEORGE ARTHUR'S *From Phelps to Gielgud* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 15/-), but it is the kind of easy writing that does not make hard reading—for anyone of the many whose love for the three-dimensional theatre makes them always avid of scraps of history and gossip and critical appreciations. Sir GEORGE, in a long life, has evidently not missed much of importance on the English stage, and, though a "fan" by temperament, makes his shrewd comments by the way as the great figures pass before us and the dead controversies are recalled. It is well to be reminded of SARAH BERNHARDT's estimate of IRVING—"not perhaps a great actor but the greatest artist in the world" (Sir GEORGE thinks *Corporal Brewster* the peak of his achievement); SARAH'S "*Altesse royale, je mourrai en scène: C'est mon champ de bataille*"—a prophecy so nearly fulfilled to the letter; HAWTREY'S telephoning to the Chancellor of the Exchequer to complain about his income-tax exactions; TREE's jest about PINERO nervously awaiting his accolade—"He wants to know if he can have gas"; and the ROTHSCHILDS' graceful and generous handling of NELLIE FARREN's annuity fund.

Varied Expectations.

Bart Gleason left England as a wrong 'un but returned as a right 'un. This change was wrought by his relations, who believed that he was very rich. One sister had a son to educate and fancied Eton, another had ambitions about the expansion of her husband's business, a nephew needed money so that he could marry; and so Bart and his terrible wife were put up and put up with. I must not tell about the queer twist that Miss AUDREY LUCAS gives to her plot: it is worthy of O. HENRY, though it comes in the middle of the book. I am afraid I must say that there are certain obstetric details which may make some people wince, though the book is moral and even has at least one moral. *Friendly Relations* (COLLINS, 7/6) proves again that Miss LUCAS can tell a story well and easily, that she can write of all manner and ages of people with warmth and humour (in fact, she is as good a mixer as I have ever met in print), and that she can produce a first-rate plot.

On the Trail.

I can advise anyone who is beguiled by stories of detection and adventure to *Ask for Ronald Standish* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6). "SAPPER" may at times work a formula too drastically, but the fact remains that all of these twelve tales are readable, and to my mind two or three of them show a subtlety that is not invariably to be found in the work of *Bull-Dog Drummond's* creator. "Partial Salvage," for example, is an excellently-conceived story, and both "The Fourth Bottle" and "The Tenth Earl" give *Standish* ample opportunity to use his wits. In "The Missing

Valve" and "The Music Room" mechanical contrivances play too important parts for my taste, but taken as a whole this collection can justly be called a good sound "SAPPER's" dozen.

Vigil.

Detective-Sergeant P. D. Quint was summoned to the Haughton's house at the uncomfortable hour of 2.50 A.M., and for nearly two days and nights he bombarded the family and their staff with questions. No fewer than three people were killed in a very short time, and if Quint had not remained wide-awake he might also have been murdered by an exceedingly ruthless and ingenious criminal. American in tone and outlook, *It Couldn't Be Murder* (HEINEMANN, 7/6) is a neatly-woven yarn, and Mr. HUGH AUSTIN gives his readers a fair chance to solve more than one intricate problem. This is, we are told, P. D. Q.'s first appearance as a detective in fiction, but I do not imagine that it will be his last.



Borg.
Foreman "'ERE, WOT'S THE GAME?"
Aggrieved One. "IF I'VE GOT TO WORK LIKE A BLINKIN' NIGGER
I'M GOIN' TO LOOK LIKE ONE!"



The Wireless. "ONE MORE S.O.S.: 'WILL MR. JOHN SMITH, LAST HEARD OF AT SOUTHAMPTON, GO AT ONCE TO THE RESIDENCE OF HIS AUNT, LADY EMMA MILLIONS, WHO IS SERIOUSLY ILL?'"

Translations from the Ish.

XXX.—THE FAR-OFF HILLS.

I WEARY from time to time
Of being a poet,
And long for sterner,
More picturesque,
Less usual duties.

In such moments
I should like to be
A livestock-transporter,
A maker of acetylene-welding and
metal-cutting equipment,
A wharfinger
Or a sundriesman.

XXXI.—STERN REALISTS.

"*Tout comprendre*
C'est tout pardonner . . ."

One often finds people
Who obviously think this an argument
Against "*tout comprendre*."

XXXII.—SIMILE: UNWIELDY.

Unwieldy
As an amateur 'cellist's
Double-stopped cadenza.

XXXIII.—PROUD DEMONSTRATION.

This well-to-do young authoress
Writes perseveringly of squalor.
The youthful rich, writing fiction,
Like to show that they can plumb with
ease
The intimate feelings
Of the elderly poor.

XXXIV.—LUCK OR CUNNING?

In life, as in cinemas,
There are fortunate souls
Who sneak into their seats just as the
limelit organ,
Applauded, sinks, in a jelly of chords,
And contrive to sneak out again just as,
Limelit, applauded,
It inexorably rises.

Sad that the times of the items in life
Are not displayed outside.

XXXV.—A LITTLE LEARNING.

The Ish traveller
Who knew a little English
Felt a glow of pride when,

Confronted with the word "un-
dignified."

He discovered its meaning
By looking in his dictionary for
"dignified";

But he had a hell of a time with
"underwent,"

Another compound word
For which, also, he naturally looked
Among the D's.

XXXVI.—TURNED MUCH COLDER AGAIN.

The Englishman
Cannot be surprised by his weather.
Whatever it does,
It is doing
(As he will remark)
Again.

XXXVII.—SELFISH HOPE.

I trust they will soon film *Hamlet*,
If only to give me the joy
Of overhearing some lavishly *soignée*
Cockney maiden
Telling a friend
The plot.

R. M.

Oil.

"OIL that has never gained the meed of song
From Albion's bards, from KEATS or even
SHELLEY,

Spirit of Progress, beautiful and strong,
Precious as much fine gold, and far more smelly,

"Oil that the flying angels never had
Nor all the demons in the hell of MILTON—
Oil that can make our wandering suburbs gad
To woods and pastures heretofore unbuilt on,

"Oil (as you gather) is my theme to-day—
Not that emollient balm which, like a river,
Streams from the fruitage of the olive-spray
To heal men's wounds; not castor, not cod's liver;

"Not the sweet spoil of flowers the barber gleans,
Not whale-oil, not (I say) the oil which hallows
The heads of kings and bodies of sardines,
Not oil of coconuts, not oil of aloe,

"But oil that makes the engines chug—Oh, Muse,
Sing we of that in solemn tones and weighty,
Spirit of strength and swiftness, product whose
Specific gravity is '680.

"The quality of petrol can be strained;
It springeth like a sudden lark to heaven
Out of the earth beneath, and it has gained
Power to pull charabancs from here to Devon.

"I sometimes think that never blows so red
The rose in Anglo-Persia or the Balkans
As where some hidden oil unmarketed
Lies waiting to be put in large or small cans.

"This that can hurl through the astonished air
The race of man which, when it had no culture,
Stayed upon *terra firma* like the bear
But now can laugh to scorn the hovering culture—

"This is the stuff we sing of, this the prize;
I seldom see a tanker on the ocean
But tear-drops start and tremble in my eyes,
Nor muse on petrol-pumps without emotion.

"Life-blood of twenty million little cars
Wedge in a jam, divider of opinions,
Milk of the she-wolf, beverage of Mars
When Musso moves against the Abyssinians,

"Love, peace, war, what not put into a tin,
Saver, destroyer, Rama, Vishnu, Siva,
Cleanser of dirty garments, bright as gin
And far too lucrative to fear Geneva."

*This (and much more) concerning oil sang I
At Hyde Park Corner, having vainly sprinted
After a bus. The people standing by
Told me to write it down, and get it printed.*

EVOR.

Charivaria.

A FAMOUS millionaire mentions that money does not make for happiness. Still, it does enable a man to be miserable in comfort. ★ ★ ★

A beauty-specialist suggests slimming exercises before breakfast. Early writhing, as the non-Aryans say.

"The robin is our most sophisticated bird," remarks a naturalist. But we print with the greatest reserve the story of a robin in Maida Vale that has built its nest entirely of discarded cocktail sticks. ★ ★ ★

Higher rank for Army pipers is advocated. In English regiments of course every bandsman carries a conductor's baton in his knapsack. ★ ★ ★

LAJOS PAP, a Magyar carpenter, who is credited with psychic powers, is said to be able to bring wine and beer from outside into a locked room. He will be widely envied. ★ ★ ★

A woman writer mentions that fox furs are absolutely waterproof. This explains why you never see a fox carrying an umbrella. ★ ★ ★

The Colorado beetle has advanced in France to within fourteen miles of the German frontier. Germany is expected to demand its immediate withdrawal. ★ ★ ★

In order to get more practice, a woman swimming-champion has left the bank where she was employed. It is of course very difficult to practise swimming without leaving the bank. ★ ★ ★

NERO, we are reminded, was a martyr to cold-in-the-head. On the other hand, there were many bartyrs to Dero. ★ ★ ★

In a recent book a writer explained that he waited thirty years for the woman of his choice. Men who go shopping with their wives will understand the feeling. ★ ★ ★

"The Cambridge crew," says a sporting critic, "have again a strong backing for this year's Boat-race." True to tradition, Oxford will most probably be solidly behind them. ★ ★ ★

Natives of a certain part of South America gnaw a crude kind of rubber to allay the pangs of hunger. In this country cooks call it Welsh rarebit. ★ ★ ★

"A man could easily throw a stone a distance of two miles on the moon," said a professor in a lecture recently. What a Paradise for estate-agents! ★ ★ ★

"The man whose sight is blurred," says a physician, "needs glasses." Or fewer glasses. ★ ★ ★

In America a negro all-in wrestler was hurled from the ring and landed on top of a Press representative. Describing the incident later, the journalist said that suddenly everything seemed to go black. ★ ★ ★

"Is the giraffe troubled with indigestion after eating anything that disagrees?" inquires a reader. Yes, but not until the following week. ★ ★ ★

Now that a teed ball can be accurately hit with a club swung by a regulated driving-machine, the elimination of the human factor from golf is thought to be merely a question of time.



THE SUPER-PATRIOT.

LORD ROTHERMERE (to the British Lion). "GO AWAY AND HIDE! YOU MUST SEE THAT YOU ARE ONLY ANNOYING THIS KIND GENTLEMAN."



"WOULD THE SECRETARY MIND COMING FORWARD JUST A SHADE MORE, PLEASE?"

Mr. Porter's Day Off.

"Do you mean that you've never asked for a day off before?" said Miss Elkington. "Never, all the time you've been here?"

"Never," said Mr. Porter. "I know it sounds funny. I'm not counting that time when I said I might be an hour or two late on the Monday because the trains were so rotten, and then I didn't find out till Monday just how rotten they were. That was different. No, I've never actually asked for one."

"How are you going to put it to him?" asked Miss Elkington.

"Concisely and to the point," said Mr. Porter. "I shall say, 'Mr. Harbottle. A friend of mine who's going to stay at the same place as me for the week-end and has a car, and the place is right down in Devonshire and he's going down on Friday—to-morrow morning, that is—and he's asked me to go with him, which is obviously much better than those rotten trains, so can I have the day off?' I should think that would do."

"It would not," said Miss Elkington. "It's hopeless asking Mr. Harbottle anything *directly*. You have to be

tremendously subtle, haven't you, Miss Lunn?"

"Oo, tremendously," said Miss Lunn. "Of course, Mr. Porter, if you're a woman it's different. You know how to manage them by instinct."

"The last time I wanted a perm," said Miss Elkington, "I was awfully afraid that he wouldn't let me go. I had an absolute premonition that he'd say why couldn't I have it done on a Saturday, because he'd said that the time before. So what do you think I did?"

"I can't think," said Mr. Porter.

"I damped my hair and I combed it nearly straight. Absolutely as straight as it would go. It looked perfectly terrible, but I was determined. I went into Mr. Harbottle's room and I said, 'Mr. Harbottle, will it be all right if I have an hour or two off for having my hair waved to-morrow?' And he said, 'All right, Miss Elkington.' Just like that, without even looking up."

"But I don't want an hour or two," said Mr. Porter. "I want a whole day."

"That's only the way you begin," said Miss Elkington. "It's all part of the being subtle. Then later in the day you tell him that you ought to have told him that it might take longer, but you'll be back as soon as you can.

Then it doesn't matter how long you stay out."

"That's not how I do it," said Miss Lunn. "I think it's much better to ask him straight out, but to take some flowers with you. I've only asked for the day off once. It was for my married sister's baby being christened at Letchworth, and I brought him a lovely bunch of daffodils, and then when I was in the middle of asking him I remembered that I'd left them in the train. And he said I couldn't go, so it just shows."

"What does it just show?" said Mr. Chudleigh, who had been asleep earlier in the afternoon and was still only half awake.

"Why, that it would have been all right if I'd taken the flowers."

"That Miss whatever her name was who was here before you," said Mr. Chudleigh. "*she* went off to a christening once. We had some of the cake."

"What!" said Miss Lunn. "Do you mean that Mr. Harbottle let *her* go to a christening and not me?"

"It was twins," said Mr. Chudleigh.

"Oh!" said Miss Lunn. "That's different."

"Do you remember when I had to get these glasses?" said Padgett. "Well, I went into Mr. Harbottle's

room and blinked very hard. 'What are you blinking at?' he said. 'It's my eyes,' I said. 'I've got to see an oculist about glasses. Can I go and see him this morning?' and I blinked some more. And he said 'Yes.' It was easy."

"I remember," said Mr. Chudleigh. "What's more, you didn't come back the entire day."

"That's right," said Padgett. "The oculist said I oughtn't to do much reading until I had the glasses. So I rang you up. Then I went to a flick, and I got in just before one o'clock. It was lucky."

"Well," said Mr. Porter. "You're all being very helpful. I go in with my hair damped down straight and blinking very hard. 'Mr. Harbottle,' I say—"

"Do you remember that time I wanted to do some Christmas shopping?" said Miss Elkington to Miss Lunn. "I never thought he'd let me. I know it was because I took him in some of those chocolate biscuits with brown squashy insides for his tea."

"Blinking very hard," Mr. Porter went on, "with my hair damped down straight and a bunch of daffodils in one hand and a paper bag in the other. 'Mr. Harbottle,' I say, 'I have a married sister with twins about to be christened, and I have brought you these daffodils and this bag. Open it carefully, because they're the kind with brown squashy insides. Now can I have an hour off to go to the pictures so that I can do some early Christmas shopping?' That's only leading up to it, of course. Then, when he says 'Yes,' I shall—"

"Well, you see what I mean," said Miss Elkington. "Only of course you won't say it quite like that, will you?"

"Not quite," said Mr. Porter. "I think I'd better make some rough notes, if people will stop talking for five minutes."

"Well?" said Miss Elkington some time later. She had been up in Mr. Harbottle's room. "How are you getting on? You seem to have written pages."

"I got quite carried away," said Mr. Porter. "I start off with a few general remarks on either motoring or the weather, or perhaps Devonshire; I'm not sure. If I start with motoring I say, 'Mr. Harbottle, you do a lot of motoring, don't you?' 'Yes,' he says. 'Oh,' I say, 'I thought you did.' Then he says—"

"I'd better warn you," said Miss Elkington. "He's not in an awfully good temper. That very deaf man's been to see him again, and you know what he's like after that."



"SAME HOSTILE LOT AS LAST YEAR."

"Oh," said Mr. Porter. "Well, perhaps I'd better not ask him just yet." "But he's going in five minutes."

"Oh," said Mr. Porter again, picking up his notes. "Well, perhaps I'd better not say all this."

"Perhaps not," said Miss Elkington. "But don't forget to be subtle."

"I'll be subtle all right," said Mr. Porter as he went upstairs.

He came down again about ten seconds later. "Well," he said cheerfully, "that's that. It's perfectly easy if you know how."

"What happened?" we asked. "It was rather extraordinary. I got in, and I opened my mouth to say, 'Can I have to-morrow off?' And then I sneezed. A terrific and quite accidental sneeze. And old Harbottle jumped a mile and told me not to show my face in here until Monday, because he wasn't going to have colds like that in his office."

* * * * *
Of course we didn't believe for a

moment that Mr. Porter's sneeze had been accidental. Until Monday, when we asked him how he had enjoyed his week-end. He gave a hoarse croak.

"Frightful," he said. "I was in bed the whole time. I had a ghastly cold coming on when we started out. If you ever have a ghastly cold coming and you want to bring it on quickly, you should try motoring two hundred miles in a draughty car."

Great Expectations.

"La — Française prépare une édition des œuvres complètes de Kipling. Premiers volumes à paraître: 'David Copperfield,' 'Pickwick,' 'Bomby et fils.'"

Advt. of French Publishing Firm.

Is This a Record?

"Bradford . . . 0 Tottenham H. 24,053." Daily Paper Football Result.

For Hard-Boiled Dames.

"Lady Cook Housekeeper for small school; prepared for some rough work in emergencies."—"Wanted" Advt.

The Chadwicks.

THERE was a wooden seat at the top of the hill, and on it a small brass tablet which read:

Presented for the Use of the Public
by

JAMES EDWARD CHADWICK, ESQ.,
Jan. 12th, 1929.

"And who," said Ann as we sat down, "do you suppose James Edward Chadwick, Esquire, might be?"

I leant back with my hands in my pockets and gazed into the middle distance.

"Thomas Emanuel Bristowe," I said thoughtfully, "was one of those typically——"

"It says 'James Chadwick' here."

"Thomas Bristowe," I repeated firmly, "was one of those typically successful Calvinist merchants who managed to combine the maximum of God-fearing righteousness with an extraordinarily shrewd and relentless sense of business. Brought up as he was in an atmosphere of the most intense commercial activity, and by parents to whom worldly success represented perhaps the most certain passport to heavenly bliss, he very early——"

"All this is extremely interesting and well-phrased," interrupted Ann, stretching out a shapely foot and eyeing it with obvious approval, "but what exactly has it got to do with our James?"

"Thomas Emanuel Bristowe," I said patiently, "married a certain Mary Wantage, the daughter of a poor but honest Godalming tallow-chandler, and in the fulness of time there was born to them a little girl, Emily."

"What does 'in the fulness of time' mean?" asked Ann sweetly.

"It means about a year, usually," I said shortly; "and please don't interrupt. Now this Emily, living——"

"As she did."

"—living, as I say, a carefree life in the open air, grew up into a handsome young woman with full red lips and glorious flashing eyes, and soon attracted the attention of young Richard Chadwick, the son of the neighbouring squire."

"Richard Chadwick?"

"Certainly. Richard Chadwick."

"Well, at least he had the right surname," said Ann with a sigh. "But why do we have to bother about *him*? I want to hear about James."

"Surely," I said, "you realise that one cannot really know anything about a man unless one understands something about his antecedents. He is what they have made him. You can't have read much of the literature of to-day if you haven't grasped *that* fact."

"Oh, all right. So Richard Chadwick was James's father, then?"

"He was the father of James—yes; but not of course the James to whose generosity we are at the moment so much indebted. James Albert Chadwick, son of Richard Chadwick and of that Emily Bristowe, who, as I was telling you just now, was the daughter of the wealthy Thomas Bristowe and honest Mary Wantage, inherited ample fortunes both through his own parents and those of his wife; for she, having neither brother nor sister, brought him upon her father's death a legacy greatly in excess——"

"Stop!" she cried—"stop, or I shall go mad! What date was all this going on?"

I did a little rapid calculation.

"Richard Chadwick," I said, "was born in 1791, when

his father, William Chadwick, from whom he inherited much of that quick insight into character and gift for spontaneous friendship which distinguished nearly all his descendants, was 32, and his mother, Elizabeth, a grand-daughter of the heroic Captain Tanner, who fought so gallantly in the War of the Spanish Succession, was but three-and-twenty. Both by birth and training——"

"Let me know when you get back to the Crusades," said Ann, closing her eyes.

"I'm surprised at you," I said. "I thought you would be interested in tracing the development of a man's character. I thought it would thrill you to watch the gradual concentration of different family characteristics into a single harmonious whole, to see how the courage of the Tanners, the business ability and deep religious feeling of the Bristowes, the honest simplicity of the Wantages and the fire and intuition of the Chadwicks found their fullest and most splendid expression in the character of James Edward Chadwick, the donor of this seat."

"But we haven't *got* to James Edward Chadwick," she said plaintively. "We keep getting further and further away."

"Listen," I said. "It's all quite simple really. J. A. Chadwick married, in 1843, a Miss Claribel Attwill, the youngest daughter——"

"No," said Ann.

"All right, then," I said regretfully. "I'll write the rest of it down for you"——

James Albert Chadwick = Claribel Attwill

Richard Solomon Peter Horatio Philip = Enid Foster Paul Stephen

JAMES EDWARD CHADWICK

b. Aug. 15, 1876.

d.s. Jan. 12, 1929.

Ann studied it for a long time in silence.

"Thank you," she said at last; "but you might have spared me Solomon and Peter and all that lot."

"You forget," I said, "the relationship in which they stood to James Edward. From the very earliest days his uncles exerted a quite definite influence upon the development of the growing boy. His Uncle Richard, for example——"

"No," said Ann again. "What does 'e.s.' stand for? '*Evasit spiritus*' or something?"

"Look at the date," I told her. "It means 'Erected seat.'"

"Oh," she said, "but you can't put that in. Why, that's *true*!"

I looked at her coldly.

"You surely don't mean to imply that I have *invented* all this?"

"I'm awfully sorry, but I'm afraid I'm just naturally sceptical. I suppose I get it from my grandmother. She was a Miss Fearnley, you know, before her marriage, and a great-grand-daughter—on her mother's side, of course—of that same Cardinal Plesney whose Uncle Hildebrand——"

I got up and looked at my watch.

"I think we ought to be getting back to the car now," I said.

H. F. E.

"I am therefore, and probably you are, torn between two stools."—*Indian Paper*.

He shouldn't try to do tricks in the drawing-room.

"Dozens of pretty theatre-goers in the West End of London last night saw their dresses splashed with mud, flung up by 50 m.p.h. gusts of wind. Their escorts were in little better case, and urchins spent a profitable evening retrieving silk hats for coppers."

Sunday Gossip.

What are our policemen coming to?

A Question of Luck.

LYING in this little white bed gazing at the screens, I have been wondering about Luck.

"Lucky I was driving slowly yesterday," said Alfred, "or I'd have been killed."

Gripping the seat beside him, I wondered at the time if it had been altogether luck. I wonder still.

"Curse it!" said Alfred as we skidded to the left and steadied up against a lorry. "Those fools at the garage must have adjusted the brakes without telling me. Lucky I was going carefully or we'd have smashed something."

I agreed that time. It had been luck and luck only. As we slipped, literally, past two motor-cycles and a bus, Alfred explained: "She used to pull over to the right when one braked, so of course I'm used to holding her to the left."

"They're always doing things like that," he went on, aggrieved. "You see this flipper thing? Well, that used to stick, so I rigged up a bit of string that pulled it up, and it worked splendidly; and then one day I put out my hand to pull it and it wasn't there, so of course I thought it had fallen off, and turned down the window and shoved my arm out—only by that time I'd pretty well turned the corner, you know. Lucky no one was coming. And then I found those idiots of garage-men had gone and adjusted the flipper so that it worked, and of course I never knew."

"You know," he continued, when the voice of a lorry-driver we just had not hit died away behind, "it's amazing the luck I've had with this car. You see, she's quite old really, and before I had the steering-column renewed I daren't take her over forty. I mean, it wouldn't have been safe, because sometimes, when she came unscrewed, you could twist and twist and nothing happened, but now"—we did an S across the road and he beamed down on me—"she answers at once."

I agreed with that too. So did the car just behind.

"He couldn't pass on this road, anyway, so I don't know why he's hooting," said Alfred, looking back over his shoulder. "I mean, with blind corners like this no one ought to go over fifty. There!" He brought the car to a standstill behind three cows who were wandering moodily across the road. "See what I mean? Lucky we weren't doing more or I couldn't have stopped. That's what I said the other day. I was on the Great West Road, and a couple of men in a car kept trying to pass me, so I let her go a bit—but not much, of course—and then a boy dashed out of



"SOMEHOW THE HOLES HERE NEVER SEEM TO BE WHERE YOU WANT 'EM."

a turning and I simply put on every brake I had and the car behind ran into me. And then I saw they were speed-cops. I was pretty wild, I can tell you. I said, 'You jolly well oughtn't to follow so closely if your brakes aren't good enough,' but they were simply mad about it."

My eyes caught the speedometer. The needle flickered around sixty.

"It doesn't work," Alfred assured me. "I never do more than thirty on a road like this, because I think one ought always to be able to stop—"

And at that moment, rounding a corner on to a hay-cart, we stopped.

"Lucky I wasn't going faster," said Alfred gently, as he laid a bunch of violets on my little white bed, "or you might have been killed."

But I'm not so sure. I have a feeling that with any real luck it would have been Alfred.

La Donna è Mobile.

I LATELY sent my love a rose,
That it might softly speak
My praises of the hue that glows
Upon her velvet cheek.

I sent my love a lily too,
That it might whisper how
I think no flower that ever blew
So white as is her brow.

But, ah! my pretty plan misfired;
My love, since last we met,
Of lilies and of roses tired,
Was changed to a brunette!

W. K. H.

The White Gloves.

FOR some years it has been the regretful opinion of the people of Rathberry that "D. J. O'Shea has some great animosity agen bistycles."

These initials do not stand for Mr. O'Shea's Christian name but for his rank of District Justice. In this capacity he visits Rathberry on the last Monday of the month, and, having listened to a good deal of conflicting evidence, he metes out punishments for the minor offences reported so unpromisingly by an accusing Civic Guard, and denied or explained at so great length by the accused.

"There were the two of them arguin' away," an onlooker said once of the bewildered D.J. and a particularly talkative and elusive witness, "an' they didn't understand one another no more nor if they was two Frenchmen."

This Petty Court is held in the small and comparatively new building known in the proud village as "the chronic Town Hall." There the cases vary slightly with the changing season of the year. In winter, however, the Guards seem to concentrate upon cyclists, with the result that by the end of January Mr. O'Shea feels that he has heard as much about them as he can bear. To quote one smarting victim of his irritable cross-questioning on the subject of a missing lamp, "He put crabbed conversation towards me about nothin' at all only that I rode down the holla at the dickens of a canther right enough, an' the Sergeant seen me an' med a parable out of it on account of me havin' no illumination at the time." Then, just as the Rathberry cyclists had realised at last that their machines must be equipped with lamps, the law decreed that as well as this the rear mudguard must display a red reflector.

The result of this was such a deluge of summonses that the District Justice called on high heaven to witness that the next cyclist who failed to provide himself with the small danger-signal would have his machine taken from him for a week. At the same time he mentioned, very sarcastically, the custom of the white gloves. "In a Criminal

Court," he said coldly, "they give the Judge a pair of white gloves whenever there is no serious case at the Assizes." He leaned across the desk. "If no case about a red reflector comes up here at the February court," he said, "you can give me a pair of white gloves yourselves, and so the name of Rathberry's District Court will go down to posterity as the only one in Ireland where such a thing ever took place."

To a self-important community this idea appealed immediately, and such a rush was made upon the only hardware shop in the village that its stock of red reflectors was very soon exhausted.

"Nothin' will do these times only them little ould red reflections," the harassed proprietor said helplessly; "an' me sthrivin' to sell the punctured outfits

that distinction. Being a superstitious soul, he delayed the purchase until the Saturday for fear of tempting Fate by taking it for granted that all was well. Then, having accepted the fact that there were no white gloves for sale in Rathberry, he set out for the larger emporiums of Ballykealy, only to find that they did not stock men's white gloves either.

It was then that Michael Mooney saw, at the highly dangerous junction of the four streets, Guard Horan, who, on recent market days, has stood there upon a specially provided rubber mat and has done his best to persuade drivers of oncoming cars to "hold on a minute" until something has passed at right-angles to their line of approach.

This controller of Ballykealy's traffic had removed the white gloves

provided with the mat and had pushed them under the shoulder-strap of his greatcoat. Michael Mooney walked across and stood just behind him for some time. Then he went back to Rathberry. "I got them all right," he told his friends.

* * *

On the last Monday of February the Court-room in the small but permanent Town Hall was packed with Rathberry people. Among the few comparative strangers there was Guard Horan of Ballykealy. The business of the Court was amazingly slight and was soon finished. "Do you mean to say," Mr. O'Shea demanded, "that there is nothing whatever about red reflectors?"

and the Sergeant said "No."

Then Michael Mooney stepped forward and laid the white gloves on the desk, and the applause, so often repressed, broke out unchecked, while on the rather grim face of the Ballykealy Guard the light of complete understanding broke suddenly.

Overwhelmed as he was by this literal translation of an idle suggestion, the District Justice pulled himself together. "Is there anything else, Sergeant?" he wanted to know.

"There was notice of a case of petty larceny," the Sergeant said uncertainly, "but Guard Horan says now that very likely he lost them after all."

Every official restriction forgotten, the D.J. leaned forward eagerly. "Lost what?" he wanted to know.

The Sergeant cleared his throat. "His white traffic-gloves," he said. D. M. L.



"MISS TURTLE JUST PHONED TO SAY SHE CAN'T POSE FOR THE 'ANTI-KOLD' ADVERT. TO-DAY."
"WHY NOT?"
"ER—SHE'S GOT FLU."

instead, but they wouldn't touch them wid a tongs. 'There's only the wan solution,' says Michael Mooney, 'an' that's a red reflection'; an' off wid them to Thracy's of Ballykealy on the minute."

As the last Monday of February drew nearer the utmost care was taken to give the guardians of the law no loophole through which to attack a cyclist. Machines that usually waited at the kerb were now wheeled into a gateway until their owners claimed them again; while the dreams of nervous children became nightmares in which numberless red eyes peered from every entry or passed unblinking from one end of the street to the other.

No one in Rathberry knew who was responsible for the providing of the white gloves in an Assize town; but in the village the talkative Michael Mooney was the inevitable choice for

The Yarn of the Oxford Crew.

A Gilbertian Story.

'Twas on the winding towpath that
From Oxford to Iffley ran
That I found alone on a piece of stone
A miserable rowing-man.

His bags were seedy, his locks were
long,

And seedy and long was he,
And he clutched his hair as in wild
despair

He addressed himself to me:

"Oh! I am the stroke and the seven
and five

And the six and the four and two
And the bow and three; so it seems to
me

I'm the whole of the Oxford crew."

"Young man," I said "it's little I know
Of the ways of rowing-men,
But strike me pink if I really think
You are telling me truly when

You claim to be stroke and seven and
five

And the six and the four and two
And the bow and three—well, it seems
to me

You can't be the *whole* of the crew."

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers,
which

Is a way of Oxford men;
In a doleful wail he began this tale
Which I now proceed to pen:—

"We started off with some sixteen
souls

(Which doesn't include the cox),
And we left the raft in a couple of craft
For a journey between the locks.

When we first pushed off I was bow
in 'A,'

But the coach he says, says he,
'A little change we will now arrange
'Tween the bows of "A" and "B."'

So I moved to 'B'; but at Iffley Lock
The coach says, 'This won't do.

Go back to "A" for the rest of the day
And take your seat at two.'

Then, when we turned for the journey
back,

Says coach, 'I clearly see
We have placed you wrong, so come
along

And try your luck at three.'

Now this went on for days and days—
To cut a long story short—

Till I didn't know where I had to row,
For I'd occupied every thwart.

They moved me about from side to
side

Till I didn't know left from right;



SURPRISE.

Very Inexperienced Bride. "HIDE EYES, DARLING, AND GUESS WHAT POSTIE'S BROUGHT."

I was losing weight, for my cruel fate
Had kept me awake at night.

I was twelve-stone-three when we
started out

For the journey between the locks,
But I'm eight stone now, and so that
is how

I've been given my blue as cox.

So I never eat and I never drink,
And I'm wasting day by day;
But I go for a run, and then for fun
I think of the past and say:

"Oh! I am the stroke and the seven
and five

And the six and the four and two
And the bow and three; so it seems to
me

I'm the whole of the Oxford crew!"



The Mailed Fist.

"A youth of 20 has been arrested at New Brighton (Connecticut), on a charge of threatening to shoot President Roosevelt by letter."—*Daily Paper.*

"Editor Everybody's Column: If King George was the Fifth, why isn't King Edward the Sixth, instead of the Eighth?—A.S.S." *Correspondent in U.S. Paper.*

The initials are significant.

The Olive Branch.

Miss Budge does not care about Mrs. Walsingham-Wild. If I've heard this once I've heard it a hundred times. A hundred-and-one, counting last Tuesday.

"No," said Miss Budge, "I can't say I like her. I don't know what it is. I daresay she's a very nice woman, but there's something about her looks, and her manner, and the kind of clothes she wears, and that voice of hers, and the way she brings up her children, and her whole personality that just seems to me to be utterly revolting from start to finish. No, I can't say I like her."

One quite felt that she couldn't, after that. Nor could anybody have been expected to believe her if she had.

"Rather like Dr. FELL," I suggested.

It was left to Charles to ask: "Who's Dr. FELL?"

He seemed relieved when it was explained to him that Dr. FELL wasn't a newcomer in the neighbourhood. He said that one deadly feud in a small parish was enough.

"What deadly feud?" cried Miss Budge and I as one. "Is there a deadly feud? How frightfully exciting! Tell us all about it."

"You and Mrs. Walsingham-Wild," said Charles, looking at Miss Budge—whose face fell at once.

"Oh!" she said in a disappointed voice, "is that all?"

"We thought," I explained, "that you meant some terrifically thrilling quarrel that we hadn't heard about."

"Besides," said Miss Budge, "ours isn't a feud. I mean, me and that woman. We're *absolutely* good friends."

"What?" said Charles—not civilly.

I told him that there'd never been any quarrel between Miss Budge and Mrs. Walsingham-Wild, and that I knew exactly what she meant.

Charles, it was evident, didn't.

He had further opportunities for enlightenment the following afternoon at tea at the Rectory.

"Miss Budge is going to be there," I said as we drove up.

"And Mrs. Fell?"

"Mrs. F——? Oh, Charles, that's rather witty of you!—you mean Mrs. Walsingham-Wild."

"Do I? I thought you said her name was Fell, and that she and Miss Budge had had a row or something."

The errors contained in this speech were too numerous and of too fundamental a character for me to attempt the gigantic task of correcting them between the Rectory gate and the Rectory front-door step.

In the drawing-room was a circle of not unfamiliar faces. I distinctly saw Charles give a gimlet glance all round—evidently in search of some unknown Mrs. Fell; but when Mrs. Walsingham-Wild did arrive, late—"I think unpunctuality is *worse* than wicked!" hissed Miss Budge in my ear)—Charles and the Admiral were deep in one of those rather unsatisfactory conversations about the League of Nations, and the Rector was saying how fortunate it was that we didn't *all* think alike on every topic.

"That woman!" said Miss Budge.

Immediately afterwards she began to tell me of her plans for a cruise to South Africa. One had perhaps heard them once or twice before, and doubtless it was for that reason that a kind of coma presently overtook one.

Emerging from it—just as Miss Budge triumphantly reached Capetown—I was startled to see that Charles was deep in earnest conversation with Mrs. Walsingham-Wild. From time to time he glanced towards Miss Budge. He looked grave—too grave—and Mrs. Walsingham-Wild, on the other hand, looked sparkling—too sparkling.

Could it be that Charles had adopted the rôle of a peace-maker?

One had lived in Little Fiddle-on-the-Green too many years not to know what an extraordinarily sinister thought this was.

There was nothing for it but to drink—(one's tea)—and forget. But I did—while discussing psycho-analysis with the Rector—see out of the corner of one eye that Charles had moved away from Mrs. Walsingham-Wild and that Miss Budge—by what agency?—had taken his place.

"That Mrs. Fell isn't such a bad sort, after all," Charles said as we drove homewards with Miss Budge, to whom we had offered a lift. "I was telling her about your plans for South Africa and she was quite interested."

"Yes," said Miss Budge, "she asked me to let her hear from me."

"Good!" said Charles heartily.

"She asked me to send her a line from any port at which we touched."

"Splendid!"

"Ha ha ha!" said Miss Budge—just like that. "*Her little boy collects stamps.*"

E. M. D.

Translation.

WHEN she began
Mademoiselle Jeanne
Couldn't speak English at all.
She shouted: "*Tant pis!*"
And "*Ah, c'est la vie!*"
And "*Hélas! Je ne peux pas
Comprendre, mes petits,*"
As she stood with her trunks in
the hall.
She raced us
And chased us,
And then when she faced us
She called us a lot of French names
and embraced us.
She'd never heard "Don't"
And she couldn't say "Yes";
When she told us to do things
We just had to guess.
And that's why we said to her,
"Mademoiselle Jeanne,
*Try to learn English
As fast as you can.*"
Mademoiselle Jeanne,
According to plan,
Spoke nothing but English for
days.
She learnt to say "Please,"
And "Pass me ze cheese,"
And "Henri, my cabbage,
Your hand when you sneeze,"
And many another such phrase.
She'd stick it
At cricket
On quite a fast wicket,
And often she'd take out a football
and kick it;
And soon it was clear
She would falter and blench
(By the end of the year)
At a whisper of French.
And that is the reason why
Mademoiselle Jeanne
Is *totally* diff'rent
From when she began.

Pigskin.

"SOMEBODY rang up for you while you were out," said Edith—"a man named Pigskin. He said he wanted you to ring him as soon as you came in."

"Pigskin?"

"It sounded like Pigskin, but just in case there was any mistake I asked him his number. I hadn't got a pencil, but it was one of those numbers that just goes up and up. 1234. Or was it 2345? I know it went up and up, and if the name wasn't Pigskin it was something very like it, so you ought not to have much difficulty in thinking who it is. All you've got to do is to write down a list of all the people you know with names like Pigskin and look them up in the book one by one until you find a number that goes up and up."

"That shouldn't take me more than a couple of hours," I said sarcastically. "You don't happen to have any further clues, do you?"

"I believe he said something about a man named George Blenkinsop. Or was it Wilkinson? I always mix up Blenkinsop and Wilkinson, because when we lived at Golder's Green there were two men in the tennis club named Wilkinson and Blenkinsop who were *exactly* alike, except that one was tall and dark and the other was short and fair. So far as I could tell, this Blenkinsop or Wilkinson told this man Pigskin that you would be able to help him in some way."

I pondered.

"Then it's not much use my making a list of friends named Pigskin or anything like that," I said; "because if this Blenkinsop or Wilkinson told him about me, then Pigskin obviously hasn't met me, and I don't know him. It seems to me that my best plan will be to ring up Blenkinsop or Wilkinson and ask him whether he has told a man named Pigskin to ring me up."

Edith smiled.

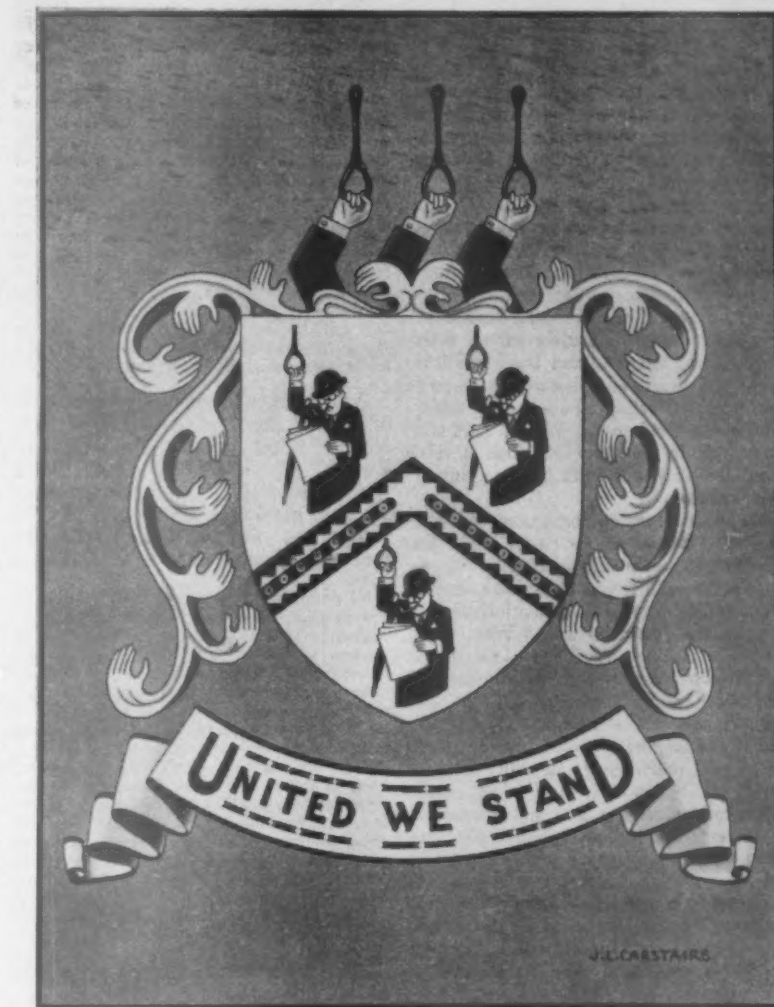
"To make absolutely certain there should be no confusion," she said proudly, "I asked this Pigskin man to give me Blenkinsop's number—or Wilkinson's number. It was Pottifer 3922."

"You're quite sure it was Pottifer 3922? Pottifer is a fourpenny call, and in the present state of our finances we can't go splashing fourpences about on calls to wrong numbers."

"I'm certain it was Pottifer 3922."

"You said 3922 just now!"

"I'm sure I didn't. I'll tell you how I remembered it. I said to myself, '3.2.29. The third of March, 1929. Just



THE LESS FAMOUS BUT VERY LIVELY COMPANIES OF LONDON.
THE PURPOSEFUL COMPANY OF STRAP-HANGERS.

five days before our fifth wedding anniversary."

"But 3.2.29 would be the third of February, 1929," I protested.

"It doesn't make any difference. Now I come to think of it, I remembered that it was just a month and five days before our fifth wedding anniversary. I'm sure I'm right about the number being Pottifer 3229, and if I'm wrong I'll pay the fourpence."

So I rang Pottifer 3229, and asked if I could speak to Mr. Wilkinson or Mr. Blenkinsop.

"Never heard of either of them," said a voice. "This is Pottifer 3922. My name is Higginbotham."

"Is Higginbotham any good?" I asked Edith.

"Of course," she said. "How stupid

of me! It *was* Higginbotham. It's lucky you've found him, because he'll be able to put you on to the mysterious Pigskin."

"Sorry to bother you, Mr. Higginbotham," I said, "but did you ask a man named Pigskin to ring me? My name is Conkleshill: Little Wobbley 124."

"There must be some mistake," said Higginbotham. "I asked a fellow named Frisken to ring up a friend of mine at Little Wobbley 214 about some leaf-mould . . ."

So Edith owes me fourpence.

"The shares, which had been 40s., slipped back to 57s. They should not be sold." *Financial Column.*
We are holding for a further fall.

"The Runciman."

SINCE the laugh is on us, and since in some quarters we have received credit which was not our due, let us tell the strange tale of our first Parliamentary Question and the Spitway Buoy.

Long ago, and many a time, while roaring down the Swin or brought up off Brightlingsea, we have heard the skippers of London River sailing-barges complain about the Spitway Buoy. The Swin, lubbers, is one of the East Coast channels much used by coasting vessels; and the Wallet is another. And the Spitway is a narrow and shifting channel between sand-banks connecting the Wallet and the Swin. It is on the main road northward for all small craft coming out of the Thames.

At the seaward entrance to the Spitway there is (or was) only an unlighted bell-buoy, and the barge-men's complaint was that there should be a light-buoy. They said that the Royal Navy, in the Great War, with powerful engines, could not do without a light-buoy; they said that only the big ships were properly provided for by Trinity House, and the barges, because they were small and humble, were not considered, though, relying only on their sails and skill, they deserved more, not less, consideration than certain others. They told us lively tales of barges caught out in the Swin in heavy weather, and wishing to make the shelter of Brightlingsea; how, listening vainly for the bell and unable to find the Spitway in the dark, they were compelled to struggle on to Harwich and often were in danger of being driven on to the sands. They said that it was a shame; and what was Parliament doing!

These tales moved us, justly; and when we became a legislator we thought that this would be a noble theme for our first Parliamentary Question. We met a famous friend of the barges, and he agreed that it was good. We met Skipper Charlie at the "Ship and Sea-gull," who applauded our design and gave us some technical terms.

Some doubt was expressed among our colleagues about the possibility of reaching Trinity House with a Question. It was thought that that illustrious House might be one of the Great Untouchables, like the London Passenger Transport Board, the Port of London Authority, or the B.B.C. But they agreed that it was worth trying.

So, trembling a little, we approached the Clerk at the Table and handed in our Question—Not for Oral Answer (how very fortunate!):—

"To ask the President of the Board of Trade whether he is aware that there is now no light-buoy at the eastern entrance to the Wallet Spitway: that this is the cause of needless difficulty and danger to numerous coasting vessels, and especially to London river sailing-barges bound North out of London river in thick or heavy weather: that during the Great War a light-buoy was found necessary for the safe navigation of His Majesty's ships; what would be the annual cost of maintaining such a buoy: and will he, by consultation with Trinity House or otherwise, secure that a light-buoy be at this point provided?"

A few days later we met a high official of the Board of Trade. We said: "What about the Spitway Buoy?" He said "Ah, yes, we're looking into that," and we felt that we were moving mountains.

The next day, February 11th, we received our answer:—

"I assume that my hon. Friend refers to the southern entrance"—(well, say south-eastern)—"to the Spitway, which is at present marked by the Swin Spitway unlighted bell-buoy. Following on"—(Oh, dear!)"—the receipt in September last of an extensively signed petition in favour of the lighting of this buoy, the Trinity House proposed the replacement of the buoy by a lighted bell-buoy, and this proposal having been sanctioned by the Board of Trade, arrangements have been made for the replacement to be effected on or about the 12th February. A Notice to Mariners to this effect was issued on the 10th January. This substitution of a lighted buoy for an unlighted buoy involves a capital expense of £615, and an increase in maintenance cost of £25 per annum."

Heavens! February 12th! And to-day was February 11th! Never can a request to a Minister for vigorous action have received so prompt a response. But the laugh was surely on us. We had asked him to do something, without knowing that he had arranged to do it already. But then neither had the friend of the barges known, nor Skipper Charlie, nor the high official of the Board of Trade.

All these had failed to perceive the Notice to Mariners of January 10th; and Skipper Charlie had been working in the Thames.

Then more disturbing thoughts arrived. Maybe men would think that we had known—and popped in a Question in order to obtain credit. Maybe, reading the thing carelessly, men would give us credit undeserved. And this has happened, so we now reveal the truth.

Let us all be more careful about blaming writers for inventing wild coincidences.

But the great and good thing is that at last the buoy (we assume) is there, and at least one hazard of the barge-men's life is diminished.

Therefore, hail, Trinity House! and hail, the Board of Trade! We do not know what official, what Brother of Trinity House it was who heard at last the barge-men's plaint and said: "This shall be done." We should like to know and publish his name, that the buoy might bear that name for ever. And, indeed, what finer monument could a man have than a lighted bell-buoy, guiding the brown-sailed barges through the night and comforting the hearts of those incomparable mariners? But, after all, the PRESIDENT himself is responsible and, until the contrary is shown, he shall have the credit from us. And if ever again it is our fortune to sail "down Swin" with Skipper Charlie or another, we shall hope to hear him cry to his mate, "Albert, I perceive the Runciman. God bless the Board of Trade!" But I am, I fear, more likely to hear him say: "Picked up the gas-buoy, Bert."

A. P. H.

More Odd Names.

SOME remarks that I recently made on DICKENS' names in real life have brought me examples of other strange nomenclature. Those that follow have all been found by a student while engaged in the otherwise unexciting task of indexing mental defectives in the West Country. If the two counties of Devon and Cornwall can yield such a harvest, what about the rest of the United Kingdom? I append the most outstanding names, male and female, none of which is too incredible to be genuine. Daisy Goose, for example, and Daisy Duckling, though they sound like inventions of the author of *Peter Rabbit*, are real. Bentley Blagg and Roslyn Gosling are real; and I must confess for Roslyn Gosling a special tenderness. But here are the best of them, all ready to the hand of the grotesque novelist: Plato Smith, Ariel Smith, Titch Bottomley, Magnus Pugehow, Abe Goldworm, Temperance Musselwhite, Willie Wooley, Vera Yells, Louisa Screech, Bloemfontein Bennett (we can guess his age, as we can guess Dardanelles Jellicoe Johnson's), Roma Dunchy, Jabez Mudge, Mignonne Twentyman, Leander Gooch, Doris Lambken, Parthenia Beech, Ptolemy Pardy, Abigail Napper, Amelia Hatfull, Edith Balaam, Deborah Darm, Pearl Pharoah, Roslyn Gosling (I gave him twice before, but he deserves repetition), Jarvis Negus, Eli Butt and, at the other



Instructor, "NOW PLEASE REMEMBER ALL I HAF TOLD YOU. LAST YEAR MY CLASS ON ZIS RUN HAD TWO COLLARBONSE AND ONE LAIG. NOT GOOT FOR ME—YES?"

extreme, Ivy Victoria Alexandra Popjoy, who surely ought to be paired off with Romeo Augustus Rogerson in the hopes of a new Dictator resulting? Herbert Foundhere, I should guess, was a pure Stepney offspring or *enfant trouvé*. Most alarming of all I have kept to the last: Solomon Specter.

There is hardly a name there that could be improved by deliberate concoction, and should any of them be ingeniously blended and served up in a forthcoming novel, I am sure that no one will be offended. But I must protest against any tampering with Solomon Specter. He must remain, wise but terrifying, as he is.

The same correspondent, who has been a collector for several years, sends me also a variety of curious Christian names assembled also in Devon and Cornwall. Among these I find Antelope (possibly a faulty memory of Penelope), Ferelith, Derina, Sephora, Lutena, Easter, Carmine and Vivaldia. Fine names to call! "Vivaldia, where are you?" "Sephora, come quickly!" "Antelope, make haste!" There are

also two which must have imposed a weight upon their bearers: Mars and Cosmos. Let us hope that Mars did not grow up to be a weakling, Cosmos a nit-wit.

As to place-names, I have some examples from a Welsh correspondent, all of them good and all derivations through misunderstanding or mishearing. Thus "Tinny Heaven" was really Ty Mehefin, and "Tim Ellen" was Ty Melyn, and "Snails' Bones" came from two words meaning Lower Bridgeway. A crossway called "Old Albert" was Heol Hulbert or Hulberts' Road; while a hamlet in Herefordshire which precise topographers know as Bach y Llidiart or Little Gateway is, very naturally, in common local speech, "Bag of Idiots."

More vans and lorries with good names are continually swimming into my ken, such as John Lusty, who purveys turtle soup; while the other day in Ashdown Forest a carrier bore down upon me with the alarming legend on his front, "Here comes Savage of

Bexhill." And I constantly observe the business notice-board of a firm called Speedy and Eynon, which I like because it should represent an ideal for any practical man.

Although, as I said, the London telephone book knows not the magic name of Pickwick, it has Pickword and Pickworth. But what are they? Merely leather and prunella. It's "wick" that makes the fellow. Tupman, Snodgrass, Winkle and Weller can, however, be rung up. Guppy too. But there is no Fagin, although there are many Fagans. But when in my recent notes on words I suggested that the descriptive name of Lord Frederick Verisopht was on loan to DICKENS from THACKERAY, I was very wrong; for when *Nicholas Nickleby* was written, in 1838-9, THACKERAY had hardly begun. DICKENS, of course, was in no need of assistance. He could do it all. But he would have liked my list. Even if Solomon Specter were a little too direct for him, he would have smiled on Abigail Napper and Parthenia Beech.

E. V. L.



"DO YOU MIND IF I BROOD OVER THIS A LITTLE?"

The People that Write to the Press.

I've come across people whose livelihood springs
From the stage to episcopal missions;
I've dined with M.P.'s and I've shot with old things
Who have held diplomatic positions;
I've chatted with bankers, stood drinks to bargees
And commingled with artists and drapers—
But I've never yet met (and I speak with regret)
Any people who write to the papers.

Who are the people that write to the Press
And relate of a cuckoo at Reigate,
Who let themselves go on Cromwellian dress
And the housing conditions at Highgate,
An epitaph seen on a tombstone at York,
The phenomenal rise of the river,
Who tender their views on imperial news
And a shocking disease of the liver?

Who are the people that hit on the nest
Of a thrush on a shelf in their study,
Who ramble at length on the foot-and-mouth pest
And American slang such as "buddy,"

The way to make coffee, a Devonshire ghost,
An elusive Tibetan quotation,
Anonymous verse, an old family curse
And the birth-rate's decline in the nation?

Who are the people that point out the sins
Of the virtuous youth of the 'thirties,
Who crack up the food at unreachable inns
And deplore what the length of the skirt is,
Who claim that an epigram thought to be WILDE'S,
As it happened, was said by DISRAELI,
Who write with despair on the danger of glare
And the haphazard ways of the "daily"?

Who are the people——? But what is the good
Of repeating this difficult query?
I'd like it, however, to be understood
That I've formed this remarkable theory:
The people that hang on my well-informed words—
Hypocritical flattering gapers!—
Go home and assume some absurd *nom-de-plume*
And submit them as *theirs* to the papers.



THE CAUTIOUS COWMAN.

THE CHILD. "ANOTHER MUGFUL, PLEASE, MISTER."

MR. WALTER ELLIOT. "YOU WAIT, MY LAD; MY LADY FRIEND HERE AND I NEED A LITTLE MORE TIME FOR RUMINATION."

["If we try to advance milk consumption in schools merely on the ground that children are so many receptacles we shall defeat ourselves."—*The Minister of Agriculture in the House of Commons.*]

Impressions of Parliament.

Monday, February 17th.—To-day Mr. EDEN announced that a White Paper containing the report of the experts on the supply of oil to Italy would be issued to-morrow, after



Mr. Hacking. "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE WORD 'PACT,' THAT HAS BEEN ARRANGED FOR US BY OUR WORTHY FRIEND, IS PURELY COMMERCIAL AND NOT IN ANY SENSE POLITICAL—(aside)—AT LEAST, NOT FOR THE PRESENT."

which the House turned, with its customary adaptability, from oil to milk.

The Ministry of Agriculture is a Department flowing with milk and money; but cornucopias of all kinds need subsidy, and this afternoon Mr. RAMSBOTHAM moved a resolution to extend the period of assistance to the milk industry until the long-term policy was ready. The plan initiated by the Act of 1934, he said, was working well, for the price of liquid milk remained steady, there was an abundance of milk products at a low price, and the idea of distributing cheap milk to school-children had gripped the imagination of the country.

For the Labour Party, Mr. JOHNSTON insisted that too much of the surplus was used in factories, objecting particularly that it should be doomed to become umbrella-handles; and for the I.L.P. Mr. MCGOVERN complained that the stomach of his small son had been seriously deranged as a result of the school milk being served too cold in winter. Mild criticism of the Milk Marketing Board and of piecemeal assistance generally came from other benches, and Mr. BERNAYS suggested very sensibly that the Special Areas

should be used for more experiments in social improvement; but the MINISTER managed to convince most of the House that on the whole milk was flowing in the right directions.

Tuesday, February 18th.—The debate in the Lords this afternoon on the Italo-Abyssinian situation indicated considerable anxiety, for different reasons, all over the House, but a conviction on the part of the Government that the time was not yet ripe for further efforts at conciliation. According to Lord STANHOPE, Sanctions are working more effectively than their opponents admit.

The motion was Lord PHILLIMORE's, asking what steps the Government were taking towards a peaceful settlement and an end to the danger now run by this country of being involved in war. Lord NOEL-BUXTON agreed in demanding the earliest possible settlement, because he felt that a knock-out either way would have most unfortunate consequences; but he asked that it should be a settlement which vindicated the principles of collective peace and ensured a stable Abyssinia.

To Lord CECIL, Lord PHILLIMORE's suggestions followed an intelligible but a dishonourable policy, which would mean tearing up the Kellogg Pact and ignoring all the promises made to Abyssinia to respect her territorial integrity. Lord MANSFIELD viewed our disagreement with Italy very gravely, calling for a Conference between the two interested countries in some fairly neutral capital, such as Brussels.



OUR BACK BENCH WHO'S WHO.

Mr. WILL THORNE
Was a Member before some of us were born,
And is the oldest Grand Old Man
In the Labour van.

It would be difficult to explain to an intelligent foreigner how Lord MOTTISTONE continues to utter rampantly Tory sentiments from the Liberal benches. Choosing to ignore the extraordinary degree to which British public opinion is, for once, mobilised on a



"I AM SIR ORACLE."

[Lord MOTTISTONE would have Sanctions consigned to the W. P. B.]

matter of foreign policy, he described the British attitude towards Sanctions as savouring of sanctimonious humbug.

After Lord PONSONBY had asked that Mr. LANSBURY's principles should be given a trial in the international field, Lord STANHOPE reminded the House that Italy, by tearing up four treaties, had placed herself in a position in which the League had no alternative but to take action. It must be shown that aggression did not pay, and once that had been proved there would be no more war.

In a debate entirely devoid of sparkle the Commons gave a Second Reading to the Bill to extend the school-age in Scotland.

"Victor Gilpin and H. G. Fergusson have been granted licences to train nuder National Hunt Rules."—*Daily Paper*

A privilege they will hardly make use of until the summer.

"I am very happy, and though we may differ a bit, we stick together and are still married after three years."

From an interview with a Film Star.

Isn't that just too marvellously faithful of them!



"I AM VEREE SORREE, PROFESSOR, BUT THERE HAS BEEN A REVOLUTION, AND THE NEW PRESIDENT, WHO HAS NO TASTE FOR ARCHEOLOGEE, COMMANDS THAT YOU COVER UP THIS BURIED CITY AND TO LEAVE IT AS YOU FOUND IT."

Sea Wrack.

Jane and I lay in our beds on board the *Berentania* and pondered deeply on the various manifestations of roughness we were experiencing. Jane, I must confess, was not very disturbed, as she had already crossed the Atlantic many times and knew all the ropes—with the possible exception of the one on the promenade deck, which she fell over on the second day out.

I, on the other hand, was a newcomer to ship life, and though in spirit I was all agog to use the swimming-pool and play ping-pong with Croats in the saloon, my flesh bade me stay where I was, prone in my cabin.

"You'll find your legs soon," said Mrs. Pearce, our stewardess, cheerfully, as she laid a bowl of broth on my chest. "People often starts bad, and by the time they reaches New York they're bright as young buttons. You'll be skipping about to-morrow, I don't doubt."

"Oh, I'm all right," I said. "I'm just resting."

"Oh," grinned Mrs. Pearce, "late nights, I suppose?" And with that she lunched away.

Jane sat up in bed and looked at me. "Very soon, I think," she said, "I shall get up and take exercise. I'm

tired of lying here, and it seems to be a lovely day."

"Oh, don't get up," I urged. "You're just as happy where you are. Think how lonely I shall be when you're gone. Stay and read me bits of *Romeo and Juliet* or, better still, *Gertrude the Governess*."

"No," said Jane firmly, putting one leg over the edge of the bed.

"But it's so rough," I sighed.

"Oh, well, I don't mind that. I'm quite a good sailor. There's never been a day when I haven't hit the deck some time."

With which proud words Jane rose from her couch and began to dress, singing meanwhile in a rather forced way.

"You can't like it as much as that," I said crossly as she reeled yodelling across the floor with her tooth-brush in her hand; "you're just showing off!"

"You forget," replied Jane haughtily, "there's brine in the blood. My mother's first cousin is Admiral Bainshurst."

While Jane continued her ablutions, a mixture of Grand Opera and gargling, I lay silent, wondering how best I could stop this terrible display of maritime heartiness. I was all for Jane, Britannia-like, ruling the waves, but she should, I felt, rule them less jovially, with less of that "yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!" feeling and with more of the

dignity and quiet strength befitting a queen. Waves, I think, tend to get a little uppish if treated with too much *bonhomie*.

"Incidentally," I asked, "how are the waves? As you're up, look out of the loop-hole and tell me."

"The port-hole," corrected Jane, peering happily out. "The waves are beige-coloured, dear," she explained, "capped with white, and they're simply all over the place!"

"D'you mean they're simply all over the place or that they're all over the place?" I asked querulously, as I drew the blankets closer to my chin.

"Both," said Jane, stepping back from the port with strangely glazed eyes.

"Funny," she added, "it's quite hypnotic, isn't it? The sea, I mean." She began to hum again.

"Jane," I said, "could you possibly take that dressing-gown off its hook? The way it swings backwards and forwards and backwards and forwards and backwards and for—"

"Certainly!" cried Jane quickly, as she lunched across the cabin. "It does sway a bit, doesn't it?"

Jane then sat down on her bed and began to put on her stockings. She was still humming, only it was more softly now.

"Can you tell me," I asked, "why

the whole mattress, and, incidentally, myself as well, rises out of its sockets, as it were, and goes up, up, up as the boat pitches, and then immediately goes right down, so that my spine hits the floor?"

Jane was silent for a moment, holding a stocking poised ready against her toes.

"What?" she said simply and a little stupidly.

"Well, doesn't yours?" I asked. "Look! There you go—you and the mattress soaring up to the ceiling while the rest of the bed stays behind. There! And now you're going down. Isn't it odd?"

"Um . . ." Jane smiled wanly at me. "It's a queer sensation, isn't it?"

"Can you see the waves from there?" I inquired.

Jane looked.

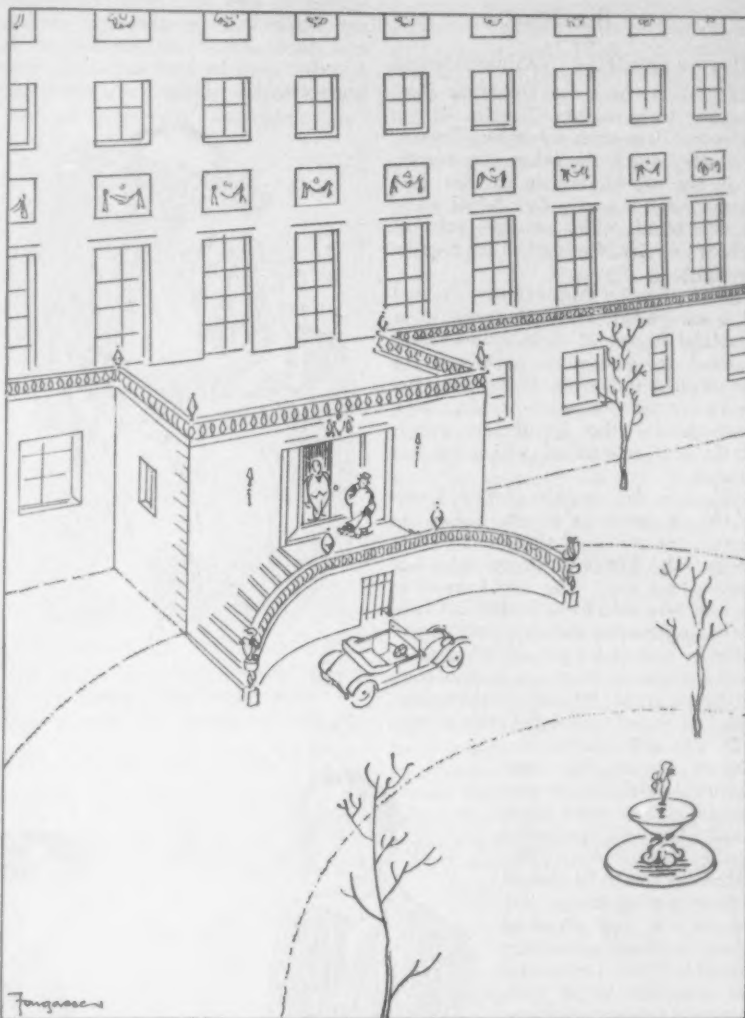
"Yes," she said, quickly shutting her eyes.

"I bet," I continued, determined to do the job properly—"I bet when you get on deck the sea will look like coffee covered with thick rich dollops of cream. And through this cream will swim all the fish you like best—had-docks, kippers and very oily sardines, and beautiful luscious lobsters à la Newberg. Oh, think, Jane, think," I cried, "of the wonderful smell of those fish, added to the odour of hot linoleum, mixed with the smoke from the funnels and from the cigars of our fellow-passengers! Ah," I sighed, "would that I were strong enough to come with you to breathe such enchantment on these heaving decks!"

Feeling none too well myself by now, I rose upon one elbow and surveyed my friend. Quietly, unrepentantly and with a certain dignity she was removing her clothes. With a sad expressionless face she drew off her stockings, cast her undergarments from her, put on her nightdress and returned to bed.

Not a word was spoken for half-an-hour, and only the creaking of the boat broke the dreary silence. I began to be sorry for what I'd done. After all, although Jane's singing was a bit loud, I hadn't meant her to take a vow of perpetual silence.

Perhaps I had been rather unkind. Yes, definitely. Perhaps I had murdered something fine in her—her hope, her faith, her self-confidence. And all because I wanted her to stay and do the crossword-puzzle in the *Ocean Times* with me. I grudged her her first walk round the promenade deck, her first view of the Latvians in the Library, and the first thrill of seeing the notice-board outside the Smoking-Room imploring her to enter for the



"Oh—er—"

"Yes, Sir, BOTH THE YOUNG LADIES ARE AT HOME, BUT SO, Sir, IS HER LADYSHIP."

deck-tennis tournament. What had I done? Heavens! Had I killed her very youth itself?

"Jane!" I cried. "Speak to me! Sing! For pity's sake make some noise, however small it may be!"

Jane opened her eyes a very little way and gave me an uncomfortably knowing look.

"Hush!" she said, "I'm saying my prayers, and I'll thank you to be a little quieter, please!" V. G.

"Dante, the national poet of Italy, and Robert Browning, the latter made famous by the 'Barretts of Wimpole Street.'"

N.Z. Paper.

They don't tell us what put DANTE in the news.



The Inescapable Legacy.

"It was alleged that the testator did not intend to leave anything to relatives, except his widow."—*News Report.*

This is the Cow with the Crumpled Haunch.

"STRAYED from Waimana cream springing Jersey cow, back quarter in right ear." *Advt. in N.Z. Paper.*

At the Play.

"OUT OF THE DARK" (AMBASSADORS).

THE man who comes *Out of the Dark* at the Ambassadors Theatre is no sinister villain with strangling fingers. It is very much the other way round. It is the world, which to him had always been a gentle *Dr. Jekyll* while he was blind, which changes into an unbearable *Mr. Hyde* when he regains his sight.

Derek Huntley (Mr. HENRY OSCAR) is a successful novelist, living in a beautiful house at Leatherhead and married to a famous actress. He has been blind from birth, and his books are very popular because they communicate the imaginary world, gentle and refreshing, which he has created.

When we first see the *Huntley* home all this is about to vanish under the skilful treatment of the great Dutch oculist (Mr. FELIX AYLMER), who can make *Derek* see. The world, even at its best—as seen from Richmond Hill, for example—proves not up to expectations; and as for people, when their hard and greedy faces can be seen they produce a great bitterness in the writer, who had hoped for much better things.

It was difficult for Mr. HENRY OSCAR, who was admirable while he was portraying a contented blind man, to keep our sympathy in the Second Act. The bitterness had to be violent or there was no drama, but the ranting and sense of injury could not come very plausibly from a man who was supposed to be well-known as a person of exceptionally sensitive intuition and understanding. We were forced to conclude that his blind world was one of pretty make-believe; and, when we had realised that, a voluntary return to a congenitally blind man's fancies could not but appear for what it was—a cowardly attempt at running away.

If we had not been assured by his appearance and talk that *John Duncan*, the publisher and life-long friend, was above such baseness we should have been nauseated to hear him recommending his author to choose blindness again and with it the power to write books that sold.

No one, said the Greek philosopher, can bathe twice in the same stream, and there could be no return for *Huntley* once he had seen. His relations with his wife and everybody else



THE MAN WHO WAS SLOW AT SEEING ANYTHING.

The Hon. Bill Felton . Mr. ERIC COWLEY.



"BUT WHEN HIS EYES WERE OPENED THUS HE WISHED THEM DARK AGAIN."—Hood.

Derek Huntley Mr. HENRY OSCAR.

Diana Huntley Miss GWEN FFRANGÇON-DAVIES.

would have been quite different and impossible if he was no longer the victim of a terrible affliction, lightly and courageously borne, but an escapist of the most degenerate type, voluntarily shutting his eyes to facts because they upset him. But if the main question set out by the play admitted of but one answer, and if false sentimentality had to be dragged in to make matter for intense scenes, the setting of the dilemma was skilful and colourful.

As the wife, Miss GWEN FFRANGÇON-DAVIES was full of subtleties which let us see an immensely real person—an actress whose idealism was mingled with a shrewd sense of the importance of money, a woman slightly annoying in her plaintive devotion and self-conscious building of a beautiful married life. For nothing do author and actress deserve more credit than for the cunning way in which they show an actress not ceasing to think in dramatic terms because she has left the stage.

But her friends and neighbours are straightforward and simple, and her sister *Eve* (Miss BARBARA FRANCIS), if not very straightforward, is reasonably so and is starkly simple as the exponent of the philosophy of having a good time without worrying about the poor. Miss FRANCIS was, I thought, too effective and attractive for the balance of the play. She had the harshest and most caddish things to say, but she left the impression that *Eve* was always at her worst with these particular relations.

Her lover, *Maurice Armstrong* (Mr. ANTHONY IRELAND), the famous producer, conducted himself very well in the trying scenes which he had to witness; but pride of place for this went to the Hon. Bill Felton, a simple and good-hearted lover of horse-flesh, whose slow mind worked in public to the delight of an audience which was never so happy and at its ease as when he was on the stage. I am not sure that this part does not act itself, but, if so, it receives the fullest and most intelligent co-operation from Mr. ERIC COWLEY. As *Jill*, the little niece, Miss PAMELA STANDISH was a breath of fresh wind, and she proves of deserved importance at the very end.

D. W.

"NO EXIT" (ST. MARTIN'S).

This is a crime play, not falling exactly into either the "Who did it?" or the "Will he be caught?" categories, limping in places, interesting in others, on the whole tolerably well constructed but lacking material for three full Acts, competently performed and boasting an ingenious though a slightly incredible twist in its tail. More than this should not perhaps be said about any crime play worth seeing, but I will try to go a little further without giving away the nature of this last trump card which Mr. GEORGE GOODCHILD and Mr. FRANK WITTY bang on to the table just before their final Curtain. It depends—I can decently say this—on questions of sporting ballistics and hare-splitting about which no urban critic is entitled to be superior.

Bets about hoodwinking the police are rash at all times, but rasher now that needle-brained members of the Force snoop about in club-ties and drop in guilelessly to have one in a sociable sort of way. When *Philip West* (Mr. RONALD SIMPSON) betted *Peter Wilding* (Mr. ROBERT DOUGLAS), as the result of their seeing a detection-play together, that if he were to drop out of life and hand himself over entirely to *Peter*, *Peter* would not be able to hide him successfully for a month, it was *Philip* who had a childish faith in the omniscience of the police, *Peter* who dismissed them with some scorn.

Philip's sudden disappearance was perfectly timed. Their great friend, *Laura* (Miss GILLIAN LIND), and her disagreeable new husband (Mr. EDWARD ASHLEY) had just left *Peter's* flat with *Philip* and had last seen him walking resolutely towards the garage where he had left his car. Nobody had seen him return to the flat for his hat, where, over a final drink with *Peter*, the bet was made; and during his brief absence *Peter's* ancient maid had stumbled home in a late stage of intoxication, given herself the sack and borne her bulging suitcase off into the night. So the stage was all set.

For *Philip* the lurking proved a boring business—and a stuffy one when visitors came and he had to retire into the cupboard; for *Peter* it proved increasingly nervy work, as the police, represented by the charming Hendon graduate, *Beeston* (Mr. CYRIL RAYMOND), asked more and more pertinent questions. At the end of nine days the conspirators decided that hide-and-seek could

be played more comfortably in the country, and *Peter* packed *Philip* into the largest trunk ever seen and motored him down to his Surrey cottage. It was a good moment when, the trunk having just been closed over its protesting con-



FROM CHELSEA TO SURREY BY TRUNK—A DISPIRITING PROSPECT.

Philip West . . . Mr. RONALD SIMPSON.

tents, *Beeston* marched into the flat and said: "I forgot to ask you, Wilding—did your friend seem worried about anything when you last saw him?"

Here I shall virtuously break off my account. You see the kind of play it is, and after this point come two neat

surprises which must not be unveiled. I think it should be put on the list, for its theme is worked out with considerable skill; but please don't say I didn't warn you that between its dramatic moments it is inclined to sag. It needs more humour or another brace or so of red herrings to keep it going at a safe pace. *Peter*, *Laura* and *Beeston* carry most of the burden, and they are the usual honest straightforward pawns in the crime game. *Philip* has a nice humour, and Miss EDIE MARTIN's portrait of the elderly Cockney maid is very funny; but poor *Philip* is handicapped and *Bunty's* interruptions from the kitchen are only occasional.

The acting throughout is unexceptionable, no part giving scope for brilliance. I question *Beeston's* demeanour in the Third Act, but the fault lies rather in the lines than with Mr. RAYMOND. The play is yet another of the Embassy's contributions to the West End, and its production bears all Mr. JOHN FERNALD'S polish. ERIC.

"RICHARD II." O.U.D.S.
(NEW THEATRE, OXFORD).

Richard II. is an intimate analysis of the reaction of a sensitive mind, presented against a background of court and battlefield, which can only be indicated in outline. The O.U.D.S. producers, Mr. GIELGUD and Mr. BYAM SHAW, have successfully resolved these elements, with a strong accent on the formal and symbolic.

By a masterly use of lighting, the main décor, a façade of mixed Gothic style, serves for the whole succession of scenes. The chorus-like masked attendants crowding the ramparts add effective pageantry, but should have been more careful of their choice of remarks in the "confused murmur" scenes, as these were plainly audible in the theatre. At the same time ample scope was given for a sympathetic and realistic treatment of *Richard* and his opponents.

Miss VIVIEN LEIGH and Miss FLORENCE KAHN acted with charm and dignity; Mr. WITTY, as *Bolingbroke*, was authoritative, if simple. Mr. KING-WOOD spoke his lines with beauty and precision, but towards the end his interpretation dissolved almost completely into that of Mr. GIELGUD'S *Richard of Bordeaux*. The shadow of this play hangs very heavily over the O.U.D.S. production, especially as its original costumes are being used for *Richard II.*, with an effect which is magnificent but reminiscent.



REFRESHMENT: PSEUDO-MURDERING IS SO EXHAUSTING.

Bunty Miss EDIE MARTIN.
Peter Wilding Mr. ROBERT DOUGLAS.



"I'M SORRY, JONES, BUT YOU'RE NOT ENOUGH OF A LIVE WIRE FOR OUR ORGANISATION. I FEAR YOU'RE THE TYPE OF MAN WHO WAITS TILL HIS HOUSE IS ON FIRE BEFORE SUMMONING THE FIRE BRIGADE."

Half-Term Visit.

(Preparatory School.)

His mother said, "But do you sleep?
And do you eat? And are they kind?
Does Matron show you how to keep
Your clothes? And do you wash
behind

Your ears?" He gave a grunt, and then
Said he required a fountain-pen.

"How," said his father, "do you stand
In Form? If you could lick these chaps
And win a prize, would that be grand
Or would it not?" He said, "Per-
haps."

And passed to indicate the arts
Of making ink-and-paper darts.

They plied him with a sumptuous tea
Collated in the Grand Hotel;
They put him through the Third
Degree,

But he, content to stodge and swell,
Rebuffed their earnest search for truth
With anecdotes of careless youth.

Tales of the dormitory feud,
The class-room caper and the like
Confounded their solicitude

The while he turned aside to strike
A vein of humour rich and pure
But quite tormentingly obscure.

No sense could they extract from him;
He mentioned odd expressions used
By Sergeant Tucker in the Gym;

How Cottle snored; how Fitchett
oozed

With hair-oil; how, last Tuesday week,
Smithers gave Matron frightful cheek;

How Grimshaw's people lived in Spain;
How Todd wore woollies underneath;
How Briggs possessed a Hornby train;
How Dickson never cleaned his teeth;
How he and certain daring bloods
Hid all the other fellows' studs;

How so-and-so, how such-and-such,
Clouded with incoherent zest,
With phrases from the Double-Dutch,
With hopelessly recondite jest;
But resolute he remained to shirk
Such themes as health, behaviour, work.

So when at last the hour expired
When schools their *exacts* reclaim,
His parents haltingly retired,
Perceiving less than when they came—
Ay, less than they had ever done—
The brave new world of this their son.

H. B.

No Parking.

HE WAS a little man who wore a pair
of postman's trousers, a cap which bore
the initials of the local gas company,

and a butcher's smock. When I stopped
my car outside the "Red Lion" he
was leaning against the bar window.

"Can't leave car 'ere, mister," he
said, removing a clumsy cherrywood
pipe from his mouth.

"But it's doing no harm," I said.

"'Olding up traffic," the little man
explained.

"But there isn't any traffic," I pro-
tested. Indeed the whole place was as
peaceful as any market town which is
not having a market day.

"You don't know," he observed
judicially. "Might be lots of cars 'long
any time. Charrybangs even. Besides,"
he added, "if bobby catches 'ee leaving
it 'e'll lock 'ee up."

I was shaken by this threat. "Then
tell me," I said, "what am I supposed
to do with it?"

"Ah!" The little man raised his cap
and scratched his bald head, as though
anxious to do me a personal favour.
"This 'ere square," he said, "be Council
car-park. I be attendant like."

"So I must leave my car there?"

"That's right, mister."

I got back into the driving-seat and
bumped painfully onto the cobbled
market square. "There!" I said. "Will
that do?"

"Ay," the attendant said, "so be as

you be not stopping longer than two hours."

"Rubbish!" I exclaimed impatiently. "I shall be stopping here all afternoon. I've come to see a friend of mine who's staying at the 'Red Lion.'"

"Can't stay 'ere all day, mister," the little man protested. "Two hours is Council's limit."

"But, confound it, man," I cried, "nobody else is going to use your car park! There's room here for a dozen cars, anyway."

"Council's orders, mister," he repeated. "If bobby catches 'ee 'e'll lock 'ee up."

It occurred to me that a stupid country constable and an old-fashioned country Bench might indeed enforce these superfluous restrictions. "Then what am I to do with my car?" I asked.

The little man put his hand on my sleeve and pointed to a spot twenty yards down the road. "See that petrol-pump, mister?" he said.

"Yes."

"That's a garridge, that is," he told me in confidence. "Leave car in there long as 'ee likes."

I thanked him, gave him a sixpence, and bumped off over the cobbles again.

The garage was open, so I left my car there and walked back to the "Red Lion." As I reached the door I remembered that I had left in the car a parcel which I had meant to bring with me. I turned and went back to the garage again.

As I entered I saw the little man just leaving: he was pocketing what looked and sounded rather like another sixpence.

I stopped him. "What would your bobby say," I asked, "if he saw you taking that tanner?"

The little man smiled shamelessly. "Nothing," he said. "'E's my son."

"The Bard."

A Ballad of Reincarnation.

[A correspondent of *The Sunday Times* is anxious to know what became of "The Bard," a horse which carried all before him fifty years ago, was never beaten as a two-year-old, but was never heard of afterwards.]

Of horses, high-bred and high-mettled,

Though scant be the lore I possess,

This problem is speedily settled,

This riddle is easy to guess;

And my hat shall be cheerfully eaten

If, when the whole story is told,

The truth why "The Bard" was unbeaten

I fail to unfold.

Not his, in the land of the living.

The fame of the "maker of news,"

Not his the gratuitous giving

Of servile home-made interviews.



"I THINK WE HAD BETTER START ON THE BACK WITH THOSE."

No fanatics flocked to his lodging,
He never was fêted or screened,
Or was troubled by courting—or
dodging—

The camera-fiend.

He did not revile his forerunners,
He seldom, if ever, saw red
Or delighted in "spewing his scunners"
Against the illustrious dead;
Freespoken, but never malicious,
By prudes and by pedants ignored,
In the spite of the mean and capricious
He reaps his reward.

They may shine by their gloomy in-
vective,
But fail when they enter the lists

With the greatest of all the prospective
Prophetical plagiarists;
For, though coterie critics adore them
And boom their abundance of brains,
One bard has been always before them,
And there he remains.

He was more than a man many-sided,
All nature he claimed for his kin,
For he welcomed the comfort provided
By mermaids, half-flesh and half-fin:
And death, though remorseless in
rifling

The sweets of the days that are gone,
Has never succeeded in stifling
The voice of our Swan.

C. L. G.

Results of an Accident.

I HAVE two motor-cars, legally speaking. Not because I can afford it and think that the industry should be encouraged. Nor even for choice, for I would willingly exchange both the dull, slow, lumbering, uninteresting little beasts for one real car. But when you live at Potterswold there is no choice. A car is the sole means of contact with the outside world, and if you have only one and somebody goes out in it, the rest of the family is as completely marooned as the *Swiss Family Robinson*.

It is useless, therefore, for me to sigh for large numbers of cylinders and carburettors. I am condemned to these two worthy but unexciting means of transport, Ermytrude and Alfred. Ermytrude has an R.A.C. rating of 8 h.p., and she goes. There is nothing else to be said in favour of Ermytrude. She is old. She shackles. She is uncomfortable. Her appearance is disreputable. But she goes. Alfred is of 12 h.p. and he also goes. One can only be enthusiastic about Alfred by comparison with Ermytrude. In all major matters he is just slightly better. But only slightly.

Nevertheless there is a definite tendency in the family to regard Alfred as the car, and to speak patronisingly or even humorously of Ermytrude. This, I suspect, may have led to bad blood between them. Anyhow, a few weeks ago, when Alfred was standing harmlessly outside the garage, Ermytrude, inspired by blind jealousy (and aided by some rather L driving by Rachel), emerged from the garage and made a violent and unprovoked attack on him. When the combatants were separated Ermytrude was found to have a buckled wheel and smashed-up wing, whilst Alfred had sustained a bad dent in one of his body-panels.

Now it so happens that Alfred and Ermytrude (together with my combustible effects, my life and John's education) are insured with the same company. I therefore rang up the company and notified them that I wished to make a claim. By the next post there arrived a claims form, and it was here that the trouble started. For though the claims form was a fearsome document and asked a vast number of detailed questions, it hardly seemed designed to fit my particular case. After wrestling vainly with it for a while I wrote back saying:—

"DEAR SIRs,—I don't think this is quite the sort of claims form I want. I haven't been run into by anybody.

I have simply run into myself. Both Alfred and Ermytrude belong to me. I wasn't actually *there* myself. The contracting parties were Alfred and Ermytrude—and Rachel. And Rachel refuses to admit any liability whatever. Anyhow, Rachel is my daughter, and I resent your suggestion that she may have smelt of alcohol. Personally I should think it was Ermytrude's (PLA 146's) fault; PXW 933 (Alfred) was just standing there.

Yours faithfully,
A. ARBOTTLE."

To this they merely replied helpfully:—

"DEAR SIR,—We should be obliged if you would answer the questions on the claims form.

Yours faithfully . . ."

This, I confess, irritated me. I wrote back:—

"DEAR SIRs,—All right. Here goes. But it's very silly.

(1) Place of accident.—Outside my garage.

(2) Cause.—Doubtful. Jealousy on Ermytrude's part? Incompetence of Rachel?

(3) Other traffic.—Simpson wheeling barrow. He was down by the cucumber-frames and had nothing whatever to do with it.

(4) Speed.—Ermytrude too fast. Alfred, *nil*.

(5) Rough sketch plan.—Find enclosed.

(6) No, I didn't admit liability. How could I? I wasn't there.

(7) I suppose Rachel was my authorised driver.

(8) No, *nobody* smelt of alcohol. Alfred smelt of oil, but he always does.

(9) Responsibility.—I've already told you. PLA 146 (Ermytrude). PXW 933 (Alfred) didn't do a thing.

Do you mind paying soon?

Yours faithfully,
A. ARBOTTLE."

They wrote back:—

"DEAR SIR,—Reference your claim, in accordance with your statement we are repudiating liability on your behalf. We should be glad if you would give us the name, address and insurance company of the car PLA 146, to the driver of whom you attribute blame for the accident."

I replied:—

"DEAR SIRs,—PLA 146 is my car Ermytrude, and she is insured with you. I want to make a claim on her

behalf too. I still don't think you quite see."

Two days later they wrote to me again:—

"DEAR SIR,—With reference to an accident in which your car PLA 146 was involved on the 19th instant, we learn from our assured that the sole blame for the accident must be attributed to you, and we give notice that we shall hold you responsible for the damage done to the car of our assured, PXW 933. Perhaps you would be good enough to give us the name of your insurer?

Yours faithfully . . ."

My reply was curt:—

"DEAR SIRs,—Don't be obtuse. You are my insurers and I am your assured. Anyhow, Rachel now says that it was PXW 933's (Alfred's) fault for being there.

Yours faithfully . . ."

They replied by return of post:—

"DEAR SIR,—With reference to an accident in which your car PXW 933 was involved on the 19th inst., we learn from our assured that the sole blame for the accident must be attributed to you, and we give notice that we shall hold you responsible for the damage done to the car of our assured, PLA 146. Perhaps you would be good enough to give us the name of your insurer?

Yours faithfully . . ."

This, I felt, was going too far. Obviously a statement was called for which would clear the whole matter up. After considering the position carefully I therefore replied:—

"DEAR SIRs,—With reference to an accident on the 19th inst. in which our cars PXW 933 and PLA 146 were involved, we, the undersigned, owners of the cars in question, wish to make it quite clear that blame cannot be attributed to either party. And in any case we are both insured by you, so what's the odds?

We are

Yours faithfully,
ALFRED ARBOTTLE.
ALFRED ARBOTTLE."

After that there was a pause. Clearly they were thinking it over. Then at last came a brief note:—

"Messrs. Alfred Arbottle.

DEAR SIRs,—As there seems to be some little confusion over your recent claim we are sending our Mr. Tonks down to clear the matter up with you.

We are, gentlemen,

Yours faithfully . . ."



First Charlady. "YOU DON'T 'AVE LOOK 'OT, YOU DO!"

Second Charlady. "WHO DO?"

First Charlady. "YOU DON'T."

In due course the man Tonks arrived. He was quite a sane cove—surprisingly so, in fact. I gave him a drink and we had a hearty laugh over the whole business. I pointed out that it obviously didn't matter a hoot whose fault it was, and he agreed heartily. Finally, we decided to put the blame on to poor old Alfred. They paid up and the whole matter was settled.

* * * * *
Life is a funny thing. I have just renewed the insurance on Alfred and Ermytrude. Ermytrude is very low this year. I get a "no claims" rebate on her. But Alfred of course had a

claim—the one above. Alfred's insurance is much higher than Ermytrude's. If we had put the blame on to Ermytrude Alfred would have had a "no claims" rebate, which would have been much more. . . .

I disliked that man Tonks from the outset.

"FOOD RESEARCH."

A Commission are already studying the subject of nutrition by purely national food-stuffs. A number of Royal Academicians are taking part, and the first fruits of their labours are to be circulated in booklet form.

Daily Paper.

It sounds rather meagre fare.

A Serious Split.

"The Mail adds that Neville Chamberlain, Hail-Baldwin, Monsell, Runciman and Hoare are supporting Baldwin, while Eden, Elliot, Stanley, Duff-Cooper, Ormsby and Gore are against him."—*Brazilian Paper.*

What about Ramsay and MacDonald?

"Mr. —, hon secretary of the Thames Valley Canine Society, informs us that the dinner and dance arranged for February 28 has been cancelled. The batter will, however, come up for consideration in the autumn."

Pets' Paper.

Won't it be a bit off-colour by then?



"THE HOUSE WHERE I WAS BORN STOOD ON THIS SITE. I THINK I'LL STEP INSIDE AND REVIVE OLD MEMORIES."
 "YES, SIR. WAS YOU BORN IN THE NINEPENNIES, THE ONE-AND-THREES OR THE HALF-CROWNS?"

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Danton, Distributist.

A CHAIR of French Revolution History having been created at the Sorbonne, it is interesting to find its holders and their disciples devoting themselves largely to exalting or attacking the reputation of *Danton* (CONSTABLE, 15/-). HERT HERMANN WENDEL, entering into the labours of all and the enthusiasm of the enthusiasts, has written an excitable, partisan, but in some respects extremely discerning history of the hero of the September massacres. He makes little pretence of holding the scales even. A bishop is necessarily a dotard, a royalist heroine a fanatic; MARIE ANTOINETTE is stripped of every vestige of glamour, while her husband figures as "a tough sponge, which even the hammering of fate could not mould." As may be gathered from this extraordinary metaphor, the book has few pretensions to literary charm. Its most attractive aspect is a well-considered portrayal of DANTON's peasant proclivities: his attachment to his native Champagne and the family virtues which actually led him to orthodox marriage by a proscribed priest to satisfy his second wife. Most noteworthy of all is the consideration for modest ownership—his own and other people's—which allies him, as a dictator, to MUSSOLINI rather than to LENIN.

A Critic's War Journals.

The late Mr. F. S. OLIVER, Cambridge graduate and barrister, broke away from the Victorian convention by

entering a retail business, thereupon piling up a fortune and gaining the means and leisure to exercise both a splendid hospitality and a fine literary craftsmanship. His advocacy of compulsory military service having won him an entry to Army and political circles, he became during the Great War the confidant and adviser of many men much better known than himself; and to his brother in Canada he wrote letters saying in the frankest terms just what he thought of them all. Mr. STEPHEN GWYNN, editing these letters in *The Anvil of War* (MACMILLAN, 12/6), is hard pressed at times to sustain Mr. OLIVER's reputation for sound judgment of the forthcoming event, while his principal's estimates of the national leaders—always excepting his affectionate appreciation of Earl HAIG—have not on the whole been endorsed by later critics. The claim of this book to a place in the sun rests on its felicity in vituperation. The writer's chosen targets were President WILSON, Mr. BONAR LAW, Lord NORTHCLIFFE and, most of all, Lord ASQUITH; but few of the politicians—"too ineffective even to ruin their country"—were out of range of his arrogant intolerance.

Meet the Dalcarrys!

The plot of *The Skies are Falling* (FABER AND FABER, 7/6) is good enough, the happy ending only unlikely, not impossible (and so gratifying to the reader that no one will cavil at it), but where Mrs. WINIFRED PECK's latest book is quite outside the ordinary is in its delightful characterisation. The *Dalcarrys*, who own a big untidy house in Wigtownshire, are a family that it does one good to meet—all alive, all different, yet unmistakably all of one

stock. Mrs. PECK tells a tale of jarring temperaments and financial embarrassments, of difficulties caused by a will in one case and none in another, and of a sudden *volte-face* on both sides of a quarrel which cleared the marriage of two true and charming young minds of all impediment; but any story would have done, for me at least, had it been about the *Dalcarrys*. Shameless old Mrs. *Dalcarry*, with her wig and her pug-dogs; *Helen*, her highbrow daughter-in-law; *Naomi*, her imp of a granddaughter; *Nigel*, her priggish son, and *Wattie*, her easy-going son—one and all they are delicious. I should like another book about them immediately.

Olympic Games.

Mr. PHILLPOTTS, deserting Dartmoor
For a brief (let us hope) change of air,
Has leapt to the heights
Of Olympus, and writes
Of Old Zeus and his gods in their lair.
And we're offered a sight of the floor
Of their house, while the heavenly
throng
Debate whether Earth
Is a wash-out or worth
The trouble of helping along.

The rescuers win, and they brew
A scheme to place us in the sun;
But they're leisurely chaps,
And ages may lapse
Before there can be any fun.
But those who can take the long view
And who wish to get wise on the job
Should give a good look
To this HUTCHINSON book,
The Owl of Athene (five bob).

Mr. Wolfe Goes South.

Very ill, very deaf, very unpleasant, is the author's own spiteful description of his sad condition in the Southern Railway carriage on his way through Kent to Folkestone and the South of France. To his jaundiced eye the hops seemed to enfold the meadows in enormous green cages, the oast-houses looked like melancholy thimbles, and his fellow-travellers were even more unpleasant than himself. But this, you understand, was only at the start—and perhaps it is as well for Mr. HUMBERT WOLFE to set off in something like a bad temper. It gives an extra edge to his remarks (indeed he can hardly be acquitted of rudeness to the lady *douanière* at Calais, who retorted by detaining his big valise containing all his summer clothes). But in due course, as Mr. WOLFE approaches his spiritual home, which we take to be somewhere in the neighbourhood of Cagnes, the excess acidity passes out of his system and he begins to enjoy himself. True, he has a few harsh words to say of *bouillabaisse*, which he regards less as a dish than as a marine disaster, but his travellings become a joy and the strange folk he contrives to meet are unforgettable. Who but a poet would have come across the two Painters of St. Paul, or the Bankers of Briançon, or even that remarkable



"NO, NO, EXCUSE ME, IT IS NOT SO. SPLENDID OFFICER IS TALKING THROUGH HIS HONOURABLE HELMET."

horse at Dijon station? Who but Mr. WOLFE could have described them all with such gusto? He calls his little book *P.L.M.* (CASSELL, 7/6), which serves equally for the line on which he travels and for the Peoples, Landfalls, Mountains, to which it leads. A thoroughly amusing book—perhaps a little consciously clever in parts; but Mr. WOLFE is yet young.

Victoria R.I.

What woman worthy of the name would give away another woman before an audience counting many mere males among its members? Contrary to what appears from the dust-cover to have been her publishers' expectation, Miss EDITH SITWELL is both too loyal and too wise to attempt any such revelation. Instead, Miss SITWELL depicts *Victoria of England* (FABER, 15/-) against the

crowded background of her long reign. Although her subject is less the woman than the Queen, VICTORIA's personality baffles Miss SITWELL's descriptive and indeed intuitive powers: it is a regal shade rather than a woman of flesh and blood that moves to and fro amidst the many supers. Miss SITWELL would have been better advised to have ignored Mr. LYTTON STRACHEY's memorable portrait and to have devoted her own considerable literary gifts to drawing one wholly after her own notions of VICTORIA's real self. She seems to have been conscious during her writing of his shade standing behind her and casting quizzical glances across her shoulder at every sentence. Nevertheless Miss SITWELL shows such skill in bringing the Victorians—if not VICTORIA herself—back to life again that she has little cause to fear the shade's censure. After all, VICTORIA baffled him!

Skating and Ice-Hockey.

In *Skating* (SEELEY, SERVICE AND Co., 2/6), Captain DUFF TAYLOR has contrived within the compass of 70 pages to give an admirable account of the history and development of this beautiful pastime. The historical outline is a masterpiece of condensation. Scotland had the first skating club in 1784; metal skates screwed to the boots date from 1869; the English style which still survives, though superseded by the International, was first challenged by JACKSON HAYNES, an American, who visited England in 1864-5. Subsequent developments, in Captain DUFF TAYLOR's words, have changed a stiff ceremonial drill into a dance. Her renders justice to the old school of top-hatted performers at the London Club and on Wimbledon lake. They skated with decorum and dignity; but the new style has gained immensely by being allied with music and acrobatics. The chapters on training and equipment, figures, tests and competitions, and fancy skating are fully illustrated with photographs and diagrams. The adverse effect of the English climate on the development of ice hockey is judiciously dealt with. "To see this game in perfection," Captain DUFF TAYLOR observes, "we have to turn to Canada. There it is the national sport, and there the finest players in the world are produced." This may be taken as the text of Mr. FOSTER HEWITT's book, *Down the Ice* (PHILIP ALLAN, 6/-), an exuberant and wholehearted panegyric of the exploits of his compatriots. From it we learn "this is the one game that must begin in childhood": that youthful players must be "courageous, aggressive and just saturated with the will to win"; and a good deal of space is devoted to the coaching of juniors, "the training of potential big-time stars," and the earning of "big money."

A Sassenach at Large.

Small municipal undertakings are a mine of humour which will never run dry, and when Scotland is their background they are not likely to be less funny. In *Scots Wha Hae* (JENKINS, 7/6), Mr. STORER CLOUSTON tells with great effect what happened when a Scottish County Council, encouraged by the commercial success of the Loch Ness Monster, endeavoured to bring fortune to its population

by going out for notoriety. I do not promise that those fastidious creatures, the Scottish Nationalists, will like this novel, for it takes their ambitions somewhat lightly and includes a vivid sketch of the type of ultra-Nationalist (common to all countries) who, as the train crosses the Border, pours synthetic r's into his accent and changes trousers for a kilt; but others will enjoy its delightful tilting at gentility in castle and villa, the appalling complications which dogged the efforts of the strong man of the Council, and the sad story of an English canon's discovery of Scotland. There is much in that long-suffering country and in the characters of its inhabitants of which Mr. STORER CLOUSTON approves, and his humour rarely lacks kindness.

In Seclusion.

It seems to become increasingly obvious that our sensational novelists have less difficulty in writing clever and mysterious stories than in finding happy names for them. Even Mr. R. A. J. WALLING, who is, we are told, "ingenious," has encumbered his latest tale with the title of *Mr. Tolefree's Reluctant Witnesses* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6). But, having made this minor complaint, I am glad to say that Mr. WALLING's ingenuity does not fail him while *Detective-Inspector Pierce* and *Philip Tolefree*

investigate a crime that interrupted what they had intended to be a holiday. Puzzled not by lack of clues but by the abundance of them, *Tolefree*, quiet as ever, remains in the background and deduces. Indeed he is one of the most attractive of fiction's detectives, because he is without mannerisms or conceit. I can recommend this tale of queer and clandestine people, though I wish that Mr. WAL-

LING had not made one of them "ingurgitate" two pints of beer. Surely too big a word for so simple a deed.

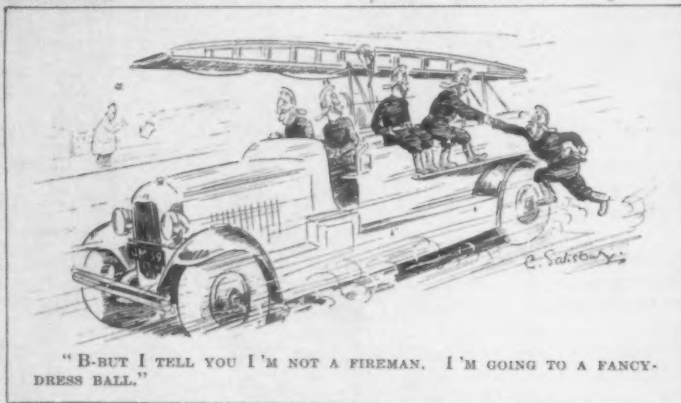
Pleasant Recollections.

Mr. A. J. BOGER may not have anything startling or very important to record in *The Road I Travelled* (ARROWSMITH, 18/-), but those who read his chronicle of sport and games will find him a most amiable and modest companion. The earlier chapters—and I wish there were more of them—take us back to the world of cricket as it was some forty years or more ago. In 1891 Mr. BOGER was a member of a weak Oxford XI which nearly gained a sensational victory over one of the strongest sides Cambridge have ever put into the field, but having previously announced that "there are no lies in this book" he adds that he "was not really good enough in that class." Anyhow he thoroughly enjoyed his cricket, and that is the main thing. And when on shooting bent he started on travels which took him here, there and everywhere, he is as candid about his failures as he is legitimately pleased by the successes that came his way. In fact a book of happy memories and written by a man of wide sympathies and interests.

A Farseeing Statesman.

"FRANCE LOOKS EAST."
M. FLANDIN SEES M. LITVINOFF."

Daily Paper Headlines.





"I CANNOT PUT IT TOO STRONGLY, RALPH, BUT THE MOMENT YOU PUT ON A BOWLER-HAT WITH A DINNER-JACKET YOUR SOCIAL STANDING TOTTERS TO THE DUST. AFTER ALL, PEOPLE DON'T KNOW THAT YOU ARE A SANITARY INSPECTOR."

Charivaria.

It is estimated that nearly two hundred thousand Swedish people have a weekly gamble on the results of British football matches. Which recalls the heavy losses over Swedish matches.

★ ★ ★

"Aspidistras," says the writer of a letter to a daily newspaper, "benefit greatly if the leaves are washed with milk." Has the Milk Marketing Board given this matter the consideration it deserves?

★ ★ ★

Signor MUSSOLINI has burnt much midnight oil over MACHIAVELLI, we are told. But not, we fancy, since the threat of an embargo.

★ ★ ★

A scientist's idea of smoke-screens for towns as a protection from aircraft is believed to have been suggested by a bird's-eye view of Manchester.

★ ★ ★

One of the Nazi leaders is said to take the precaution of spending every night in a different house. General GOERING of course spends every day in a different uniform.

★ ★ ★

"I have found that the poorest people are often the proudest," says an author. It is quite the usual thing for them to ask the wolf to go round to the back-door.

A convict who had served ten years was released on his birthday. It is to be hoped that the warders had more tact than to wish him many happy returns.

★ ★ ★

Somebody mentions the belief that the ghosts of CHARLES I. and NELL GWYN perambulate arm-in-arm. To the annoyance, one imagines, of the ghost of CHARLES II.

★ ★ ★

"Owing to the popularity of other forms of entertainment," says a manufacturer, "the piano is fighting for its very existence." With its back to the wall?

★ ★ ★

A commercial traveller says that he met a most attractive girl in the revolving doors of a restaurant. Since when of course they have started going around together.

★ ★ ★

"Plumber sees ghost in half-built house," announces a newspaper headline. He says it made him go h. and c. all over.

★ ★ ★

A professional illusionist is quoted as complaining that his wife won't regard him as a serious business man because he doesn't go into the City and sell stocks and shares. As many illusionists do.

So Refreshing!

(Being an entirely fictitious extract from the proceedings of the Commission on International Traffic in Arms.)

... Mr. Dennis Dynamite, Chairman and Managing Director of the Instant Quietus Co., then gave evidence and was questioned by members of the Commission.

Sir Paul Kolynos. In view of the evidence of previous witnesses, Mr. Dynamite, I suppose we may assume that the manufacture of war materials is only a tiny fragment of your business?

Mr. Dynamite. Oh, no. As a matter of fact it's the only thing we make any money out of. We make traction-engines and glue as well, but only as a bluff.

A Commissioner. What do you conceive to be the great object of your firm?

Mr. Dynamite. To make money.

Several Commissioners. What?

Mr. Dynamite. To make money.

A Commissioner. But—don't you feel that your firm is a Great Instrument for Peace or—or a Means of Promoting International Understanding, or anything like that?

Mr. Dynamite. Certainly not! We haven't a penny in either of them.

Dame Nelly Bly. I have here a letter, Mr. Dynamite, written by you to the President of the Boom Bomb Corporation. It contains the phrase: "I have squared Simpson." I suppose the Commission may assume that this is a typist's error for "I have approached Simpson"? Or perhaps purely a private joke?

Mr. Dynamite. No. It means what it says.

A Commissioner. But come, come, Mr. Dynamite, surely—I mean to say, we've had eighty-three letters before this Commission and no single one of them has ever just—

Mr. Dynamite. Well, have it your own way. But that deal cost me six hundred sterling and three dinners at the Savitz, so I ought to know.

Sir Paul Kolynos. I take it, Mr. Dynamite, that you consider the existence of your firm absolutely necessary to national safety?

Mr. Dynamite. I don't know. I haven't really thought about it like that.

Sir Paul Kolynos. Are your agents in foreign countries given any instructions with regard to bribes?

Mr. Dynamite (proudly). You don't have to instruct our men about a thing

like that. It's an ordinary selling expense.

Dame Nelly Bly. I presume, Mr. Dynamite, that you follow the example of other firms in this—er—industry in having no hand at all in the policy of other firms in which you have an interest? You are not responsible of course for the activities of the Boom Bomb Corporation?

Mr. Dynamite. Responsible for it? I own the darned outfit! Do you think I'd let them go messing about without consulting me?

Sir Paul Kolynos. Is it a fact that the Boom Bomb Corporation has evolved and sold a bomb specially suitable for bombing London?

Mr. Dynamite. Oh, yes. Our London Special is a big Seller. (Producing paper) Look at that sales curve! There's a line for you!

A Commissioner. In view of all the previous evidence, I suppose we may assume that all exports of arms are under the closest government supervision?

Mr. Dynamite. Oh, I wouldn't say that. We slip one across occasionally.

Dame Nelly Bly. Mr. Dynamite, I should of course be right in classing you as a supporter of the League of Nations?

Mr. Dynamite (doubtfully). H'm—well, you know, I'm not really sure. Of course if the cat jumps one way the League might be the finest thing for the trade that's ever happened. At the moment we subscribe a couple of hundred towards the League and another couple of hundred for Anti-League propaganda, so as not to have all our eggs in one basket.

A Commissioner. Would you now give us your views on the way in which the horrors of the next war have been exaggerated?

Mr. Dynamite. Well, I don't know. I should think myself that it will be pretty messy. After all, our new aerial torpedo—

A Commissioner. But—but don't you want to say anything about sloppy sentimentalism, Mr. Dynamite?

Mr. Dynamite (after a few minutes' hard thought). I don't think so. Why should I?

A Commissioner. Then you agree that war is indescribably horrible?

Mr. Dynamite. I should think so. I've never actually been in one, but...

A Commissioner. Then what justification can you find for continuing to trade in war materials?

Mr. Dynamite (in surprise). Well, it's my business, isn't it? There's money in it.

[Here several Commissioners faint. The Commission adjourns for a few moments in confusion.]

On resumption:

The Chairman. I think that will be all, thank you, Mr. Dynamite. We—we find you a little upsetting.

Mr. Dynamite (apologetically). I'm sorry. I didn't realise that I was boring you. But you know how it is—when a man's honestly proud of his business he likes talking about it.

Sir Bludyer Brisket, Managing Director of United Tanks, next gave evidence.

Sir Paul Kolynos (rather nervously). Should we be right in assuming, Sir Bludyer, that the greater part of the profits of your company come from the manufacture of materials of war?

Sir Bludyer (blandly). On the contrary, we are not an armament firm at all. It is conceivable that in certain circumstances armour-plate, which is a very small side-line of ours, might be used for purely defensive purposes. But that is all.

[A great sigh passes over the Commission.]

Dame Nelly Bly (grimly). I have here a letter to the Chairman of Incorporated Detonators, in which you say...

[SLOW CURTAIN.]

A Love-Song.

I MET you first at Harrogate,
At dinner with the Sidneys;
Before the soup and fish were done
We were comparing one by one
The symptoms of our kidneys.

Next year we met again at Bath,
And, strolling by the river,
You may remember we discussed
The arteries and also just
Touched lightly on the liver.

At Buxton, Droitwich, Malvern Wells
We've shared without curtailment
Each stab of pain, each smallest twitch
And every sign of weakness which
Marked out the latest ailment.

From spa to spa, from cure to cure,
We've lived our lives together;
We know each other part by part;
Now one alone remains—the heart.
My dear, I wonder whether—!

Overcrowding in the House.

"M.P.'s LIKE CANNED PILCHARDS."
West-Country Paper.

An Earful for Somebody.

"If the ink stain has not been on the frock for very long, try placing that part of the frock over a large lug, and pouring a good quantity of boiling water, straight from the kettle, through it."

Domestic Hint in Australian Paper.



TROUBLED WATERS.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. "BLESS MY SOUL! I ALMOST WISH I COULD THROW A LINE HERE MYSELF."

Speed.

Mr. Chudleigh put his newspaper down. "Modern commerce is a wonderful thing," he said reflectively as he stirred his tea and handed the pencil on to Mr. Porter. It's rather inconvenient having only one silver pencil in our office. Mr. Porter did once suggest that we should get another. But Miss Elkington pointed out that you can buy a perfectly good spoon for less money than that, and so nothing was done about it.

"Wonderful," said Mr. Porter, cutting himself a slice of cake.

"If you mean that new card index," said Miss Elkington, "I just don't see how it works."

"I had nothing definite in mind," said Mr. Chudleigh. "I was thinking of the speed of modern commerce generally, and the facilities for business transactions which we are, all of us, too apt to take for granted. Do we ever pause to imagine, for instance, how the business man of 1836, wishing, let us say, to make an appointment to see another business man at the other end of London, got into communication with that man?"

We paused to imagine it. "Rang him up," said Mr. Porter through his cake.

"Ah!" said Mr. Chudleigh triumphantly, "but—"

"I expect he'd have sent a letter by messenger," said Miss Elkington, "and the messenger would have struggled through the snow for three days and then been picked up dead by a St. Bernard within a hundred yards of his destination, with the letter in his teeth, like DICKENS or HARRISON AINSWORTH. It always snowed then."

It's dangerous to mention snow to Mr. Chudleigh. I think he remembers more snow than anyone I have ever met. He was still telling us about Christmas at Market Harborough, when Mr. Porter, who had been sitting with a fixed stare on his face, suddenly put down his cup and his cake and began feeling in his pockets.

"It's funny you should be talking of that," he said. "I don't mean snow. I mean letters to people at the other end of London. Because, now I come to think of it, old Harbottle . . ."

He brought an envelope out of his pocket and turned it over slowly.

"What on earth's that?" asked Miss Elkington.

"It's a very important letter," said Mr. Porter. "At least it was on Friday. It's asking some man to come and see him on either Friday or Monday. That's to-day, isn't it?"

"Do you mean to say that it's been in that pocket ever since Friday?" said Miss Elkington.

"Not actually," said Mr. Porter. "I know I had another suit on last Friday, so I must have automatically changed it from one coat to the other. That's the trained business mind. Well, it isn't too late to take it. If I knew where to take it I could take it now and it would be all right. If."



"GOOD-BYE, MRS. WURZEL. WE SHALL PROBABLY MEET AGAIN ON THE CÔTE D'AZUR!"

"I'M AFRAID NOT, DEAR—WE'RE GOING TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE."

"Surely there's a name and address on the envelope?" asked Mr. Chudleigh.

"There's a name," said Mr. Porter. "If you can call it a name. Two way lines. The first would be Mr. The second might be anything ending in y or g. He did say it as he was writing it, but I haven't an idea now what it was." He turned the envelope upside-down. "It's just as good this way round."

"Didn't he give you the address to take it to?" asked Mr. Chudleigh, when we had all had a look at it and decided that it was probably something foreign.

"Of course he did," said Mr. Porter, who was looking through his pockets again. "I've got it here somewhere on the back of something. Yes, here it is." He frowned at it.

"Well?" said Mr. Chudleigh.

"I know it's one of these," said Mr. Porter. "One's Moorgate and the other's London Wall. It was like this: he had the address he wanted me to take this letter to in his diary, and he read it out to me, and he read out another one as well."

"Can't you remember which address he read out first?" asked Mr. Chudleigh.

"Of course I can," said Mr. Porter. "He read out the Moorgate one first, because I took it down first. But that doesn't necessarily mean that that's the address he wanted me to take this letter to, does it?"

"I mean," said Mr. Chudleigh patiently, "which address was which? Why did he give you the other address?"

"He said I'd asked him for it some weeks ago," said Mr. Porter. "I remember thinking at the time that I'd better humour him, so I took it down as if I had. You know what old Harbottle's like when he gets ideas about things."

"Let's straighten this out," said Mr. Chudleigh. "He asked you to take a letter somewhere in the City for him. Well, to begin with, why did he ask you and not Sidney?"

"Ah!" said Mr. Porter. "I can answer that. He told me to give it to Sidney, and I said, in a burst of eager helpfulness, that I'd take it with me at lunch-time."

because I was going to have lunch absolutely next-door to it with a man who works in the City."

"Ah!" said Mr. Chudleigh triumphantly. "Now we're getting on. You remember where you had lunch, I suppose?"

"I remember that," said Mr. Porter. "I'm not likely to forget a ghastly hole like that."

"Well," said Mr. Chudleigh. "Was this ghastly hole next-door to the Moorgate address or the London Wall address?"

"I don't mean absolutely next-door," said Mr. Porter. "I mean somewhere near. It was just about between the two. I remember thinking that when I was writing the other address down. Whichever the other one was. And I remember that I remembered which address was the right one while I was waiting in the restaurant, because I



"HALLO, OLD MAN! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO MAKE AN ELEVENTH AT BRIDGE."

remember wondering how I could go on remembering it without a pencil; and I remember there was something in the menu that I found I could remember it by. Until I forgot it."

"You seem to have done a lot of remembering," said Mr. Chudleigh. "If you could only remember the name we could find his firm's number in the directory and ring him up."

"I tell you I can't remember it," said Mr. Porter. "And even if I could, we couldn't, because his name isn't the name of the firm. I remember that. I can remember his name too, now I come to think of it. That proves what I said about the trained business mind. Wallingford."

Mr. Chudleigh thought this over. "You'd better go down to the City," he said, "and ask at both the addresses for a Mr. Wallingford. And if there is any method of transport which gets you through the City reasonably quickly at this time of day you'd better take it if you want to be in time."

"I'll go, Mr. Chudleigh," said Sidney. "I've got my bicycle."

"What was I saying before all that?" asked Mr. Chudleigh when

Sidney had gone. "I don't mean snow. Something before that."

Miss Elkington was sitting staring glassily at nothing. "You did say Wallingford, didn't you?" she said slowly.

"That was it," said Mr. Porter.

"Because there was a Mr. Wallingford who came here to see Mr. Harbottle on Friday afternoon when Sidney was out. He told me Mr. Harbottle had rung him up and made the appointment on Friday morning."

"That's what I was saying," said Mr. Chudleigh. "The speed of modern commerce and our taking modern business facilities for granted. And I think it would be a good idea, Porter, if you and Padgett were to start doing the post, because I don't imagine that Sidney will get back much before it's time to go."

Good News for the Defendant.

"Mr. Justice — reserved judgment. Forecast: Fair to fine."—*East Anglian Paper.*

"Mussolini talks of the Pax Romanum." *From a Periodical.*

Closing, as usual, with the solemn adjuration: "*Delendus est Abyssinia.*"

The Measured Muse.

["We can use poems to fill a space $6\frac{1}{2} \times 3$ (approx.)."—*Magazine editor's note in an authors' handbook.*]

It seems to me quite out of place
To wait till inspiration knocks
And volunteers to fill a space
 $6\frac{1}{2} \times 3$ (approx.).

For shall the Muse of Fire ascend
(It's not the same as knitting socks)
To yield a final dividend
 $6\frac{1}{2} \times 3$ (approx.)?

What, after all, is in a name,
My own or BLUNDEN'S or BELLOC'S,
If everybody gets the same—
 $6\frac{1}{2} \times 3$ (approx.)?

I said: "We go from bad to worse.
O *populi*, where is thy *vox*;
Shall a man write immortal verse
 $6\frac{1}{2} \times 3$ (approx.)?"

But all the same, to call their bluff
(And being somewhat on the rocks),
I typed a portion of my stuff
 $6\frac{1}{2} \times 3$ (approx.).

And sent it to the lucky dip.
It came back through the letter-box,
And with it a rejection-slip—
 $6\frac{1}{2} \times 3$ (approx.).

Thoughts on the Drammer.

SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE's recent remarks—animadversions, if you prefer it, on modern plays and players have filled me with a vague disquiet. He thinks acting has become too tame, too polite, too spineless; he wants there to be more go and gusto about the thing. He would like, I take it, to see a good deal more of the outstretched finger and the passionate cry.

Well of course one can see what he means, and, as far as Art goes, I dare say he is absolutely right. You can't very well have great acting without ginger, any more than you can have a great pianist who doesn't sometimes get into a kind of frenzy with his instrument. But my trouble is that you can easily have ginger without great acting, and that is a thing I cannot bear. Because if there is one thing in the world that makes me really miserable it is to see a man making an ass of himself on the stage. My hands go hot, my face begins to prickle, I do not know where to look; and all the time the misguided man goes on and on and on. People tell me that this feeling indicates a very noble and compassionate strain in my character, and I sometimes think that perhaps there may be something in what they say. But if so, I do not believe that I am alone in my compassion and nobility. I believe that all around me in the theatre, on such occasions as this, hands are growing hot, faces beginning to prickle and eyes glaring desperately down at programmes. We are an easily discomfited nation.

In the old days, when acting *was* acting, we were, I suppose, a much robuster lot. If an actor had a fit of histrionics on the stage, that was his look-out; the audience might applaud or they might throw a brick at him, but I don't believe they ever went into agonies of self-consciousness on the fellow's account.

The modern theatre has attuned itself to this national sensitivity. Where nobody *acts* at all, in the sense in which Sir CEDRIC uses the word, it is practically impossible for anyone to make a glaring buffoon of himself. Of course, now and again you get an actor who lacks the ease and accomplishment of the others in his down-sittings and uprisings, his nose-blowings and other necessary activities, and once I remember being caused a moment's awkwardness by a character (I think it must have been in one of Mr. PRIESTLEY's plays) who failed to get his pipe going properly; but these are only minor inconveniences. A performer may be bad, but he can't very well be conspicuous. Which is why I, and people like me, can troop into the pit with minds as nearly as possible at rest.

And Sir CEDRIC HARDWICKE wants to change all this. He wants to reintroduce the vibrant tones and the wealth of gesture of an earlier age. He wants to see women fling themselves in floods of tears on the divan and men point their quivering forefingers at the door. Frankly, I don't believe it can be done. I doubt if the public would stand for such immoderate exhibitions. Certainly one person at least would have to give up the theatre.

Unless, it has suddenly struck me, the whole play was in blank verse—I mean the kind of thing that SHAKESPEARE does so well. For some reason the most extraordinary things can be said and done in blank verse. Arms can be thrown wide, fists clenched, gages flung down and even such absurd remarks made as "O my prophetic soul! mine uncle!" without anybody in the audience feeling the slightest embarrassment. There is a play performed regularly to this day on the English stage in which one of the characters has to say, "Stand back, thou manifest conspirator!" I don't believe there is an actor

in the world who would dare to make a remark like that in prose.

Occasionally, I admit, on going to a SHAKESPEARE play, after a long interval of ordinary play-going, I have experienced moments of unease. When *Rumour* enters, painted full of tongues, or the *Duke of Bedford*, coming on in company with two other dukes, an earl and a bishop (all in dressing-gowns), begins:

"Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky"

—I have felt perhaps not quite so good. "Come, come, my good man," I have thought, "you are making yourself ridiculous. Where is your *reserve*?" But the mood passes. One remembers that of course this is one of those blank verse affairs, and all is well.

The crucial question is now, obviously: *Can a modern play about modern people be written in blank verse?*

I don't know yet, but I suppose one can try:—

SCENE—*The office of a wealthy City Magnate in Thread-needle Street or somewhere. It is luxuriously appointed. There is a Persian carpet, a number of comfortable chairs and a solid silver telephone—also a divan large enough for people to throw themselves on in floods of tears. Pictures of Bottomley, Kreuger, etc., adorn the walls. At a walnut desk sits a Secretary, drawing faces, in a passionate manner, on the blotting-paper.*

Enter a City Magnate, rolling his eyes and beating his breast.
City Magnate.

Perish the day on which these wretched orbs,
Unspectacled as yet, first saw the light,
And these poor hands with childish eagerness
Seized *The United Stockbrokers' Review*!
Better had I been forcibly dissolved,
Wound up at birth and written off the books,
Than lived to see this woeful Settling Day.
Ah, me, I am undone!

Secretary.

What is it, Boss?

City Magnate.

The End! Or precious near it, anyhow.
(*He gives a low moan and strikes his fist against a mother-of-pearl filing-cabinet.*)
Butter is hardening, Peppermints are weak,
Consolidated Indian Elephants
Have fall'n to ninety-three. My faithful band
Of Calicos is scattered.

Secretary (wildly).

Sell, man, sell!

[*The City Magnate throws himself full-length on the divan and buries his head in his hands. His Secretary crosses to him and offers him a handkerchief with a shy gesture of compassion.*

Secretary.

Come, come, Sir Harry! All may not be lost.
Tramways are up—

City Magnate (with unutterable pathos).

The bottom has dropped out

Of margarine.

[*The telephone rings, madly, passionately.*

Secretary (raising clenched fists to heaven).

Curse that damn'd instrument!

—and so on. I don't know how this kind of thing would work out in practice; but I'm sure it would bring back more gusto to the stage.

Perhaps Sir CEDRIC will let me know what he thinks?

H. F. E.



HENDY

DIGNITY UNDER NOTICE.

Scully's Scales.

IN the lean-to shed behind the modern business premises known in Mullinabeg as The N'United Stores stands the gaunt erection that has determined the true weight of so many things in the village. Operated by Wadey Scully with patient skill from his seat on an upturned box, and complete with dangling chains and huge tin scoop, the old-fashioned scales successfully combat all more up-to-date innovations in the shop itself—even the enamelled machine in which an illuminated and figured cylinder rushes frantically away from the closest observer when goods are placed on the glass ledge, only to return at equally break-neck speed as soon as anything is removed.

"Didn't I do me best endeavours to keep a watch upon them little red lines," an indignant customer said lately, "until me two eyes was gone into a sort of an obliquity? Then I took out the flour to Wadey Scully's scales, an' he wasn't long puttin' a name to it; he had the two bags an' he had the big weight, an' they were the very same as three twins."

The name by which the guardian of the scales is known to his neighbours is the natural outcome of the crooning undertone with which he accompanies his weighing operations—an undertone that rises to a shout at the critical moment. The words have always been accepted by his clients as "Wadey Bucketty," and the louder they are the nearer has he come to a perfect balance.

"He do make a woeful furore whenever he comes to th' ounces," admirers say. "The minute Wadey puts anything into that scoop you'd see for yourself that he's very apprehensive about a scales, for he'll balance it to the very veins of nicety."

"He was like never to come to an agreement wid the side of bacon," another weary but appreciative shopper said. "It might seem a raysonable length for a man that'd have a seat, but he wadey bucketty till I very near fell out of me standin', an' himself there upon his little box as snug as a thrush."

At no time of year do Scully's scales play a more important part in the life of Mullinabeg than during the month of February, with the local point-to-point only a few weeks ahead and the annual struggle in progress between Andy Maher and Kevin Foley for the privilege of guiding to his inevitable victory the doctor's hunter. Seated in the tin scoop, each in his turn, they have watched with growing

horror the removal from the wooden platform opposite of any of the weights that were necessary last time, or have hailed with delight the addition of a few ounces.

According to Mr. Scully, the doctor's instructions are definite, and the amateur riders have listened many times to his own account of the conversation. "'I'll go be what you say, Wadey,' says the docthor," he tells them, "'for 'tis aiqually simultaneous to me which of them boyos rides Fairy Feet, so long as he's weightier nor the other. But if there's one thing upon this earth that's able to frustrate that horse over leps', he says, 'it's to carry dead weight; an' that's what he'll have to do if he has a lightsome rider. It'd be far better,' says he, 'to put a man upon him that had fallen into mate itself than to dhrape Fairy Feet wid lead, the willin' creature.'"

Last week the doctor made a brilliant suggestion. Realising the amount of work entailed by this weekly weighing-in, with all the readjusting of weights necessary for the double operation, he advised the balancing of the two men one against the other—one to be perched on the wooden platform, the second to be seated in the tin scoop. "Let them toss for it," he said airily.

There was a large crowd at last night's final weighing, which from the beginning was an extraordinarily close affair. By the time boots and outside coats were removed there was very little in the difference. As the doctor's handy-man said when he came, "It'd put you in mind of the war that's goin' on at the present time: there's the two of them fightin' it out, an' seemin'ly the two of them is winnin'."

In the dimly-lighted shed the excitement mounted. As always happens in Mullinabeg, the onlookers were sharply divided in their sympathies, but for once the inevitable battle-cry that begins with the word "Up!" was entirely out of place. If Maher went up, Foley came down—and that was exactly what Maher's friends did not want him to do—and *vice versa*.

At his rival's request, Kevin Foley struggled from the scoop in order to empty his pockets of loose change, and again the doctor's man—of whom his neighbours say "'Tis too well read he is"—was reminded of an item of world news. "Look at Maher lettin' on to be th' AGA KHAN," he shouted in the ear of the man next to him. "He thinks there should be nothin' but gold in the scoop, an' all Kevin has is a few coppers."

Then, having risen to a yell, Wadey Scully's voice ceased altogether, for

without the addition of a single weight, the two men balanced perfectly, and cheer after cheer rose to the galvanised roof. "Run on down for the docthor," someone suggested, "'till he sees them for hisself." But the student of the newspapers raised his hand for silence. "The masther sent a message be me," he said importantly, "an' I hadn't a chanct to tell it anny sooner. 'Tell them,' he says, 'that Fairy Feet won't be runnin' at all this year, for he gev himself a slight twisht at the Hunt to-day.'"

Andy Maher stepped so suddenly from the platform that the tin scoop struck the ground with some violence and shot young Foley forward. But the doctor's messenger had gone home.

D. M. L.

An Office Vignette.

THIS little story, though it's true, may haply tickle one or two. The scene, you must believe to be a City office known to me. One night the typist had a date—a dance to start at half-past eight, where she expected, as I guess, to meet a boy whom she'd impress. She therefore planned with special care—and who can blame her?—to prepare. That day, betimes, she asked her boss, "Sir, would you be extremely cross if I should beg to get away a little earlier to-day? Say five-fifteen and not half-past?" He glared at her, and then at last barked in the place of a reply a crude unsympathetic "Why?" She, in the confidence of youth, responded with the simple truth, and even, in her girlish guile, concluded, with a charming smile designed to melt a heart of ice, "I want to make myself look nice!" Whereat he growled, as I'm alive, "I think you'd better go at five!"

And now she can't make up her mind if he intended to be kind, or if he tried, as some brutes would, to be as beastly as he could! W. K. H.

More About the Equality of the Sexes.

"If you were to say nowadays that there was one law for the man and another for the woman, what would happen?" Laura earnestly inquired.

I saw at once that this was one of those tiresome questions that are meant to be answered by the speaker instead of by the spoken-to—a completely unjust arrangement and one that has led to many an evening of utter boredom. So I spoke instantly.

"It would be a complete flop (a) because it's already been said by PINERO or somebody 'way, 'way back

in the nineties; and (b) because nobody cares. Besides, it isn't true."

"I thought you'd say that," Laura replied—very maddeningly.

"Because you know it's true."

"You've just said it wasn't true."

"I meant," I said, speaking quietly on purpose to make myself absolutely clear, "when I said it was true, simply that it was true when I said that what you said wasn't true, about one law for each of them. I'm sure you understand what I mean."

"Well, I do," she admitted. "But not everybody would. What put it into my head was Charles saying he wouldn't want any dinner to-night."

"I thought he was looking rather green at lunch. I hope it isn't flu."

"Oh, no; it's only a British Legion supper."

"I don't see why that should make you think about the equality of the sexes. Come to that, I've got a Women's Institute meeting myself to-morrow night. Seven o'clock, as usual."

"It's our turn to see about the refreshments," said Laura, "Rock-cakes or potted meat?"

Laura is inclined to get into a groove. I pointed out that fish-paste would make a pleasant change, and we were still discussing it when Charles came in.

"I often wonder," he said, "what you two find to talk about all day."

"Fish-paste," said Laura, without sufficient thought.

"We are discussing the arrangements for the Women's Institute meeting to-morrow night," I replied with greater dignity.

"You'll have to have dinner alone," Laura told Charles. "It'll just do for the snipe."

"You mean that the snipe will just do for me. Well, it seems rather a shame. . . . Still, I suppose you'll be having one of the pheasants to-night. They should be just ready by now."

"The pheasants can perfectly well wait till Saturday," I said. "Naturally, Laura and I can't have roast pheasant and bread-crumbs on a tray over the fire."

"On a tray over the fire!" echoed Charles—and he looked quite as green as he'd looked at lunch, if not greener. "You don't honestly mean to tell me—"

"But, Charles, we like it. Eggs and things, on the little tiny yellow tables over the fire."

The ejaculation with which Charles received this—which could not, after all, have been completely new to him—was one quite unsuited to the home-circle.

I reminded him that nobody was



"VULTURES."

suggesting that he should take to the egg-and-tray life. The snipe should, on the contrary, have every adjunct that civilisation could bestow (and from what I remembered of its minute corpse hanging up in the larder, it was going to need them).

Then I noticed that Laura was looking at me with a most peculiar expression.

"There!" she said. "You see what I mean."

"No."

"It's the perfect example of what I was saying. You do know what an example is, don't you?"

"Certainly. *Genou, hibou—*"

"*Joujou, caillou—*"

"Something, something, and *Pou!*" shouted Charles.

"Yes. Well, there you are. One law for the man and another for the woman,

just as I was saying. Charles has his snipe and so on in the dining-room, with Ethel handing the potatoes and changing the plates, just like a dinner-party—and you and I have eggs and trays over the drawing-room fire."

I couldn't help being rather carried away by the theme myself.

"And every woman in the world, practically, whenever she gets the chance—"

"Yes."

Charles said that he'd never heard of such a thing in his life—which was to my certain knowledge untrue—and that if he didn't go at once he'd be late.

"So shall we," said Laura, "if we don't go and dress."

"Dress?" said Charles. "What for?"

"For the eggs-on-trays," said Laura. "Naturally we dress." E. M. D.

At the Pictures.

THE FUTURE.

MR. H. G. WELLS is a remarkable man with an acute and fearless mind, and when the news came that he was turning his attention seriously to the films we were naturally excited and



THE BAZRA BONNET.

John Cabal . . . RAYMOND MASSEY.

prepared for something extraordinary. But I am doubtful if it has emerged. Not even with all the lavish expenditure and support of Mr. KORDA do we get more than the familiar WELLS forecast, with a few details thrown in that might be Mr. ALDOUS HUXLEY'S. It has all been done with stupendous magnificence; but it is not new.

During the first half we have the battle—the air against the earth—the air winning. Then, all aeroplanes mysteriously disappearing, we have a Dictator (speaking much too loudly) who is able to claim the earth and own it, so long as no one can fly; but who directly aviators return is vanquished; and then, as the future grows, the age of engineering is with us and we see machines until we are dizzy.

It is all too amazing for the spectator to absorb—much less to understand—in one visit; and I must go again. But I hope I shall have more luck than when I went again to *Modern Times*, also associated with the might of mechanism. H. G., having much to say, may improve on closer acquaintance, but CHARLIE, depending wholly on surprise, does not. It is a pity, for deprived of shock one can coldly dissect his devices. I do not intend this for

any aspersion on our comic friend; I merely wish to emphasise the value of unexpectedness. But there is one of the scenes in *Modern Times* that I am sure ought to have been thought out a little longer. It is when CHARLIE knocks away the wedge in the ship-builders' yard. The ship that he then inadvertently launches should, I am certain, be seen to sink.

Mr. WELLS has, I think, been better served by his property-men and his crowds than by his principals, who all seemed to me in doubt as to what effect the future should have on them. Should they be normal, or would human nature change too? Personally, I guess that it will never change, no matter what the wire-pullers are doing.

There is no doubt that *Things to Come* is an interesting experiment, both in philosophy and in practical staging; but I resent profoundly the culmination of this vision. That the flying-machine will become more and more powerful I feel assured, and that it will drop bombs and destroy seems more than likely. But what then? Some of us think that in whatever brave new world may result there will be time and opportunity for the perfection of the arts of peace. Not so Mr. WELLS, who, foreseeing no period when the young and adventurous are not starting out on new and dangerous



AN ARTIST'S AGONY.

Theotocopulos . . . CEDRIC HARDWICKE.

enterprises, which, if not war, are the next thing to it—for war can never utterly vanish—brings his fantasy to a close by packing the young hero and heroine into a projectile and sending them off to the moon. I should say round the moon rather than to it; for the moon, being dead, can do them no

good. They are to be shot round it and then fall into the sea in the Pacific and be picked up and brought back. All very futile; but the courage of the effort is superb!

At least so says the Director of Mankind, and he therefore gives them every assistance, and, in shorts, with very odd shoulders like a gunman's, he



TWO CHINS ARE BETTER THAN ONE.

Jack Warrender . . . JACK HULBERT.

Lionel Fitch . . . J. ROBERTSON HARE.

is still haranguing and extolling their merits when the curtain comes. Meanwhile the young people, also in shorts—for in 2036 everyone will wear shorts, are on their way, the preliminary explosion killing, we gather, all those so foolhardy as to try to stop them. But why the Utopians, having won through to their ideal civilisation, should worry about the dead old moon at all, is anything but clear to me.

When I saw a Viennese comedy called *Youth at the Helm*, in which OWEN NARES was so persuasive as an impudent young impostor of twenty that we forgot his real age, I was delighted and accepted the improbable satire as fact, or at any rate as a possibility of modern finance, where there can be so much delegation that no single official knows all. But when I heard that JACK HULBERT had been turning the same story into a picture called *Jack of All Trades* I was (much as I love him) doubtful; for I knew that the part of the hero needed concentration, and I knew also that, excellent actor as JACK HULBERT used to be in the slices of life that in the good old days varied his revues, he had fallen a prey to the easy laughter that besets the films. And I fear I was right. The new picture so long as it follows the story is, if not convincing, as con-



"JUST LOOK AT THAT BLOKE, BILL. AND TO THINK 'E COULD BE SITTIN' COMFORTABLE AT 'OME DRINKIN' BEER!"

vincing as such a steady performer as ATHOLE STEWART in a credible part can make it, with the assistance of some co-directors all doing their best; but you can see all the while that JACK (with his public behind him) is becoming more and more restless; and at last he dances, at a night-club, and all is well. Or ill. Thenceforth the plot fades out and there is nothing but farcical wildness with a fire-hose, and more dancing, and an end. It is a pity, because into the débâcle is dragged poor ROBERTSON HARE. From JACK HULBERT we have come to expect nothing but inconsequential tomfoolery; but ROBERTSON HARE, in a really good little play like *Youth at the Helm*, might have been allowed to persuade. Another pity is that *Jack of All Trades* marks a declension in the standard of British films, and British films are not in need of that.

E. V. L.

"Cook-General wanted, for Aylesbury, one lady, mid-day dinner. Every other evening out. Good wages to capable maid. Highest wages essential."—*Local Paper*.

Mistress and maid will certainly be in complete accord on this point.

"Clean Fish."

A Spring Salmon Song.

In the birks the East wind blows,
Round the bend the river flows,
Overhead the wild-goose goes—
Musical goes she.
Step across the whale-backed gravel,
Hear the falls in foam unravel
Chaos and, unharnessed, travel
Storming to the sea.

Here's the Fish his pathway proud,
Swift with sun and dark with cloud;
Here he runs his course avowed,
Urgent, headalong
To those far beds, gold as guinea,
Where, long since, a little skinny
Atom of an alevin, he
Learnt his ripple-song.

Give, to-day, old Arctic thanks
For the silver on his flanks,
For the breath of rose that pranks
There, aurora-wise,
For the green of sea remaining
His tremendous shoulder staining,
For the tide-louse appertaining
But to fighting-guise.

Shall, my son, I ask of you,
Domesticity undo
One so warrior to view—
Shall he come to redd?
Come to kelthood, lank and hideous
In the eyes of the fastidious?
Such a verdict were invidious—
Never be it said!

So, then, let your light lure hang
Busy where the rapids clang,
Let him take it with a bang
Matching his degree,
Let him fight, no inch conceding,
Let him die as fits his breeding,
Let his end be cutlets, needing
Naught but his own "bree."

Now the winds of Springtime blow,
Northward now the wild-geese go,
Down, in ply, dark rivers flow,
Shot with showers and gleams;
Songs of winds and woods shall mingle
As we cross that sounding shingle,
Till all songs become the single
Song of running streams. P. R. C.

"I Was Wrong."

AND why not?

THE PRIME MINISTER of our land has been chided because within a year he has twice stood at the Table in Parliament and frankly confessed that he has been wrong. The first time he had been misinformed by those who should have known better, and the second time, he said, he had himself formed a view which was mistaken.

Well, no doubt, the PRIME MINISTER is one of those who should, more than the rest of the human race, take care to see that they are generally right. But it seems to me a dangerous thing to rebuke severely anyone, even a Prime Minister, who confesses that he has been wrong. I thought myself that Mr. BALDWIN's frank admission was, in itself, one of the most encouraging things that has happened for a long time; though no doubt it would have had a happier appearance in a less important context.

Certainly, for an Opposition to blame a Government for confessing that it has been wrong is crazy—and almost suicidal. For it is the whole purpose of an Opposition to convince a Government that it is wrong and to induce the Government to change its course. The heart and core of all our boasts about Parliamentary government is that under this system the right must ultimately prevail; because it is not enough, as in certain other countries, for the ruler to say it with machine-guns—"This is what I say. Do it!"—he has to say it with argument and reason and persuade both Parliament and people to agree. And, what is more, he must listen to the arguments of the other side.

But what becomes of all this boasting if the moment the ruler says "I was wrong. You were right. And I will change my course accordingly," he is assailed with harsh abuse? What temptation will he have to confess that he was wrong again? He is entitled to reply, "Well, if you don't like my saying 'I was wrong' I will continue to say 'I am right'." It will then become quite useless for Oppositions to bombard him with arguments and amendments, and the basis of Parliamentary government will become as a bog or swamp.

The same reasoning applies to all those gallant constituents who wrote to Their M.P. About It a little before Christmas. They may be pardoned for preening themselves and saying, "Ha, ha! We were right. We wrote to Our M.P. About It," and the Government had to confess that they were wrong. But if they are going to add: "What a

scandalous thing for the Government to confess that they were wrong!" it must be obvious that it will be useless for them to Write to Their M.P. About It again. For his answer will be, "You are an ungrateful collection of cows."

How noble and delightful is that scene which occurs each day in millions of English homes:

Husband. You can't do that, dear.

Wife. But I want to.

Husband. You are not to.

Wife. Well, I shall.

Husband. All right, dear. I suppose you know best.

Wife. Darling! how sweet you are to me!

But suppose that it went like this:

Husband. You can't do that, dear.

Wife. But I want to.

Husband. You are not to.

Wife. Well, I shall.

Husband. All right, dear. I suppose you know best.

Wife. What a fool you are! What an incompetent *mutt*! Don't you know your own mind? You are not fit to be my husband at all.

How much satisfaction would Wife get next time?

Blessed is he who can admit that he was wrong. At least he should be blessed in a community which acclaims the supremacy of reason and constantly asserts that the times are changing. And yet how many pillars of our Parliamentary system are founded on the notion that it is wrong for anyone to say one thing this year and another thing the next! Nothing delights Parliament so keenly as a series of quotations dug out of some Minister's past orations, the point of which is to show that five years ago he said something different from what he is saying to-day. What wagging of forefingers—what ironical cheers! The fact that five years ago all the relevant circumstances were completely different does little to restrain them.

Then there is the notion that the man who crosses the floor or changes his Party is an indescribable toad. In all other walks of life, if a man confesses that as conditions change and wisdom grows he sees the same problems in a new and perhaps a contrary way, he is hailed as a broad-minded, generous, bold and sensible fellow. But in the political world he is a time-server, a trimmer, a turn-coat, a place-seeker, a traitor, an opportunist and heaven knows what. Only in that world is the man accounted noble and excellent who persists in saying the same thing years after events have proved it to be wrong.

From the same peg hangs the odd notion that the Government must never be defeated, however small the question. Except on cardinal measures and questions of policy, I cannot see why a Government should not often, and cheerfully, be defeated, without having to suffer those ironical cries of "Resign!" Parliament would then be more of a debating society and less a registry for the decisions of Whitehall. There would be more trouble for the Departments and the draftsmen, no doubt, but less anxiety for the Whips (how sweet!); and speakers would sometimes feel that their speeches might turn a vote or two.

When the Issue is Grave, the theory is, I am aware, that a defeated Government has ceased to represent the electorate and so ought to resign; but on Minor Issues nobody knows what the electorate thinks and nobody in particular represents them: so that cock won't fight.

Blessed is he who can admit that he was wrong. It would be easier to admit that if the other fellow would not so often reply so offensively, "I told you so!" I am not one of those who believe that "I told you so" should never be said: for the remark does at least provide some evidence that the speaker may be believed or trusted on a future occasion. But it should be said delicately, thus:—

"Darling, I fancy I murmured something to that effect myself. Perhaps in future you will pay some small attention to this humble person's advice"

and not in this way:—

"You lop-eared loon! Didn't I tell you so?"

How little gratitude and praise do Borough Councils receive when it is announced that they propose to do something! And what joy irradiates the Borough when it is announced that they have bowed to public opinion and changed their mind! It is astonishing that County and Borough Councils do not advertise still more appalling plans, simply to experience this joy, and to distribute happiness by calling them off. Perhaps some of them do. If my dear L.C.C., for example, were now to proclaim that they never *really* meant to drive that barbarous road through our vitals—what a gala night there would be through all West London! And I, at least, promise not to say, "I told you so!"

Blessed is he who can admit that he was wrong. I should at once, if ever I had the chance.

A. P. H.

Weeding.

Now I do not dislike weeding—I may even like it—but I must start when I want and finish when I have done enough. All the best weeders do that. Your mental picture of a professional weeder is, sitting on a barrow, wiping his head or hat-lining, filling or lighting a pipe, one foot on a spade surveying future work or, at nearest, scowling or snarling at a weed. You see, there is more in weeding than actual weeding.

To be told that the centre bed needs weeding upsets me. It crowds the smooth unhurried approach I should have made towards weeding the centre bed. To weed then is to become a slave-weeder. The lash cracks in the air, and a split second before one's back is flayed the illusion is shaken off—you are free and defiant.

Of course you cannot then weed the centre bed.

But unless harried, hounded and nagged I frequently weed. Several weeds. I can recollect more occurrences than I will recount.

And it is silly for people to jeer about pulling up the wrong things. This will never happen if you let them grow sufficiently to be clearly distinguishable. If I am in any doubt I leave them another week or so—sometimes whole beds have to be left—then you know that you are not making a mistake due to hastiness.

Last year I saw a friend stamping small weeds into a bald patch of lawn. I calculated after a thorough inspection that such a transference would just about square up our beds and the bald patch of the lawn—the other half is quite good. But before I had gone very far I decided that it was a mistake; it did not match the lawn well. I think seeds and things must blow and the birds carry them. So I reweeded it.

Dandelions look pretty in a lawn, and they have the deuce of a root; but those flat green things are weeds, as I have not yet thought of any reasons otherwise, so cannot be spared.

It is quite impossible to get the roots out, so I often pluck them, which lasts quite a time and, after all, is quite as sensible as getting your hair cut. A more drastic method is to get a sharp knife (the carving-knife does well, if your wife carves) and slice obliquely at the earth near the root with a sort of thrust. The top comes off and it bleeds in its own way, which would not appear to do it much good at the time.

Young weeds look like all sorts of things, and all sorts of things look like young weeds. A tree is known by its



"AND I TELL YOU, YOUNG MAN, FOR THE NINE-HUNDRED-AND-NINETY-NINTH TIME, THAT IT IS THE THAW THAT BURSTS THEM!"

fruit, and we sometimes have to wait to decide about a weed. Think it over, if in doubt; take a spell off and have a quiet pipe. The late summer or fall will tell its tale, and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that haste has not brought regret into your garden.

Your work will have followed your plan.

Cloh-Sing Time.

THOUGH others sigh
That China soon to London bids
good-bye,
Yet do not I;
And this the reason why.
I do not feel at ease
Among the phantoms of those old
Chinese:

They seem to laugh at me and say,
"Friend, what about that 'cycle of
Cathay,'

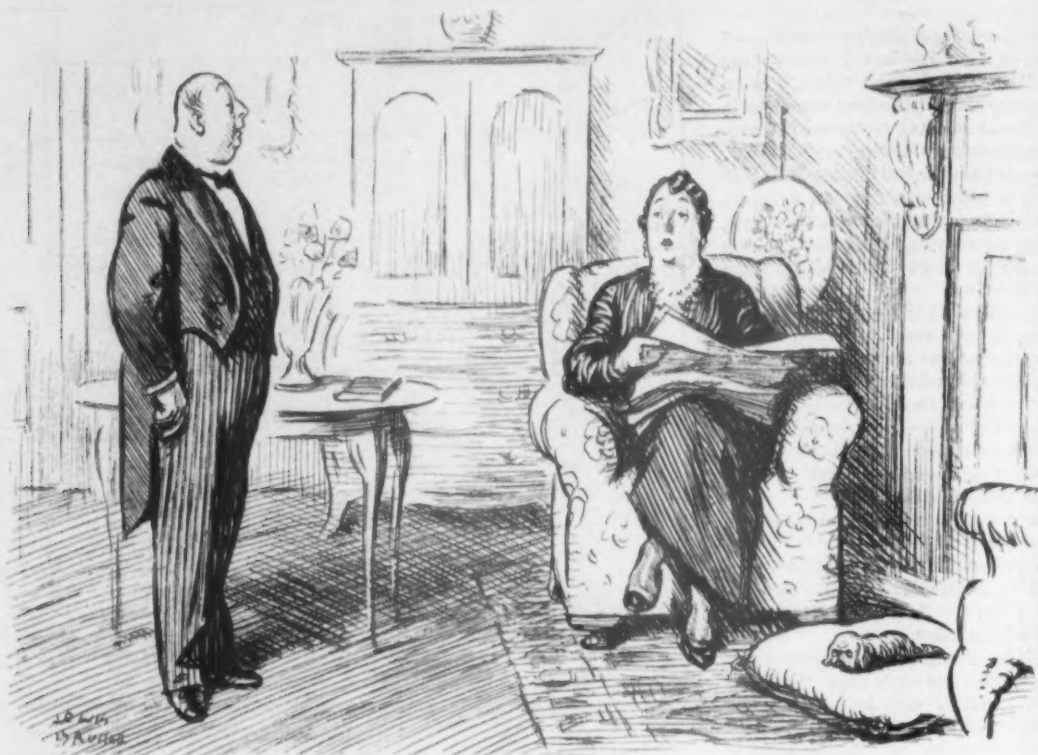
Those 'fifty years of Europe'? Do
you find

That you are still inclined
To be so patronising? For to us
Your Western world seems very

barbarous:
You have no dignity, no calm, no poise;
You can't keep still, your lives are full
of noise;

And, to be quite sincere,
We do not want you here.
You'd look far better singing a *Te Deum*
In your Imperial Museum.
Tah-Tah, Soh-Long!"

And then the question haunts me:
Are they wrong? H. C. B.



"I AM GOING OUT THIS AFTERNOON, SMITHERS, AND SHALL REQUIRE LUNCH HALF-AN-HOUR EARLIER THAN USUAL."
 "VERY GOOD, MY LADY. AND AT WHAT HOUR WOULD LITTLE WONG WISH TO DINE?"

The Haunted Ship.

Houses have ghosts, they say; well, like enough they may have—

Folks that have lived within their walls in the bygone days;

And why should not ships have their ghosts also, even as they have—

Men that have hated or loved them, served them and gone their ways,

Sweated and shivered, known hunger and thirst and been weary,

Slept, waked, worked their traverses well or ill?

I know one that walks in the old barque *Kashmiri*,
 If she's floating still.

Here and there on the familiar decks he lingers,

Watching the crowd at their work, making or furling sail;

Pausing now and then to touch with remembering fingers

Wheel-spoke and capstan-bar, or handle rope and rail.
 He stands at the half-deck door awhile, smiling to see there

The notched table, the bunk where he used to lie—

Nothing changed at all since the time he used to be there
 But the old faces he knew in the years gone by.

In tropic dog-watches he stays a little to hearken

The hands lounging and yarning as of old on the fore-hatch;

He hears the "one-two, one-two" of the bells and, as evening darkens,

The hoarse voice of the bosun rousing out the watch;
 He catches the whiff of the mate's pipe, he hears him tramping

Fore and aft, fore and aft, steady and slow;

He sees the warm yellow of the binnacle light lamping

The intent face of the steersman over its glow.

He stands at his elbow, hearing the night-wind singing

Up aloft, far aloft in the sheave-blocks and spars,
 Watching the lift of the royal leech and the high trucks swinging,

Swaying their ceaseless arc against the sky and the stars . . .

North, South, East, West—sunny weather or dreary,

Cold in the high South latitudes, steamy-hot on the Line—
 There's a ghost walks, I know, in the old barque *Kashmiri*—

And that ghost's mine. . . . C. F. S.

"The whole scheme is rotten from end to end and will not work.
 We are being smothered in our own bacon."—*Report of Speech.*
 Dare we suggest dieting?

"The figure skaters will be in action to-day when compulsory figures for men will be continued."—*Newspaper Report.*

Compulsory figures for women have of course long been discontinued.



EUROPA IN THUNDERLAND.

THE WHITE KNIGHT. "IT WAS A GLORIOUS VICTORY, WASN'T IT?"



Impressions of Parliament.

Monday, February 24th.—That a confidential document belonging to the British Government could fall into the possession of an Italian newspaper is serious, but the publication in the



THE BULLDOG BREED.

MR. LEES-SMITH.

Giornale d'Italia of the report of Sir JOHN MAFFEY's Committee has not really mattered at all. In fact, as Lord CRANBORNE said to-day, the world knew now that what Great Britain said in public it thought in private, and for that unsolicited and possibly unintentional testimonial we owed the Italian Press heartfelt thanks.

Mr. THURLE has a notion that the work of the Foreign Office might be a little more scintillating if its members were not so exclusively educated. In the last four years, Mr. EDEN told him, Eton, Rugby, Winchester, Marlborough and Repton (in that order, the last two bracketed) have contributed most to its staff. Narkover is of course still too young a foundation to have arrived in diplomacy.

The debate on Foreign Affairs was interesting but got nobody very much further. Speaking for the Labour Party, Mr. LEES-SMITH urged that the oil embargo must be applied if the League was to show the dictators that in future war was not going to pay. The present sanctions, he said, were directed only against Italy's internal life; oil was the only sanction which would bear directly on the military operations, and so far this issue had been handled with vacillating ineptitude. When Mr. EDEN went to Geneva next week, would he please take a strong line?

The FOREIGN SECRETARY, who spoke (or read) next, began by denying that any charge of dilatoriness could be made out either against the Government or against the League. As for the sanctions already enforced, he reminded the House that, of the three methods of paying for imports, Italy's payment by exports and by capital transactions had been largely eliminated, while her domestic collection of gold showed how hard-pressed she was in that direction. In his view the oil sanction should be judged on its efficacy to stop the war, and on that point he could say no more until the Governments had fully considered the Experts' Report. The machinery of the Committee of Five was still available for conciliation.

In the subsequent debate the biggest Parliamentary artillery held their fire. Through Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR the Liberals demanded absolute loyalty to the League and sanctions; Mr. AMERY spoke slightly of the "blind alley of sanctions"; and Mr. ATTLEE spoke slightly of Mr. AMERY and of the FOREIGN SECRETARY, remarking that he seemed to see the old Adam in EDEN.

Tuesday, February 25th.—A dainty little measure entitled "The Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire Traction Bill" was aired in the Lords this afternoon, after which Lord ZETLAND spoke kindly about India for a few minutes. And so to tea.

It was a Supply Day, and the Foreign Office Vote, which included an item for telephones for the Naval Conference and another for telephone-calls to diplomatic representatives abroad, gave



"MARK TIME!"

PRIVATE EDEN INDICATES WHAT STEPS HE MAY TAKE AT GENEVA.

the Labour Party a chance to criticise the Government for not telling the House exactly what was happening at the Conference, and several private Members a chance to suggest that if the Continental telephone were used more often a better liaison might be



OUR BACK BENCH WHO'S WHO.

D.C.M.s

Are rare at Talkville-on-Thames.

Mr. DE ROTHSCHILD won this ribbon, who Holds the Distinguished Collar Medal too.

established between the Government and their emissaries—it was not good enough if these were to retort that they didn't know the PRIME MINISTER's number or that they hadn't the right currency on them at the moment.

Mr. EDEN, who handles Committee-work with admirable dispatch, explained that to divulge the proceedings of the Naval Conference at this stage would be to let down the other Governments; and after Mr. BEVERLEY BAXTER had been warned by the CHAIRMAN for irrelevant riding on his hobby-horse of isolation, Miss WILKINSON had quite unsuccessfully clashed swords with Sir DENNIS HERBERT over another little extraneous matter and Mr. MAXTON had pleased the House by suggesting that the next war might be financed by the sale of the film-rights, the Vote was agreed to and the Assyrians and the Milk Bill engaged Members' attention.

The fact that after the Government has made its contribution towards the settlement of the Assyrians in the Levant there will still be a deficit—for which, as Mr. DALTON said, the PRIMATE was going to take round his hat—has raised a good deal of criticism, but despite the recent debate on the subject in the Lords, the Government still disclaim any further responsibility.



"I WISH THE BASEMENT PEOPLE WOULD NOT HANG OUT THE WASHING THERE! IT GIVES THE NEIGHBOURHOOD SUCH A COMMON LOOK!"

Lizards and Looking-Glasses.

Do you ever think much about lizards? Probably not. But you should; we all should. Before the dawn of history, I have read, the lizard tribe was man's chief rival for the lordship of the earth. And but for our chance possession of a reversible thumb, not we but lizards might have ruled the world and sailed the seven seas, keeping perhaps a few mangy specimens of *Homo sapiens* behind the bars in Regent's Park. Yes, it would be a good thing for the human soul, I feel, to pause now and again in its busy triumphant progress and devote a few minutes' silent thought to lizards and reversible thumbs.

There are plenty of opportunities in the West Indies for studying these fallen angels. I have only to sit at a window and croon a few soft sentimental bars for lizards to come crawling slowly towards me from all directions, heads slightly on one side the better to absorb the sweet sad music. They will often approach within arm's reach, gazing rapturously into my face, the pulse in their throats beating with emotion. If things had not worked out quite as they have—if, say, that reversible thumb of ours had not proved the

success it has and fate had doomed me to the wrong side of the bars in Regent's Park, I feel sure that I could have relied on my voice to win for me an endless supply of buns from such music-loving masters.

Next to music, lizards like fighting best. Take Benjamin, for instance. Every morning Benjamin's six inches of vivid green crawl through my window on to the dressing-table, where he turns to a drab brown—his best imitation of mahogany. Then he makes straight for my circular shaving-mirror, climbs on to the top and peers over the rim. He starts back in anger. Zounds! That infernal fellow is still there! In spite of being soundly thrashed every morning for a month! Benjamin's tail stiffens and he does press-ups angrily on top of the mirror. And as his rage grows, so also does the yellow bladder under his chin, which he imagines strikes terror into the hearts of his foes and fascinates his lady-friends. When he is satisfied with its dimensions Benjamin peers into the mirror again. Holy smoke! Benjamin can hardly believe his eyes. That bumptious coxcomb has actually worked up his yellow bladder too! Without more ado Benjamin hurls himself at the glass in a frenzy of rage, biting and scratching until he loses his footing and falls to

the dressing-table. Undaunted by this reverse, and after a moment's surprised consideration, he climbs back on to the mirror and the whole pantomime is repeated; and continues to be repeated until the arrival of tea sends him scuttling in retreat through the window.

Such was the daily programme until a week ago. But that is all over now. Benjamin's morning battle is off. He comes, indeed, as usual, but he does not go near the shaving-mirror. Instead he takes cover behind a hair-brush and stares at it through the bristles with ill-concealed anxiety. For a week ago Benjamin received a severe shock, as a result of which his nerves are all to pieces.

He arrived that fatal dawn at the run, all eagerness for the fray. And the mere sight of his enemy's round chromium-plated lurking-place drove the hot blood to his head. Standing on a tube of shaving-soap he lashed himself into a fury, the veins on his forehead standing out like cords, until, carried away in a whirlwind of ungovernable rage, he rushed towards the mirror.

Now I never use the magnifying side of the mirror myself, so I really cannot be held to blame for what follows. My face a normal size I can bear. I have

grown up with it, and long familiarity with its carelessly assembled assortment of plebeian features has bred in me a beautiful resignation to the inevitable. The fierce feelings of revolt of my early years against an unjust fate have gradually softened and mellowed into a quiet dignified melancholy, not unmixed with the pride of one especially singled out for affliction by an inscrutable Providence. I am speaking of course of my attitude to my face reflected in its true dimensions. That, I say, I have learned to tolerate, if not to love.

But my face in a magnifying mirror! My face some four feet by three! With great jagged teeth inches square, and red veins sprawling on half-a-yard of nose. With the merest suspicion of a pimple swollen to an angry boil, and great straggling unshaven porcine quills sprouting from the deeply pocked flesh. That is a very different affair. One glimpse of it in the early morning is enough to cast a gloom over the rest of my day.

Therefore, I say, I never use the magnifying side of the mirror and cannot have been responsible for the fact that this side was to the front as Benjamin approached. So it was no lizard that he saw rushing to meet him, but a veritable dragon. A vast green scaly creature, with deadly talons and great gaping fire-belching jaws took giant bounds towards him. This was much more than Benjamin had bargained for—and who shall blame him? He swerved violently to the right and took cover behind a stiff collar. No lizard alive could scare him, but dragons now——! And he had always thought the damn things were extinct! He backed nervously to the edge of the dressing-table and has never since approached the shaving-mirror.

And when I think about that reversible thumb I mentioned and realise that but for that Benjamin might be lying here in bed and I might be crawling about on his dressing-table, angered and bewildered by his shaving-mirror—well, it makes me feel very humble.

Names of Good Omen.

[The Times of Friday, Feb. 21, records the success achieved at a pianoforte recital by a pianist rejoicing in the salubrious name of NINA MILKINA.]

THE names of the minstrels harmonious
Who shine by their genius or skill
For the most part are apt and
euphonious
Reminders of Helicon's hill:



"SO YOU ARE A POET TOO?"

"NOTHING TO SPEAK OF, SIR, BEYOND AN ODD ODE OR TWO INSPIRED BY THE OVERWHELMING BEAUTY OF THESE 'ERE SURROUNDINGS—IF YOU FOLLER ME."

Thus TOTI DAL MONTE arrides us—
We greet her with "Bravo!" and
"Bis!"

And an instinct infallible guides us
To GLUCK and to BLISS.

'Tis needful to make reservations
For artists who "put it across"
In spite of their strange appellations,
Like SCHNABEL or KRISH or VAN
OSS;

And yet one is safe in propounding
The view that of passports to fame
None betters a nobly-resounding
Mellifluous name.

ADELINA was made for ZERLINA,
As PATTI gave proof long ago,
And the glamorous name GUILHERMINA
Lends magic to SUGGIA'S bow;

Well-named too was tragic TERNINA,
Once queen of the lyrical throne;
And now clever NINA MILKINA
Comes into her own.

She might have excelled as a dairy-
maid,

Or pined as a maiden forlorn:
She may be a fairy or airy maid
To earth from the Galaxy borne,
But whether authentic or fabled
The tales of her origin are,
For her name she deserves to be
labelled

An alpha plus star. C. L. G.

"In the Far East, Japan continues to
absorb China chunk by chunk."
Eccelesiastical Paper.
Surely, if at all, Chink by Chink? "



"No, JOHN, WE'LL TURN BACK HERE. I'M NOT COMING ANOTHER INCH."

One Reader's Report.

[AMONG the other peculiar activities of my friend Elkin Doggerel the poet, who is still away, was—I have just discovered—that of publisher's reader. The job does not appear to have lasted long; but he submitted a report on at least one novel, because I have found a copy of the report stuffed in a hole beside his fireplace. I never hope to see a reader's report that would make a better hole-stopper, and probably the publishers never hope they will too. Anyway, here it is.]

This novel, *Nervous People Catered For*, by Anon, seems to be all about the proprietor of a swimming-bath, or if it isn't all about one, I never read any book that was more nearly all about one. I read a book once about one of those fellows they call life-savers—a chap by the name of Clump, or Glump, who used to go to work puffing and blowing like a steam-roller, but he was mostly in the sea. The man in this book is never in the sea. I get the impression that the sea would dismay him, as the heavens did PASCAL, "the infinite silence of these vast spaces," and so on, you know. This man, apparently, likes to stick to a small circumscribed expanse of water with *quant. suff.* of chlorine in it and the flags of all the nations strung from a pole on the top of the peanut-kiosk. You can't deny too that a swimming-bath is far more convenient to pull people out of, if you feel that way. As in the old story of the man who asked a yokel the way to somewhere: "If I wanted to go there," the yokel said after thought, "I wouldn't start from

here." Well, if I were going to pull anyone out of the sea I'd start from an entirely different set of premises and make sure that he fell into a swimming-bath instead. The man who has learnt to live controls his life, not *vice versa*.

This man's first name is given as Colin, which I can't say I consider a suitable name for a swimming-bath proprietor. Undoubtedly there are suitable names for everyone, and parents often inadvertently provide them, but sometimes the intention, good or bad, comes unstuck. *Tristram Shandy's* father wanted to call him Trismegistus; possibly this man's father had a stab at Columbus or something, or even Cortez, and was attacked by a swallow in the middle. (I speak not ornithologically but tonsillarically.) Cortez would have been a particularly good choice, I think, for a man who spends most of the day having people swim into his ken and out. However, the name we have to stand for is Colin—unless you think it worth while asking the author to dig up another.

The whole book is one of those I've-been-here-man-and-boy affairs, and this fellow Colin is shown cherishing his swimming-bath for years and years, thinking up improvements for it and pulling people out of it until what I suppose you might call the big scene near the end, when he lets all the water out and defends it against a siege. I take this to be a good and quite unusual notion. After all, it can't be very often that a man is beleaguered in his own swimming-bath, or anyone else's either, in spite of the fact that (as our friend Anon points out) a swimming-bath with all the water let out, squared by rows of concrete huts, is one of our nearest approaches in the twentieth century to a

medieval fortified castle. What I mean is, look at it the other way round. Why should anyone want to besiege a swimming-bath? It's not one of the great natural instincts, or even the answer to a perpetually recurrent demand, like the manufacture of cotton-wool snow. No; just the result of peculiar circumstances or of a moment's madness (a circumstance no less peculiar than most). Oh, certainly an original scene.

Less original is the general theme of the book, the old youth-and-age stuff. Colin has an enterprising son who keeps suggesting revolutionary changes of policy, such as the insertion in the bath of bits of synthetic seaweed and small rubber clockwork fish. He refuses to consider these innovations, and the son taunts him with being behind the times. There are ominous rumblings here of an impending sequel to the book in which this son's son will want to introduce small rubber *electric* fish against his father's wishes; and then possibly another sequel in which the generations are estranged over the question of small rubber *radio-controlled* fish; but if the thought of a swimming-bath *saga* doesn't give you pause, okay. It would give me pause if I were a publisher, which just shows how fortunate it is that I'm not, because a publisher seems to be a man who is never given pause at all.

I don't say this book is worth publishing, but it's at least as good as that pretentious stack of maudlin anecdotes you brought out the other day under the title of —.* Judiciously advertised it might have a certain sale—or

* With the utmost regret I delete this name.—R. M.

borrow—among the less enlightened swimming-bath lovers. Some telling phrase, such as "A powerful swimming-bath novel," or "A disturbingly real contribution to the swimming-bath problem," or even "An exquisite and tenderly pellucid vignette of swimming-bath life" would attract some readers; and "How a swimming-bath proprietor fought and won, is the theme of this rattling yarn," or "H₂O! The symbol burned itself into his brain!" would attract others. The book itself would scare them all away again, but you can't have everything in this life. On the whole I advise you to send the manuscript back. If the author says he doesn't believe anyone's read it, tell him to look at the beer-stains and think again.

[*Literary Executor's Note.*—I sympathise with the publisher in this instance, who evidently had to choose between publishing the novel and taking my friend's advice. For all I know, the book may have come out, but I don't remember it. If you remember it I sympathise with you too.]

R. M.

Little Ned.

FATHER came on little Ned
Smoking in the potting-shed.
As he put away the cane
He said, "I warn you once again:
Leave my cigarettes alone.
Next time take Ma's or buy your own."



"I'M AFRAID THAT THE OLD MAN HAS BECOME A CHANGED PERSON SINCE HE WENT TO SEE 'MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY'."

At the Play.

"THREE MEN ON A HORSE"
(WYNDHAM'S).

To book-making circles it has long been a source of comfort that those endowed with the gift of second sight should show a strange incapacity, or it may be an even stranger unwillingness, to foretell which horse on a given day will run faster than its fellows. Friends and relations of crystal-gazers may resent this defect in the art of prophecy, but if it were ever overcome racing would end abruptly.

The case of *Erwin Trowbridge* was, therefore, of the greatest interest. A mild little man, unable to distinguish one end of a horse from the other, he was in the habit of playing a private game with himself each evening as he sped home in the bus from New York to his suburb. He would read through the list of horses running the next day, throw himself into an unobtrusive trance and leave the rest to the helpful rhythm of the bus. Before he alighted a queer filter would come into action in his head and leave him next afternoon's winners sitting high and dry. And these were really winners; they never failed to romp home, to *Erwin's* amazement and delight, for it pleased his simple mind to see the score of imaginary dollars, which he kept at the end of his notebook, daily mounting up.

No bushel could long conceal a light of such dazzling possibilities. The discovery of his notebook by his wife, and the fanning of her suspicions by her mercenary brother, led *Erwin* to unwonted rebellion, and he shortly found himself, not in his office at the Greeting-Card Corporation (he was a poet), but getting rapidly drunk in a bar frequented by gentlemen of the Turf. His secret was soon out; and long before he was sober he had been adopted as Advisor-in-Chief by three tough and unsuccessful punters.

Out of his adventures in this position Mr. JOHN CECIL HOLM and Mr. GEORGE ABBOTT have fashioned one of the most amusing farcical comedies to which London has been treated for a long time, one which will be fully intelligible

to the most unquene audience and extract hearty laughter, I could almost guarantee, even from the Elders of the Anti-Gambling League.

The main delight is the character of *Erwin*—pronounced "Oywin"—him-

up the bundles of Mother's-greeting verses demanded by his employers; and the wads of notes which represented his ten-per-cent. commission on the winnings of his punter-friends seemed hopelessly unreal to his artless soul

beside the solid fifty dollars which he earned weekly as a poet. It was a sublime sight to see these undoubtedly hard guys treating his idlest word with reverence lest it contained a hint of a winner, and having even to stand for actual flights into verse for fear of throwing his other precious powers out of gear. Full advantage of this excellent situation is taken by the authors, who introduce sufficient complications to hold our interest while we laugh. The pace of the First Act was so hot that it was not surprising when Act Two slowed up noticeably; but the piece regained its speed, and the Third Act was won at a gallop.

Mr. BRENT'S performance was a gem of a depth and polish rarely found in this kind of setting. As the three men-on-a-horse Mr. BERNARD NEDELL, Mr. DAVID BURNS and Mr. EDMOND RYAN were each in a different way arresting examples of what man's best friend can do to man; as the ex-Follies lady who played mascot to them Miss CLAIRE CARLETON gave a fine exhibition of ingenuous gold-digging; and as *Erwin's* silly little wife Miss TUCKER MCGUIRE added generously to our entertainment. The rest of the cast all played up well, and under Mr. ALEX YOKEL's direction the timing of the whole piece was exact.

My only disappointment lay in the glossary of racing terms at the end of the programme. I had hoped to add both to my slender knowledge of the American tongue and to my still slimmer knowledge of the Turf; but I learned nothing of the first and, as for the second, had already a rough notion that a "win" is when a horse comes in first and is not disqualified. Surely the Turf on the other side of the Atlantic has something richer than this to offer us seekers after etymological truth? ERIC.



"MOTHERS' DAY" AMONGST THE HORSES.

Frankie	MR. DAVID BURNS.
Patsy	MR. BERNARD NEDELL.
Erwin Trowbridge	MR. ROMNEY BRENT.
Charlie	MR. EDMOND RYAN.

self, made infinitely appealing and pathetic by Mr. ROMNEY BRENT. All *Erwin* wanted was peace in which to think



A DRAG ON THE POET.

Frankie	MR. DAVID BURNS.
Erwin Trowbridge	MR. ROMNEY BRENT.
Audrey Trowbridge	MISS TUCKER MCGUIRE.

"CATILINE" (ROYALTY).

The name of STEIN BUGGE has been a memorable one ever since he showed, at the Croydon Repertory Theatre, what skilful production could do with simple settings for plays of heroic action like this *Catiline*, by IBSEN. At the Royalty Theatre London audiences have had a chance to see it, with Mr. DONALD WOLFFIT as *Catiline*. It was written by IBSEN in his earliest phase, and much of it is declamatory in the approved Elizabethan manner. In this translation from the Norwegian the lines are constantly too flowing and too versified for the thought they carry. Thus "I sense but vaguely what I fail to grasp," or "A silent scorn is also a revenge," or "An aim in life my soul no longer feels," are absurd enough and put a heavy burden on the actors, who are continually betrayed by the translator into peril of sing-song.

If SHAKESPEARE had written a play called *Catiline* we can be sure CICERO would have figured in the *dramatis personæ*. The play would have been full of history as well as of struggle inside the soul. But IBSEN's *Catiline* is only concerned with *Catiline* at the final crisis of his life. His fellow-conspirators are the most trivial of men who rise from their debauches to set Rome on fire with no plausible prospect of even temporary success. That does not matter to IBSEN, because he is not interested in the politics of the Roman Republic. A futile revolt to him is just as good for his purposes as a dangerous one. What he is looking at is the soul of *Catiline* being fought for by his good angel, *Aurelia*, and his bad angel, *Furia*.

It is, like *Peer Gynt*, a morality play. *Aurelia*, the wife, is not a person so much as the good side of *Catiline* himself—like *Good Deeds* in the *Everyman* morality play or *Solveig* in *Peer Gynt*. As Miss GABRIELLE CASARTELLI acted the part, *Aurelia* was gentle and infinitely patient, and at the end, after being stabbed—rather clumsily off the stage and with a dry dagger—she triumphs without effort by the power of the love for which she stands. Miss CASARTELLI made the most of a part which gave few easy opportunities.

How many actresses, by contrast, would like to act the part of *Furia*, one of the most remarkable parts which can ever come the way of any actress? Miss ELAINE WODSON gave a very fine performance, making us feel the sustained hate which lay behind the quiet insistent speech. She conveyed too that here was somebody for whom life was

over—a creature whose body might have been rescued from the tomb but whose soul had finished with the earth from the moment when she found her-



HIS BETTER HALF.

Catiline. . . Mr. DONALD WOLFFIT.
Aurelia. . . Miss GABRIELLE CASARTELLI.

self falling in love with the betrayer of her sister. Moving calmly in her black, and never swerving from the pursuit of



HIS WORSE PART.

(How happy I CAN'T BE WITH EITHER!)

Furia Miss ELAINE WODSON.
Catiline Mr. DONALD WOLFFIT.

her revenge, she held the stage whenever she appeared on it. She made an excellent contrast to the stormy *Catiline*, whose vehement indecision Mr. WOLFFIT developed to the full.

The play, from its absorption in the fate of *Catiline* himself, is not generous in its opportunities to those entrusted with the smaller parts. It is rather the sort of play an actor-manager and his actress wife might choose for themselves. The friends of *Catiline* are meant to be rather uninteresting and feeble. As young *Curius* Mr. PATRICK BOXILL gave a good picture of a young man shaken by troubles that are too much for him; and Mr. MARK DIGNAM played the warrior who has seen many fields with a convincing gravity.

The Ambassadors of the Allobroges arouse expectations which are never fulfilled, and are in a sense symbolical of IBSEN's failure to set *Catiline* in a sufficiently convincing setting of intrigue and desperate conspiracy. He isolates his hero too much, and the dramatic intensity of the spiritual conflict suffers from the casual and faint way in which the background is put in. D. W.

We regret that in our notice of the *Elijah*, at the Albert Hall, in the issue of February 19th, it was erroneously stated that the title rôle was taken by Mr. HENRY GILL, who, in fact, was absent through indisposition.

To Peggy,

Aged five, on her beginning lessons with her mother.

To-day you set unwary feet
On learning's dusty track,
Ordned for some a one-way street,
For some a *cul-de-sac*.

And whether smooth or rough your way,
Your pace a plod or sprint,
You shall acknowledge from to-day
The tyranny of print.

Perchance 'twill lead to giddy heights
Where lesser spirits faint
And scholarship's austere delights—
Perhaps, again, it mayn't.

More sapient pedagogues you'll meet,
No doubt, in your career,
But no preceptress half so sweet
Or such a perfect dear.

And gladly would I cast aside
My erudition's load
And with so capital a guide
Tread once again that road.

A dunce's cap I'd gladly wear
And own myself a fool
If so I might your lessons share
And learn in such a school.

More Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club.

*From Admiral Sneyring-Stymie, C.B.,
The Bents, Roughover.*

22/1/36.

SIR,—In case you have never taken the trouble to read through the Club Rules, etc., I am bringing to your attention By-law No. 9, which states that: "No Dog shall be allowed in the Club House or on the Course."

In view of this rule I have no option but to report General Sir Armstrong Forcursue for allowing his dog (Vulcan) to roam about the 15th, 16th and 17th fairways yesterday A.M.; and further, I wish to bring to your notice the fact that the brute actually had the audacity to sniff at my right leg while I was putting on the 16th green.

Unless you take immediate action there will be trouble.

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES SNEYRING-STYMIE.

P.S.—The animal also sniffed at several of the tee-boxes—a habit he probably gets from his master.

*From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue,
K.B.E., C.S.I., The Cedars, Roughover.*

25th Jan., 1936.

SIR,—Yours to hand; but how the devil, Sir, do you expect me to keep my dog at home when you allow the rabbits to breed in the way you do? It would be as difficult to keep Vulcan from having a good snuff round after a bit of sport on the links as it would be to keep you from having a good snuff round after a free drink in the Club Bar. If you fully appreciate this latter remark you will see I can do nothing.

Granted the rule says what it does, but you should take matters like this with a pinch of salt. Surely you realise by now that Roughover is not quite like any other golf club.

Yours faithfully,

ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

*From Admiral Sneyring-Stymie, C.B.,
The Bents, Roughover.*

27/1/36.

SIR,—Again I have to complain about dogs on the course. Mrs. Truelove was exercising her Pekinese on the 7th fairway at 9.46–10.01 A.M. to-day. Naturally you would know nothing about this, as you were, I suppose, still hogging it in bed; but even if you had, you would, I feel certain, have connived at her action owing to the fact that she is the donor of the Ladies' Autumn Vase.

Surely you have sufficient intelligence

left to see that the women in the Club are getting more out of hand as each week goes by, and that a time will come when they will demand the right to vote at the Annual General Meeting. It is up to you to keep the women in their proper place. Kindly, therefore, report Mrs. Truelove to the Committee and have her instructed not to take her dog on the course in future.

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES SNEYRING-STYMIE.

From Mrs. Truelove, Château Ichneumon, Roughover.

Wed. 29th, Jan., 1936.

DEAR MR. WHEELK,—I am so sorry you have had to write to me about Peking Wu having a little scamper on the links in the mornings, but I really cannot see what harm the poor little fellow does, for I never take him unleashed near any of the greens or bunkers, and as soon as a golfer comes near us I walk him down to the seashore.

As I only use my membership for Peking Wu's sake I shall be forced to resign if you insist on keeping us off the course.

Yours sincerely,

M. TRUELOVE.

*From Admiral Sneyring-Stymie, C.B.,
The Bents, Roughover.*

30/1/36.

SIR,—Things are going from bad to worse. While going out to play a round with Tom Bunkerly, M.P., this afternoon, I foolishly agreed to allow his wife to accompany us (as a spectator); and, believe it or not, when I was in the middle of my swing on the second tee I heard the yapping of a dog within a few yards of me.

You can imagine my feelings, Sir, when I traced the noise to Mrs. B.'s muff, in which she was carrying one of those — miniature something-or-others.

Naturally I spoke very strongly to Mrs. B., at which both she and her husband, without even answering me back, walked straight off to the Club House.

Unless you can do something regarding By-law No. 9, I shall take matters into my own hands.

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES SNEYRING-STYMIE.

P.S.—What about Forcursue and Mrs. Truelove?

*From Admiral Sneyring-Stymie, C.B.,
The Bents, Roughover.*

31/1/36.

SIR,—This morning I lost my ball at the blind 12th, and I am quite convinced that it was stolen by a dog belonging to one of the roughs in the town; for I hear on the best authority

that this man has trained his pet to run out on to the fairways and bring players' balls to him at the "Bunker Arms."

As you seem powerless to cope with dogs on the course I am now going to deal with the matter myself.

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES SNEYRING-STYMIE.

From Julian Square, Roughover.

Wed., 5th February, 1936.

DEAR PAT,—I think it only fair to warn you that the Admiral has recently bought up a lot of savage-looking dogs, which include three mongrels (Alsation-collies), two bloodhounds and the bull-terrier that killed the butcher's dog in the High Street last June.

As you know, his house is next to mine, and I have seen him for the last three mornings putting the pack through a very intensive training on his tennis-court—rather on military lines, advancing by rushes, etc.

According to our parlourmaid, who has the news from Stymie's cook, it's because of his having some grudge or other against the Club.

Perhaps the information may be useful.

Yours ever,

JULIAN.

P.S.—The pack is being fed on next to nothing.

*From Frank Plantain, Greenkeeper,
Roughover.*

Saturday.

MR. WHEELK, DEAR SIR,—This is to tell you Sir, that there was terrible goings-on on the course this A.M., the first I seen of it being that there admiral Stymie riding a bicycle up the 2nd fairway with a pack of dogs all tugging and baying, and him with them all leashed to his handle-bars and carrying a hunting crop between his teeth.

Well Sir, as soon as he seen General Forcursue's dog on the links he got off and undid his ones and away they went. And Sir with good success, for Vulcan near come to grief afore he reached home, and immediately after they run against Mr. Nutmeg's dachshund so as it had to go to ground in a culvert.

But Sir after a time trouble came on the Admiral and with them all leashed again he lost control of his pedals going down the hill at the 6th, and his brakes seemingly not acting, he over ran himself and landed in the middle of the pack. And what a turn up—the Admiral falling off head over heels and the dogs all leaping on him and him letting out with his whip and everything nothing but barks and bites and swear words—and, as I found out later even



"CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE THE DEAN HANGS OUT?"
"THE DEAN DOESN'T 'ANG OUT, SIR; HE RESIDES."

the bicycle tyres bitten here and there. But to cap all Sir, didn't General Forcursue come along at that very moment and rescue him, and Sir there was terrible words between them both, some of which I never heard of, and by your leave Sir, no place for me, so I went back to my weeding on the 4th tee.
Your obedient servt.,

F. PLANTAIN.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue,
K.B.E., C.S.I., The Cedars, Roughover.

8th February, 1936.

SIR,—Kindly note that Admiral

Charles Sneyring-Stymie will come before the next Committee Meeting in person for deliberately taking several dogs on the links contrary to By-law No. 9.

Please see that he is instructed to be present.

Yours faithfully,

ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

P.S.—I ought perhaps to add that Sneyring-Stymie is now in the Cottage Hospital under observation for hydrophobia. If he contracts it I may not insist on his being brought before the Meeting.
G. C. N.

Our Pleasure-Loving Cricketers.

"Barber, of Yorkshire, visited relatives at Tarranga. A. D. Baxter went to see a dentist at Auckland. Other relaxations of the team were swimming and golfing."

Report of M.C.C. Tour.

"Once inside the docks, his ship tied up at an inaccessible berth."—Daily Paper.

You can't beat a sailor, can you?

"Directions how to use this bottle: When the baby is done drinking it should be unscrewed and laid in a cool place under a tap. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk it should be boiled."—Extract from Leaflet.

And serve it right.



"THIS DAMP WEATHER BRINGS OUT YOUR RHEUMATISM, EH?"
 "WHO'S GOT RHEUMATISM? DAMME, THIS IS MY FOOTBALL-KNEE!"

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Crabbed Age and Youth.

MR. MARTIN ARMSTRONG is perhaps a little inclined to crowd his canvas. But he has thoughtfully provided, on the page following the title, a list of the *dramatis personæ*, so that the careful reader who does not happen to miss this aid to memory should not be too much confused by the numerous couples introduced to his notice in the opening chapter of *Venus over Lannery* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6). Lannery, it may be premised, is the name of Mrs. Dryden's country house, where some dozen guests, old and young, are gathered together, and to which they return at intervals whenever they find that their love-affairs are beginning to get out of hand. The scene opens with the four elders indulging in reminiscence and a spice of criticism. These young people, thinks George Elsdon (over sixty and happily separated from his wife), are tiring; if not actually hostile, they are at any rate on the defensive. His friend, the Colonel, backs him up. It's no good pretending to be their contemporaries; they are a different race, speaking a different language. But Mr. ARMSTRONG shows that the two may in time come together after all. He has made a very competent novel spring from this opening chapter, though one might be inclined to think at first that the start was a trifle slow. He works almost entirely in dialogue, and very good dialogue but rather diffuse—one begins to wonder if anything is ever going to happen. Plenty does

happen in the end. There is even a murder—very unlike the ordinary novelist's murder. It comes unexpectedly, out of the blue and, to tell the truth, strikes one as rather a blot on the quiet landscape of Lannery. But it has the merit of removing the two least pleasant characters in the book.

A Great South African.

No man to-day stands higher in the esteem of men of goodwill than *General Smuts* (FABER AND FABER, 18/-), and none has been more violently nor for more various reasons execrated. And that dual fate would seem, on a superficial view, to be matched by a duality of character. For this great worker in the cause of peace, who looks back on days of desperate fighting as the happiest in his life, can be both tender and ruthless, conciliatory and arbitrary—not only by turns but simultaneously. With the tastes of a dreamer and a solitary, he must always be in the thick of affairs. An idealist, he plants his feet firmly on reality. Yet though these antagonisms (self-admitted) are difficult to reconcile, they are not fundamental. The student who wrote a treatise which anticipated not only his own "holism" but the psycho-analysis of Vienna, the young admirer of RHODES who changed his nationality in disgust at the fruits of RHODES's policy, was the true father of the man we know. It is a fine tribute both to the skill and to the judgment of MRS. SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN (who knows her hero and has had the free run of his papers) that, while she sets down the facts dispassionately and even stresses those apparent anomalies, a coherent personality emerges from her vivid pages. This first volume of her absorbing

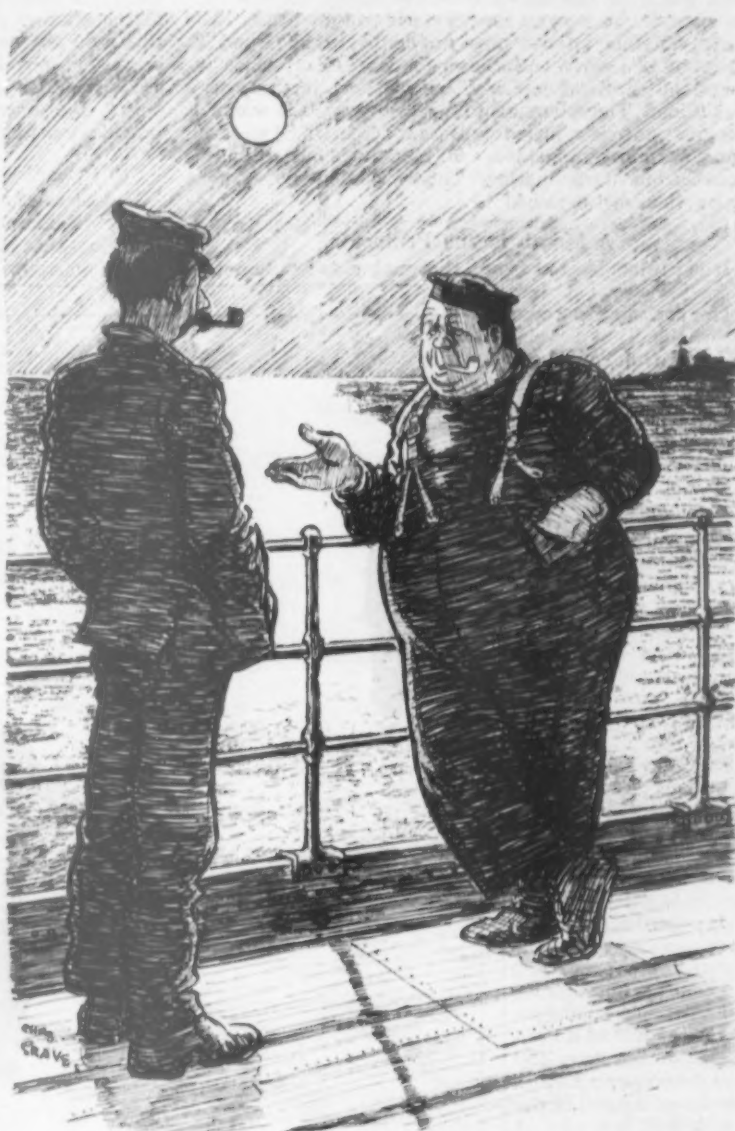
story—the story not only of a great man but of a great country—ends with the conquest of German Africa: to read it is to be impatient for the sequel.

A Tragic Empress.

A talented, kind and beautiful lady, wholly at her ease on a horse or in a library, and gallant enough to face a cholera-ward unattended, *Elizabeth, Empress of Austria* (BUTTERWORTH, 18/-), owed the tragedy of her life to the clash of temperament and circumstances. A charming child of the brilliant Bavarian house that gave WAGNER his mad patron, she was chosen at seventeen, over the head of a more suitable sister, to be the bride of the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH. Mistrusted by a virtuous but overbearing mother-in-law, who took over the rearing of her grandchildren, ELIZABETH was left without any scope for her energies; and, naturally *menschen-scheu*, she withdrew into solitude or foreign travel, her only political success (which arose from her "liberal" sympathies with Hungary) still further alienating her from Vienna. Finally, she died at Geneva under the knife of an anarchist who knew nothing about her—the sole fact of Count CORRI's full and fascinating biography that most of us will remember. The rest, however, is well worth reviving for its insight into the shadowed side of a benevolent autocracy and its discerning portrait of a lovable but "difficult" princess. The translation is pleasantly readable.

The Prophet of the Subconscious.

Mr. HERBERT READ "is inclined to base his whole philosophy of life on æsthetic values," a foundation which, when piled high with psychologic analysis of the most topsy-turvy order, supports an edifice in which some of us, puritanically accustomed to confuse art with beauty and truth with morality, must find something of nightmare. One may have no great quarrel with his contention that a certain degree of obscurity is a necessary element in poetry, but he carries his enthusiasm for the subconscious so far that he believes himself to admire paintings, produced by an artist in a condition of self-hypnosis, where appear "heads, incomprehensibly dislocated, in which one can still distinguish a stretched mouth or an occluded eye." His latest volume, *In Defence of Shelley* (HEINEMANN, 10/6), is an attempt to reinstate the poet in a new and nobler scale of values by regularising and interpreting his neuroses; and in a series of shorter essays—on COVENTRY PATMORE, DIDEROT, PICASSO and others—he offers something like a reasoned defence of the craze for monstrosity, but counters it by a fine appreciation of the exquisite and sensitive, both in literature and in plastic art. Much of this is stimulating and suggestive, the frequent extravagance being more readily forgiven than the occasional sneer.



"I BIN THINKIN' THAT IF THERE WAS NIGHTINGALES AT SEA AN' WE 'AD MORE GRUB, THIS LIFE 'D BE PERFECT."

M. Herriot on Beethoven.

A pianist, in the person of M. PADEREWSKI, has held the premiership of Poland, but M. HERRIOT is the first politician of the highest rank who has challenged attention as a serious musical critic. In this country the nearest approach to this dual function was to be found in Lord BALFOUR, but his only contribution in print was a study of HANDEL, chiefly interesting for his ingenious defence of that great composer's borrowings from his predecessors. M. HERRIOT's *The Life and Times of Beethoven* (MACMILLAN, 18/-), originally published in 1932, is a full-length portrait showing an intimate knowledge of all BEETHOVEN's compositions, familiarity with the chief biographies and studies of his methods, but specially valuable for the thoroughness

with which he has traced from the outset the influence exercised by his hero on French music and literature. The source of this interest was no doubt to be found in BEETHOVEN's early enthusiasm for NAPOLEON, which inspired the "Eroica Symphony" but survived the composer's disillusion. The references to BEETHOVEN in the works of the great novelists, including BALZAC, GEORGE SAND, even ZOLA, are most impressive. M. HERRIOT's own tribute is eloquent but discriminating. The translation is competent rather than distinguished.

A Month in the Peninsula.

It is pardonable to suspect that motorists would not be what they are if it were not for perambulators and bathchairs. That pleasure in being trundled about while you exercise your faculty for casual comment on your surroundings strikes me as proper to infancy or extreme old age; yet it is undoubtedly at the back of most motor-travel books, of which *Trip-Tyque* (NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 10/6) is not much better, or much worse, than others of its kind. With a platinum-blond car and a competent chauffeur Mr. CHARLES GRAVES is transported from Calais to Toledo and back by two substantially different routes. His interest in hotels, night-clubs and golf is not allowed to blind him to normal native life; and he is a breezy if entirely superficial commentator on manners and morals. Three nauseating chapters on bull-fighting and a detailed inquisition on the conduct of a Paris brothel do not deter him from dropping an English tear on an injured terrier or a skylark in a *pâté*. A pleasant little appendix on Marjorca—its gardens, beasts, and colony of four thousand compatriots—discovers him at his best.

Family Party.

I enjoyed *Secret Marriage* (MURRAY, 7/6), by Mrs. KATHLEEN NORRIS, all the more because its account of the ups and downs in the lives of a family of young Californians rather reminded me of *Little Women*. There was the comfortable and secure feeling that things must come right in the end for the five orphaned *Burleighs*, even though bonds were stolen and though the nineteen-year-old *Mary* made an unfortunate and secret marriage. The plot is very formal and rather machine-made: the right people fall ill at the wrong moment; but to compensate for this the wrong people die just at the right time, virtue triumphs, wealth succeeds poverty and doubtful characters "make

good." I cannot imagine a better "book" for a family film or a better present for a girl who is growing up. By this I do not mean that Mrs. NORRIS is not a serious and competent novelist, but in these times of uncomfortable reading she should certainly not be labelled "For adults only." She writes pleasantly about pleasant people, and provides most excellent light and serious entertainment.

Love and Loot.

Having considerable experience of the works and methods of Mr. VALENTINE WILLIAMS, I was not beguiled into believing that an evil-looking man who appears in the second chapter of *Dead Man Manor* (HODDER AND

STOUGHTON, 7/6) was set for the part of criminal-in-chief. It was, however, far easier to wipe out this poor creature than to discover who was committing the crimes that upset the routine of a Canadian fishing camp. Never, to my mind, has Mr. WILLIAMS given his followers a prettier hunt, and it is almost restful to watch his investigator, Mr. Treadgold, as with the minimum of fuss he arrives at a maximum of results. The day of the flamboyant deducer would seem to be passing: Mr. Treadgold neither blows his own trumpet nor wants anyone to blow it for him. An exciting story, which I was strongly tempted to spoil by a premature glance at the concluding pages.

Episodes at Sea.

For three excellent reasons *All Clear Aft* (CASSELL, 3/6) deserves the assistance that a wide demand will give it. In the first place its letterpress, which has been supplied by a well-chosen crew of distinguished writers, is, in its varied character, thoroughly apposite and sound. Secondly,

those who purchase it will not only entertain themselves but also benefit the funds of the Seamen's Hospital Society. Thirdly, Mr. CHARLES GRAVE contributes several delightful illustrations to a book that is, in every particular, worthy of a splendid cause.

Mr. Punch on Tour.

THE Exhibition of Prints depicting humorous situations between Doctor and Patient will be on view at the Usher Art Gallery, Lincoln, from March 14th till April 25th.

Invitations to visit this Exhibition will be gladly sent to readers if they apply to the Secretary, *Punch* Office, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

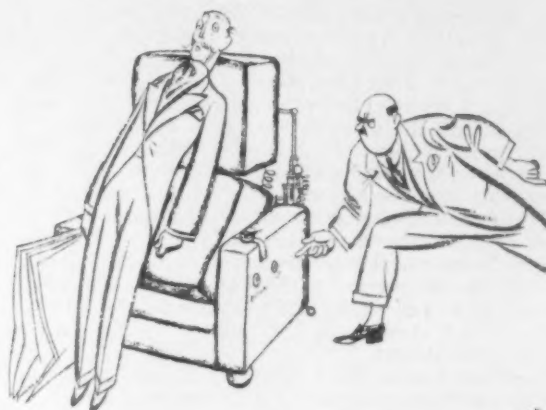


"NOT UNTIL YOU'VE APOLOGISED FOR CALLING ME 'LAZY-BONES.'"

NOT NOTICED AT THE BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR



The SALUTO Hat Remover
Brings Old World Courtesy within the reach of all.



The EJECTO Easy Chair
for Club Monopolists

Charivaria.

COMPLAINT is made that not one person in a thousand knows the meaning of the Latin words on our coins. Still, this gives classical scholars no real advantage in money matters.

★ ★ ★

An Essex motorist who ran into a lamp-post was charged the other day with being drunk and incapable. When arrested he declared that the lamp-post was on its wrong side.

★ ★ ★

A colt engaged in this year's classic races is described as having a nice hind-leg. Two would be better.

★ ★ ★

In Berlin restaurants lessons are being given in the English names of dishes for use on bills-of-fare. A suggestion is that this idea might be adopted in London restaurants.

★ ★ ★

Scientists say that in a hundred years there will be nothing in the world to laugh at. Won't there be any scientists?

★ ★ ★

An American lady is petitioning for a divorce because, she says, she has to sit up till the early hours of the morning mending her husband's clothes. She ought to remember that it is never too late to mend.

★ ★ ★

Among those to whom a prolonged stoppage of racing means serious financial loss we noted no mention of backers.

★ ★ ★

Hopes are entertained that the inventor of a musical pick-axe, who has given demonstrations of it, will not rest until he has perfected a melodious road-drill.

★ ★ ★

"Training for a race is an exciting experience," states an athlete. So is racing for a train.

In the past few years a golf course has been opened at Interlaken. Many of the local players are stated to be using the Interlaken grip.

★ ★ ★

Mrs. HELEN WILLS-MOODY is reported to have taken up oil-painting, and already her brushwork is said to show a command of both fore-hand and back-hand strokes.

★ ★ ★

The chaperon is returning. You have been warned.

★ ★ ★

"What is the youth of the nation looking forward to?" asks a politician. Would it be the Easter holidays?

★ ★ ★

There are still a few people who give up reading novels during Lent, it seems. Are there any who give up writing them?

★ ★ ★

Mr. C. E. LEWIS of Sydney has invented a patent bag which screams when snatched or gripped by a stranger. In Scotland these are called bagpipes.

★ ★ ★

An artist who advertised a fortnight ago for a model with a *retroussé* nose says that so far he hasn't had a single reply. He's still waiting for something to turn up.

The Arthur Watts Memorial Exhibition.

A MEMORIAL Exhibition of the work of the late Mr. ARTHUR WATTS is being held at the Fine Art Society, Ltd., 148, New Bond Street, and includes Original Drawings for *Punch*, *The Radio Times* and various books. The Exhibition was opened on March 4th by Mr. H. G. WELLS and Mr. ERNEST SHEPARD, and will remain open until March 21st. The many admirers of the work of this fine artist will welcome an opportunity of visiting the Exhibition, which is on view each week-day from 10—6, except Saturday (morning only).

Round and Around.

Sensational Inquiry in the House.

SCENES of extraordinary enthusiasm and excitement were witnessed in the House yesterday, when the eagerly-awaited inquiry into the method of music production in this and other countries was opened. Every available seat was occupied and the atmosphere, as the Minister of Music rose to address the assembly, was tense and electric.

"The primary object of this inquiry," said the Minister, "as I need hardly remind the House, is to determine the accuracy or otherwise of a statement which is currently in wide circulation concerning the method of music production in our own and other lands. Let us be quite clear on this point at the outset. It is not the *volume* of production with which we are concerned: it is the *process*. In other words, it is our duty to ascertain, if it be in our power to do so, whether or not music is, in fact, produced in the manner stated in this Report."

The Minister, who held a saxophone in one hand, then proceeded to read the Report:—"I blow through here—"

A Voice. Where?

Minister (pointing). Here.

Voice. Thank you.

Minister (continuing). The music goes round and around—Whoa-ho, ho-ho, ho-ho—and it comes out here—

Another Voice. Where?

Minister. Here.

Voice. With a "hot-cha-cha"?

Minister (hesitantly). I must have notice of that question! (*Cries of "Shame!"*)

Pressed for a reply, the Minister admitted that there was nothing in the Report to suggest that the music came out with a "hot-cha-cha."

A Member. May we take it, then, that the music comes out without a "hot-cha-cha"?

Minister. Yes—I think we may. (*Cheers*).

Continuing, the Minister said that it was impossible to exaggerate the harmful effect of a Report such as that which he had just quoted, should it prove to be untrue. Moreover, it had, as the House was aware, received considerable publicity; and it was of the utmost importance, therefore, that no time should be lost in probing the matter to its core. Steps had already been taken in certain quarters to ensure that expert advice would be available in the course of a day or two. In the meantime the matter was open for discussion.

Mr. Dulcet (the "Crooning Candidate") then spoke. He said that as a Chartered Crooner of some ten years' standing he was perhaps qualified to express an opinion. The statement, in his view, was only partially correct. It was, he thought, true to say that the music went round and around, and also that it came out where indicated by the right honourable Minister. He considered, however, that "Doh-deo, doh-doh, doh-doh," should be substituted in place of "Whoa-ho, ho-ho, ho-ho." It would, he felt, be far nearer the truth. It was sad to think that the thing had been circulated in its present form.

Minister of Music. The honourable Member appears to be considerably affected.

Mr. Dulcet. I feel so blue.

Minister (an Oxonian). Dark blue, we hope? (*Laughter*).

Captain Lipp (Oboe, West Bromwich), who followed, said that it was nothing less than scandalous that countless numbers of men, women and children throughout the land were being led to believe that music went round and around when, in many cases, it did nothing of the kind. The world-to-day was being forcibly fed on half-truths and

mis-statements. As spokesman for the Oboe Party, he could assert without fear of contradiction that, at any rate so far as they were concerned, the music did *not* go round and around. To lead innocent and trusting citizens into the erroneous belief that *all* music went round and around was not only absurd but downright criminal. The sooner the matter was thrashed out the better.

Major Blow (Cornet, Plymouth Central) said that he saw nothing to question in the statement as it stood at present. He could assure the House, from personal experience, that the music *did* go round and around. Suggestions to the contrary were merely childish and were likely to have a highly subversive effect. It would be a bad day for this country when the music *ceased* to go round and around, and he hoped that he would not live to see it. (*Cheers*).

The Minister of Music, in his final speech prior to the adjournment, expressed the view that, although some headway had been made, it was not possible to proceed further in the absence of expert opinion. It was his hope that the inquiry might be resumed at an early date. Meanwhile, however, he had no alternative but to postpone proceedings pending the receipt of detailed reports from Sir HENRY W——D and Sir THOMAS B——CHAM.

A Note "on" Shelley.

[A promissory note of SHELLEY's for £50 is advertised for sale.]

OTHERS, if so inclined, can stick their noses

Into the past and dig, for all I care,

Some veteran from the peace where he reposes,

Mostly to crab the man, which isn't fair;

Trouble of any kind I put aside;

What's more, I disapprove on moral grounds;

But this one truth I disinter with pride:

SHELLEY was once hard up for fifty pounds.

Not for the bare fact. Frankly be it noted,

Mere indigence in bards is nothing new;

But when you learn that in that state he floated

A promissory note, an I.O.U.,

And further found a fellow-man so green

As to disgorge that sum, and, best of all,

Repaid it—if you take me—this, I ween,

Is, as a poet's triumph, pretty tall.

And poets, you that scorn to swallow meekly

The precepts of your rude Victorian sires,

SHELLEY to you is feeble stuff and treacly;

He lacked the modern guts, the newer fires;

You with your genius make a larger bid

To that fit audience who know what's good;

But could you hope to wangle fifty quid,

And, which is more, refund it? You could not.

Let bound *Prometheus* and *Alastor* shrivel

Up, as they should, in their "dark, wintry" bed;

Epipsychidion of course is drivel;

Weep not for *Adonais*; he is dead.

What would it matter if the whole lot went?

Nothing shall dim our SHELLEY's radiant name,

This I.O.U. his lasting monument,

This promissory note his deathless fame.

DUM-DUM.

"Mr. Justice ——— confessed in the Divorce Court yesterday that it was his early ambition to be a 'bus conductor."

"That is the profession," he said, "which is favoured by all the young of the race until they reach 10."—*Daily Paper*.

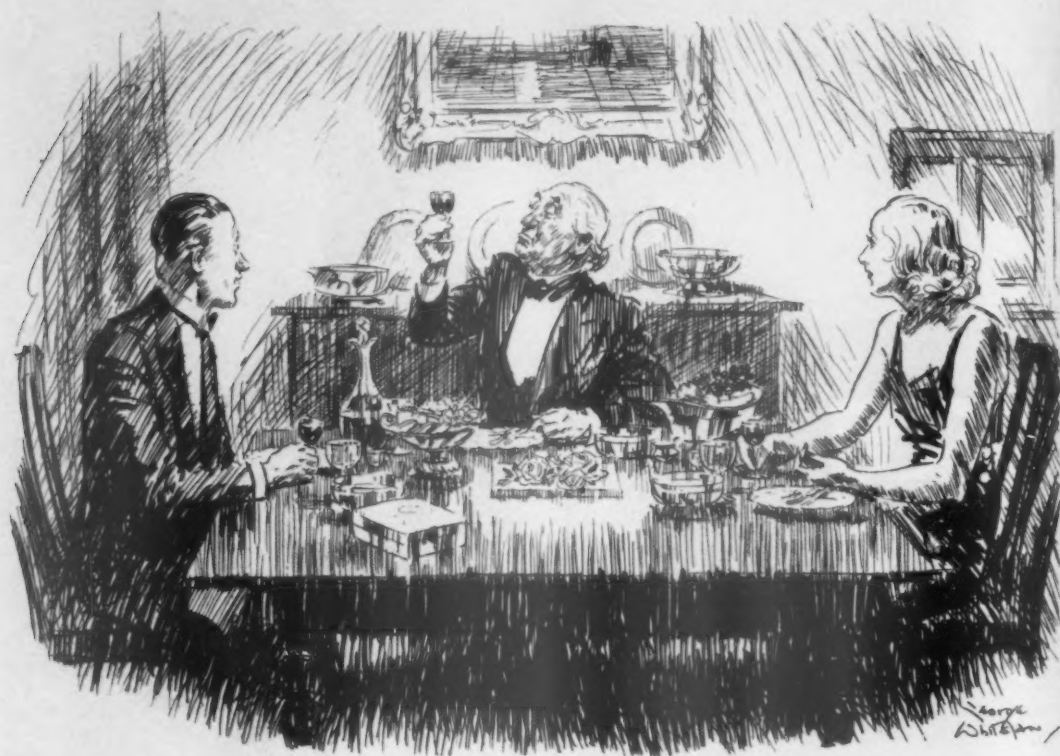
We understand that the Juvenile (Aspirant) Branch of the Engine Drivers' Union are holding an indignation meeting.



THE HIDDEN HAND;
OR, INCOMPLETE TELEVISION.

FRANCE. "I LIKE THE SOUND OF HIS VOICE, BUT I WISH I COULD SEE A BIT MORE OF HIM."

[A Telephone-Television Service has been established in Germany.]



Port Connoisseur. "IT'S CERTAINLY A NICE COLOUR."

The "Queen Mary."

ON entering my study after breakfast I was surprised to find a number of newspapers spread out on the floor and my young friend Podgy McSumph apparently crawling about on the top of them.

"Well, young man," I asked, "what's happening here?"

"I'm learnin' about the *Queen Mary*," said Podgy, gloating over the newspapers, all of which displayed photographs of the great liner taken from various points of view. "That's its bow," went on Podgy, tracing the outline on one of the photographs with his forefinger, "an' it goes up an' up higher than the hooses. An' that's its funnels," sprawling forward on his stomach to reach another sheet, "wi' the smoke comin' poorin' oot them, an' the *Queen Mary* puffin' awa'."

"I don't see any smoke," I said.

"But there will be," sitting up and turning to me a face flushed with excitement. "The funnels 'll be smokin' when the *Queen Mary* goes steamin' doon the Clyde."

"I don't think she'll sail down the

Clyde under her own steam; the tugs will pull her down."

"They will not!" snapped Podgy. "The tugs is to be hangin' on behind to hold it back from goin' too fast. Because the *Queen Mary* 'll be that strong. Mind ye," nodding his head at me slowly and impressively, "the *Queen Mary*'s the biggest boat in the whole world."

"Is she?"

"Ay. An' even if ye had as much money as a hundred pound ye couldn't buy the *Queen Mary*."

"I don't think I should want to buy her."

"Because ye couldn't," said Podgy. He got to his feet suddenly and set off at a gallop round the table, puffing out his cheeks and emitting a hissing sound—his usual method of imitating a steam-engine.

"What's happening now?" I asked.

"Stop her!" cried Podgy. "That was the *Queen Mary*," he panted, "the fastest boat in the whole world, goin' skooshin' through the Atlantic Ocean awa' to America." He dropped to his knees again and cast his eyes over the newspapers. "Oh, it's a rare big boat!" he exclaimed in a rapture of

admiration. "I wish I could be the captain o' the *Queen Mary*."

"I wonder how you could manage that?"

"But I don't ken the road to America," lamented Podgy, "an' I might take the *Queen Mary* past the place."

"It would be pretty awful," I agreed, "if you and the *Queen Mary* were lost in the Atlantic Ocean."

"I'll need to wait till I'm big," decided Podgy. "Where would I be standin' if I was the captain?"

"Up there," pointing to a photograph of the bridge. "You would look pretty small at that height, wouldn't you?"

"So would you," retorted Podgy. "The *Queen Mary*'s the highest boat as weel as the biggest boat in the world," he informed me. "An' d'ye ken the way the *Queen Mary*'s the highest boat?"

"Why?"

"Because it was the Scotch that made it. The Scotch is the best for the big high boats."

"Are they?"

"Ay," said Podgy. "An' it was a gentleman that said the Scotch was to

make the *Queen Mary*, an' his name 's Mr. KIRKWOOD."

"Who told you that?"

"It was auld Davie Stodge. An' auld Davie Stodge said there was bad ones at the Parliament that tried to stop the Scotch makin' the *Queen Mary*. But Mr. KIRKWOOD roared at them an' they was frightened for him. An' that's the way the Scotch got makin' it."

"Well, she's a credit to Scotland anyhow, isn't she, Podgy?"

"Ay," said Podgy, concentrating on a full-page photograph of the stern of the ship. "There's its great big sides, an' its propellers awa' doon below the water, ready to go burlin' round an' round. An' that's its name painted on. Whit does it say?"

"*Queen Mary, Liverpool*," I read.

"Whit's Liverpool for?"

"Well, that will be the *Queen Mary's* address."

"Is it Liverpool the *Queen Mary's* to stay at? Where's Liverpool?"

"It's a large town in England."

Podgy stared in consternation at the photograph. "Ye poor wee *Queen Mary!*" shaking his head in affectionate commiseration over the great vessel. "An' was they goin' to take ye awa' to England? But," reassuringly, "we'll show them." He looked up at me, his face aflame with wrath. "They've no' to get doin' it," he intimated sternly.

Picking up a pen from the table and sitting down beside him, I made some significant motions over the photograph.

Cleverly realising that something drastic and venturesome was being suggested, Podgy glanced fearfully towards the window. "There's nae-body lookin'," he whispered.

Amid tense silence, except for the sound of Podgy breathing heavily, the pen did its brave work.

"Whit does it say noo?" queried Podgy in a hushed expectant voice.

"It says," I whispered in reply, "*Queen Mary, Scotland*."

"That's good," sighed Podgy.

"But we might get into serious trouble over this," I warned him.

"I don't care," declared Podgy stoutly. "Imagine," indignantly—"imagine them tryin' to steal oor *Queen Mary!*" D.

Why?

A WITTY Frenchman, years ago, Published a book designed to show The malice of inanimate things Which lent his Gallic fancy wings; And though—so Providence decreed it— I never had the luck to read it,



THE MAN WHO LIKED "THE RIDE OF THE VALKYRIES" TOO MUCH.

I venture, borrowing his theme,
To amplify the Frenchman's scheme
By adding sundry variations
And topical modern illustrations
Inherent in the tangled plan
Of life lived by the average man.

Why does the hiding demon choose
The articles I daily use,
And show his impish jackdaw spite
By spiriting them out of sight?
Why, when the rain in vicious volleys
Descends, do most expensive brollies
Develop intercostal trouble,
Forcing their owners, at the double,
To strain their hearts as, helter-skelter,
They scurry off in search of shelter?

But cruel tricks are not confined
To demons of malicious mind
Or thievish birds or lifeless things
To which the soul of mischief clings.
In other spheres an endless "Why?"
Demands in vain a fit reply.

Why are so many vegetarians
Found in the ranks of warlike Aryans?
Why do biographers dilate
On the diseases of the great,
From pinnacles dislodging heroes
And in their place exalting Neros?
Why are the young, who *can* be
charming
And all antipathy disarming,
So savagely iconoclastic,
So serious and so agelastic?

If all these questions could be solved
Life would be doubtless less involved
And man delivered from the pain
Of much unprofitable strain;
But if we balance *pro* and *con*
Job's occupation would be gone.
Wherefore, O curious fool, be still;
These "Why's?" can not be answered
till
Man by some magic apparatus
Is raised to full angelic status.

C. L. G.

Himalayan Adventure.

"TALKING of this new assault on Everest," said Charlie ("Matterhorn") Simpson, "reminds me of an adventure of my own on the more westerly and infinitely grander peak of Chandaragara."

"About how high would that be?" I put in.

"Mount Chandaragara ranks, I think I am right in saying, fourteenth in the hierarchy of the Himalayan peaks, being a little lower than Nanga Patanga and some hundred feet higher than the summit of Kimbalapaliri, which in turn but slightly overtops the majestic *massif* of Pandamulanarunga, Maiden of the Snows."

"Thank you," I said.

"Our expedition, apart from some thirty porters, consisted originally of five men—Major Hardy, Stephen Craig, my old friend Tom Blake, Dr. Humboldt and myself; but misfortune quickly thinned our ranks. Major Hardy was knocked down by a bicycle as we were leaving Darjeeling, a most unlucky accident for such a competent mountaineer; Stephen Craig shot himself in the foot while out after duck at the end of the third day's march; and at the tiny frontier village of Polapur Dr. Humboldt unexpectedly announced his conversion to Buddhism and had to be left behind. Altogether it was a chapter of accidents which might have daunted the boldest hearts. But Blake has never known the meaning of the word defeat, and as for me, my heart was set on the achievement of our goal. We decided to push on."

"For some days all went well, and it was not until we were among the very foothills of Chandaragara that fate dealt us her crowning blow. Our thirty porters deserted us!"

"You surprise me," said I.

"The cause of the trouble," explained Simpson, "would have been ludicrous had not the circumstances in which we were placed made it so undeniably tragic. I had just prepared a linseed-poultice to relieve a trifling inflammation of the chest, and this happened to be lying outside my tent to cool off at a moment when Chundra Pal, our experienced and devoted headman, chanced to pass by. The unfortunate man, mistaking the lengthy muslin wrapper for his missing turban, incontinently snatched it up and wound the steaming mass about his head. Next instant he had disappeared with a wild cry in the general direction of Kalunda Lunda. I immediately acquainted Blake with the situation, pointing out that even if Chundra Pal should return his brain would in all probability be irreparably boiled; and he agreed with me that the only thing to do was to summon the porters and appoint a new headman."

"Picking out an intelligent-looking specimen, I explained that our headman had been compelled for urgent personal reasons to leave us, and asked him to take over the position."

"*Karista-palanagra-bundavah*," he replied.

"Neither Blake nor I could speak a word of Hindustani, so I promptly turned to another of the porters."

"Chundra Pal, he go home," I said slowly and distinctly. "You be headman now, yes?"

"*Tambulaganda-gishnubula-bundavah*," was all the wretched fellow would say.

"Can anyone here speak English?" I asked in desperation, and at once a swarthy little Gurkha stepped forward.

"Well?" I asked.

"*Shrinagalista-bolabula-gangri-bundavah*," he said with a low obeisance.

"Oh, *boguljuboff-baboonapooa-bundabundabundavah*!" I shouted in exasperation.

"Immediately, to our surprise and consternation, the whole band of porters gathered up their belongings and departed for home. Not until my return to civilisation

did I learn that my ill-considered utterance meant, in their lingo, 'I have no further need of your services. You are all at liberty to go.' So there we were. Alone—"

"Amid the eternal snows?" I suggested.

"Alone," said Simpson shortly, "amid the barren and rocky fastnesses of the lower Chandaragara system. We were still some thousands of feet below the snow-line. Blake advised the abandonment of our attempt, but I, knowing that he was thinking only of my safety, refused to hear of it. 'We must push on,' I said."

"A day or two later I was standing at the top of a particularly difficult and dangerous rock-face admiring the speed and sureness of Blake's ascent, when I suddenly became aware of a party of three mountaineers calmly eating their supper a few paces away. Clearly it was to be a race for the honour of planting the British flag on the summit of the fourteenth highest peak in the Himalayas!"

"Gut evening!" said one of the three, and at once I realised that the race was to be a grimmer one than I had imagined. The man was a foreigner!

"Good evening!" I returned pleasantly. "We did not see you coming up."

"*Nein*. It is not going up, but coming down we are. We could no higher get."

"Really?" I asked, striving to hide my satisfaction. "How was that?"

"We had der summit reached."

"I refuse to believe it," I cried angrily.

"You will der German flag up there find."

"I was dumbfounded by the fellow's insolence."

"May I ask," I said coldly, "by what right you have planted the German flag on this mountain? Surely you are aware that this is Tibetan territory?"

"I turned my back on the impossible creature and rapidly explained the situation to Blake. Still solicitous for my welfare, he urged that there was now no possible object in our proceeding further, but to this I could not agree. 'I will not rest,' I declared, 'until I have removed this foreign emblem in the name of the Tibetan Government.'"

"And did you succeed?" I asked breathlessly.

"I have no doubt I should have done so but for the culminating disaster when I lost my climbing-boots."

"Lost your boots?"

"We pitched Camp No. 27," said Simpson quietly, "at the very edge of the snow-line. On retiring to rest I automatically placed my boots outside the door of our tent, though naturally there was little hope of getting them cleaned in those desolate wastes of rock and snow. I woke early and, stealing from the tent to watch the splendours of a Himalayan dawn, was horrified to find that my boots were gone—only the nails remaining as witness to their fate. Close by were the unmistakable footprints of a giant *barunga*, the dreaded Himalayan Snow-Rat!"

"I need not tell you of the shock of that discovery. To a climber, especially in ice and snow, his boots are indispensable. I realised that without my boots I should be a hindrance rather than a help to my companion, and I resolved that, cost what it might, I would not be a handicap to him in his gallant assault on the final fifteen thousand feet. With infinite care to avoid waking him, I crept back into the tent, scribbled a hasty note wishing him luck and, snatching up a pair of boots which I found lying unwanted by his bedside, stole silently away down the mountain-side. So ended, in bitter disappointment, my long-cherished dreams of the conquest of Chandaragara."

"But what happened," I asked, "to Blake?"

"I like to think," said Simpson gravely, "that he reached the summit and carried out the mission which Fate did not grant me to perform."

H. F. E.

"Reilly—Robins!"

ALTHOUGH there are the stock expletives which not only are uttered by the angry but now find their way into all the stronger novels, most of us add private oaths personal to ourselves. Just as *Captain Hook* swore by carbonate of soda, and in moments of stress a famous Professor of Literature used to exclaim, "Devil, devil, damn, damn!" so have others adopted or invented forms of words calculated to let off steam. Even I.

In my own need I turned to the sixty-three volumes of the *Dictionary of National Biography* which I then used continually in my work and which were ranged along conspicuous and handy shelves. But it was not the contents of these weighty tomes that was of service in these emotional emergencies, but the titles, which began with Abbadie-Anne and went on to Wordsworth-Zuleystein: sixty-three combinations in all.

I remember that I started with "Reilly-Robins!" which was of course merely an expression of surprise, and then gradually, as requirements multiplied and became more intense, I looked to the other titles for relief. Not all, for some did not lend themselves to the moods of surprise, rage, exasperation or contempt in which we employ the natural oath; but to those which turned out to serve admirably as a safety-valve.

"Reilly-Robins!" was for the mildest expostulation; but for others, nicely graduated, there was a choice of the wholerun. Abbadie-Anne! Bottomley-Browell! Damon-D'Eyncourt! Diamond-Drake! Finch-Forman! Hailes-Harriott! Inglis-John! Malthus-Mason! Masquerier-Millyng! Milmar-More! Paston-Percy! Pereira-Pockrich! (this was very effective), Pocock-Puckering! Puckle-Reidford! Teach-Tollet! (I don't know why I was so partial to this, but I was), Ubaldini-Wakefield! (for very special occasions), Whichcord-Williams! and Wordsworth-Zuleystein!

I now, as it happens, for space-saving reasons, have exchanged the old edition of the *D.N.B.* for its India paper form, in which the original sixty-three volumes are compressed into eleven; but I have never even learned the new titles, much less have made use of them. Either old habits are best or there has been no need for new expletives. One grows calmer, less irritable, more resigned. Exacerbations no longer call each for its own reaction.

In default of my old sixty-three friends who have been exiled by India



"NOW AIN'T THAT GREAT, MYRTLE?—A GEN-U-YNE BED-OO-YNE AY-RAB!"

paper, I wondered once if the *Encyclopædia Britannica* might not help. But no; you can do nothing with A to And, Aus to Bis, Eva to Fra, Har to Hur (although this is slightly personal), Lor to Mee, Med to Mum (personal again), Ode to Pay, Pay to Pol, Shu to Sub, Sub to Tom, or Vet to Zym. No full-bodied imprecations there!

But the new India paper titles are there for those who begin fair. No longer Abbadie-Anne but Abbadie-Browell; Damon-D'Eyncourt and Diamond-Drake are lost in Craik-Finan, Inglis-John in Harris-Kenneth and Teach-Tollet in Stowe-Whewell. Saddest of all is the loss of Reilly-Robins, which is now submerged into Owens-Robins, a miserable exchange. The only approximately sound oath left is

Whichcord-Zuleystein. As for Zuleystein, or Zulestein, whom no one would naturally suspect of being a fit candidate for an epitome of our *National Biography*, I find that he was WILLIAM HENRY, who afterwards became fourth Earl of ROCHFORD, was born in Essex, and was educated at Westminster, which sounds British enough.

But as I say, in the general toning-down of life as years advance, I am now devoted actually to only one: "Reilly-Robins!" and that, I must confess, as so many things occur to surprise me, I use quite a lot and not least when reading the new fiction.

Little did GEORGE SMITH and LESLIE STEPHEN, when they were planning the *D.N.B.*, think what they were doing for suffering humanity.

E. V. L.

All Night.

As we have remarked before, the House of Commons is very like Lord's—Lord's, we mean, during a fashionable cricket-match. The moment you turn your back a wicket falls or somebody begins to hit.

When we left the precincts that Thursday evening the play was steady but unexciting, and having attended an important banquet elsewhere, we went home to bed, not knowing that meanwhile the Mother of Parliaments had taken the long handle and was merrily banging them all over the field.

The next day was a private Friday, and our Bill about Marriage was Number 3 in the batting order. There was small prospect of our getting a knock, but one must neglect no chance; so we strolled in at about 12.30. And when the first policeman said, "The House is up," we suffered a nasty shock. For we supposed that the first two wickets must have fallen with unexpected celerity and that, not being there, we had missed a golden chance to go in.

Then the good policeman, like the Messenger in a Greek play, began to unfold the true tale—how that the Thursday's sitting had been prolonged through the night to 12.24 on Friday afternoon, and that Friday was wiped out.

Unlike a character in a Greek play, we left him in the middle of the tale and passed on, at once regretful and thankful, towards the scene of action.

As we approached the gateway our old friend the Member for—tottered forth, pale and drooping, his weary head almost entangled with his feet.

"Have you been here all night?" we said.

"Yes," he said, and cursed bitterly.

"But what was it all about?"

He cursed again, but vaguely, and passed out into the healing air of day.

The survivors whom we found within were more lively. Indeed, considering all things, we give them full marks for liveliness.

There was one who had begun with a Standing Committee at 11.0 A.M. on Thursday and had been in that place for twenty-five hours. But he was still reciting limericks, telling stories and

recounting with zest the history of the night. A tough breed, our legislators.

There was also one who had travelled through the night from Yorkshire in order to vote for the first Friday Bill, and arrived to find that it was not to be discussed.

The origins of the battle are mysterious. But it seems clear that in the first place it was less a battle between Government and Opposition than a little private stone-throwing between the Front Bench and Back Ranks of the Opposition. The stones of the Back Ranks flew past the Front

you to buy the Official Report dated Thursday, 27th February (Vol. 309, No. 39), and read it, for it contains much that does credit to your legislators. It begins at 11.22 P.M. (when you were shamefully hogging it in bed) and it ends at 12.24 next day, when you were disgustingly beginning to think about lunch. During that time the faithful Commons talked 176 columns of print and suffered 10 Divisions. And much of it was very good talk too. You will admire in this Work not only their tenacity and endurance but their wit and intellectual resource. It may sound easy to pass a night in airy persiflage, the main purpose of which is not entirely to hasten a decision: but we are sure that it is not so easy, especially in the presence of a Chairman vigilant for aberrations from the paths of order. And there was much more than wit and persiflage: there were deep speeches about deep things. At 2.45 A.M., for example, at 4.36 A.M. and again at 6.18 A.M. Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS made brilliant speeches concerning the emoluments of Ministers and a complicated affair of debenture-holders, blocks of shares, holding companies and what-not. Imagine, citizen, standing up at 6.18 A.M. (having been up all night) and saying:—

"The Financial Secretary has told us that the interest was a second charge on 250,000 shares. I do not understand how a second charge came to be created on only a small proportion of the second block of shares. There was a second block of 1,520,000 shares: why was the second charge on only 250,000 of them?"

Ras W. S. MORRISON too (the said Financial Secretary), at 2.7 A.M., 3.9 A.M., 3.40 A.M., 5.30 A.M., 6.36 A.M., 7.15 A.M. and 12.15 P.M., made long and elaborate speeches about matters which would be too profound for most of us after a good night's sleep.

And all the time the junior skirmishers were active—the Honourables ANEURIN BEVAN, SANDYS, PETHERICK, RAIKES, EDE (who seems to have a pretty wit) and many others. About daybreak—I perceive from one passage that "organized obstruction" is not Parliamentary language, so we must not suggest anything of that kind—but about daybreak the Opposition, having spent the night examining the Supplementary Estimates with a regard for



"No, you're wrong, Cecil: you would have to re-fuel at NIJNI-NOVGOROD."



Visitor (to member of the All-In Group). "I ADORE STILL-LIFE. IS THAT HALF-FINISHED KIPPER YOURS?"

detail and care for economy which, according to the Government, was almost expressively scrupulous—about daybreak, we say, the Opposition began to complain that it was now the Ministerial Members who were displaying a lack of anxiety to conclude with expedition the business before the House; and they went so far as to suggest that the intention was to prolong the sitting till after 11.0 and so prevent the discussion of an Opposition Bill which had won first place in the batting order on Friday. We mention this only to show what queer fancies may enter the minds of those who sit up and legislate too late.

Such queer fancies entered the mind of Mr. EDE that at 1.12 A.M. he made an ambiguous remark about the Lord President of the Council (Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD):—

"I wish he was here to tell us a few things about research and the

British Museum. I imagine his relations with the British Museum are very much like those of Lord MELBOURNE with the Church of England. He said he was a supporter of it, but he imagined he must be a buttress rather than a pillar, because he preferred to be outside.

How long the President of the Council will be able to keep outside the British Museum I do not know."

Really!

"Points of order" were frequent through the night, many of them difficult for the patient Chairmen to answer. Here is one:—

Mr. Garro-Jones. On a point of order, may I draw attention to the fact that some hon. Members on the Conservative side are lying prone on their benches, and is that not contrary to Standing Orders?"

The Temporary Chairman. That is not a point of order."

Captain Strickland. Does the hon. Member not think it better to lie recumbent than to lie standing?

Not bad, citizen, for 3.55 A.M.
We like too this passage:—

Mr. Magnay. Is it in order to call an hon. Member a "Yes man"?

The Deputy-Chairman. I do not think I could necessarily rule it out.

Mr. Bevan. The hon. Member does not need a Whip; he walks into the Government Lobby every time. His constituency has been disenfranchised because the hon. Member has not been present all the night.

Mr. Magnay. Is it in order to say that an hon. Member's constituents have been disenfranchised? There is no such word.

In the 12.50 A.M. Division there voted 214 Members, at 4.7 A.M. 201 and at 10.20 A.M. 230. If you read the volume, weighing together the solid stuff and the froth, you will conclude, we think, that you have some very lively and resourceful legislators; and, for our part, we are sorry that our constituents were "disenfranchised." For we are assured that *one All-Nighter* is both instructive and amusing.

A. P. H.



UNREST IN SOHO.

"WHEN I TELL IT YOU 'DON'T FORGET DA SPAGHETTI, ISN'T IT?' I DON'T WANT YOU SHALL ANSWER IT ME 'WHICH?'"

As Others Hear Us.

Interviewing the Great.

"THIS is very kind of you . . ."

"Not at all, not at all. Come in—sit down. Really, I'm afraid you won't get anything out of this—I'm the very worst person in the world to be interviewed, I always say. I simply *hate* talking about myself."

"Might I ask you—?"

"Anything in the world you like. Please do. Go ahead. Really, all this ridiculous publicity about my visit is quite embarrassing. I suppose you want to know my views about the present international situation? Well, I don't really know that I ought to give them—though, mind you, I'm not saying that I'm *infallible*. Not for a moment."

"Oh, of course not."

"Though as a matter of fact I doubt whether there's a man in Europe, or in America either for that matter, who knows *more* than I do, as it happens."

"Naturally, it would be of the very greatest interest to our readers—"

"Well, well, I don't know as to that.

But this much I *can* and *will* say: *Nobody can tell what may be going to happen.*"

"Yes—thank you. Anything else?"

"The fact is, you newspaper people always want an exclusive story. Ah, I know you! You can't take *me* in. But there's one thing I can tell you as a positive fact: the world is in a thoroughly unsettled state. Thoroughly."

"To what do you attribute that, may I ask?"

"Well, I should say to various causes. Various causes."

"And have you any views as to what is going to happen next in the world?"

"Well, things are moving towards the *future*, I should say. Quite definitely. And now I suppose you want to hear something about my own work, eh? Naturally, one doesn't care to say a very great deal about that side of things, but I don't mind letting you into a secret. My new play is going to be the biggest thing that's been seen on the English stage for years. Literally years."

"That's very exciting."

"Oh, I don't take these things too seriously, you know. Here to-day and gone to-morrow. I don't really know how I came to mention it. But that's what it is: the biggest thing that's been done for centuries. Of course the theme's tremendous, and one's handled it as best one could . . . The people who've read it are all pretty well agreed that it's *bound* to knock the public endways. Nobody has any doubt about *that*."

"How very, very interesting! Now, I wonder if I might ask what you feel about the position of women in public life?"

"Women? Ah! There's a great deal to be said about women in public life. A very great deal."

"Yes?"

"Perhaps it would be wiser not to quote me as having said so, but I don't mind telling you that the whole question of women in public life is one in which I take a great interest."

"That, if I may say so, is just what will interest our readers."

"Very kind of you to say so, I'm sure. Now this play of mine, for instance—one of the principal char-

acters in it is a woman, and the other a man."

"Really?"

"Oddly enough, although the whole thing is on a big scale—I think I may say a gigantic scale—it only took me three months to write. It's a curious thing—very curious indeed—but I'm an extraordinarily quick worker."

"Yes? And about America now. I wonder what you feel about America?"

"America, in my opinion, is a large country. A very large country."

"So many people seem to feel that. And about the Russian experiment? And your views on marriage? And—if it isn't asking too much—what about the League of Nations?"

"Well, those are all very moot points—ver-ry moot points. That's what I always feel about them. And now I'm afraid I must dash off to a rehearsal. I should like a copy of the paper when you've got the interview printed, you know."

"Oh, by all means. 'World-Famous Dramatist Interviewed,' I thought of heading it."

"That's too kind altogether. May I suggest that it should be 'World-Famous Dramatist'—since you insist—'World-Famous Dramatist Speaks Out'?"

E. M. D.

Little George the Genius.

His poisonous parents

Make a fuss

Of Little George the Genius.

I know there is a Theory

His species died in '83

Or perished even further back—

Ere GLADSTONE made that famous

"crack";

But, take my word, this isn't so:

I've suffered from him

And I know.

In '83 the little brute

Had curls and wore a velvet suit,

Recited poems or played the flute

Or did some parlour-trick as cute;

And was polite

As any missie—

In fact a proper little cissie.

That charge at least you cannot lay

At Little George's door to-day.

No, no; his stunt

Is quite a fresh 'un:

His mother calls it

Self-Expression.

This means, in practice,

That the brat

Can make a football of your hat,

Yell, smash, stamp, riot,

Curse and brawl,

Deface the walls with charcoal-scrrawl,



THE LESS FAMOUS BUT VERY LIVELY COMPANIES OF LONDON.
THE FAITHFUL COMPANY OF QUEUERS.

Jump on the sofa in his boots,
And greet your least remark with hoots
Of happy childish merriment
(Derision is his "Special Bent");
And should these mild amusements flag
He'll use you for a punching-bag,
Or bite, or stick your hide with pins,
Or hack you sharply on the shins—
The charming, natural, healthy imp.

This treatment leaves you somewhat
limp.

But can you do a thing about it?
Just chance your arm! Myself, I doubt
it.

His parents, versed in JUNG and FREUD,
Refuse to have the lad destroyed.

I don't mind that. What I detest
Is hearing that this public pest

When he grows up is sure to be
A very different man from *me*.
I check this over, test and weigh it:
I do not like the way they say it.
When George grows up, the little limb,
I hope (a wistful hope and dim)
His children will be just like him.

Football's Colossus.

"Left-winger Braund, of the clever feet,
had a foot in each of the goals."—*Report of
Football Match.*

"Going on past Little Somerford towards
Malmesbury, hounds threw up on the road at
Cowbridge when information was brought
that their fox had been run over and killed
by a car."—*Hunting Report.*

Naturally they felt pretty sick.

Every Other Saturday.

EVERY other Friday Mr. Porter says that there's absolutely no point in coming to an office on a Saturday morning. It's a sheer waste of time. Miss Lunn and Padgett and I agree. On alternate Fridays Mr. Chudleigh, Miss Elkington and Sidney say it. So there must be something in it. I don't know how Mr. Chudleigh and the others manage their Saturdays, but I know how Mr. Porter and the rest of us manage ours; and last Saturday, I should say, was more or less typical.

Sidney had given Padgett the key of the front-door as usual, so that he could let himself in at half-past nine. There's nothing to prove that he didn't, because the rest of us are always later on Saturdays than on ordinary days. We have to allow time for our suitcases. Not that any of us actually had a suitcase last Saturday. Anyhow when we arrived we found Padgett sitting at Sidney's table and gazing in a kind of bleak apathy at a pile of unopened letters.

Mr. Porter was looking almost cheerful as he came in with a yellow cardboard box. "I don't know how you all feel about Saturdays," he said, as he untied the string, "but I thought anything would be better than three hours of doing nothing, and so I bought a jigsaw puzzle. *Monarch of the Seas*. Colourful and maritime."

Miss Lunn and I were helping him to spread the pieces out on the floor when Miss Lunn told us that she had something weighing on her conscience. Something like typing.

"It's probably that stuff Harbottle's been worrying me about for the last week," said Mr. Porter.

"Of course," said Miss Lunn. "I had to put it off till to-day because Saturday's the only time you have any time. I ought to start it, but don't go and finish that puzzle before I come back."

"If you ask me," said Mr. Porter, as she went upstairs, "she only remembered it because she didn't want the trouble of turning all these blighted pieces the right way up."

We hadn't turned up more than half when Padgett roused himself enough to shuffle a few of the letters about. "It's a bit thick," he said, "when people know how much more post there always is on a Saturday morning and they don't come and help other people with it, but just sit on the floor doing jigsaw puzzles."

It's a funny thing, but there always is more post on Saturdays. People seem to put off writing to us until the last moment in the week, and then of

course the letters need answering at once.

"That's the lot," said Mr. Porter, throwing the last envelope into the waste-paper-basket and sitting down on the floor again. "And they won't be answered to-day, because Mr. Harbottle won't be in. How do I know he won't? Because he told me he would. So now we can get busy. I imagine that half this blue is sea and half is sky, but there doesn't seem to be any way of telling which is which."

"Mr. Harbottle told me definitely that he wouldn't be in," said Padgett. "His last words as he went out yesterday were that he was catching a train from Waterloo that very night." So we were not surprised when we heard Mr. Harbottle come in and go up to his room.

"All the same," said Mr. Porter, "we needn't take the letters up unless he asks for them. He may not think of it."

There are a good many things Mr. Harbottle doesn't think of, but I've noticed that this isn't one of them. Five minutes later he was ringing down to know where his letters were, because he wanted to get them off quickly and go early. So Mr. Porter took them up; and it must have been half-an-hour later, when we had done all along the top edge of the puzzle, that he came down again.

"I've had a ghastly time," he said. "You see all these odd pieces of paper? Old Harbottle wanted Miss Elkington to come and do his letters, and when I explained patiently that she wasn't in to-day he fired the whole lot off at me. Me! Do I look as if I wrote shorthand at four-hundred-and-fifty words a minute, even if I'd had a notebook to do it in instead of any bills or envelopes I happened to have in my pockets?"

"I'm glad it wasn't me," said Miss Lunn. "I write awfully slowly, and I know Mr. Harbottle thinks I ought to be able to do shorthand, though I'm always telling him I don't. Oh, what a muddle, Mr. Porter! What are you thinking of doing now?"

"I was thinking of reading them out," said Mr. Porter. "So that you can type them."

"Oh, no," said Miss Lunn, getting up off the floor. "I've got all that stuff upstairs to finish. I only came down to see how this was going. Look! we've done all the top edge."

Mr. Porter looked, and he saw at once that we'd got the artist's signature upside-down in the corner of the sky.

"Coming to it with a fresh mind," said Mr. Porter as he sat down at Sidney's typewriter, "you see these

things in a flash." Then he set to on the typewriter and his next words were drowned. Sidney's typewriter, Mr. Porter always says, is the only one he can do anything with. Padgett listened for a minute, and then he said he couldn't stand it any longer and he'd type if Mr. Porter would read out his notes. But before they could start Mr. Harbottle rang down to say that Padgett was to go and buy him a railway ticket and find out when his train went. So the rest of us had to leave the puzzle and concentrate on trying to make sense out of Mr. Porter's notes.

This would have been difficult enough at any time, even without the telephone, which started ringing as soon as Padgett had left. It's Padgett's job to answer the telephone on Saturdays, and it rings most of the morning, because we make a point of telling our friends to ring us up then, as we get so bored having nothing to do. The trouble is that the calls are usually for the people who are having the Saturday off. On this particular morning there were five calls for Miss Elkington and only two for Miss Lunn, and none at all for Mr. Porter, except when Mr. Harbottle rang down now and then to ask if he hadn't even finished the first letter.

It seemed no time at all, but we found that it was nearly an hour later when Padgett came back, rather out of breath, with the ticket. "I had a lot of bother finding when the train was," he said, "and then I found it was in half-an-hour, and then I had more bother getting back here."

"Half-an-hour from now?" said Mr. Porter.

"No," said Padgett. "From then. Only ten minutes from now."

I don't know whether Mr. Harbottle caught the train, but he certainly deserved to, considering the way he dashed out of the office when we told him.

"Well," said Mr. Porter, "that was lucky. We needn't bother about the letters now. I'll take all this morning's post in again with Monday's. He won't remember, and he'll dictate this stuff all over again to Miss Elkington."

So Mr. Porter tore his notes up, and Miss Lunn said that her typing could just as well wait till Monday; and then we went back to the jigsaw puzzle. It was half-past eleven by now, and we didn't finish till two o'clock.

"That's what I mean about Saturday morning," said Mr. Porter on Monday to Mr. Chudleigh. "A sheer waste of time. Why on earth should anyone have to come to an office to do a thing like a jigsaw puzzle?"

Strikes, 2036.

ONE of the most interesting books in the Spring lists of 2036 was Professor Graphlover's *One Hundred Years of Strikes* (Leather and Limp, 10/6).

"The spread of strike-consciousness during the hundred years covered by my book," the Professor points out in his Preface, "is as remarkable as it is gratifying. Until 1936 striking was regarded as the prerogative of a comparatively small number of industries, but a new era may be said to have begun with the strike of New York caretakers and liftmen in February of that year. Other non-striking classes of the community began to say, 'If caretakers can take care of their own interests by striking, if liftmen can elevate their standards by striking, why cannot we follow suit?'"

"Towards the end of 1936 the Institute of Chartered Accountants called a mass meeting and unanimously decided to down coloured inks until the business community agreed to promise Better Tea With Cakes at Four O'clock. A member from Manchester said that he had recently spent a fortnight working in the office of a large firm of underwear manufacturers. On several occasions he had been obliged to remain at work until nearly four-thirty before getting his tea, which made him late home; and when the tea arrived it consisted of one cup of pale yellow fluid with skin on the top and a single biscuit bearing a clear imprint of the office-boy's thumb. Even more harrowing tales were told by other members, some of whom had got no biscuit at all, and one poor member announced brokenly to the aghast assembly that he had once been offered a cup of Blobbo instead of tea. Eventually the business community was forced to promise a uniform standard of two cups of strong tea with a Maid of Honour wrapped in cellophane.

"The coal-heavers came out in 1962 for higher wages and cleaner coal. Under the old system, they pointed out, a coal-heaver was obliged to have a bath every night or else stay indoors; and staying indoors so much impaired their vitality that after a few years they were unable to heave coal in a manner satisfactory to their pride. Eventually the Government had to promise that all coal would be carefully washed at the pit-head.

"Dramatic critics came out in 1983 to demand the Freedom of the Bar. To sit through plays night after night in cold sobriety, they argued, was impossible, and in order to retain their sanity they were obliged to expend



"HALLO! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THE WATCH?"

"TAIN'T A WATCH, SIR; IT'S A COMPASS."

huge sums on alcohol. The Freedom of the Bar was not granted, but a satisfactory scheme of vouchers was evolved, so that critics could obtain a given amount of free refreshment. The agreed scale was as follows:—

Murder plays, one lemonade;
Historical plays, one small whisky;
Musical-comedies, one double
whisky;
Farces, two double whiskies;
Plays about the Other Woman,
free bar.

"Editors came out in 2002 and refused to return to work until the Government passed the Free-Lance

(Justifiable Homicide) Act. Under this Act all editors were provided by the State with regular supplies of dynamite wrapped in small and convenient packets. All the editor had to do when he received a particularly loathsome contribution was to pin a piece of dynamite to the rejection-slip and return it with the MS in the appropriate stamped-addressed envelope.

"The only really unsuccessful strike on record was the income-tax collectors' strike of 2034, killed by the gallantry of the public, who set their teeth and determined to dispense with income-tax collectors' services altogether rather than yield to their demands."



"Now, now, stop that! What are you hitting the little boy for?"
 "E's finched my blonde."

The Screen Mother.

WHEN Doris was a baby I used to look ahead
 And dream about the future of my daughter;
 I saw her as a schoolgirl, and then the wife of Fred—
 The infant son of Joe and Mary Slaughter. . . .
 On every other Sunday she'd drop in for a chat
 And tell me all about her little troubles,
 While I used to hope that one day I'd nurse upon my
 knee
 Her progeny in singles or in doubles—
 But evidently dreaming is a game that doesn't pay,
 For Doris is a movie star and many miles away.

I'm Mrs. Jones—the mother of Honoria,
 The Number One Enchantress of the screen;
 You've seen her at the Plaza and Astoria
 In lingerie and clinging crêpe-de-chine.
 She's famous from Land's End to Honolulu
 And idolised from Leeds to Labrador,
 But tho' I am none other
 Than this vision's lawful mother,
 No one has ever heard of me before!
 I'm Mrs. Jones—the mother of Honoria,
 The girl who causes every heart to beat,
 But I don't set people gazing
 And exclaiming, "How amazing!"
 When they see me on a bus or in the street.

When Doris went to Hollywood she'd not turned 21,
 And (tho' I say it), my! but she was pretty!
 Within a single fortnight an art director's son
 Had married her by licence in the city.
 But four or five weeks later she couldn't stand his face
 And changed him for a lady-killing actor;
 And next a young dictator, who led a lonely life,
 Appeared to be a most disturbing factor,
 But early in the autumn she swopped him for a prince—
 A boxer—then a president—and half the peerage
 since.

I'm Mrs. Jones—the mother of Honoria
 Who's perfect as the heroine or vamp;
 You've seen her at the Grand and New Victoria
 In *Salome* and *The Lady with the Lamp*.
 She's chockablock with feminine attractions,
 The type that makes a fellow take to drink;
 She was absolutely gorgeous
 As the worst of all the BORGAS,
 And she's often made a woman-hater blink.
 I'm Mrs. Jones—the mother of Honoria;
 My life, as such, is colourless and bleak,
 And the only compensation
 In this crazy situation
 Is the £1,000 she sends me once a week.



HIS HOUSE IN ORDER.

JOHN BULL. "ALL MY NEIGHBOURS SEEM TO BE MAKING THEIR PLACES WEATHER-PROOF; AND I DARESAY I CAN AFFORD IT AS WELL AS THEY CAN."

Impressions of Parliament.

Monday, March 2nd.—

The Motion of Censure by the Opposition on the Government's handling of the Special Areas, though it gave some Members an easy opportunity to make political capital, showed a feeling, which was by no means confined to the Labour Benches, that it was time the Government took more drastic action on the lines suggested by the Commissioners.

Mr. DALTON opened the debate, and his picture of life in the Special Areas was one which should be given the widest publicity, particularly in the more prosperous districts where the ghastly conditions in South Wales and North-East England seem somewhat remote. The play, *Love on the Dole*, described these without dramatic exaggeration; and Mr.

DALTON reminded the House that the three Special Areas in England and Wales contained 20 per cent. of the unemployed although only 7 per cent. of the population. They were full of children, he said, who had never seen their parents come home from work, and whose favourite game was playing at being the "Means-Test man." His main suggestions were that the Government should help to shoulder the liability of rates in these areas, and that there should be deliberate State interference with the location of industry.

Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD, who was subjected to an unmannerly barracking at the hands of the Labour Party, replied that the Commissioners' Reports were far more radical than were the suggestions of the Opposition, and told the House that a Supplementary Vote of £3,000,000 would shortly be put at their disposal. So far as possible rearmament orders would go to the areas, and the questions of transference and afforestation were being taken very seriously.

Led by Mr. F. K. GRIFFITH, the Liberals associated themselves with the Motion of Censure. On the Conservative side the most critical speech came from Lord WOLMER, who urged

HIC WOLMER DOMINVS RVMPIT LANCEAM
CONTRA OMNES PARTES DOMI.



THE FREE-LANCE OF THE ALDERSHOT COMMAND.
LORD WOLMER.



Mr. Bunthorne-Brown (solo).

"Conceive me, if you can,
A soulful-eyed young man,
An ultra-poetical, super-aesthetical,
Most intense young man."

Patience.

["MATTHEW ARNOLD said that a serious view of life is the first mark of a true poet. The Minister of Labour in any Government, whoever he has been, has never lacked that qualification to be a poet."—The Minister of Labour.]

the Government to tackle the problem as they were tackling rearmament. Amongst his proposals were a guarantee of a year's employment to young men who had passed through instructional centres, and a five-day week for the Post Office. But why, asks Mr. P.'s R., not for everybody?

Tuesday, March 3rd.—

If Mr. THURLE had his way it would be a frequent sight in the Commons to see one Member leaning over to another about six o'clock and murmuring: "What about it? We've just time for a peptonised sundae." He wants a milk-bar erected—a beautiful glittering affair which will supply thirsty legislators with milk in every form except compressed into umbrella-handles. Sir JOHN GANZONI, Chairman of the Kitchens Committee, told him this afternoon that he can already drink milk endlessly if

he wishes, but that if Members really clamour for a milk-bar they shall have it. No clamour has yet been heard, however.

In moving to reduce the Vote for the Ministry of Labour, Mr. CLYNES took no trouble to disguise his contempt for this Department and his view that the present MINISTER was no less inhuman than his predecessors; but he made one sound point when he said that the longer a man was unemployed the less valuable his weekly sum became to him, as his margin for replacement of necessities decreased.

The Labour Party were indebted to Sir ARTHUR MICHAEL SAMUEL for a timely reminder that it was absurd to expect industrialists to open up new factories in the Special Areas when they were constantly being threatened by the Socialists with the destruction of private enterprise. After Mr. DINGLE FOOT had urged that insurance should be extended to black-coated workers and share-fishermen, the MINISTER replied that the inclusion of both these classes was under consideration, and described to the House his efforts to bring trade to the depressed areas (as apart from the Special Areas), and to make the six-months' training courses more effective.



A FELLOW OF THE GASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY STUDYING NATIVE DISHES AT THE COURT OF THE SULTAN OF GHOSH.

Lives of the Philosophers.

"It surprised me a little while ago," said my philosophic friend Pinleaf, "to see that remark of yours in print about EPIMENIDES. You said that MONTAIGNE mentioned his having slept for fifty-seven years but you never heard of him anywhere else."

"Well, it's true," I said. "I never did."

Pinleaf said complacently that that was where he had the bulge on me. He had looked EPIMENIDES up in DIOGENES LAERTIUS'S *Lives of the Philosophers*. "As a youth," he went on, swinging his stick as we walked, "EPIMENIDES was sent out by his father to look for a wether. Looking for this wether EPIMENIDES went into a cave and slept for fifty-seven years."

"Just like that?" I said.

"Just like that."

"Well, that's old stuff, all except the wether," I said, "and I am unimpressed by the wether. It seems to me irrelevant. Need I say more? There can hardly be many phenomena of less profound significance than an irrelevant wether. Even in bulk, irrelevant weth—"

"It was relevant," interrupted Pinleaf shortly, "to a certain extent. He

went on looking for it when he woke up."

"I suppose he found that by a sad coincidence it had died while he was asleep," I said. "Shut your eyes for half-a-century and the sheep situation goes to pot—farming's always been the same."

Unable to find the wether, Pinleaf said, EPIMENIDES then went home, where he discovered that his father and everyone else he knew had disappeared as well.

"He must have given a dim sort of impression," I said. "I should have put him down as a man who couldn't find things, myself."

"Not at all," said Pinleaf with an air of triumph. "When people realised he had slept for fifty-seven years they began to revere him and look on him as the favoured of the gods, and there he was—made."

"As a philosopher?"

"Yes."

"*Autre temps, mêmes mœurs*," I remarked. "To-day, the thinker who wins recognition is the one who has swum the Channel in a diving-suit. They like amateurs, that's what it is. A fellow who hadn't done any thinking for fifty-seven years must be good at it."

Pinleaf continued to talk in a general

way about EPIMENIDES and then he shut up suddenly. I had a flash of insight.

"I know what's the matter with you," I said. "It was your intention to plague me with an account of the old boy's philosophical system, and now you can't remember what it was. Come now. I'll lay you six to four it had something to do with the wether."

"Nothing whattether—whatever," said Pinleaf icily.

"Spare me no detail," I persisted in a hearty tone. "I can stand it. All based on the wether, wasn't it? He had a system of prophecy involving the animal, popularly known among philosophers at play as the Wether Forecast. Preceded by a Police Message, followed by a Navigational Warning, and tightly clutching a Wedge of High Pressure in one hot little hand, EPIMENIDES—"

Pinleaf interrupted in a voice of thunder: "Another philosopher I was interested to read about was PYRRHO."

"Ah, PYRRHO," I said. "You little knew that you were speaking to an old PYRRHO fan. PYRRHO is what you might call a buddy of mine. I have taken an interest in PYRRHO ever since I first heard that story of him and ANAXAGORAS, his teacher of philosophy. One day PYRRHO found ANAXAGORAS with

his head stuck in a ditch, and left him there, because after deep thought he did not see that it would do any particular good to pull him out."

"DIOGENES LAERTIUS doesn't say it was a ditch," Pinleaf said a little sulkily—evidently this was a story he had hoped to tell me. "He just says mud."

I said the fact remained, however the reporters might describe it. "Mystery of Philosopher Stuck in Ditch—Philosopher in Mud Riddle—Pupil Leaves Swamp-Stuck Philosopher Bubbling—it's all the same. The essential point of the story for me has always been: *What the policeman was Anaxagoras doing in the ditch anyway?*"

"None of your business," Pinleaf said. "And that isn't the point. The point is PYRRHO. It was a habit of his to do things like that. He used to wander about walking straight ahead, whether there was anything in the way or not, not bothering whether he was about to walk over a precipice or be hit by a cart."

"Died young, I suppose?"

"At the age of ninety."

I pointed out that there was another link with the present—the typical pedestrian. But Pinleaf seemed to be ill-at-ease with modern instances and went on to tell me of an occasion on

which PYRRHO hadn't been able to resist the importunity of a human emotion: "He climbed a tree to avoid a mad dog."

"Shame!" I said. "Shame! . . . It seems to me, though, that ancient philosophers were in closer touch than modern ones with the concrete circumstances of existence. ANAXAGORAS gets stuck in a ditch, PYRRHO climbs a tree. In the live-stock department we have the mad dog; and wethers, now—how did PYRRHO stand on wethers? Pretty firm?"

Pinleaf indicated that he had not checked up on PYRRHO from the wether angle. Then he proceeded hastily: "Of course philosophers are still in touch with life. Facts are their raw material."

"You may be right," I said. "There used to be a man living next-door to me—he had been a sheep-farmer: there's a coincidence!—whose invariable order in a restaurant was, 'Bring me a well-done sausage, on ice.' Also he always used to knock at the door before he left a room in the perpetually disappointed hope that somebody on the other side would cry 'Come out!' Those habits strike me as having a certain philosophic *brio*; don't they you?"

Pinleaf said no.

R. M.

Lovely Jane.

LOVELY Jane was the postman's niece,

Fair as the noon-day sun,
And she was the girl in all the world
That I set my heart upon.

But Tom was the ping-pong champion
Of North-East Rutlandshire;
And I found with Jane it was brawn,
not brain,
That she tended to admire.

For I beat my rival at ludo,
At dominoes and at draughts;
I excelled him far in all the arts,
I outstripped him in all the
crafts;

I shone in conversation,
I scored at repartee;
Alone at the ping-pong table
I was forced to bow the knee.

Oh, the girls of to-day

Are swept away

By force, brute force.

They can only feel

The crude appeal

Of force, brute force.

Tom is happily married to Jane
(Yes please, miss—the same again),
So what's the use of the nimblest
brain

Against force, brute force?



"IT'S BURNING NICELY NOW, SIR."

At the Play.

"ST. HELENA" (OLD VIC).

St. Helena, at the Old Vic, Mr. R. C. SHERRIFF and Miss JEANNE DE CASALIS's play about NAPOLEON's Journey's End, is a narrative spectacle. Its twelve scenes cover the period from December, 1815, to May, 1821, and there are over thirty parts in the cast. The subject is in many ways just right for Mr. SHERRIFF's pre-eminent talent for so conjoining small incidents that they become charged with deep significance and reveal unspoken situations. He has a mastery here which can dispense with underlinings, and the abundant materials which survive of NAPOLEON's five-and-a-half years of captivity give him a store-house of historical incidents and sayings which he has woven skilfully together to illustrate the central theme of fallen greatness. He has had to walk warily in making his selection, for the ground is full of pitfalls.

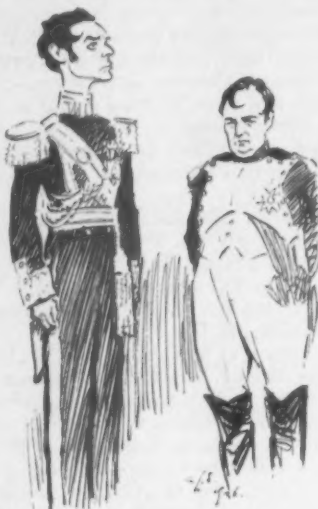
The boast that Englishmen are fond of making, that they never know when they are beaten, was true of NAPOLEON. He continued the war from *St. Helena*, instead of acquiescing as a less daemonic nature might have done and sinking into a routine of indolence and retrospection. NAPOLEON fought a *St. Helena* campaign, looking all the time to the political advantages that might be drawn in Europe from the dissemination of the belief that he was the victim of vindictive persecution.

One of the most striking characters in the play is the Irish *Dr. O'Meara* (Mr. WILLIAM DEVLIN), whose *Voice from St. Helena*, published just after NAPOLEON's death, first popularised the still active calumny of Sir HUDSON LOWE. But it is a measure of the light way in which Mr. SHERRIFF leaves on one side the political under-currents that *O'Meara* appears as a colourful character, with no dramatic presentation of the involved double-crossing and bribe-taking which constitute his chief interest for history.

By contrast, the calculations of future financial gain from Napoleonic revelations which entered into the mind of *Las Cases* (Mr. ALAN WHEATLEY) are given their full weight. He is powerfully and unsympathetically drawn. So too is *Gourgaud*, the *Hibbert* of this play, acted by Mr. CLEMENT MCCALLIN. Mr. SHERRIFF (and many a lesser

dramatist) can find in *Gourgaud's* own self-disclosure fool-proof material.

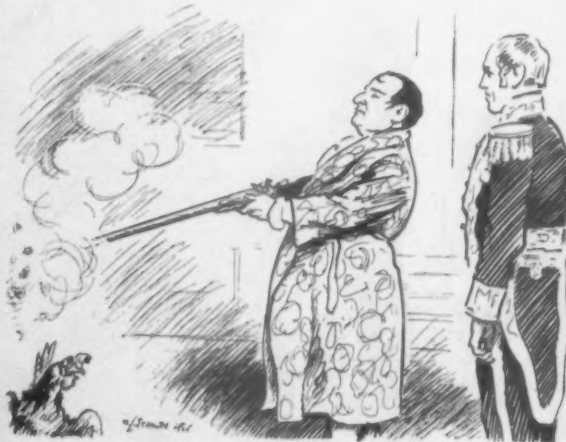
But it does upset the balance of this picture of the little Court that the



GENERAL COMPLAINTS.

General Baron Gourgaud . Mr. CLEMENT MCCALLIN.

two better members of it, *Bertrand* and *Montholon*, are not drawn with the same firm lines or vividness. *Montholon*, indeed, deserved to cut a much more considerable figure.



EARLY MORNING GARDENING.

Napoleon Mr. KENETH KENT.
General Count Bertrand Mr. ION SWINLEY.

Mr. SHERRIFF never looks like succumbing to making facile fun of the stiffness and pedantry of the British jailers, but Mr. CECIL TROUNCER makes so fierce and prim a *Sir Hudson* that the scene of his first call on

Napoleon proves an anti-climax. It was a mistake to select that event, when nothing happened beyond a few civilities, and to build it up as though for an explosion, and the impression remains that Mr. SHERRIFF could not quite make up his mind how to handle the LOWE controversy.

But he was anyway determined not to let it obscure his main picture—the soul of the great Emperor in adversity. He shows very well a number of the alternating moods, the changes from an admirable firmness of mind in adversity to petty rage and then to the recurrent business of so handling the captivity that it should one day be of advantage to his son and heir.

Mr. KENETH KENT showed us all these sides of *Napoleon*, and more. He excelled particularly in a kind of dry realism with which *Napoleon* kept recalling his imagination to earth, and in reproducing the well-known bluntness and coarseness of speech with which he would go straight to the point. In the second half he made the failing health very plain, and with it the unimpaired mental grasp.

But it is doubtful how far the slow decline to the tomb is ever suitable stage material, and I left with the feeling that a better play would have emerged if Mr. SHERRIFF had not been so comprehensive and had gone rather more deeply into events in the first two or three years—perhaps with an

Epilogue. All the tragedy of *St. Helena* could have been found and illustrated in and round some particular struggle with the British Government and some particular quarrel inside the Court; and with detail and suspense would have come a dramatic interest.

The play is like a series of pictures illustrating the captivity, varied and well-drawn, but in their sum total a succession of tableaux; and because of its wide canvas the play seems to be offering its selection of events and sayings as a complete account of how NAPOLEON bore the ordeal of failure and so to challenge the undying debate which his complex character provokes. But it is much ahead of most plays about D. W.

NAPOLEON.

"PROMISE" (SHAFTESBURY).

This adaptation of Mr. H. M. HARWOOD's from the French of M. HENRY BERNSTEIN is an interesting

example of the way in which, on the stage, a clear exposition of a clash of character, clear almost to the point of being slow-motion, can largely dispense with action. Admittedly the cast and M. BERNSTEIN's production were more than ordinarily good, bringing out all the delicate light and shade of the play. I hesitate to think what shape it might take in lesser hands, for emotionally it alternates between a rationalistic—in places almost a deathly—calm and uncontrolled hysteria.

These states of mind are illustrated—it would be absurd to say that the action takes place—entirely in the drawing-room of *Monsieur* and *Madame Delbar's* flat in Paris, exquisitely arranged by Miss RUTH KEATING to form a background which never palled throughout the evening. *M. Delbar* (Mr. RALPH RICHARDSON) is a frail *savant*, tremendously loyal to his wife yet tremendously afraid of her, and she (Miss MADGE TITHERADGE) is a hard worldling entering middle-age with bitter pretences that she is still young. They are comfortably off and move in Paris Society.

Clash One comes when the drunken gigolo to whom *Madame* is temporarily attached is imprisoned after knocking out an Asiatic Ambassador at a restaurant, in her presence; and she insists that her husband shall use his influence as a Counsellor of State to keep the boy's name out of the papers. Under gentle protest *Monsieur Delbar* gives in, but not until we have had our chance to assess the depth and strength of the opposing forces.

Clash Two is caused by the very sensible decision of *Thierry Keller* (Mr. ROBERT HARRIS) that he is no longer in love with his fiancée, *Solange* (Miss ANN TODD), the *Delbars'* smart daughter, but is instead desperately in love with her half-sister *Catherine* (Miss EDNA BEST). *Madame's* daughter by her first marriage. After declaring himself to *Catherine*, *Thierry* honestly comes out into the open, and *Madame* is inconsolably furious that a man whom she regards as a social inferior (he being an artist) should jilt her favourite daughter, formed in the fashion of herself, for the sake of the mousy and despised *Catherine*. This situation of being engaged to the wrong girl, which must

have struck terror into the hearts of so many young men, is additionally terrible in France, where engagement comes near to marriage. It is very neatly handled and all its comedy

beautifully portrayed. With his blessing—not, however, paraded before *Madame*—*Thierry* marries *Catherine*.

Tragedy comes with the third clash, when *Madame* finds herself alone after an hysterical attempt to win back her husband from his philosophic determination to live spiritually quite apart from her.

Miss TITHERADGE let herself go magnificently. In such a strained atmosphere it was not easy to keep the ravings of selfishness and temperament in the picture, but she even succeeded in making us feel enormously embarrassed for her husband and *Catherine*. There were times at which I thought that Mr. RICHARDSON slowed up a little too much and made himself unnecessarily desiccated, but all the same his performance puts another laurel into his already heavy sheaf. Miss BEST and Mr. HARRIS played together charmingly, taking their love-scenes lightly and very naturally; Miss TODD brilliantly put a bright hard French polish on to her *Solange* which made one congratulate *Thierry* from the bottom of one's heart; and Mr. FRANCIS JAMES lowered his cocktails with the same graceful bad manners with which, presumably, he later lowered his Ambassador.

This is a play to be seen as much for the quality of its production as for its content. But I think you will agree that when M. BERNSTEIN and Mr. HARWOOD were arranging that *Thierry* and *Catherine* should entertain us for several minutes by masticating a cold supper in silence, they might have left something in the refrigerator which would have provided us with a little vicarious pleasure—and not cold veal, tinned peaches and gherkins.

That was too much.

ERIC.

"THE CRYSTAL PALACE.
A BRIGHT OUTLOOK."
News Headlines.

Someone must have cleaned the windows.

"Speak, hands, for me!"

"I can say nothing about the matter," Mr. Moses declared. "My hands are tied."—*Report of an interview.*

A Very Happy Event.

"—gave birth to a son in London yesterday.

Mr. C. Allan, evangelist, conducted the service in Cairnbulg Hall. Miss M. Third was at the piano."—*News Item.*



HASELDEN.

A SHREW WITH A TAME PETRUCHIO.
Madame Delbar MISS MADGE TITHERADGE.
Solange MISS ANN TODD.
Emile Delbar MR. RALPH RICHARDSON.



A SALON PICNIC.

Thierry Keller MR. ROBERT HARRIS.
Catherine MISS EDNA BEST.

brought out. Tragedy it has none, for *Solange* is hard as nails and her mother is a snob whom social affront can do nothing but improve. In the long interview between *Thierry* and *M. Delbar* the conflict in the latter between the strictness of the French gentleman and the fondness of the step-father is



SAFETY FIRST; OR, THE REFEREE WHO HAD TWO WHISTLES.

Monsieur Paul Narrates.

IX.—The Conquest of Louise.

"If even the most beautiful melody," said Monsieur Paul, "by constant iteration will lose its charm for the listener, so it is also possible to have an overdose of love.

"Louise was a girl of such transcendent beauty that few men who saw her could refrain from falling immediately in love. My friend Achille was the fifteenth of her suitors, and his infatuation began when proposals of marriage had, for Louise, lost something of their novelty. So when he appeared one afternoon dressed in his best clothes and bearing in his hand a bunch of orchids she did not await his explanation.

"My dear Achille," she said in a tone of some distaste, "there is a look in your eye which tells me even more surely than the splendour of your attire or the flowers which you carry that you are about to offer me a lifetime's devotion. I beg you most earnestly to refrain. During the year I have already received fourteen such offers, and to me the thought of love has become like the thought of suet-putting to a sea-sick traveller: it affects my mind like the hundredth repetition of an inept anecdote. Truly I am sick of love."

"*Tiens!*" said Achille, somewhat taken aback, "if matters are as serious as that, the fifteenth intrusion of a top-hat and a bunch of orchids must indeed cause you the acutest ennui, and I sincerely regret that my method of approach should be so painfully stereotyped."

"To be exact," said Louise, "you are only the fourth top-hat. But had you come in the costume of a low comedian or attired in a leopard-skin and a golden helmet the effect would have been the same. Every method has already been tried, and inarticulate sincerity makes no more appeal to me than a proposal in blank verse."

"My own method," said Achille regretfully, "would have been to allow a sincere devotion to appear through a mask of gaiety. However, I will not weary you with a demonstration."

"Achille went thoughtfully home. 'It is certain,' he thought to himself, 'that the fourteen suitors who have preceded me, having failed to win Louise's love, will now attempt to arouse her pity. When they meet her they will nauseate her by the dog-like devotion of their glances, they will sicken her with their sighs and depress her with the dismal pallor of their countenances. If, therefore, she is to be won it seems clear that the opposite technique should be employed.'

"Accordingly, having allowed two weeks to elapse, he acquired a pair of tinted glasses to conceal any look of yearning that might involuntarily betray itself in his eyes, dressed himself with marked casualness and called upon Louise. Louise received him without enthusiasm.

"What now!" she said in a tone of some asperity. "Do you come again to speak to me of love?"

"On the contrary," replied Achille nonchalantly, "I have come to tell you that—Heaven be praised for it!—I have entirely conquered my tendency to lay my heart at your feet. Let us, therefore, take a walk in the park and enjoy the pleasure of a platonic conversation."

"Louise regarded him with mingled amazement and suspicion.

"Is this true?" she said in a softer tone. "You are sure that it is not some new device?"

"You have but to come with me and see for yourself," said Achille carelessly.

"Achille took Louise for a walk in the park. On subsequent occasions, as he grew more confident of his self-command, he took her for longer excursions. Eventually he boldly discarded his tinted spectacles and took her to the Opera. These methods appeared to him to produce the

happiest results. At first, while he was still so clumsy as inadvertently to give utterance to an occasional tender expression, Louise treated him with the utmost reserve, but as these slips became rarer her attitude grew more friendly, and by the time he had schooled himself to meet her with the most perfect indifference he detected in her manner a gentle melancholy which seemed the presage of a tenderer emotion. "This is excellent!" said Achille to himself. "I have but to neglect her for a week or two and she will love me in earnest."

"This neglect," said Monsieur Paul, "had precisely the effect which you, Monsieur, as an acute observer of the opposite sex, will no doubt already have anticipated." At first Louise had welcomed Achille's disinterested companionship as a *gourmand* might welcome dry toast after a surfeit of caviar. But when the fourteen previous suitors, seeing the intimacy between the two, with one accord lost interest in her and directed their attentions elsewhere, her pleasure became tinged with a mild concern. And when the indifference of Achille

himself, instead of dwindling into affection, grew into apparently deliberate neglect, her concern was intensified into consternation. It is not surprising, therefore, that when a sixteenth suitor, wearing a top-hat and carrying a bunch of orchids, suddenly appeared, her relief was such that she married him out of hand."

Arms and the Man.

[The 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards is to be converted into a machine-gun battalion, armed with machine-guns of Czecho-Slovakian invention.]

WHEN Destiny shuffled the cards
And turned up a War, it occurred
That I served with the Grenadier
Guards—

In fact with the jolly old Third;
And after I'd been through the mill
They gave me a chevron (or stripe),
And I'm firmly convinced 'twas
because of my skill
In sloping or ordering hipe.

At the outset of martial alarms,

By the word of the sergeant beguiled,
We cherished our hipe (or our arms)
With the love of a man for his child.

We polished the woodwork with wax
To the sheen of a favourite pipe,
And we startled the air with a series of
smacks

When sloping or ordering hipe.

We moved like automatons all;
The word of command was obeyed
With a snap that I seem to recall
Was a pattern throughout the
Brigade.

And the Brigadier recognised that
(Though he wasn't the tractable
type).

As he watched with amaze our particular Batt.

When sloping or ordering hipe.

But such miracles couldn't be done
(Alas for the jolly old Third!)

With this Czecho-Slovakian gun,

Though it may be the very last word;
For, although with a weapon like this
They can mow a platoon at a swipe,
There is something that guardsmen are
going to miss—

The thrill at the sound of the adjutant's
hiss

And the corporate joy, the ineffable
bliss

Of sloping or ordering hipe.



"WARE HOLE!"

A Classical Compendium.

THERE comes a moment in the life of every writer and public speaker when he feels a need to show his audience that he is not quite the illiterate hack they had thought him. He turns in his extremity to his *Dictionary of Classical Antiquities*, blows off some of the dust, and finds himself confronted by some five hundred pages full of gods and demi-gods, Heros and Neros, naiads and dryads, gods disguised as men, men disguised as animals, animals disguised as plants, plants disguised as—in short, by all the paraphernalia amongst which he once delicately picked his way in the form-rooms of Prunestone College. He turns pale under his tan at the sight of some heroic genealogical tree tracing the descent of Peleus from Ossa, and hurriedly thrusts the volume back on to the shelf. He buries his head in his hands and thinks bitterly of the squandered hours of his golden youth. So it has come to this. He can't remember Peleus. He never heard of Ossa.

Let him take heart. If he doesn't remember, neither does his audience. If he has forgotten his education, his audience was always incapable of it. If he can't tell Castor from Pollux, his audience thinks they are some kind of vaudeville team. Even if he went to the trouble of dredging his Classical Dictionary for some pearl of Greek mythology, his audience would only choke on it, the swine—unless it happened to be one of the Twenty Approved Classical References that I have collected here below. Let the writer or public speaker but decorate his phrases with these Twenty and no reader or listener will doubt that he has received the best education this country can afford him.

ACHILLES. A Greek hero who: (a) Sulked in his Tent, and (b) on emerging from his dudgeon was killed by a shot in the Heel (the only Chink in his Armour).

- e.g. (1) "If the Government choses, like Achilles, to Sulk in its—I will not say Tent... (Laughter.)"
 (2) "The new Bill has, however—if I may borrow an illustration from the Classics—its Heel of Achilles. (Applause.)"
 (3) "The big Heel..."

ADONIS. A handsome Greek youth who—well, a very handsome Greek youth. Hence any young man who is not too ugly.

- e.g. "The Adonis of the Oxford crew is young Lord —. Feminine hearts on the tow-path go pit-a-pat when this young Apollo, clad in shorts and sweater, takes his place in the boat."

ÆGIS. The shield of Zeus or Jupiter, the Omnipotent Father of the Gods, and Lord of Men. ("Deum pater atque hominum rex"—one of the things even we remember). Hence any kind of protection.

- e.g. (1) "The race is being held under the ægis of the Pigeon-Flyers' Benevolent Association."
 (2) "Do hurry up, we've bin waiting ægis and ægis."

ALBION. Name for England. Derivation not generally known, but believed to be classical. Only used in association with the adjective "perfidious."

- e.g. (1) "Gentlemen, our country has been referred to in certain quarters as 'perfidious Albion.' (Groans.)"
 (2) "We have been called 'perfidious Albion.' (Jeers.)"
 (3) "Cette perfide Albion. (Applaudissements.)"

APOLLO. A handsome Greek god. See ADONIS.

BACCHUS. Roman god of wine. Hence the expressions:—

- (1) "Bacchanalian revels."
 (Any party attended by nice people.)
 (2) "Bacchanalian orgies."
 (Any party to which you have not been invited.)

CUPID. Everybody knows about Cupid. Lady writers even refer to him intimately as "Dan."

DIANA. Roman equivalent of Artemis, young maiden goddess of field sports. Hence any able-bodied female—young or maiden or not.

- e.g. "Dianas of the cue met in Churston's Billiard Rooms last night, when Mrs. O. Pott defeated Miss I. Shopp in a close game. Mrs. Pott is still a fine cueist at the age of 71..."

EREBUS. Just another name for H—ll.

- e.g. (1) "Dark as Erebus."
 (2) "Black as Erebus."
 (3) "Erebus salt" (i.e., Hell salt).

HADES. Still another name for H—ll.

- e.g. (1) "What the Hades...?"
 (2) "Where the Hades...?"
 (3) Etc.

HECUBA. Only used in the phrases "What's he to Hecuba or Hecuba to he?" and "What's she to Hecuba or Hecuba to she?" (I think there must be some mistake somewhere, but I can't just pin it down.)

The exact nature of "Hecuba" is not generally understood. Some suppose it to be just another name for—you know what; but as these are the sort of people who as children asked one to teach them to swear in Greek or Sanskrit or what-not, their evidence is not reliable. As a matter of fact the phrase is in common use with bishops, canons, deans and others whose company manners are above reproach, so it must be all right.

HERCULES. Roman version of Heracles, Greek strong man. Has been ousted from popular favour by subsequent strong men—SAMSON, HOUDINI, SANDOW, MUSSOLINI, etc., and is no longer to be recommended as a reference.

HERMES OF PRAXITELES. A beautiful fragment of Greek sculpture, useful in arguments about modern tendencies in art.

- e.g. (1) "Take, for instance, the Hermes of PRAXITELES..."
 (2) "All I ask you to do is to look at it, just look at it, and then look, say, at the Hermes of PRAXITELES. That's all I ask you to do..."
 (3) "I will take just one example—the Hermes of PRAXITELES..."

HYDRA. A Greek bogey-man, a monster that grew heads as fast as they were cut off. Hence anything you don't like and feel nervous about.

- e.g. (1) "That hydra-headed monster, the Capitalist System."
 (2) "That hydra-headed monster, the U.S.S.R."

NEMESIS. Greek goddess of retribution. Like prosperity, is always lurking just around the corner.

- e.g. (1) "Little did he realise, as he tied his faultless evening tie, that Nemesis was waiting for him just around the corner..."
 (2) "Little did she suspect, as she... that Nemesis was waiting for her in the taxi-cab around the corner..."



"CAN I WHISPER SOMETHING TO YOU, MISS JONES?"

"NO; IT'S VERY RUDE TO WHISPER."

"WELL, IT WOULD BE MUCH RUDER IF I SAID IT OUT LOUD."

ŒDIPUS. A Greek complex. But since all complexes are the same complex, we needn't go into that.

* * *

ORPHEUS and his lute made trees. This is probably the most cryptic of all classical references. It baffles me, at any rate. Perhaps there is a lacuna somewhere. But don't let that stop you using the idea, if you can possibly work it in.

e.g. "The hon. Member has spoken of the difficulty of extracting blood from a stone. It may be difficult. I do not say it isn't. But I, for

one, have not shrunk from difficulties in the past, and shall not, if I am spared, shrink from difficulties in the future. Remember, gentlemen, *Orpheus and his lute made trees* . . . (Applause)."

* * *

PELION and Ossa. The Greek equivalents of LAUREL and HARDY. "Piling Pelion on Ossa" is a phrase used to express an extravagant absurdity. Pelion would, it is safe to assume, be the fat one.

PLUTO. *Mickey Mouse's dog.*

* * *

VENUS de Milo. Another beautiful fragment of classical statuary. Lacking arms, it is famous for an illustrated joke that shows mother and young offspring standing in front of statue and mother saying: "There! See what comes of biting your nails, Alfie!"

e.g. (1) "You're no Venus de Milo!"

(2) "I may not be a Venus de Milo, but . . ."

FINIS. THE END.



"I DEFINITELY GOT ON WITH YOUR PARENT. 'S MATTER OF FACT, I TOLD HIM I RATHER LIKED HIM."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Reflections of a Man of Action.

OF MR. H. W. NEVINSON in the mood of mellow reminiscence we cannot have too much. His new book is a slighter and less integrated thing than *Fire of Life*. It consists but of *Running Accompaniments* (ROUTLEDGE, 10/6) to the matter of that masterpiece among autobiographies. But it is as full of wisdom and charm. Its topics are as many as its chapters; but whether Mr. NEVINSON be recalling a loved sister, a revered schoolmaster and friend, or that fine novelist who was at once the complete English gentleman and the essential revolutionary, or analysing the quality of rhythm, or defending the Victorians, or dipping into history or pondering the future—what counts most to us, what contributes most to our pleasure and comfort are the character and the temper of the author. Fiercely as he has battled against injustice and abuse and sterile convention, he regards tolerance as his "natural weakness"—"I can even understand HITLER," he complains, "and feel a stupid tolerance of MUSSOLINI"; and, while no one would accuse him of easy acceptances, we must rejoice that his acceptances are so wide in their scope. Not that they are ever acceptances only. Mr. NEVINSON knows the delights of contemplation, but action, if one may put it so, is his real passion. However beautiful the mountain, he must climb as well as admire it. "I should like," he says, "to

have been a great admiral, a great general, a great explorer, a poet, a musician or, best of all, a great dramatist." He has been instead, and remains, a great and gallant nature.

Don Roberto.

Nothing, says Mr. R. B. CUNNINGHAME-GRAHAM in his new book of stories, is more like life than a mirage—vague, fleeting, apparently so real and yet impossible to grasp. Like the monk quoted in the notes to the *Italy* of SAMUEL ROGERS, he has come to doubt sometimes whether the paintings on the wall are not real and he and his companions but shadows. In this mood he calls his latest book *Mirages* (HEINEMANN, 7/6) and prefaces it with a note addressed to Empire Builders. For he designs to show us that the breed is scattered through the world, and only the chosen few attain to fame. There are mute Caesars and inglorious Pizarros. His heroes are of the sort who make no mark in history; they possess the spirit, but not the stage; sometimes even their names are unknown. Of such are the three "musicos" who stayed in the ancient wooden theatre when the flames roared to heaven, and played to stay the panic until the fire claimed them. Then we have the story of *Charlie* the Gaucho, who had been an English midshipman of good family, who fled from his ship under the mistaken impression that he had killed a comrade, and met his end at length in a quarrel over a horse that in all probability he had stolen. He had succeeded to an estate at home, but the call of the pampas was too much for him. Then too there is *Bibi*, that other English wanderer, a figure in the strange

little world of Tangier, riding to the stronghold of *El Khalkhali* to rescue an ill-treated client who sought his protection. "The Dream of the Magi" strikes a different note. But each and all of these stories bear the unmistakable mark of their author, whether they deal with a Communistic uprising in Spain or a bull-fight in Caracas. "Don Roberto" remains inimitable.

Bread First, Circuses Afterwards.

The colour, strength and animation Dame LAURA KNIGHT, R.A., has put into her autobiography prove once again how invaluable is the artist's eye to the writer. This particular writer, moreover, has a stirring story to tell; for, coming of Derbyshire yeoman stock and left a penniless orphan, she had a long row to hoe before she won recognition as a painter. The struggles of her Nottingham days, the ups-and-downs of her school life in France—where, St. Quentin lace-factories being linked with Nottingham ones, she had an aunt and uncle in residence—make excellent reading. And her painting experiments among Yorkshire fisher-folk have a fascination of their own which cannot in the nature of things be equalled by the coterie life of various Cornish resorts which followed on her happy marriage. Her favourite subjects, the circus and the ballet, entail much intimate detail of the lives of her models; and her book is comprehensively illustrated, though the reproductions are clumsily placed on the paper. Apart from this, *Oil Paint and Grease Paint* (NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 21/-) is an attractive chronicle of hard-won and well-deserved success.

An Avuncular Arnold Bennett.

While still of the opinion that the *Potteries-to-Paris* volume of ARNOLD BENNETT's *Diary* gives the more valuable portrait of the novelist, I own to enjoying *Arnold Bennett's Letters to His Nephew* (HEINEMANN, 10/6) for their bluff benevolence to their object and their intimate sidelights on their subject. The distinction is perhaps a little unfair. True, A. B. writes much about himself in these weekly letters to the Oundle schoolboy, the Cambridge undergraduate, the young scientist on his first job, who was his adopted son; and when he aims directly at RICHARD it is frequently in a spirit of admonition. But these paternal strictures on how to comport yourself on a yacht, how to "organise" your Sundays, and how not to behave in a train are all as well-intentioned as the munificence they reinforce; while accounts of the writer's own activities are obviously painted to please their recipient. A weakness for "resorts" provides memorable passages of description: I particularly commend the flowering geraniums mirrored in the ice of Monte Carlo. And Mr. SWINNERTON's preface soundly defends the jocularly which gives a not unpleasantly "period" flavour to these characteristic Bennettiana.



Strayed Tourist. "IT'S LUCKY WE MET THEM, LAD. TELL US WHEER WE CAN RING UP AN' GET A TAXI."

Abraham, Isaac and Rothschild.

Spanish-speaking Jews expelled from Smyrna and Salonika in 1918 found their own language spoken in the South American countries where they took refuge. They were descendants of Jews moved on from Spain in the fifteenth century. Mr. CECIL ROTH's latest work, *A Short History of the Jewish People: 1600 B.C.—A.D. 1935* (MACMILLAN, 18/-), fills one with new amazement at the wanderings of the Hebrews over the known world no less than at the persistency of ill-treatment which somehow they have drawn down upon themselves. His chapters march from tragedy to tragedy with immovable restraint, and if he does less than justice to the one central incident of Jewish history, yet his impartiality nowhere else falters;

and it is only in his final paragraphs, where he splendidly reasserts the ability of twentieth-century Judaism to rise once again above the threat of extermination and the subtler danger of assimilation, that he allows the triumph of the unconquered enthusiast to break through. He is more interested in Jewish scholarship—in the origin and interpretation of the Talmud and its multifold commentaries—than in the national psychology, and leaves unsolved the problem of the essential cause, certainly always racial rather than religious, for all the Gentile hatred.

A Novel for Politicians.

Many readers, however much they may approve of a novel which concerns itself seriously with history in the making, will deplore the defeatist attitude towards the League of Nations that Mr. STEPHEN MCKENNA takes in his latest book, *While of Sound Mind* (HUTCHINSON, 7/6). If it moves them to find a reason for the faith that is in them it will do them and their cause no harm. The story is that of a diplomat who, utterly estranged from the wife he has worshipped, disappears, creates for himself a new life, a new personality, finds fame and a new love, and ends as the power behind the throne in a great new women's movement for Peace. It is all a little heavy going, the arguments unrelieved by humour, but likely to give its readers plenty of food for thought. The happy ending is certainly amoral, and, far as we have travelled since PARNELL in the matter of allowing the private lives of our great men to be their own business, a pretence marriage as the background for such a Peace crusade is, to say the least, unfortunate.

A Chinese Repertory.

Arriving too late to sustain us during the Winter Show, *Chinese Art* (BATSFORD, 15/-) will still serve as an introduction to its theme and a reminder of the treasures that are quitting us. Uniting a series of papers by different hands, this attractive book is substantially a revised reprint of the *Burlington Magazine* monograph of 1925, the only entirely new article being Mr. W. W. WINKWORTH'S. The status of the public addressed strikes me as a trifle indeterminate. A charming Introduction by the wife of the Chinese Ambassador would, for instance, attract the ordinary reader, who might conceivably jib at the late Mr. ROGER FRY'S injunctions to "attentive passivity" or Mr. WINKWORTH'S highly specialised prelude to an excellent chapter on Bronzes. Between these extremes of ease and erudition, Mr. BINYON on Painting, Dr. SIRÉN on Sculpture, Mr. KENDRICK on Textiles and Mr. RACKHAM on Ceramics provide masterly and not too complicated guidance; and the volume is admirably illustrated, including several subjects from the Exhibition and some particularly successful plates in colour. Seldom, I should say, have *sang-de-bœuf* glaze, apple-green crackle and the "beechwood" effect of verdigris on bronze found themselves more happily rendered.

Kidnapping.

For the early scenes of *The House of Secrets* (HERBERT JENKINS, 7/6) Mr. WYNDHAM MARTYN has betaken himself to a little port in Cornwall, where the young and beautiful *Ellenglaze* heiress, after hectic adventures on the Continent, had taken refuge from her enemies in the family mansion. There she met *Anthony Trent*, who has never been a sedentary investigator but a man so truly of the *Bull-Dog Drummond* type that he is always most lively and alive when in danger of sudden death. After one or two encounters that would have killed an ordinary mortal he came to the assistance of the distressed lady, and it was no small feat that he undertook to perform. For to find and carry off an infant who was illegally detained in a Hungarian castle required not only skill and courage but also a bountiful amount of good fortune. *Trent* may at times place a surtax on our powers of belief, but he never loses himself in mazes of deduction, and he is always full of fight.



RAGE OF OLD-FASHIONED HAMLET ON FINDING THAT, AT THE LAST MOMENT, THE NEW EQUALITY OF THE SEXES SOCIETY HAS INSISTED ON ONE OF THE GRAVEDIGGERS BEING A LADY.

In the Public Eye.

Although responsible for books with such lethal titles as *Police at the Funeral* and *Death of a Ghost*, Miss MARGERY ALLINGHAM, in *Flowers for the Judge* (HEINEMANN, 7/6), shows that she is more interested in character than in crime. Daringly she has invaded a publisher's premises, where *Paul Brande*, a partner in the old-established firm of *Barnabas, Ltd.*, was found dead in the strong-room. *Paul* when alive was troublesome enough, but his sudden death caused the kind of publicity which no self-respecting publisher could welcome. An inquest is followed by a trial at the Old Bailey, and these inquiries are so ably conducted by Miss ALLINGHAM that they are never tedious to follow. And in the background is the modest and efficient *Mr. Campion*, intent on clearing the *House of Barnabas* from clouds of mystery and suspicion.

Who's Who?

Connected, either intentionally or accidentally, with *The Unicorn Murders* (HEINEMANN, 7/6), a queer collection of people found themselves at very close quarters in a château near Orleans. Looming among them was my old friend, *Sir Henry Merrivale*, who had to listen to some plain speaking before yet another feather could be placed in his top-hat. Quite rightly he called the problem confronting him one of "triple impersonation"; and it seems to me that Mr. CARTER DICKSON'S ingenuity is so unlimited that he is in danger of elaborating his plots to the point of confusion. Still, this hunt for a notorious French criminal is brilliantly staged, and *H. M.* has never been more indispensable and observant.

Our Adaptable Advertisers.

"Wanted, Workroom with electric power laid on, heating essential but not necessary."—*Advt.*



"YOU 'AVEN'T DUSTED THE NEW-LAID EGGS THIS WEEK, FRED."

Charivaria.

"In parts of Germany it always seems to be raining cats and dogs," says a writer. And heiling HITLER.

★ ★ ★

The latest sport to find favour in Berlin is said to be paper-chasing. It is understood that the CHANCELLOR can always provide the scraps of paper.

★ ★ ★

A famous novelist says he is going to the Hebrides in search of peace. So that is where it's gone.

★ ★ ★

Danish cheese in large quantities is being subjected to a treatment which makes it resemble Gorgonzola. This throws a light on the suspicion that there's something rotten in the State of Denmark.

★ ★ ★

The secretary of a famous West-End club is quoted as saying that conversation died thirty-five or forty years ago. Members are trying to recall which of them spoke last.

★ ★ ★

In view of Sir RICHARD PAGET's efforts to introduce a sign-language as a substitute for speech, hopes are entertained that it may be adopted for some of those broadcast talks.

★ ★ ★

A thirteenth month in the year is again being advocated.

Gourmets are hoping that, if the plan is adopted, there will be an "r" in it.

★ ★ ★

"Surely we have not had a big European War for nothing," observes a writer. A glance at the National Debt will reassure him on this point if he is in any doubt.

★ ★ ★

A firm of publishers is promoting an Oxford and Cambridge novel-writing competition. Neither Varsity, however, is awarding Blues.

★ ★ ★

Racegoers are advised to take precautions against tired feet. Especially in view of the possibility of a long walk home.

★ ★ ★

A railway ticket-inspector has been presented with a purse of money as an appreciation of his courtesy to passengers. With the compliments of the Seasons?

★ ★ ★

When the police recently circulated a description of a fugitive with a dirty face surprise was expressed that they had omitted to add, "may have washed."

★ ★ ★

A London grocer has been married six times. We understand that he has been careful to make it known each time that he is under entirely new management.

The Puff Poetical.

[Since BON GAULTIER's days the Muse's powers as a puffer have been strangely neglected. The following effusion, we trust, will show that even in the most modern methods of advertisement she is completely at home.]

SCENE—A Park, I think.

Enter, L., Brown and his Fiancée.

Fiancée.

Alas, my love! and when will you be mine?
Ah! when will Hymen lead us to his shrine?

Brown.

Never, my fairest, while my weekly screw
Remains, as now, at £1 3s. 2d.
In vain I toil from day to weary day;
Rebuffs alone and insults come my way;
Yet what the fault, what unperceived defect
Still thwarts my labours, I cannot suspect.

Fiancée.

O sad, O piteous circumstance!

Enter Green, R.

But see,

Sir Turnham Green!

Brown.

He was at school with me.

But what a majesty sits on him now!
How fine his port, how god-like is his brow!
(Addressing Green)
Ah! good Sir Turnham, if you deign to know
Your study-mate of ten long years ago,
If any taste of any pristine joy
Still warm your breast—

Green.

Attend to me, old boy.

I too ere now have fully learnt to curse
The dubious pleasure of a straitened purse;
I too have been by empty hopes beguiled,
By fools derided, and by slaves reviled,
Nor dreamed the cause, until some graceless youth
Unsealed my eyes and spake the awful truth.
Alas! the locks that erst were wont to spread
Their crowding honours o'er my noble head
Now dwelt demurely in their sheltered home,
Shunned mortal eyes, nor further graced my dome!
I, earth's Adonis, whom admirers called
A second Absalom, was growing bald!
Yet all my troubles vanished into air
After one tube of Dobson's For the Hair.

Brown.

Baldness? Not me?

Green.

I have a sample here;

Good luck attend you. I must go, I fear.

[Exit. Brown applies the ointment.]

Fiancée.

See, one by one your glories reappear!
Like that fell harvest by the Grecian sown
The locks once more spring up to deck your crown!
Like some great forest shaken by the wind—

Brown.

What hue, my fairest?

Fiancée.

Grey; but never mind.

Like some great forest shaken by the breeze,
Like Neptune surging with tumultuous seas,
Like swollen rivers sweeping o'er the plain,
Like eagle's plumes, like lion's tawny mane,
My loved one's hair begins to grow again!

Enter one of Brown's Directors, unperceived, R.

Director (aside).

Ha, Brown! But, ah, how changed from him who late

Mirrored creation on that gleaming pate!

A sudden notion strikes me. (Aloud) How d'ye do,
Dear Mr. Brown?

Brown.

Just living, Sir—and you!

Director.

Oh, Brown, you know not in what rapturous phrase
Each charmed director loves to hymn your praise!
None deem we equal. "Others," we agree,
"Abide our question. Brown," we cry, "is free."
Yet never has it hitherto been ours
To find an office worthy of your powers
Until our Chairman, Sir Adolphus Gray,
Cast off the trappings of this mortal clay
(In grief I speak) at 5 A.M. to-day.
Would you consider—?

Brown.

You can bet your life!

But first—(smiling coyly at Fiancée)—a Chairman must
possess a wife!

[Embraces, etc. Exit Director.]

THIS GOES TO SHOW THAT NOTHING CAN COMPARE
WITH DOBSON'S FOR REJUVENATING HAIR!

For the Attention of the Public Prosecutor.

"The management reserves the right to remove any woman they
consider proper."—Notice in a Dance Hall.

"Electric light bowl shades become very dusty, inside particularly,
after a time. If they are made of alabaster or a similar substance
you should clean them first with turpentine and then with warm
soapsuds, and then rinse them with warm water. Polish with a
whiting."—Provincial Paper.

Or burnish with a bloater, if preferred.



LAURENS REID '36.

"ENGLAND WATCHES EUROPE."

A Newspaper Headline.

We never knew just what that meant until we
happened to open our atlas upside-down.



A MEETING OF BRAVES.

THE BIG WHITE CHIEF. "NOW THEN, MY LADS, WHICH IS IT TO BE THIS TIME, THE PEACE PIPE OR THE TOMAHAWK—OR A LITTLE OF BOTH?"

Mr. Chudleigh Carries On.

"HERE'S a postcard for you, Mr. Chudleigh," said Sidney.

Mr. Chudleigh frowned at it. "What the deuce—" he muttered. Then he turned it over and his face brightened. He looked pleasantly surprised.

"Am laid up with cold," he read out. "Hope to be back in a few days. Excuse card. Harbottle. P.S. Carry on as usual."

"Why excuse card?" asked Mr. Porter.

"It's the Whale Room of the Natural History Museum," said Mr. Chudleigh. "P.S. Carry on as usual." He looked round at us over his glasses.

"I think," he said, "that I shall work in Mr. Harbottle's room. We must carry on as usual. Besides, the fire will have been lit to-day, and one ought not to waste a coal-fire."

Mr. Porter said that if it was a question of fires he was going to have Mr. Chudleigh's room. That gas-fire of Mr. Chudleigh's was half as wide again as his. Miss Elkington said that in that case she was going to have Mr. Porter's room, because after all she and Miss Lunn had had it before Mr. Harbottle made them change last year, and the wallpaper might be frightful but it was better than theirs. Miss Lunn said that that wouldn't be fair. She wasn't going to stay in that poky little room of theirs while Miss Elkington went and had Mr. Porter's room. "Would it be fair, Mr. Chudleigh?" she asked.

"Settle it among yourselves," said Mr. Chudleigh with quiet dignity. "I shall be up in Mr. Harbottle's room. I shall read *The Times* for ten minutes or so. Mr. Harbottle usually keeps *The Times* all the morning. Then," said Mr. Chudleigh, "I shall be ready for the letters. I'll telephone down, Miss Elkington." He marched off with *The Times*. He was obviously enjoying himself.

There was a good deal of arguing among the rest of us. In the end Miss Lunn said she would stay where she was if Sidney moved her table out of the draught. So Sidney moved it after he had carried Miss Elkington's typewriter into Mr. Porter's room. Then

Miss Elkington found that Mr. Porter's table was too high to type on, so Sidney moved her table into Mr. Porter's room, and this meant moving Mr. Porter's table down into Mr. Chudleigh's room. Mr. Porter said he didn't want two tables, so Sidney pushed it along the passage into a dark corner where it wouldn't show.

When we were more or less settled—it took most of the morning—we remembered Mr. Chudleigh. We hadn't seen anything of him, not even when Mr. Porter's table fell downstairs, so Miss Elkington said she'd go in and see if he still wanted to do the letters.

"He woke with a jerk," she told us. "He asked if I didn't always look at the indicator on the door to see if it

perfectly all right. Make sure he understands about Mr. Harbottle saying so, because you know what my Uncle Richard's like. Last time it was after four."

Miss Lunn took this message up to Mr. Chudleigh when he came in. "I knew he'd say I was to do the letters," she said afterwards, "so I had to explain that I'm taking the opportunity of Mr. Harbottle being away to mend my typewriter, and I've lost one of the keys. It fell off. And I had to explain all over again how I couldn't make Miss Elkington's work, and about Mr. Harbottle saying we shouldn't use Sidney's for letters. I thought he knew. And isn't it funny," said Miss Lunn, "how stupid men are about fires? He hadn't made it up at lunch-time, and it went right out."

"He's not coming back to his room, is he?" asked Mr. Porter.

"I shouldn't think so," said Miss Lunn. "Not after all the trouble he's taking to light it again."

"I hope not," said Mr. Porter, "because I'm going to spend the afternoon taking Sidney's bicycle to pieces."

"My bicycle, Mr. Porter?" said Sidney. "There's nothing wrong with it."

"Perhaps not actually wrong," said Mr. Porter. "But it wants overhauling now and then, and I'm not going to miss a chance of getting something done without Harbottle interfering." So

Sidney carried the bicycle upstairs. He knew it was no good objecting.

The afternoon was very quiet. Usually Mr. Porter comes down every half-hour to see if his watch is slow. This afternoon he was too busy. Mr. Chudleigh didn't appear either, though we thought once or twice that we heard him fall over the table in the passage. And Miss Elkington was still out.

Mr. Porter was late for tea. "I've put it together again," he said to Sidney. "But I'm not satisfied. I'll do it again to-morrow. Still, I took a good deal of dirt off. Luckily Mr. Chudleigh's carpet's fairly dark anyhow. Hullo, Miss Elkington."

"Am I frightfully late?" said Miss Elkington, sitting down and pulling her hat off.

"You're just in time for the last piece of cake," said Mr. Porter.



"PETTIGEW, WHAT IS THE MEANING OF YOUR EXTRAORDINARY APPEARANCE?"

"WELL, SIR, I'M PLAYING RICHARD CŒUR DE LION IN THE STAFF THEATRICALS, AND I WANTED TO GET USED TO THE MAKE-UP."

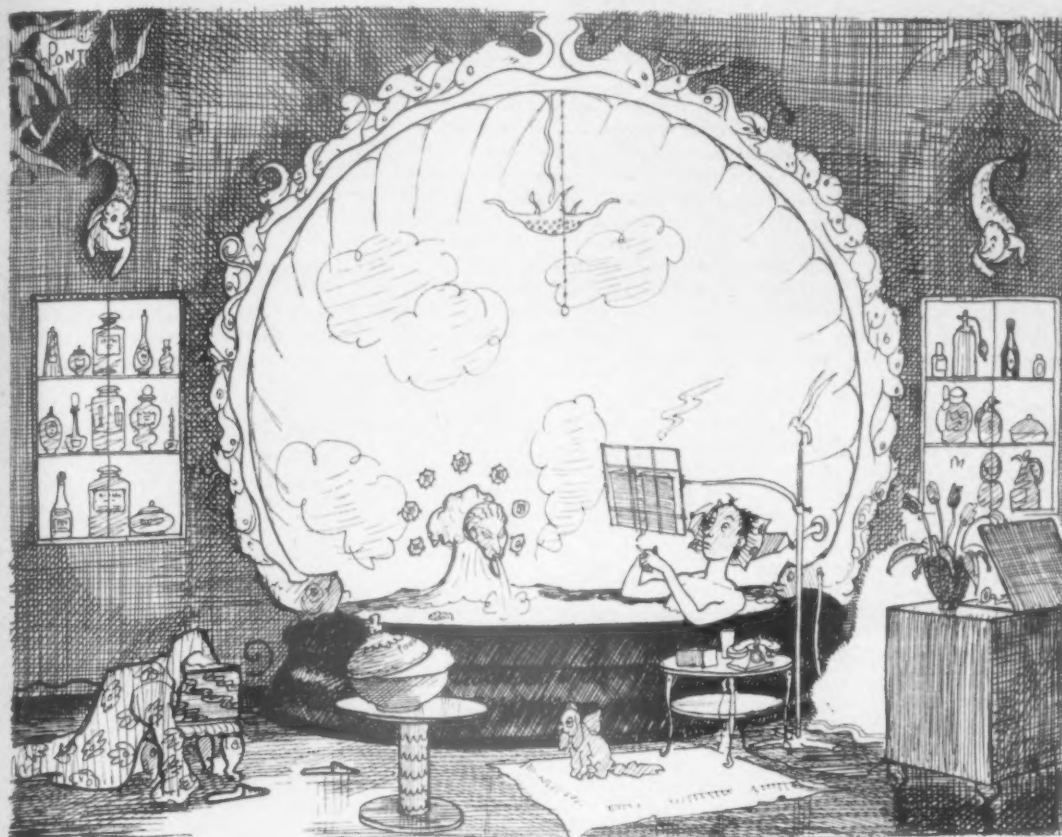
said 'Busy' when Mr. Harbottle was there. I explained that Mr. Harbottle never used it. And then he actually started dictating a letter when it was twenty to one; so I explained about Mr. Harbottle never starting dictating as near lunch as that, because of my not always remembering my notes if I leave them for more than an hour."

Mr. Chudleigh's head shot round the door. "I'll be back at two sharp," he said briskly. "Carry on as usual, Sidney."

"There!" said Miss Elkington, as he hurried out. "I knew I'd forget it. Miss Lunn, be a love and tell him about my Uncle Richard."

"What, that you're having lunch with him?" asked Miss Lunn.

"Yes," said Miss Elkington. "I may be late back, but I asked Mr. Harbottle weeks ago, and he said it would be



THE BRITISH CHARACTER.

THE EXALTATION OF CLEANLINESS.

"I don't really want any," said Miss Elkington, taking it. "I've had the most enormous lunch. First I had a cocktail, and then I had masses of hors d'œuvre, and—why, here's Mr. Chudleigh, looking quite frozen."

Mr. Chudleigh sat down near the fire and took out his handkerchief. It was covered with coal-dust.

"We'd forgotten all about you," said Miss Lunn. "How funny! I suppose we were thinking you were Mr. Harbottle. He never has his tea till later."

"No," said Miss Elkington. "He's odd about it. He eats those sort of dog-biscuit things now. I daresay he wouldn't mind if you borrowed two, Mr. Chudleigh. Only I expect the drawer's locked. Would you like to start on the letters? I don't feel like work, but—"

"I've done them," said Mr. Chudleigh.

"Done them?" said Miss Elkington. "Did Miss Lunn take them down? Oh, Miss Lunn, you are an angel."

Next time you want to go out to lunch I'll—"

"I wrote them myself," said Mr. Chudleigh stiffly. "By hand."

"You did?" said Miss Elkington. "How marvellous! Now I can finish my library book. Mr. Harbottle always says I can read after I've done the letters."

Mr. Chudleigh swallowed. "After you've—"

"Yes," said Miss Elkington. "That's what he always says."

"You're wanted on the telephone, Mr. Chudleigh," said Sidney.

Mr. Chudleigh snatched up the receiver. "Hullo!" he barked. "Oh, it's you, Mr. Harbottle. I didn't recognise your voice. Are you? That's fine. Coming back to-morrow? That's fine. Oh, nothing out of the ordinary, Mr. Harbottle. We've just carried on as usual."

The Dogs of War.

"The hardest fighting occurred around the great mastiff of Mount Aradam."

Welsh Paper.

Inspiration.

It is not love that wakes my Muse
Nor the desire of fame;
A modest bard, I do not choose
To magnify my name.

Nor do I sing to ease a heart
Heavy with silent woe;
Have I a message to impart?
Unfortunately, no.

I do not pipe because I must
Express a tuneful self,
I feel no urge to swell and burst;
I only pipe for pelf.

Some poets sing of right and wrong
And some of man and maid;
One thought alone inspires my song—
The thought of being paid.

"Felt will be laid on the floors, carpenters will open the glass cases, and the world's greatest collection of Chinese art will be broken up, to be returned to the owners of the pieces."—Daily Paper.

We hope they will be grateful.

More Notes on Notes.

CONSIDERABLE interest has been aroused by the paragraphs that appeared in these columns recently, and several readers have written to ask if it is not possible to utilise these notes to reconstruct, if only in a small and inadequate way, the original manuscript. A Colonel Chipchase of Dorset is of the opinion that the task should be comparatively easy in view of the completeness of the notes, and he claims that a friend of his has already completed the first and last fifty bars, as well as over one hundred bars that appear in the middle of the work.

The notes that have already appeared surveyed the whole composition briefly, and, while interesting in themselves, necessarily covered too much ground to be useful in a detailed reconstruction. Those that follow relate entirely to the First Movement and should be a very real help to those engaged in the piecing together.

★ ★ ★

It will be noticed that the work is scored for full orchestra throughout, even including those parts with melody for a solo instrument; and this is the logical outcome of the business training the composer received during his early years. His argument was that the musicians were being paid to play, and play they should. As a direct result of this there is a complete orchestral accompaniment to all solo passages. But although the score is for full orchestra, the composer himself did not attempt to write in all the parts; he left that to the members of the orchestra. Provided that they did not "kill" the solo they could play what they liked—but play they must.

★ ★ ★

This theme is for solo harmonica, and here we find the first attempt to escape from convention—not in the choice of instrument, for the harmonica had been used before, but in the method of writing.

Instead of utilising the familiar "suck, suck, blow" notation, he preferred to use the ordinary staff, and differentiated between "blown" and what may more politely be called "drawn" notes by the colour of the ink used. All "blown" notes appeared in black and all "drawn" notes in red. Although praiseworthy as an attempt to be original, this method had one great disadvantage that was not apparent until some time after. Red pigments are notoriously short-lived,

and the ink used here was no exception to this rule. When the time came to put the work into rehearsal it was found that all the "drawn" notes had disappeared. In some cases several consecutive bars had consisted entirely of such notes, and the position was unenviable. But worse was to follow, for the composer, hastily summoned from Baden-Baden, confessed himself unable to reconstruct the theme from the "blown" notes. In the end, and with his consent, it was decided to play what was left of the music and to substitute for the missing notes a rhythmic sound produced by striking a 24-inch dustbin-lid with a dead trout. It was thought that any comment evoked by the bizarre nature of the music would be stifled by this somewhat unusual spectacle.

Some idea of the difficulty experienced will be gathered from the following bar picked out at random:—



Extraordinary technical ability is necessary to obtain the *diminuendo* in the middle of the bar and the double *fortissimo* at the end upon the notes which have disappeared.

★ ★ ★

The enormous number of *crescendo* and *diminuendo* signs at this point have been the cause of much controversy. As will be seen, they follow one another without reason, and for years musicians argued about them and endeavoured to reconcile them with some plan, but all to no purpose. The generally accepted modern view is that the composer had a little tuft on his pen-nib and was trying to clear it.

★ ★ ★

Here again is a departure from established practice. A simple melody of eight bars is played first by the violins, then by the rest of the strings, the wood-wind and brass sections. The whole thing is reminiscent of a part-song: the violins begin; when they get to the third bar the 'cellos come in with bar one; when the 'cellos get to the third bar the oboes take up the melody, and so on through the whole orchestra. The theme is repeated at the end of the eight bars, so that there is a gradual *crescendo* of sound as section after section of the orchestra joins in. The only method of bringing this to an end is to sand-bag the conductor.

A curious point is the apparent inability to remain in one key. No matter how many sharps or flats appear in the signature, before many bars have elapsed we find them cancelled in the following fashion:—



—and the composer returns to C major. It has been suggested many times that he was unable to master any other key and that the various signatures were merely an attempt to disguise this fact.

★ ★ ★

This rest of three bars did not appear in the original. Dr. Pippeltree, when running through the score for the first time, noticed that a slip of paper about six inches long had been stuck over a certain passage and those bars that were covered had been rewritten on this slip. Firmly believing that first thoughts were best, he decided to have this addendum removed, and although this took an enormous amount of time, attached as it was with some form of marine glue and two improvised rivets, it was at last accomplished.

Underneath, instead of the expected music, was a short sentence in Czech, which translated read: "I love Gerda, but, alas! I am too poor to buy *sauerkraut* for two." Partly through necessity—for the slip had been completely destroyed during its removal—but chiefly because of sentiment, the Doctor decided that these three bars should remain blank so that thought might be given to the privations that must have been endured by the composer. During these three bars, therefore, the whole orchestra, with the exception of the trombone-players, sit with heads bowed in silent tribute. The trombone-players make use of this brief pause to draw the deep breath necessary for their next passage.

★ ★ ★

For some reason best known to himself the composer disliked applause, and although the First Movement ends here, two 'cellos and an alto piccolo continue to be heard, accompanied by the pianoforte. Printed requests on the programmes and notices exhibited about the hall failed to restrain the audience as does this simple device. It should be borne in mind, however, that these four artists must be allowed a short interval at the beginning of the Second Movement if trouble with the Musicians' Union is to be avoided.



THE HOLIDAY SPIRIT.

Caddie (reproachfully). "A TRIFLE 'EAVY-'ANDED WITH A PUTTER, AIN'T YER?"

Cynthia is Convalescent.

BLACK grapes
And books
And lots of flowers
Can charm the invalid for hours,
But still, when all is said and done,
There's nothing gives such wholesome fun
As trying on the visitor
Your histrionic powers.

Of looking ill
I do not speak;
The subtler shadings
Of technique
I sing—the finer arts
Of lifting up a languid hand
(A perfect gesture, lightly planned
To touch the hardest hearts);
Of smiling bravely (sure to tell);
Of saying, "No, I feel quite well,
I wish I could get up,"
And adding, with a dying fall,
"Please pass that little cup—
Yes, there beside the medicine"—

(And here you give a touching grin)—
"It's rather horrid, I'm afraid."
(The stuff is really
Lemonade—
But nobody knows *that*.)
Some visitors will give your hand,
At this, a shamefaced pat.
"There, there!" they say,
"You're looking great;
Just let me put this pillow straight."
(Protest, but let them do it;
Only the truly cynical
Can possibly see through it.)

There's just *one* thing
You mustn't do
("Good-bye," you sigh;
"So good of you."
They close the door with tact):
You mustn't ever, dear, *be* ill
Or you'll forget to act
And prove, when suffering agony indeed,
A wholly unconvincing invalid.



Gilbert Holiday.

"ALSO RAN."

AT SANDOWN PARK—"GRAND MILITARY."

A Few Words.

"Redundant," "Piecemeal," "Bogus,"
"Bogus redundancy," etc.

THERE was an interesting example of the importance of attaching clear meanings to words in the recent debate on the Licensing (Amendment) Bill.

As you know—or perhaps not, for the weird laws of our land are insufficiently known—a Licensing Authority may extinguish or "suppress" the licence of the "Ship and Whale" on the ground that it is "redundant." There need be no accusation of misconduct, intemperance or anything else; nor even any evidence that great quantities of "alcohol" are there consumed. Indeed in most cases it is a small place in which not much alcohol is consumed. The "Ship and Whale" is just declared "redundant."

Now, what does "redundant" mean? According to the *Shorter Oxford English Dictionary* it means "superabundant, superfluous, excessive." That great work of humour, the Report of the Royal Commission on Licensing, uses the word "superfluous" more often than "redundant,"

and evidently intends the same thing. And (on page 28) it gives a sort of definition: "If there are more licensed houses in a given area than are reasonably needed for the service of the public, resident or non-resident, then there is redundancy." (What a word!)

Well, for very many years the Licensing Authorities have been busy suppressing "redundant" licences; and the people of this country have been busily creating and registering clubs, some good and some, maybe, bad or even "bogus." And in the debate the following familiar complaint was made:

Viscountess Astor. I could give instances of where the minute a redundant public-house was closed a club sprang up.

An Hon. Member (so vile and lovely that we will not even record his name). If you say that a licence was extinguished because it was regarded as redundant it means that the licence was not redundant but that there was a need for it.

Viscountess Astor. Redundant in the interests of the community and

not in the interests of a few people who want to drink. That is what I meant.

The Noble Lady is not of British birth and is not to be blamed for not understanding these absurd British usages; but she ought not to contradict a Briton who does. Whatever she may mean, that is not what the word means; it is not even, as we have seen, what the Licensing Commission meant. To many of us it may seem that there are a good many motor-cars which are "redundant in the interests of the community"; but a citizen with, say, three cars would object strongly if a Bench of anti-motorist magistrates had power to decree that two of those cars must be "suppressed." Pubs are not erected for "the community" but for those, many or few, who live or pass through a particular area and wish to use them—or, if you will, want to eat and drink, which is not, by the way, a criminal offence. And if a club (however "bogus") arises on the ruins of a pub it means that the pub was "reasonably needed for the service of the public." In other words, it is a case of "bogus redundancy." The Licensing Authority

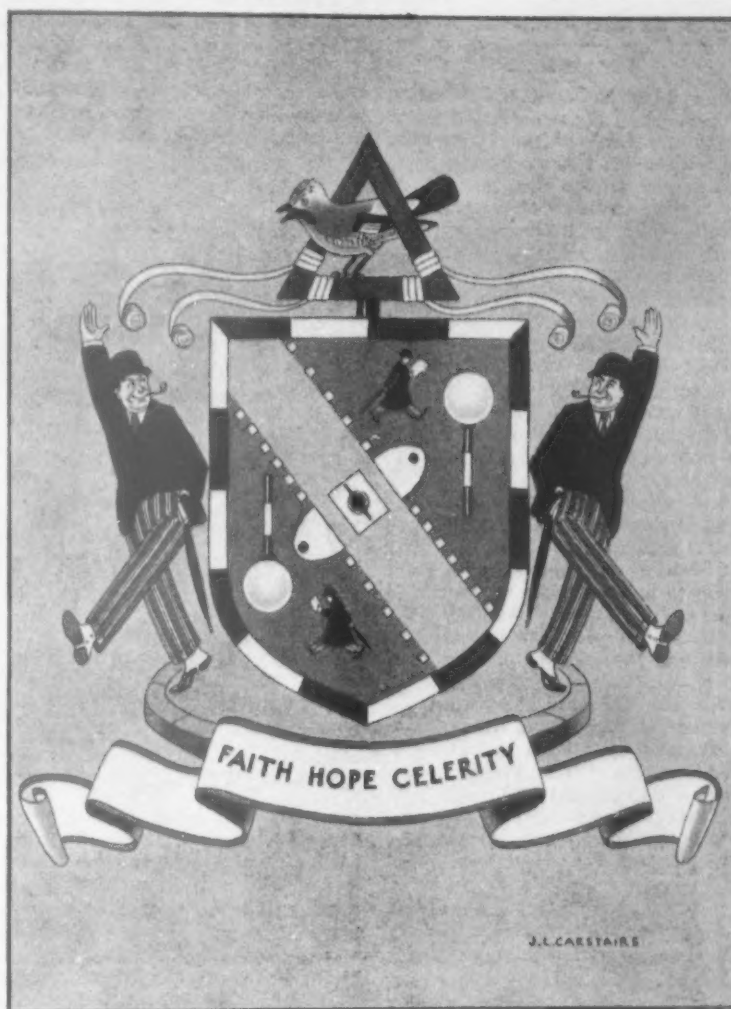
has not done its job well and all it has done is to transfer "the public" from the controlled and respectable pub to the uncontrolled and, as they say, deleterious club—thus causing intemperance.

This extremely serious and important argument, with many others, had already been developed by the Honourable but Vile Member already mentioned; and the only reply he received from the Noble Lady was that he was a "Playboy" and she was not going to deal with him. An anonymous correspondent of *The Observer* newspaper recorded with delight the lady's epithet but not the gentleman's arguments. We dare say he can stand that. At any rate he will have to try.

Let us return for the moment to "redundant." The King's Government, through the HOME SECRETARY, has announced that it proposes, next Session (that is, next year) to introduce a Bill to deal with "bogus clubs." The result of that will be, presumably, that a number of clubs—bogus, redundant or what-not—will cease to exist. But the misguided, perhaps redundant, citizens who now frequent these haunts will still, presumably, wish for beer, and the consumption of beer will still, presumably, be lawful. So they will go to those pubs in the same neighbourhood which have not been done to death as redundant. Those pubs are, *ex hypothesi*, precisely fitted to the needs of the neighbourhood, according to the judgment of the sagacious Licensing Authority—that is, they are fully employed without being overcrowded. But, upon the influx of a large number of new customers from the defunct, redundant or bogus clubs, these pubs will become overcrowded. It will then be proved that many of the dead pubs were not superfluous after all; and the sagacious Licensing Authority will be proved guilty of decreeing redundant redundancies. What is more important, there will be overcrowding, discomfort, and increased "perpendicular drinking" at the "Cow and Bottle." But if anyone points out that the responsibility for this state of affairs will lie upon the Licensing Justices he will, no doubt, be described as a humorist.

And all this trouble, Bobby, comes from misinterpreting the word "redundant," which means "superfluous" and not "what I don't like."

"Piecemeal" was another word frequent in the debate. "Piecemeal" means "one part at a time; piece by piece, by degrees, separately." Whenever a Private Member introduces a Licensing Bill the Government says that this great question must not be



THE LESS FAMOUS BUT VERY LIVELY COMPANIES OF LONDON.
THE INTREPID COMPANY OF PEDESTRIANS.

attacked "piecemeal." This Bill dealt with only two things: (1) pubs and (2) clubs; and Members complained that it was a "piecemeal" effort. At the end of the debate the HOME SECRETARY said that the Government would attack (2) but do nothing about (1). And the same Members cheered.

But the clubs, whether bogus or redundant, may be of good heart, for Parliament, we reckon, will not "deal with them" till about the spring of 1937. And they must give three cheers for the good Temperance folk who hotly opposed a Bill which might have dealt with them in the spring of 1936.

It is, Bobby, an indubitably bizarre, to a large extent bogus and, we suspect, substantially redundant world.

P.S.—We are informed by the H. and V. Member that he would rather be called the Playboy of the Drink World, which is alive, than the Tragic Widow of Prohibition, which is dead.

A. P. H.

"FOUR MONTHS' IMPRISONMENT FOR
150 COCONUTS."

News Heading.

Perhaps an answer to the old question:
What makes the coconut shy?

"Eastleigh has solved the problem of utilising disused churchyards by turning them into gardens of rest for old people."

Southern Paper.

We should be interested to know what the graveyards have been used for hitherto.

At the Pictures.

FUNNY MEN.

I HAVE just had another illustration of the truth of my remark that (so to speak) one man's laughter is another man's boredom; for I was told on no account to see the MARX Brothers in *A Night at the Opera*, because they had become so mixed up in music that they had lost identity and were no longer amusing; whereas I was on no account to miss the new HAROLD LLOYD—*The Milky Way*—because it was a riot. Well, having seen both, I think my adviser doubly wrong. I found HAROLD LLOYD mechanical and I found GROUCHO, CHICO and HARPO at their best.

And what a trio they are, these MARXES, what a brotherhood! And how, we all wonder, can Nature do these things—triplicate nonsense and melody with such profusion? Whether GROUCHO can play any instrument but the cigar I cannot remember; but at the piano CHICO can do anything with those flexible fingers, and HARPO at the harp is inspired and almost sane. So with the FRATELLINI—FRANÇOIS, PAUL and ALBERT, three more brothers—all are comedians and each can play



J.M.D.

A THREATENED CONTRACT.

Fiorello CHICO MARX.
Otis B. Driftwood . . . GROUCHO MARX.

anything. And then, in France, there are also les trois frères AMAR, who control a travelling circus, each, I take

it, possessing the all-round ability that we associate with the sawdust ring. Always in threes. It is—zing.

The MARX Brothers, as I have said, are at their best, and they prove that, in spite of constant competition, there are still comic situations that are



A COMBATIVE CONTRACT.

Gabby Sloane ADOLPHE MENJOU.
Burleigh Sullivan HAROLD LLOYD.
Ann Westley VERA-REE TEASDALE.

new; for never before have I seen a contract so conscientiously destroyed as by GROUCHO and CHICO; or a berth on a liner so small as GROUCHO's, made, beyond all believing, to hold so many people; or theatrical scenes changed by an imp—by HARPO, in fact—to reduce to bathos the notes of the star singing in front of them. And so far from the duet from *Il Trovatore* interfering with such an imbroglio, it seemed to me to point it; while for the first time in our lives we understood what Mr. Dooley meant when he spelt opera, "uproar."

It is all very mad, but it is all very funny (not least when CHICO looks far too like the original General Booth); and the only thing that could make the laughter louder would be the better timing of some of GROUCHO's comments, which are now lost.

Remembering HAROLD LLOYD's last film, when he was a simpleton from China who spoke in proverbs, I went to *The Milky Way* full of hopefulness; but I was too soon cast down. Not only is there nothing new, but the old is so wearisomely old: nothing less than a prize-fight, or rather two prize-fights. By virtue of having learnt to dodge when a small boy, this milkman (our

HAROLD), grown to maturity, is able to avoid blows and thus to get a name for success as a boxer. The rest is too easy: he is forced into the ring and emerges a champion. To make HAROLD a milkman was, I should guess, in accordance with local colour, and it probably means something in America; but to make him fond of animals means nothing beyond giving him as a companion in a taxi a small foal, whose whinnying he has to cover with his own.

Having seen too many comic prize-fights, and being unmoved even by the spectacle of colts in cabs, I was unable to laugh; and I am sorry for it because I like laughter and I like HAROLD LLOYD.

He is well served by a company which includes our old friend ADOLPHE MENJOU, no longer the great lover but a manager of toughs. And (having visited film studios and knowing what the difficulties are) I shall always remember with pleasure the excellence of the photography which enables HAROLD to throw his hat through one doorway and catch it, returning through another, on his head: a novel and entertaining performance which goes some way to redeem the dreary old stuff in the prize-ring. E. V. L.



J.M.D.

A SUGAR CONTRACT.

Burleigh Sullivan . . . HAROLD LLOYD.

Jury Scores Off Judge.

"The Judge.—I think this question ought to be asked in camera.

During the afternoon the jury expressed a desire to examine the camera."

Report of Trial.



THE ART OF CONVERSATION.
"WONDERFULLY FLAT FLOOR!"

The Churchwarden.

George Tibbles, who will be eighty-five come Michaelmas, always smokes a long clay pipe in his regular corner of the bar.

Three years ago an artist drew a picture of George and put it in a book—a book which they say is sold for five shillings, though Little Wurzeleton doesn't believe it. That book has been the making of our village pub.

Every week-end George is surrounded by townsmen who pretend to listen to his reminiscences but are really feasting their eyes upon his fringe of white whisker, his many-buttoned waistcoat with tiny lapels, and the mumbling of his aged lips upon his pipe.

They think that he doesn't know this. But he does. He knows lots o' things that the young 'uns ha'n't never heard on. It is a speciality of his and he finds it profitable.

He was greatly disturbed not long ago to find that the interest was falling off. What was wanted, he thought,

was summat to start they townies talkin' again. So he staged the tragical comedy of the blocked churchwarden.

It was really pitiful to see his hollow cheeks as he sucked and sucked at a pipe that refused to draw. We of Little Wurzeleton sat stolidly by and said nowt; but the townies racked their brains for helpful suggestions.

They had to work their wits. Pipe-cleaners, feathers and other instruments that are effective with an ordinary pipe will hardly reach the middle of a churchwarden. And as old George said, "That ain't no use pokin' it further in."

When the strongest-lunged townsmen had vainly tried to blow the blockage clear and further suggestions were beginning to come slowly, George broke two inches off the stem. "Thass what my owd dad allus did," he said.

But the block was not in the first two inches, or the next, or the next. The pipe still would not draw even when it was reduced to such a stump that the bowl touched George's nose. After that he could only sit and look mournful.

The townsmen were inwardly gurgling with joy, but they did their best to seem sympathetic. Before they went away they all whispered consoling words in the old man's ear and slipped something into his hand.

When the door closed behind the last of them George counted his gains. "Three-and-a-tanner," he muttered, "to say nothin' o' fower half-pints. That ain't such a bad price for an owd clay. There'll be scores o' townies here nex' week hopin' it'll happen agen. But that oon't—not yetawhile."

"How did ye do it?" we asked.

"Thass a game I useter play on my owd dad more'n seventy year ago," he explained. The old man pointed to a faint crack at the very spot where bowl and stem met. Then he broke the pipe again and showed the blob of sealing-wax that filled the bore. "I'll be wantin' a new clay nex' week, Wal'r," he added.

Walter Glass the landlord nodded. He buys churchwardens by the dozen and puts them down to advertising. In private life old George smokes a sixpenny briar, just like the rest of us.

Spring in Autumn.

SPRING, I am growing old, and I cannot wake to see
The blackbird's weight on the budding thorns
Send diamonds dripping to argent lawns;
And the silver sun of your misted dawns seems cold to me.

Spring, I am growing old, and you keep your treasures far!
It's twenty leagues to the Badger's sett,
Which once was under a mile—and wet
Are your woodland paths where the violet and primrose are.

Spring, I am growing old, and your evening winds blow chill.
Your sunset pageant unfolds behind
A log-piled hearth and a down-drawn blind;
But I've long and lovely years in mind down the slow hill.

K. D.

Monkey Business.

"You are familiar, no doubt," said the man they call Stringley, "with HUXLEY's famous dictum concerning the monkeys, the typewriters and the plays of SHAKESPEARE?"

"You don't mean Holmes's famous dictum concerning the politician, the lighthouse and the trained cormorant?" I asked.

"HUXLEY, as I remember," said Stringley firmly, "laid down the proposition that six monkeys strumming away to infinity on six typewriters would eventually produce the whole series of SHAKESPEARE's plays. It is possible that I am at fault as to the actual number of monkeys mentioned; nor am I at all clear on the question why more than one monkey should have been posited, since the time-factor is of no importance. But the general sense of the statement remains clear. HUXLEY was anxious to show—"

"By the way," I asked, "did he happen to mention the make of the typewriters?"

"What on earth has that got to do with it?"

"Nothing much, only it would be rather an advertisement for their durability. Perfecto Typewriters are being used exclusively by the members of HUXLEY's Simian Six in their Non-Stop Eternity Effort to reproduce the works of SHAKESPEARE. Interviewed yesterday, the opening of the five thousandth year of the Test, Jacko, the virile leader of the troupe, said, "These machines certainly are good. . . ." You see what I mean?"

"I hoped you would be interested," said Stringley reproachfully.

"I am, Stringley, I am. Proceed."

"The operations of Chance and the Law of Probability have always appealed to me, and when HUXLEY's dictum was recalled to my memory a short while ago I naturally became interested. It has as a matter of fact recently been discussed in the correspondence columns of *The Sunday Times*."

"You surprise me," I said, "not at all. If there is one thing the correspondents of *The Sunday Times* like to discuss more than another (which I doubt) it is somebody-or-other's dictum. I think it takes them back to happy days in the Examination Schools: 'The proper study of mankind is man.' Discuss this dictum."

"It seemed to me," said Stringley patiently, "that the letters which were appearing on the subject all fell into the error of treating the problem purely as a theoretical one. Now I am, I think I may say, a practical man, and it struck me at once that the validity of HUXLEY's pronouncement might to some extent at least be tested by actual experiment. I decided to reproduce as accurately as possible the exact conditions laid down by HUXLEY. The

employment of monkeys, I realised at once, was out of the question; it might take years to induce them even to approach the typewriters. Nor could the experiment, for obvious reasons, be extended to infinity. Instead, I engaged six out-of-work piano-players to work day and night for a week in four-hour shifts."

"Why piano-players?"

"It was essential to have persons accustomed to the rapid and accurate striking of keys. Professional typists of course, owing to their knowledge of the keyboard and unconscious leaning towards certain combinations of letters, would have falsified the conditions of the experiment. Phrases such as 'We beg to acknowledge' and 'With reference to your esteemed favour' would be bound, I felt, to creep into their typescripts. Piano-players, on the other hand, led blindfold to their machines and instructed to strike the keys at random until relieved almost exactly reproduced HUXLEY's ideal of the strumming monkeys."

"The test began at eight o'clock on the morning of March 2nd, and at precisely the same time on March 9th I gathered up the final pages of typescript and commenced a careful examination of the seven thousand two hundred and thirty-one sheets which had been produced. The results were striking. Look at that."

I took the piece of paper he held out and read the part which Stringley had underlined: "hrYldscro0p.oJmSham."

"By Jove!" I said.

"You recognise it, I see," Stringley said triumphantly. "Henry Lord Scroop of Masham—a phrase which occurs at least twice in *King Henry V*. Five complete words from SHAKESPEARE in only a week! Why, HUXLEY's monkeys would easily have produced the whole works in a million years or so."

"I suppose," I said wistfully, "there's no chance that SHAKESPEARE's plays really were written by six monkeys? It would be such a blow for the Baconians."

Stringley had just found another purple passage.

"O, rmemd-butter" (it read) "bypartiformHUPua%o-KiUdhfoumHH. notfugButAHj—U."

"H'm!" I said, "I ought to know that, oughtn't I! But just for the moment—you know how it is?—I can't place it. Not *Macbeth*, surely?"

"As a matter of fact," said Stringley impressively, "it's not Shakespeare at all. That's the amazing thing about it. It's good—anyone can see that—and it's new. Do you realise what that means? For the first time in the history of the world original thought has come into being without the agency of man's intellect. 'O remembered butter!—that poignant utterance is the poetry of pure Chance, a strangled cry from the mysterious force that rules our lives. And what has been done once can be done again. At last we shall hear the authentic voice of the soul of things—the *lacrima rerum* at which hitherto we have only guessed. 'Not fug but AH! five-eighths—You'—what is there in SHAKESPEARE to equal the bitterness of that?'"

"I think I like 'bypartiformHUP' as well as anything," I said; "it's so human."

"A new literature will come into being," said Stringley dreamily—"a literature beside which such man-made stuff as Shakespeare will sink into insignificance. And I, as the inventor of it—"

I laughed at the infatuated man. "Come, come," I said—"that is too bold a claim even for you."

"You don't mean to tell me," he whispered, "that the method has been used before?"

For answer I pulled a booklet of Modern Poems from my pocket and read him a couple of stanzas.

"You see, Stringley—" I began—but he had gone.

H. F. E.

A Defence of Clues.

THE feats of experts in clue-making,
If not demonstrably earth-shaking—
Since for the most part they consist
In giving words a novel twist—
Administer repeated shocks
To purists and the orthodox
Professors who are paid to teach
A strict correctitude of speech.

Thus, on the very day I write,
The Times (I ask you!) treats "air-
tight"

As if it were a new variety
Of atmospheric inebriety,
And words perversely misapplied
Confront our gaze on every side.
For instance, "sliding seats" to-day
Describe the motion of the sleigh;
Tangents, divorced from devious ways,
Are addicts to the sunbath craze;
No longer does a sallyport
Suggest an exit from a fort,
But is distorted to define
A Bright Young Person's favourite
wine;

While matrons who procrastinate
Exhibit a malingering gait.

The trick of spotting double senses,
Apart from other consequences,
Lends to a cross-eyed crossword vision
Not wholly consonant with precision;
Yet, should some ponderous pedant
please

To dub the habit a disease,
I find this form of double-dealing
A dope that never fails in healing
In times when the round earth is
reeling.

C. L. G.

Sunday Verdicts;

or, What We Are Getting Too Much
Accustomed To.

THE EMOTIONAL TYPHOON

"I still tingle."—*Gerald Straus*.
"A masterpiece."—*Ralph Gould*.

PRISMATIC FOLLY

"Magnificent exposure."—*Ralph Gould*.
"A gripping life-story."—*Gerald Straus*.

THE BODY IN THE BEEHIVE

"Could not lay it down."—*Ralph Gould*.
"Should sell thousands."—*Gerald Straus*.

THE HERMAPHRODITES

"Glorious fun."—*Gerald Straus*.
"Irresistibly droll."—*Ralph Gould*.

VERA THE VAMP

"I laughed till I cried."—*Ralph Gould*.
"A riot of wit."—*Gerald Straus*.

ALMOST UNPRINTABLE

"Epoch-making."—*Gerald Straus*.
"A book in a thousand."—*Ralph Gould*.



"CAREFUL, CHARLIE!—FINGERS!"

THE INSPECTOR BAFFLED

"A superb mystery."—*Ralph Gould*.
"Perfect reading for the Day of
Rest."—*Gerald Straus*. F. W. M.

Sic Transit . . .

Bundy and Son
In days that are done
Used to build coaches for everyone;
Manor and hall,
Great folk and small,
Bundys built carriages once for 'em all.
Coaches and gigs
And thingummyjigs
For people in patches and full-bottomed
wigs
That highwaymen stopped
Who long ago dropped
To dust on the gibbet where downland
sheep cropped;

Cabriolets
And family shays
Of GEORGE'S and ANNE'S and VIC-
TORIA'S days—
Slow wheels and fast
All have at last
Rattled away down the road of the
Past.

Bundy is dead;
Pumps green and red
Stand in a row in his carriage-works'
stead;
And, dappled with mire,
By the didakai's fire
You may see the smart dog-cart he
built for the Squire,
With a skinny-ribbed gry
A-grazing hard by
And the didakai's duds hung about it
to dry.

C. F. S.



Soulful Lady. "HELP ME, DARLING—WHICH SHALL I WEAR? MY HEART TELLS ME THIS, BUT MY BRAIN SAYS THE OTHER."

Customary Suits.

(A forecast of male fashions for the United States announces that there will be forty shades of colour for dinner-suits.)

OFt have I wished, when gotten up
All for my evening meal,
That one might dine, and haply sup,
In garments of appeal,
That the stern code that dooms a gent
To deepest sable nightly
Might, to a moderate extent,
Ease off to something sprightly.

My tailor, though a gentle soul,
Is harder than the rock;
The bare suggestion makes him roll
His eyes, as though from shock;
He holds his law an iron thing
'Gainst which there's no disputing,
Nor even for our very KING
Would carve a fancy suiting.

But there's a land where men have thrown
These rusty shackles off,
Where private zeal, and that alone,
Will garb, henceforth, the toff,

Where he may sally forth to dine
(Or sup) in airy splendour
Which ought with luck to take the shine
Out of the other gender.

And there full many a gorgeous hue
Will decorate the scene
From twilight blue and evening blue
To wine, maroon, and green,
And many more, both light and dark;
They come, in all, to forty;
The mildest worthy of remark,
The bolder somewhat sporty.

I will go out to that free land
And, exiled overseas,
Shake off our English blackness and
Wear what I darn well please;
Give me my coat of pinkish dye,
Give me my bags of yellow,
And, with some trifling waistcoat, I
Ought to be quite a fellow. DUM-DUM.



THE GOOSE-STEP.

"GOOSEY GOOSEY GANDER,
WHITHER DOST THOU WANDER?"
"ONLY THROUGH THE RHINELAND—
PRAY EXCUSE MY BLUNDER!"



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MON
OCT
18

Impressions of Parliament.

Synopsis of the Week.

Monday, March 9th.—Commons: Debate on Defence.

Tuesday, March 10th.—Lords: Milk and Shops Bills advanced.

Commons: Debate on Defence continued.

Wednesday, March 11th.—Lords: Debate on Revision of League Covenant.

Commons: Debate on Location of Industry.

Monday, March 9th.—A Parliamentary day of unusual interest began with Mr. EDEN's description of how on March 6th he had suggested to the German Ambassador that the time had come for further exploration of the idea of a Western Air Pact, and how, on March 7th, the German Ambassador had announced his country's ill-considered retreat from Locarno.

This prelude over, Mr. BALDWIN opened the two-day debate on Defence by saying that the objective of the foreign policy of this country could be summed up in one sentence: to secure peace for the peoples of the British Empire and for the nations of the world. Successive British Governments, he went on, had arranged their Service Estimates on the assumption that there would be no war for ten years; a fundamental divergence of view between the French and the Germans had rendered the Disarmament Con-

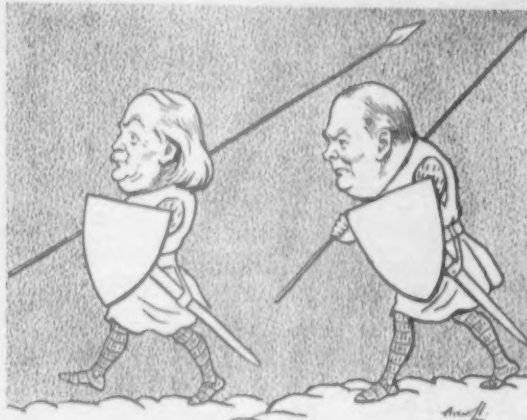
ference sterile; collective security, the only thing which could prevent war, demanded a strong Britain; and for this reason the gaps in our defences must be repaired and an expanded supply of armaments assured. In conclusion he emphasised that there

calibre to their predecessors just after the War, while their immediate juniors were of the first class.

Tuesday, March 10th.—When the Defence debate was continued this afternoon, Mr. GREENWOOD did little to improve on the poor show which Mr. ATTLEE put up yesterday. The House had hoped for a nearer approach to the practical than a scornful dismissal of Mr. BALDWIN as politically dead and spiritually damned, and for a more concrete suggestion than that the Government was in the pocket of the Federation of British Industries. Why should they be? He did not explain.

Early in the day Sir JOHN SIMON contributed a careful survey of the lines along which expansion would take place; Mr. LANSBURY followed him with his customary appeal to leave the instruments of war alone; and then the first of the two big guns for whom everyone was waiting opened fire—Mr. CHURCHILL.

After criticising the Government for not setting our House in order sooner, he contrasted the amount which it was said they proposed to lay out—about £300 million—with the enormous armament expenditure of Germany, which had spent in the last three years £1,500 million. A terrible dilemma, he prophesied, lay ahead of the German leaders; for if they went on building armaments there would ensue bank-



"LES ANCIENS COMBATTANTS."

[Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and Mr. CHURCHILL re-enter the Parliamentary Lists.]

could be no permanent peace in Europe until a triple friendship between France, Germany and England became a fact.

Mr. ATTLEE's contribution, somewhat removed from reality, was mainly an attempt to show that the Government had no true belief in the League, but, though he strongly objected to the absence of any definite estimate of expense, he pledged his support for adequate defence services. Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR, for the Liberal Party, also criticised the vagueness of the outlines of the White Paper, and regretted that the new Minister, whose job it should have been to prepare it, had not yet been appointed; and he too agreed that our defences must be increased.

Sir SAMUEL HOARE followed with a speech in which he expressed his approval of Mr. EDEN's statement (in which he condemned Germany's action and at the same time held the door open for negotiation), urged upon the House the importance of the factor of speed in modern defence, and asked for the fullest support for the P.M.

Outstanding from the rest of the debate were Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON's remark that if the Powers had given to Dr. BRÜNING only one-quarter of what HITLER had taken the Nazi régime would never have come into existence; and Lord WINTERTON's suggestion that some of the men at the head of the Services were of inferior



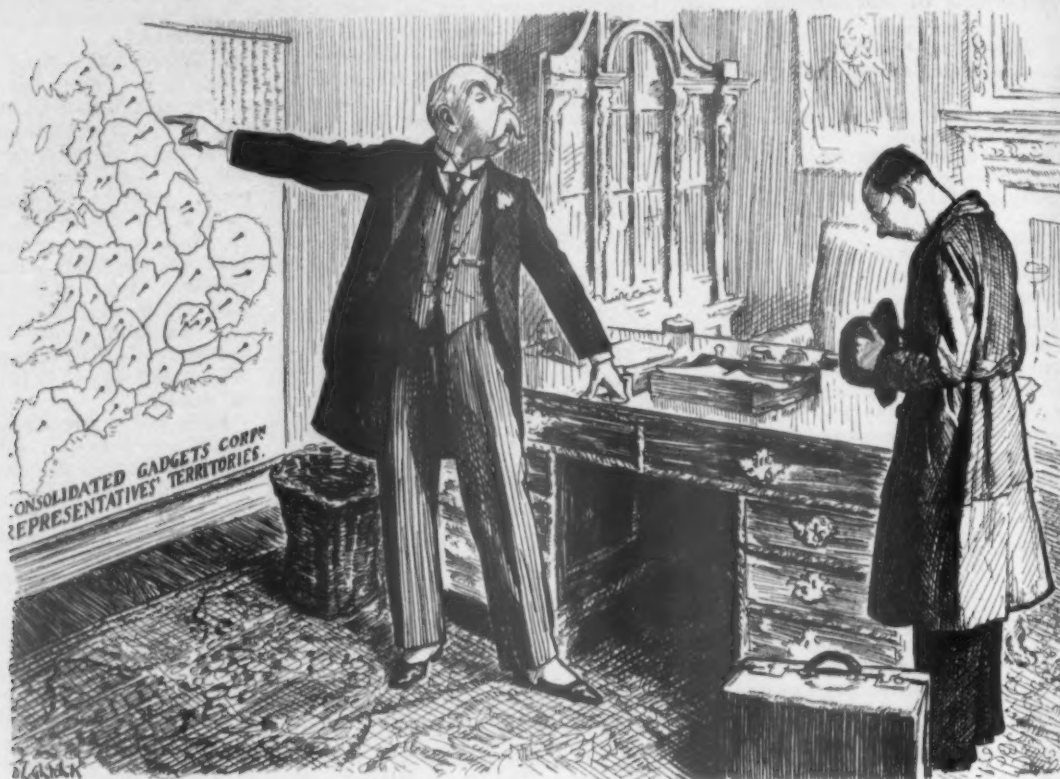
AN INTERESTED ONLOOKER.

Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN (originator of the Locarno Pact). "I WONDER IF ANYBODY COULD GUESS WHAT IS MONOPOLISING MY MONOCLE?"



OUR BACK-BENCH WHO'S WHO.

"What with Mr. HORE-BELISHA one Doesn't get much fun As the Tooting M.P.," Said Sir ALFRED B.



"CARRUTHERS, YOUR CONDUCT HAS CALLED FOR INSTANT DISMISSAL, AND IN THE PRESENCE OF THE ENTIRE STAFF I SHALL REMOVE YOUR PIN FROM OUR MAP OF OPERATIONS, BREAK IT, AND THROW IT IN THE WASTE-PAPER-BASKET."

ruptey, if they stopped there would ensue tremendous unemployment. It was then that he foresaw the culminating point in the armaments history of Europe.

Supply, in his view, was all-important. Better the method of organising industry for crisis than piling up huge stores for obsolescence. He would like to see, he said, a skeleton Ministry of Munitions; the impression that we were overhauling or could overhaul Germany was a delusion. Steps should be taken to provide the country with as large and effective destroyer flotillas as we could possibly make, for they were the best weapon against submarines.

The House welcomed in his turn the other big gun of the Great War—Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, who now unfortunately joins in all too rarely, New Deal or no New Deal. He agreed with Mr. CHURCHILL about destroyers and about the organisation of industry in peacetime, describing the incredible way in which time was wasted at the beginning of the War over matters so elementary as the right fuses; he urged the Government to give greater consideration to

the question of the nation's food-supply and to appoint a Minister of Co-ordination who, when senior Staff Officers came and threatened to resign, would have the courage to beg them to do so; and he parted company with Mr. CHURCHILL over the question of the German menace, comparing the position of Germany in 1914—Austria as an ally and Turkey, and a weak Russia against her—with her present position, completely isolated and with the most powerful air-force in the world ranged on the other side. And he did not think, he added, that France was in a position to point a finger of scorn at her on the ground of treaty-breaking, because for twelve years France had refused to carry out her undertaking to disarm.

This proved to be one of the best-informed debates the House has had for a long time. It was wound up by the CHANCELLOR, who taunted the Socialists with not stating in what way they considered the White Paper inconsistent with our membership of the League, was suggestively polite to Mr. CHURCHILL, and admitted that a

separate Minister of Munitions was a possibility.

Wednesday, March 11th.—In the Upper House to-day Lord MANSFIELD, for Lord CHARNWOOD, moved that the Covenant of the League stood in need of revision in regard to the liabilities of member-States, and that pending such revision this country should make its adherence subject to reservations. He made it clear that he didn't think very much of the present League.

The Bishop of LONDON took the opportunity to hope that HITLER's offer of a twenty-five years' truce, however it was offered, should be accepted; and after several Peers had defended the League, Lord STANHOPE said that the Government was unable to accept the Motion.

The Commons debated whether it would be a good thing for the Government to take powers to dictate the location of new industries on a planned basis, the Socialists holding that London was sucking in too many light industries, and the Conservatives convinced that guidance was better than a dictation which might upset the confidence of the investing public.

Monsieur Paul Narrates.

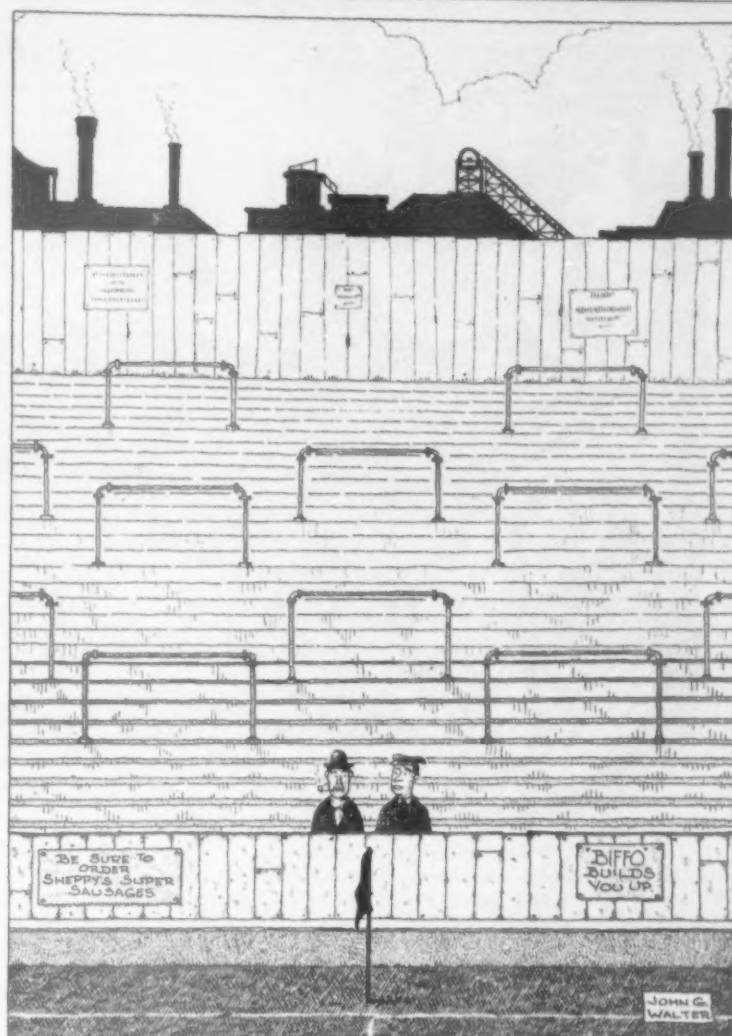
X.—Study of Character.

"It is a principle well attested in literature," said Monsieur Paul, "that the clown in private life is apt to be a melancholy man, the undertaker a merry man and the ruthless captain of industry a sentimental poltroon at the mercy of his wife, his daughter or any stranger who may appeal to his indiscriminating generosity. It would seem logical, therefore, to suppose that men for the most part adopt professions calling for qualities which are the opposite of the nature they display in their leisure hours.

"The truth of this theory," continued Monsieur Paul, "was once demonstrated to me in a striking manner in my own restaurant. One evening, at the hour of dinner, when my house was at its busiest, a man came in who attracted my immediate attention owing to the conspicuous and conscious villainy of his appearance and manner. This man's deportment was indeed ferocious to a marked degree. He flung open the door of the restaurant and advanced with an intimidating swagger to the best table, sweeping contemptuously to the ground the card bearing the word 'Reservé.' Looking at him with unusual interest, I observed that he was a thick-set man whose coat was heavily padded at the shoulders to give him an appearance of alarming broadness, that his bristling black moustache was curled up at the ends like a buffalo's horns, that there was an ominous bulge over his hip and that his walking-stick had the air of concealing a sword. Clearly, I thought to myself, the exaggerated truculence of this desperado must indicate a man whose profession is essentially gentle and innocuous, and we are observing the leisure hours of an assistant from the ladies' underwear department or perhaps a vendor of love-birds.

"*Alors*, the man sat down and looked fiercely about him. He summoned the waiter by thumping the table violently with his fist and demanded the immediate attendance of the proprietor in person. I shrugged my shoulders. 'Here,' I said to myself as I approached the table, 'we have the perfect type of the savage man. If I am not mistaken he will order a steak very underdone, he will address me with unrestrained brutality, but when he has dined his heart will soften, he will recall the chemises or the love-birds, and he will depart most peacefully.'

"Everything fell out as I had foreseen. With alarming oaths the man ordered an underdone steak. He felt



"YOU MARK MY WORDS, GEORGE, IF THE ROVERS DON'T GET A BETTER TEAM NEXT SEASON THEY'LL LOSE ALL THEIR SUPPORTERS."

the edge of his knife in a professional manner and demanded rum. When he had eaten with a great violence of appetite his face relaxed into an expression of some benignity and he beckoned me to his table.

"Come, *Monsieur le restaurateur*," he said in a more friendly tone, 'be seated and let us talk at our ease.'

"Monsieur," I replied—for it is always my custom to oblige my clients as far as possible—"I am honoured by your invitation." I sat down.

"*Monsieur le restaurateur*," the man continued, looking about him in an appraising manner, 'you have the air of a man of the world and I have a curiosity to know the impression I create

upon such a man. In what manner, would you say, do I earn my living?'

"Needless to say I was delighted at such an opportunity of putting my theory to the test, and I was also, it must be admitted, not altogether reluctant to demonstrate my knowledge of the human soul. I looked at him gratefully.

"My dear Sir," I said suavely, 'your question could hardly have been more apposite. I flatter myself that I am something of a student of human nature and I have been observing you with peculiar interest. It has been my experience,' I continued, ignoring a frown of intense ferocity which had suddenly appeared on the man's face,



"DO TELL ME WHAT SHARES TO BUY. THEY SAY YOU'RE ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE."

that a man will seldom display in his leisure hours the same characteristics as those which have made him notable in his profession. Now, you, Monsieur,' said I, 'are very clearly a man of a somewhat tempestuous and ungovernable disposition. I would probably be right in supposing that to your family you show a ruthless and commanding personality, that you are prone to fits of uncontrollable rage and rule your children rather by terror than by gentleness and affection. Would I be right, therefore, in assuming that your profession is of an opposite nature, calling for a ready tact, a willing obsequiousness and a readiness to subordinate your own desires to the convenience of your clients?'

"As I reached this conclusion the frown left the man's face and was replaced by an expression of the greatest good-nature.

"My very dear Sir,' he said, leaning towards me in an intimate manner, 'as a piece of masterly analysis your conclusion is irreproachable; as an example of sustained eloquence your description fills me with envy. But you have made one grave error in your

premises. My actual character is in fact the opposite of that which you have so brilliantly defined. In private life,' said the man, somewhat moved, 'I am a very gentle and kindly man. Sparrows feed out of my hand in the park, young lambs frisk about my feet when I am in the country, and I am the indulgent father of an adoring family. But the mistake you have made, Monsieur, is to suppose that you have found me in my leisure hours.' Here the man paused and looked commandingly around the restaurant, at the same time loosening the buttons of his coat. 'However tragic the family affairs of a clown may be,' he continued, raising one hand above his head, 'he does not permit his melancholy to obtrude itself upon his actual performance. And in the same way, when a bandit is actually *being* a bandit, he may be excused for concealing his natural *bonhomie* beneath a mask of brutality. And therefore,' said the man, suddenly springing to his feet and drawing a sawed-off shotgun, 'as I see that my assistants are now in position, I must request you to put up your hands.'"

The Modern Touch

"Ah, ay, ee, aw, oh, oo."

As I came into the room, I distinctly heard Laura—crouching on the floor with a writing-pad, some apples, a book and a number of scattered papers—utter this singular phrase.

"What did you say?" I asked—in spite of having distinctly heard her; but human nature is like that.

Instead of answering my most natural question, Laura simply said again:—

"Ah, ay, ee, aw, oh, oo."

Then she relaxed a little and inquired—and an idle inquiry it was too—if I knew what she was doing.

"Learning the Russian alphabet?"

"No."

"Working up an imitation of a hen, or a bottle coming out of a cork or something, for the next social in the village?"

"No."

"Trying to find out what it would be like if you hadn't any roof to your mouth, so as to be properly thankful for having one?"

"No, no, no!" said Laura quite

pettishly. "What extraordinary ideas you have!"

I pointed out that her own present idea, whatever it was, must be at least equally extraordinary if it could only be expressed by "Ah, ay, ee, aw, oh, oo."

"All I'm doing," said Laura, "is brushing up my shorthand."

One was rather surprised to hear it.

In the first place, the expression "brushing up" was definitely a presumptuous one.

Laura's shorthand—which one has known for years in connection with her secretarial work—does its job after a fashion, but could never at any time have been taken seriously by Sir ISAAC. (PITMAN. Though probably NEWTON would equally have rejected it.) Still, it served its purpose. One dictated slowly, and occasionally substituted a word for one of which Laura didn't know—or couldn't at the moment invent—a shorthand outline, and between us we had always been able, sooner or later, to make out what it was all about.

And now this method—this unorthodox, highly individual method—was to be "brushed up"!

I asked what had given rise to this singular inspiration. The words actu-

ally used were: "What on earth made you think of it?"

"I saw a little book," said Laura dejectedly, "called *Brush Up Your Shorthand*, so I just thought I would. You know yourself I've always had difficulty with words like 'sheet' and 'shoot,' that are so exactly alike and yet so absolutely different."

"I remember your writing in a letter to grandmama that Aunt Emma seemed to be *fooling* a great deal, instead of *failing*—and what a mercy it was I read it through before signing it."

"Yes, that was funny, wasn't it?" said Laura, reviving into rather misplaced levity. "Well, you see, the whole trouble has been the vowel-sounds. Ah, ay, ee, aw, oh, oo. I've never properly been able to remember which sign stands for which sound. And it makes all the difference."

"Naturally it would."

"And this little book—*Brush Up Your Shorthand*—says that very often an insufficient mastery of the elementary stages of shorthand-writing may act as a stumbling-block later on. I think that's what happened to me. And it recommends a 'frequent and thorough revision of the first principles.'"

I took up *Brush Up Your Shorthand*—not without distaste—and glanced through the first pages. Heavily underscored, the old friends confronted me. "Ah, ay, ee, aw, oh, oo." The compiler, with great ingenuity, had composed a formula, doubtless designed to assist the student in memorising these peculiar syllables.

"p Ah may wee aw ll g oh t oo?"

I was rather moved.

A Victorian tableau was conjured up in my mind.

Pa, frock-coated and bewhiskered, preparing to visit the Great Exhibition of 1851, and his little family—perhaps nine or ten of them—in frilled pantellettes, nankeen jackets, tippets and whatnots, clustering round him with the eager and at the same time respectful plea: "Pa, may we all go too?"

I outlined this pretty fantasy to Laura.

"It can't be difficult to remember that," I said. "Think of them all!"

Laura looked at me in a dazed kind of way.

"Yes," she said. "That's what I've been trying to do. I learnt it by heart. Only, you see, what I've been saying was: 'Dad, do take us as well.'"

E. M. D.



"WE ARE BOTH BITTERLY DISAPPOINTED. WE DESIGNED THIS PANEL FOR A BATHROOM IN THE QUEEN MARY, AND THEY HAVE REJECTED IT."

At the Play.

"PRIDE AND PREJUDICE"
(ST. JAMES'S).

THERE could at first sight be no author harder to transfer to the stage than JANE AUSTEN, for it is the essence of her work that a great many stitches go to each portrait, and a great many country days, with their meals and walks and conversations, must pass while the plot grows. What violent hands have to be laid on the even pages of her narrative to fit it into an evening and three Acts! It is the measure of Miss HELEN JEROME's success as an adapter of *Pride and Prejudice* that most of the time this violence is not felt.

We are prepared very early on for the pace at which we must travel if the marriages are all to be fixed by the curtain at eleven o'clock. We find that the Bennets have only three daughters instead of five, and Mr. Collins arrives on the very day that Mr. Bingley is first heard of as a rich and eligible neighbour, and, with Mr. Darcy, actually appears in the Bennet home.

This is whirlwind travel, but in the settings of Mr. REX WHISTLER and with skilful acting we are spared the sense of hurry and do not realise till later how very far we have come. It is true that there is also a tendency, more noticeable than the swift action, to sharpen and give vulgar immediate point to the speech of the characters. But by and large there is admirable fidelity.

The opening of the play is the first page of the novel, and in general Mr. Bennet is himself, although as Mr. ATHOLE STEWART played him we could much more easily appreciate his good sense than that sly relish for human absurdity which was in fact so endearing a characteristic. Perhaps Mrs. Bennet (Miss BARBARA EVEREST) is given more folly and less asperity than in the book. Miss EVEREST makes a great hit, but it is a hit as a rather lovable and transparent fool. The theatre, especially when a play has many characters, is perpetually tempting authors and actors to just those immediate and obvious effects which JANE AUSTEN was so careful not to overdo.

The Lady Catherine de Bourgh (Miss EVA MOORE) had two long scenes, but two scenes could not show her condescension as they could show her arrogance. It was very good arrogance, and the audience enjoyed it—nearly

as well as they enjoyed Miss CELIA JOHNSON's spirited and graceful Elizabeth Bennet. Miss JOHNSON is a mistress of quiet expressive gesture and found full scope.

All the three Bennet daughters were so young and attractive that it became plain that Mr. Bennet was rightly not worrying at all about their futures, in spite of their low connections and small fortunes. Mr. Bennet had two thousand a year, after all. But Mr. Bingley and Mr. Darcy were very personable apart from their wealth. Mr. JOHN TEED showed us a very considerate and gentle Bingley and Mr. HUGH WILLIAMS an admirably saturnine Darcy. They demonstrated to great effect how much has been lost in the art of male attire since the days of the REGENT. Even clerical dress has lost a good deal, and Mr. Collins (Mr. LYONEL WATTS) looked better than he would have done in the clothes he would be wearing to-day. Mr. Collins was perhaps the character of all the cast who might most easily have stepped from the book, and it was a disappointment that we did not get the chance to hear him read FORDYCE's sermons aloud.

A bold experiment, this dramatisation of JANE AUSTEN, and a dangerous one, but a success which sent away happy the Janeites, who found so much that was pleasantly reminiscent and so little that really jarred, no less than those who could never sit down steadily to the original but who greatly enjoyed a pleasant period comedy. D. W.

"HEDDA GABLER"
(CRITERION).

Only fifty years ago the critics, who might have known a little better, described IBSEN variously as a crazy fanatic, consistently dirty and deplorably dull; and a rather nice passage appeared in *The Gentlewoman* which likened this great dramatist to a "gloomy sort of ghoul, bent on groping for horrors by night, and blinking like a stupid old owl when the warm sunlight of the best of life dances into his wrinkled eyes." The italics are mine, for the phrase is a brilliant condensation of the social complacency of the eighteen-eighties; it conveys perfectly the feeling that any attempt, however honest, to



MR. DARCY WONDERING WHETHER HE CAN
BRING HIMSELF TO STOOP TO CONQUER.

Mr. Darcy Mr. HUGH WILLIAMS.
Elizabeth Bennet Miss CELIA JOHNSON.



A MISTERY PLAY.

Mrs. Bennet (Miss BARBARA EVEREST) to Mr. Bennet (Mr. ATHOLE STEWART). "MY DEAR MISTER BENNET, HOW CAN YOU BE SO TIREHOME?"

point out just where current conventions cause the greatest pain to the greatest number of people must be regarded as an impertinent excursion into the sewers.

Now that we have ceased to see IBSSEN as the critic of *The Gentlewoman* saw him and his plays have ceased to provoke controversy, since we take most of his assertions for granted, it is interesting once again to be reassured on his capacity as a dramatist. There is a certain stiffness in the English translations which makes them not too easy to read, a dryness which accentuates the symbolism at the expense of the dramatic qualities and of the comic scenes. Under Miss IRENE HENTSCHEL's exceedingly intelligent direction the stiffness of this play is dissolved, the full humour of *Tesman's* character is brought out, and *Hedda* herself becomes a plausible case of a woman in whom an overdose of jealousy and social cowardice has left no room for human feeling. And not only plausible but gripping.

Every moment, as *Tesman's* blundering benevolence goes further to wreck his marriage, as *Lovborg* is pushed further down the slope to the ultimate desperation of weak vanity, as *Brack* drives *Hedda* nearer to the corner from which she has not the courage to escape save by a bullet from one of her father's pistols, demands our attention. What a difference there is between IBSSEN and the second-rate dramatist-with-a-message! Never for an instant did he allow his vital concern to present a telling case to win over the jury in his audience to obscure the technical necessity of keeping his play alive. Where in the propagandist plays of to-day we too often find long discussions which drive us into a stupor of boredom, whatever may be their subject, IBSSEN rammed home his point a hundred times more powerfully by the subtlest uses of irony and contrast. It is only gradually that he lets us see how infinitely stronger is gentle twittering little *Mrs. Elvsted* than the assured and arrogant *Hedda*; but as the difference in the moral attitude of these women emerges how securely he establishes it!

The acting is as good as the direction. Miss JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON plays *Hedda* magnificently, using all her skill to show the terrible corrosion of unbridled

jealousy in a mind empty of human ballast, and yet without the over-emphasis which would have brought distortion. *Tesman*, *Hedda's* husband, the



THE SIMPLE HEART.

George Tesman . . . MR. WALTER PIERS.

childish myopic scholar, is made not only a figure of fun but also an appealingly sympathetic character by Mr. WALTER



SHAPING HIS DESTINY.

Nilot Lovborg . . . MR. JOHN LAURIE.

Hedda Gabler . . . MISS JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON.

PIERS; Miss ELIZABETH HARDY's *Mrs. Elvsted* is a shade on the light side but compelling in its sincerity; Mr. D. A. CLARKE-SMITH's *Brack*, the philandering magistrate, is a polished little essay in worldliness; Mr. JOHN LAURIE plays *Lovborg*, the wild young professor, with the right touch of the melodramatic; and the unselfish *Miss Tesman* of Miss ESME CHURCH is admirably conceived. MOTLEY's single set of the *Tesmans'* drawing-room is a fascinating museum of the latter half of the last century.

This production is one of a cycle of four, the others being *The Master Builder*, *A Doll's House* and *Rosmersholm*. Their run is provisionally timed to end on April 11th, and between now and then they can all be seen. London should indeed be grateful to the new Arts Theatre of Cambridge for this first generous contribution to its stage. ERIC.

A Song of the Early Worm.

THE gentle zephyr lightly blows
Across the dewy lawn,
And silently the rooster crows,
"Beloved, it is dawn!"

The little worms in bed below
Lament their father's case,
While up above a feather'd foe
Is biting off his face.

In vain they seize his slippery
tail
And try to pull him back;
It makes their little cheeks turn
pale
To hear his waistband crack.

They draw him down and crowd
around;
Their tears bespeak their love;
For part of him is underground
And part has gone above.

But not for long does sorrow
seize
The subterranean mind;
For father grows another piece
In front, or else behind.

And now he's up before the
dawn,
Long ere the world has stirred,
And eats his breakfast on the
lawn
Before the early bird.

Encouraging News from Africa.

"Colonel Hamilton did not consider that there had been any appreciable increase in the total number of lions within the last two or three years, and he attributed this to the higher morality among young animals."

S. African Paper.

Translations from the Ish.

XXXVIII.—MILES AND GALLONS.

"... M.P.G.?" said the surprised friend,
Looking at the ancient car
With a new respect.

"No," said the owner sadly—
"G.P.M."

XXXIX.—OVERHEARD.

"Of course all the newspapers mislead
One way or another;
But the other side *daren't* tell the
truth;
They know that if they did
They'd have no case."

One criticism of this
Simple-minded remark
Is that you can't prove—nor you—
Which side the speaker was on.

XL.—A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

One thing:
Abolish the Army
And fewer people would pose as
Majors.

XLI.—ONE WEAK FACTOR.

"Of all European countries,"
Said the observant Ish traveller,
"England alone seems to produce
University students
Who do not riot."

I put this down," he added seriously,
"To the beer."

XLII.—EXPERIENTIA SOMETIMES
DOCET.

Experience teaches. . . .
How chastened should I be
By the thought of how much I have
learnt
And how little I know,

Were it not that I see on every side
People
Who seem to have remembered abso-
lutely nothing
Of what experience must have been
teaching them
For the last forty years!

XLIII.—UNBEATABLE COMBINATION.

The publisher's hopes mounted
As he ticked off the personal qualifica-
tions
Of the author
Whose MS. autobiography
Lay on his desk—

Hawk-like profile (*good*).
Forty years a doctor (*better*).
Very kind to animals (*Oh, boy! oh, boy!*).

"This book will be a best-seller,"
He declared (correctly)
Without reading it.

XLIV.—POINT OF VIEW.

He whose prejudices
Are the opposite of those generally held
Commonly considers himself
Impartial.

This keeps them very healthy.

XLV.—POT AND KETTLE.

"It would never have struck me,"
Said the Pot with dignity,
"To call the Kettle black."

But," it went on, "I fail to see why,
Since it obviously is black,
My own blackness should preclude me
alone
From saying so."

XLVI.—AFTER SEEING THINGS TO
COME.

Yes.
But in these bright, clean,
New, shiny,
Crisp, glittering cities of the future,
Full of people being shot hither and yon
Through glass tubes or in shells,
Will there be no fun?

No oasis in the desert of efficiency?
No such inspiring
Concatenation of circumstances
As did arride me
On Wednesday, March 4,

When there was a man
Playing the "Blue Danube" waltz

On the bagpipes
In St. James's Square?

XLVII.—EDITORS' WALL-TEXT.

Never give reasons.
Say "No" firmly,
And your interlocutor will puzzle out
why,
If it takes him all night.

Give a reason,
And he will, if it takes him all night,
Puzzle out an answer, upon which
You must produce another reason.

Never give reasons.

XLVIII.—NO MISTER, ANYWAY.

The American
Referred to "Sir Smith."

"Ah," said I, "my insouciant democrat,
But do you mean Sir John Smith,
Sir John Smith, Bart., Lord Smith,
Or Lord John Smith?"

"Why," said the American cheerfully,
"Sure."
R. M.

Interview.

"It's very annoying," said Edith at lunch; "I rang up the dentist in Square-hampton, and the only time he can give me an appointment is three-thirty this afternoon. And the maid who answered my advertisement in the local paper is coming at four for an interview."

I laughed lightly.

"You needn't worry," I said, "I'll be here all afternoon, and I don't mind putting the girl through her paces. Just tell me what you want me to ask her and I'll write down the answers, and if they are satisfactory you can book her through the post. Unless, of course, you like to rely entirely on my judgment . . ."

"I'm certainly not going to rely on your judgment," said Edith. "Last time you booked a maid she had nothing to recommend her but a Hollywood sort of hat and a fascinating giggle. But I really *must* part with this wretched tooth of mine, so I'll do as you suggest."

She pondered for a bit and then told me the various questions I must ask. I made a rough list of the questions, and a few others that occurred to Edith as we were driving to the station, and, though I accidentally used the list as a pipe-lighter as soon as I got home, I remembered enough to make some sort of show.

About half-past three there was a ring at the bell, and I was relieved to see that the girl wasn't quite as fearsome as usual. Most of the maids we have had lately have looked like film stars (except for their faces), but this one was plainly dressed and demure, and, instead of sniffing when I told her that Edith was at the dentist's and that I would attend to her, she looked quite pleased. I asked her into the front-room and we sat down and looked at one another.

"What part of the country do you come from?" I asked, starting with an easy question.

"Derbyshire," she said. "Do you know Derbyshire?"

We chatted for a bit about Matlock and Buxton and High Tor and petrifying wells. Intelligent, she seemed, and widely read. I guessed that she was probably the daughter of parents who had lost their money and that she had taken to domestic service rather than rely on the charity of relations. My heart warmed to her, and it was with an effort that I brought my mind back to sordid details.

"These houses look bigger than they are," I said, following Edith's instruc-



"YOU DON'T GO OUT WITH 'ARRY ANY LONGER, DO YOU?"

"NO, I DON'T. I'M NOT SO SUNK I DON'T ENJOY MY OWN COMPANY MORE THAN WOT I DID 'IS."

tions; "they are all front, if you know what I mean, and no depth . . ."

"Quite pretty, though, aren't they?" she said.

I resisted the temptation to start discussing architecture and decided to take the bull by the horns and find out whether or not she "washed"—a question Edith had said was most important. I was so anxious that she should answer in the affirmative that I led up carefully to the subject.

"The last maid we had," I said, "was not very satisfactory because she wouldn't wash . . ."

"That must have been very offensive," said the girl, and I blushed.

"I don't mean she wouldn't wash," I said, "but she wouldn't wash . . . Do you wash . . .?"

I was still smarting under her verbal assault when Edith came home.

"What have you been saying to the new Vicar's daughter," she asked. "I met her outside the vicarage and she seemed dreadfully upset."

"SHEEP WORRYING AGAIN."
Agricultural Journal.

What's their trouble now?

How to Feel Light and Gay.

"And something inside Susie gave a little click, and she was conscious of a sudden gay light feeling, as if she had swallowed a balloon. . . ."—*From a Short Story.*

"Money collected for Church purposes outside the Church is not under the control of the P.C.C., unless it is collected for Church purposes."—*Ecclesiastical Paper.*

. . . If you see what we mean?

"Vegetables, too, are apt to occur on your afternoon frock."—*Fashion Chat.*
Not so likely perhaps as on your dinner-gown.



"E'LL NEVER MAKE A DOG."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Yorkshire Romance.

A GALLANT book and a memorable one will, I think, be the verdict on Miss WINIFRED HOLBY's posthumous *South Riding* (COLLINS, 8/-); for its strength of sentiment and imagination, its breadth of theme and richness of by-play place it in the happiest sequence of English fiction. It sets out to reflect the interplay of local government and Yorkshire character, and its yeoman hero, *Carne*—a magnificent desolate figure in the best *Master of Ravenswood-Helbeck of Bannisdale* tradition—is a victim of the new order and domestic calamity terribly allied. A shoal of smaller fry, male and female, speculators, public workers and proletariat, are humorously and incisively indicated; but *Carne* is a creation. His fight to keep his insane and nobly-born wife and to preserve his elfish little daughter has an epic touch; and the capable red-haired schoolmistress who impinges on his stark career feels herself—and is felt to be—an intruder. Yet she has the honesty of her bleak provincial intellectualism; and her unrequited passion for *Carne*, culminating in her pathetic confession to *Mrs. Beddows*, the kindly "alderman," affects one as the modern counterpart of her hero's more primitive tragedy.

Alington of Eton.

"ALINGTON of Eton," it seems, is the name by which the Very Reverend the Dean of DURHAM is fated to be known

to posterity. And surely he was one of the most remarkable of modern headmasters. Others in his lofty position have written books, it is true, but I cannot recall at the moment any who have covered so wide a field in their writing. Histories, sermons, editions of the classics—these have sufficed most of our great headmasters since the days of ARNOLD of Rugby. But here is a man who not only published a novel—*Strained Relations*—but was capable of putting on the cover a quotation from some imaginary old play—"Our relations are becoming strained," as the Grand Inquisitor said when he put his wife's uncle on the rack." In short, Mr. ALINGTON has always been capable of turning round and laughing at himself—a quality rare among headmasters. In *Things Ancient and Modern* (LONGMANS, 12/6) he gives us the story of his successive appointments, with much excellent material not strictly germane to the subject. For was he not also a skilled writer of light verse? It is a very good book of reminiscence indeed and contains some stout words in favour of the much-abused Public School education. But I think the Dean might have chosen a better title.

Here Come Three Dukes a-Riding.

The rather muddy lees of the Middle Ages are decanted with considerable skill in Miss M. CORYN's *House of Orleans* (BARKER, 12/6). This is an eminently readable story of three royal dukes: LOUIS the politician, who has just had a complete volume to himself; CHARLES the poet, whom most of us know best from STEVENSON's *Familiar Studies*; and the LOUIS who makes a downtrodden appearance in *Quentin*

Durward on his way to emerging as LOUIS XII. of France. The period covered—1391 to 1494—is generously documented, and the author has excellent authority for a picturesque and slightly mannered narrative. Perhaps she would have done better to adhere more closely to the historian's technique and incorporate contemporary evidence as simply and directly as possible. Her best pieces of prose—and the most telling passages in the book—are the verbatim reports of the witnesses to her first duke's murder, which she relegates to an appendix. Her most able portrait is that of her third duke—the cousin wedded by LOUIS XI. to his deformed daughter JEANNE with deliberate attempt to end the line of Orleans. But Miss CORYN displays, and arouses, an animated interest in all three.

Clio in Regent's Park.

Mr. BRIGHTWELL
Knows his Zoo
More than quite well—
Through and through;
So nothing baffles
His writing down
Its record since RAFFLES*
Arrived in Town.

His Gardens blossom
At once and show
Polly, 'possum
A pard or so,
Till, growing still, we
Mourn "Jumbo's" fate—
Till, by Monkey Hill, we
Are brought to date.

Here's all that any
Could learn and mark
And remember when he
Leaves Regent's Park.
Is there aught to lack. "Well,
Two things," say you?
Ah!—sold by BLACKWELL
Is The Zoo You Knew?

Gaiters.

The Private Life of Gregory Gorm, by Captain HARRY GRAHAM (PETER DAVIES, 7/6), is a most hilarious production. It is the absurd biography of one who, prompted by a dis-relish for work and early rising, selected the Church as a career. Owing, it is suggested, to a love of bananas, he had leanings to missionary enterprise, but thought better of it, to the disappointment of his sister, who disliked him and held that it would have served him right. He started as a kind of gentleman-help in a tiny and remote village, where befell his one amatory indiscretion. Leaving this hotbed of scandal in some haste, he was led by Providence to a curacy at one of the most fashionable churches in Belgravia. Here he remained, and during the War succeeded his Vicar, a sporting veteran who suddenly dyed his hair, stuck on a



"YOU CLUMSY ASS. YOU'LL HEAR MORE OF THIS. I'M A SHAREHOLDER IN THIS LINE."

"IT DON'T MATTER. THE SHARES AIN'T WORTH NOTHING, ANYWAY."

moustache and an old suit, and—the medical officer liking his stomach—enlisted. This incumbency the *Rev. Gregory* held for the remainder of his span, and in time encased his legs (which, we are carefully told, were bandy—children drove their little hoops through them) in the gaiters of an Archdeacon. This life-story is enriched with details that are exhaustingly funny; it made one reader laugh page by page, and rescued another from a dangerous fit of deep blues that descended at 5 A.M. Captain GRAHAM has a pleasing trick of now and then dropping a side item into his narrative, such as the symposium of schoolgirls who discuss in their dormitory the Oriental tortures that might with luck be inflicted on an unpopular brother. Little

*Sir STAMFORD RAFFLES of Singapore founded the Zoo in 1828.

beasts. And once or twice he mentions an autobiography of which we would hear more. It is by Canon Fodder, D.D., and bears the title, *Straight from the Canon's Mouth*.

Board Residence.

For novelists occasionally to move their pitch is an excellent plan. In *Top Landing* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 7/6) Mr. W. TOWNEND, author of that marine epic, *Voyage Without End*, has taken a spell of shore-leave and has chosen as setting a boarding-house in Pimlico, where he resolutely ignores the conventional temptation to relapse into a pretty romance between the First-Floor-Front and the Second-Floor-Back. No. 34 Lodsworth Crescent was no odder than its kind, except that a few scholarships had so transformed the son and daughter of the Cockney proprietors that they passed undetected by their Mayfair friends—a circumstance unimportant and unlikely; but in *Martin Hadlow*, finishing his first novel on the cheap, the peculiarities of its inmates aroused an interest which Mr. TOWNEND vividly conveys and sustains. The description of how Mr. Strobe, the war-wreck, found his philosophy is in particular a lovely piece of writing. Each of the characters, being drawn without compromise, is real, and their separate stories are interwoven with such a sound sense of dramatic values that a play based on this novel inevitably suggests itself. The dedication to Mr. WODEHOUSE's steward, *Albert Peasemarch*, promised humour; and I was not disappointed, though the landlady began so funnily that it seemed a pity when she was later largely crowded out to make room for her richly-assorted guests.

Horse Sense.

In several respects *The String Glove Mystery* (HEINEMANN, 7/6) follows the track that has been freely trodden by writers of detective fiction. Suspicion falls on the just and unjust, on the likely and unlikely, and a precocious boy gives an exhibition of his sleuthing qualities. But where Miss HARRIETTE CAMPBELL scores, and scores heavily, is in making a horse—or, to be exact, a mare—an important factor in the solution of a perplexing problem. Her investigator-in-chief, with his habit of addressing people as "darlings," was too eccentric and mannered for my taste, and try as I would I could not feel keen sympathy with the

various men and women who were affected by *Danvers Carne's* sudden death in the hunting-field. But Sarah is an original creation, and she gives to Miss CAMPBELL's story a distinction which, had she remained in her stable, would have been lacking.

For Industrious Readers.

The publishers of *The Pumpkin Coach* (HEINEMANN, 7/6) have my thanks, for there are passages in it so striking, so compact of the truest humanity and the deepest under-

standing that I do not intend to be parted from my copy, which will be all the easier since it is so difficult in language—Samoan-American and American mixed—and in construction—the last chapter comes first—that few borrowers will seize on it. Mr. LOUIS PAUL tells the story of a boy John or Uan Kōé, from the Island of Oahé, who goes to America with a little money and many ideals, and, *via* work as navy, art student and hospital orderly, becomes a prize-fighter. John himself, at once wise and ignorant, is a delightful creature, essentially and beautifully good with the goodness of honesty and kindness. He meets with cruelty and disappointment, but proves that birds of a feather tend to meet. Mr. PAUL will write a great book, perhaps, when he realises that lucidity has intrinsic value besides enabling those who run to read to-day, when so few of us have time to sit down and disentangle a story from its telling.

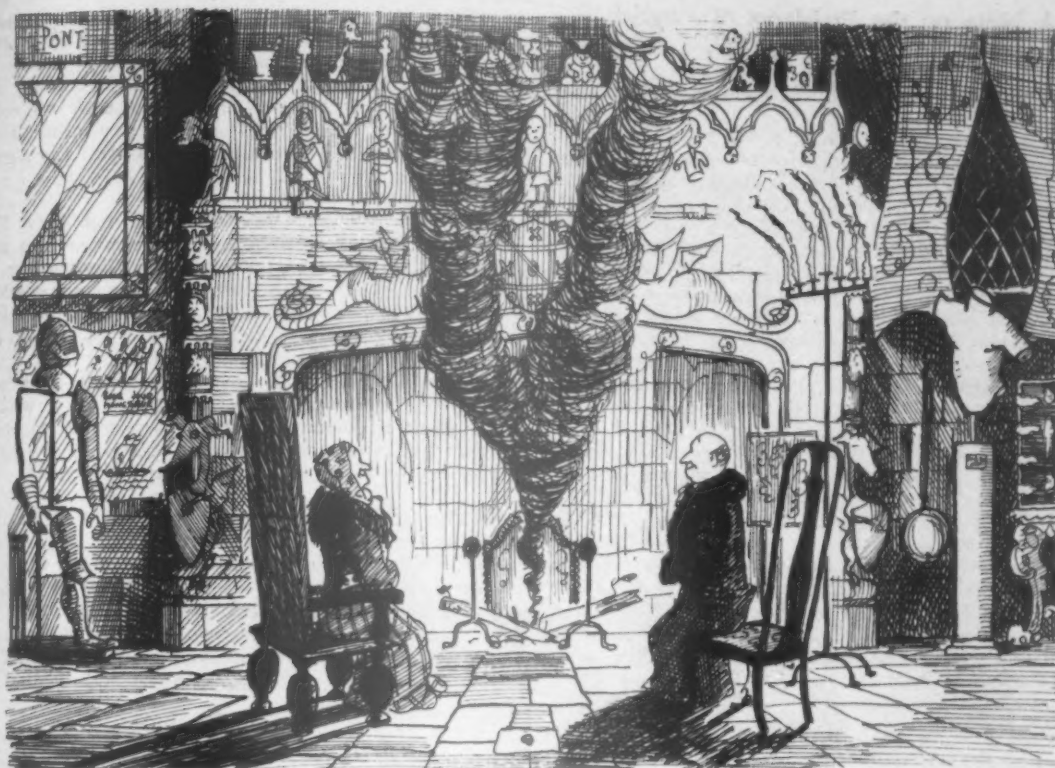
Top Storey.

From the outset of *The Attic Murder* (THORNTON BUTTERWORTH, 7/6) Francis Hammerton was in trouble. Having been sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment, he immediately and miraculously escaped from the police and almost at once found himself suspected of a brutal murder. In fact his position, already far from enviable, had become acutely precarious when Mr. Jellipot, a solicitor, appeared on the scene. And Jellipot, though no deducing genius, belied his name by acting with solid common-sense. This tale is essentially more robust than subtle, but it contains a dénouement which does credit to Mr. SYDNEY FOWLER's powers of invention.

"Mrs. —, wife of a brickyard worker, to-day finds herself the mother of twine."—*Daily Paper*.
Somebody has been stringing her.



"I'M TERRIBLY SORRY, BUT BOBBY WAS TELLING A FIB. HE HAD THE PENNY IN HIS HAND ALL THE TIME."



THE BRITISH CHARACTER.
PASSION FOR THE ANTIQUE.

Charivaria.

A SILLY suspicion is gaining ground that the letters appointing the new President of the M.C.C. and the new Minister of Defence were put into the wrong envelopes.

★ ★ ★

Germany has reclaimed six-hundred-and-twenty thousand acres of land in three years. Without a protest from France.

★ ★ ★

In a recent lecture an authority on acoustics explained that a speaker is assisted by a well-filled hall because of the absorbent property of clothes. Anyone who has ever attended a mass-meeting of nudists must have noticed the lack of genuine enthusiasm.

★ ★ ★

The shortage of City office-boys, to which attention is drawn, puts these lads in an even stronger position with regard to their grandmothers' funerals.

★ ★ ★

Mount Wilson Observatory issues the information that the most distant universe yet surveyed is moving away from our own at the rate of twenty-four thousand miles a second. And who shall blame it?

★ ★ ★

A Guards' band is to play at the Zoo four times a week during the summer. There seems no limit to these efforts to entertain the inmates.

Scrubbing the floor is said to be good for the figure. Another view is that it's good for the floor.

★ ★ ★

Herr HITLER demands immediate admission to the League of Nations on the ground that Germany's present inability to resign is a denial of equality.

★ ★ ★

"Some men never take their hats off to anybody," says a writer. And how on earth do they get their hair cut?

★ ★ ★

American poultry-experts claim that eggs can now be produced with yolks of any colour to match gowns. Or, of course, waistcoats.

★ ★ ★

The greater frequency of earth-tremors in Scotland than in the rest of Britain is ascribed to geological "faults." Scotland, with all thy "faults" we love thee *still*!

★ ★ ★

"What is there to prevent an angler enjoying a day's fishing whenever he wants to?" demands a writer. The fish as a rule.

★ ★ ★

Highland cattle are said to be getting scarce. Unfortunately there still seem to be artists who paint the con-founded things from memory.

A Note on the Problems of English Agriculture in 1827.

"THERE ain't a better spot of ground in all Kent, Sir."

Such of course was the verdict of the hard-headed man with the pippin-face, and even if you take the more popular view held by the two fat men, that Mullin's Meadows was more favoured and fertile soil, you must admit on any internal evidence that old *Mr. Wardle* was one of the most unharassed and fortunate farmers of whom record remains.

The industrial era was beginning. The Government of the day was encouraging enclosures. Perhaps the year 1827 was a particularly good farming year; we know that there was a mild and pleasant May, a fine September, a hard and seasonable Christmas. Was it mainly arable or pasture land at Dingley Dell, or, seeing that it lay not far from Rochester, was it partly under hops or fruit? "Kent, Sir—everybody knows Kent—apples, cherries, hops and women," says *Mr. Alfred Jingle*. Nor do we learn from an agricultural point of view very much more about Kent. "Speed the plough" is a phrase ill-suited to old *Mr. Wardle's* lips, and there are moments when you might think him less concerned with the rotation of crops than the rotation of coffee-room floors. *Mr. Pickwick* makes few notes if any on rural industry for the annals of the Club: "the sweet rich smell of the haystacks rose to his chamber window" on the morning after his first arrival, and there below him was old *Mr. Wardle* already out and about in the garden. But who harvested the hay, and had his jolly host risen early for any other reason than the rook-shooting, which had to be finished in time for *Muggleton v. Dingley Dell*?

The route to that glorious encounter lay "through shady lanes and sequestered foot-paths," but intersecting and bordering how many acres of what? Were there cowmen, ploughmen, shepherds, horsemen, hedgers, ditchers on *Mr. Wardle's* farm? There was certainly no want of manpower. A coachman (*Tom*, I think), with the Fat Boy at his side, drove the barouche to the field-day at Rochester, and when the travel-stained Pickwickians arrived at Dingley Dell next day they were brushed and scrubbed by a couple of large-headed, circular-visaged males, who "rose from their seats in the chimney corner (for although it was a May evening their attachment to the wood-fires appeared as cordial as if were Christmas)."

Happy, happy circular-visaged males, whose labour only seems to have been demanded by the claims of hospitality!

These would perhaps be the same two "boys," the two "young giants" who bore *Mr. Winkle* to his apartment on the evening of the following day. No! later than that, for it was nearly midnight before the great *Muggleton* cricket dinner came to an end. These certainly helped to consume the contents of the "mighty bowl of wassail, something smaller than an ordinary wash-house copper"; these may have helped to extricate *Mr. Pickwick* from the hole in the ice. But what else did they do? There was no bailiff at Manor Farm. Did *Trundle* look after the livestock? Did the old lady, or did *Rachel*, or did *Emma* attend to the dairy or the poultry-yard? I doubt it.

As for the owner himself, you might find him shooting partridges in East Anglia, or you might find him at Gray's Inn Square, but never, I think, performing any duties remotely connected with the practical supervision of Manor Farm. There is even more evidence of bucolic effort in the County of Suffolk than in the County of Kent, for there at

least, on the way to Bury St. Edmunds, the month being August, we find it noted that "orchards and cornfields ring with the noise of labour . . . the corn piled in graceful sheaves . . . tinges the landscape with a golden hue . . . the influence of the season seems to extend itself to the very wagon whose slow motion . . . strikes with no sound upon the ears." Neither that nor any other sound of labour, unless it be culinary, strikes upon the ears at Manor Farm.

I think *Mr. WALTER ELLIOT* would not have liked *Mr. Wardle*, nor *Mr. Wardle* have been pleased to meet *Mr. ELLIOT*. He was no man for Milk Boards nor Pig Boards nor Egg Boards to control. Either he was letting Manor Farm (held by his family for so many generations) go to rack and ruin whilst he obeyed the promptings of a warm and generous heart, or else Dingley Dell was a place like the garden of Alcinoüs, where eggs, fruit, pigs, milk, beef and wheaten bread arose and grew without human effort and poured themselves swimming on waves of warm punch and ale and elder-wine, into the thrice blessed kitchen of the stout old yeoman of Kent.

I rather think the latter. The curse of ADAM had fallen not on Dingley Dell. No man there used rake or harrow, dibble or spade. It was a Dell of Avilion, where fell not any hail nor any rain, except on that tempestuous night when old *Wardle* pursued his errant sister by gig and postchaise, between the self-harvesting fields. This was the Golden Age of Agriculture, and the peak year was 1827.

EVOE.

Fancy That!

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling, Osbert Sitwell, Alfred, Lord Tennyson, Wat Tyler, Uncle Tom Cobley, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Mabel Lucy Attwell and Myself.)

I LOVE to look at the brook at even when all the world is still;
I love to walk over long straight roads with never a twist or hill;

I love to travel at speed in a train,
And I love the sense of a job done well.

I love the swell of the Organ filling the Hall of the Dead,
With the light of the Dawn refracted in delicate blues and red

Through stained-glass windows as high as Heaven,
And arches as old as ADAM and Sin;
A Haven of Rest in this world of Din;
Man's beauty reflected in stone and wood;
Evil desporting in hand with Good.

I love the feel of the dusty shelves where the books have lain for years;
I love the mistakes that man has made and purged with crocodile tears;

I love the patter of the cold wet rain,
And I love the sound of the old church bell.

But best of all in this best of worlds, whatever the day or hour,

I like to soak in a bath and dream that I were given the power

To fashion the future to suit myself,
And there'd be no English or French or Dutch,
And nations would cease to exist as such,
And Pain would be lost, and Welter and Tears
And—Hell! I've forgotten to wash my ears!



"COUNSEL FOR DEFENCE."



COMPROMISE.

Checking Up.

To do a thing well, as everyone knows, is to do it with apparent ease. A great pianist rattles off CHOPIN'S Nineteenth Prelude and you might believe that anyone could do it. Conversely, Mr. Porter and Mr. Chudleigh check up a simple list of figures and you begin to think it must be difficult after all.

When Mr. Chudleigh came down into the general office we were fairly quiet. Mr. Porter was under the table, working at it with a chisel and singing. "No matter how young a prune might be," he sang, "it was always full of wrinkles." He had sung it over and over again, and he had explained that he would remember the next line if he went on long enough.

"What are you doing, Porter?" asked Mr. Chudleigh.

"Nothing," said Mr. Porter.

"Good," said Mr. Chudleigh. "You can check this list with me."

"Look here," said Mr. Porter as he sat down at the table and Mr. Chudleigh handed him a sheet of paper. "It's pounds, shillings and pence. And halfpence. If I've got to add them up—"

"Now listen," said Mr. Chudleigh. "You simply read out that list, the

original, and I follow on this list, which has just been typed, to see if it's correct. You can manage that, can't you?"

"You read your list out while I read my list out," said Mr. Porter. "At the same time? We shall never keep together."

"No, no," said Mr. Chudleigh. "I mean that I read it to myself. You read yours out. First the names and then the figures."

Mr. Porter took up his list and drew a deep breath.

"Wait!" said Mr. Chudleigh. He got up to fetch the Telephone Directory, and adjusted it carefully over the paper in front of him.

"What's that for?" asked Mr. Porter.

"When you check a list of figures," said Mr. Chudleigh, "it's essential to keep your eyes fixed on the relevant line. Now, I place the directory on the page, leaving the top line uncovered, and I move it down as we go along. Now you can start."

"Ha!" said Mr. Porter, dropping his paper. "I knew it would come if I left it."

"What on earth are you talking about?" asked Mr. Chudleigh in surprise.

"That song," said Mr. Porter. "No matter how old a prune may be it's

always full of wrinkles. We get wrinkles here and there; prunes, they have them every place. No, that's wrong. It's got to rhyme."

Mr. Chudleigh tapped the table with his pencil.

"Oh, well," said Mr. Porter, "I'll leave it at that for the moment. Are you ready? Abbs, G, Adams, E., Atkinson—"

"It's obvious," said Mr. Chudleigh. "I know nothing about this song of yours, of course, but surely it should be 'everywhere.' That would give you the necessary rhyme. 'Every place' simply isn't grammar."

"Ah!" said Mr. Porter. "That's where you're wrong. I know for a fact that 'every place' came into it. And it's perfectly good American grammar. Why, you even say 'I can't find it any place' when you mean—"

"Well, never mind that now," said Mr. Chudleigh, tapping his pencil impatiently. "I'm waiting to check this list."

"Okay," said Mr. Porter. "But I must get this straight. There must be two lines somewhere else in the song that are nearly the same. I remember it called them 'prunies' once. It might be 'prunes, they have them everywhere' now and later on 'prunies have them every place.' Now what would the line before that be? A rhyme with

'place.' Mr. Porter tilted his chair back and gazed up at the ceiling.

"I am waiting," said Mr. Chudleigh.

"Sorry," said Mr. Porter, bringing his chair down with a crash. "Ready? Abbs, G., Adams, E.—"

"Stop!" shouted Mr. Chudleigh, glaring over his spectacles. "That's not the way to check a list like this. You read *across*, not down. First the man's name and then the sum of money against it, and then you go on to the next line and read the next man's name with the corresponding sum of money."

"Oh," said Mr. Porter, "I didn't get that."

"Really, Porter," said Mr. Chudleigh. "I made it absolutely clear. I showed you how I uncovered the page line by line. How could I mean you to read *down* one column and then down another?"

"Well," said Mr. Porter, "you said first the names and then the figures. Those were your very words."

"If you had used a little intelligence," said Mr. Chudleigh, "you would have seen what I meant."

"Oke," said Mr. Porter. "Is this better? Abbs, G., forty-five pounds thirteen and fourpence-halfpenny. Adams, E.—"

"Which column is that sum in?" asked Mr. Chudleigh. "You will see that there are four columns it might be in. Is it in the fourth?"

"Quite right," said Mr. Porter. "In the fourth. Across on the other side of the page. Now, bringing the finger smartly back, I go on to Adams, E. Nineteen pounds and twopence. Third column."

"What?" said Mr. Chudleigh. "You mean second. Four pounds three shillings. Where the deuce did you get your figures from?"

"Sorry," said Mr. Porter. "I slipped down into the next line. That was Atkinson, J. You were right about Adams, E. Now after Atkinson comes Bartlett, H."

"Stop!" cried Mr. Chudleigh. "Wait while I move the directory down. You know, Porter, if you'd put something like this over your list and move it down you wouldn't get into the wrong column and muddle me like that."

Mr. Porter agreed. He put the other volume of the directory over his paper. "Listen!" he said suddenly. "The line before the one I was telling you about."

"What line?" asked Mr. Chudleigh. "Don't muddle me. We're at the fourth line. Go straight on."

"Listen," said Mr. Porter. "We get wrinkles on our face; prunes, they have them every place." I'm almost



"IT'S TERRIBLE TO BE WHERE YOU ARE WITHOUT KNOWING IT."

certain that's right. Then the other time it would be prunes. 'Prunes have them everywhere.' What do you say?"

Mr. Chudleigh didn't say anything. He jabbed his pencil into the table and it broke. He took out his penknife and sharpened it.

"Now we're ready," said Mr. Porter, and he read straight through the list. "There!" he said. "And no mistakes."

Mr. Chudleigh frowned. "There should have been a mistake somewhere," he said. "I remember noticing it before, and I was going to mark the place when I checked it. Let me see your list."

Mr. Porter handed it over.

"I believe," said Mr. Chudleigh,

"that you have been reading from the carbon copy of *my* list, Porter. That would mean of course that our two lists would be exactly the same. Ah! Here is the original list I should have given you."

Mr. Porter took it. "Abbs, G.," he began. "Forty-six pounds, thirteen and fourpence-halfpenny in the fourth column."

"Forty-six?" said Mr. Chudleigh, marking it.

"Adams, E.," Mr. Porter continued. "Four pounds, three shillings and twopence in the second."

"And twopence," said Mr. Chudleigh, writing it in. "Now we're getting on."



Another Shattering Report.

THE publication of the slashing Ullswater Report on the B.B.C. has largely obscured the hardly less sweeping recommendations of the Committee appointed to investigate the working of the London Suburban Railway Company. The findings of the Committee will, if agreed by the Company, be examined by a Select Committee of Twelve, to be nominated by a Tribunal of Four, the method of whose selection has still to be determined. (A sub-committee of six is at present considering this question.) It will then be the duty of a Special Committee of Experts, appointed jointly by Parliament and the Railway Company, to decide whether the Report in its amended form shall or shall not be referred back to the original Committee of Thirty-Six.

Important points from the Report are given below:—

Tractive Power.

The present system of utilising electricity as the source of tractive power on the L.S.R. appears to be satisfactory. The practical experience of several members of the Committee suggests that in operation electric trains combine a high degree of acceleration with a marked absence of smoke and dust, and we do not therefore recommend a return to steam-locomotives. Still less in our opinion would the employment of horse-drawn carriages or trucks be in conformity with the needs and aspirations of the suburban public. We trust that the Company will continue their policy of providing electrically-operated trains for the conveyance of passengers to and from stations on their lines.

Rolling-stock, Size and Shape of Wheels.

We view with the gravest apprehension a suggestion that passenger rolling-stock on the L.S.R. should be fitted in future with square wheels. We do not feel that such an innovation would be in the public interest, and we are glad to have the Company's assurance that no alteration in the size and shape of their wheels is or has been in contemplation.

Overcrowding in Carriages.

Complaints have reached us of some slight discomfort occasioned to passengers by overcrowding in carriages at certain times of the day. We have given careful and sympathetic consideration to this problem and have reached the conclusion that not more than twenty-six persons (or a maximum of four in first-class carriages) should be allowed in any one compartment. As we are advised by the Company's experts that it is a physical impossibility, in the case of third-class compartments, for more than this number to gain admittance, no special legislation appears to be called for on this point.

The provision of additional trains, or (alternatively) the refunding of passengers' money for whom proper accommodation is not provided would, we understand, be impracticable.

Articles Thrown on the Line.

We feel that greater accuracy is called for in the specifica-

tion of articles which may or may not be thrown (or projected) from carriage-windows on to the line. The present requisition to abstain from throwing articles "which may injure men working on the line" lays an unnecessary onus on the judgment of the individual passenger. Thus, while used matches and banana-skins are clearly unobjectionable, widespread uncertainty exists with regard to such objects as apple-cores, large cigar-stubs and copies of *The Times Financial Supplement*. The fixing of a standard of weight and/or measurement will not suffice. Experiments conducted by members of the Committee definitely proved that though so bulky an article as a parcel of old socks may be harmless and even welcome to workers on the line, quite a nasty gash can be inflicted by an object as small as an umbrella-ferrule. We recommend the appointment of a competent Advisory Committee, including a representative of the gangers, to examine and report upon this question.

Provision of Station at West Minstead.

We think it of the utmost importance that a station should be provided at West Minstead for the convenience of local residents and others wishing to travel to Town, or intermediately, therefrom, and *vice versa*. The station should have a minimum of two platforms, for the service of Up and Down trains, and should be equipped with a booking-office, waiting-rooms, weighing-machine and the usual appurtenances of a railway-station, including not less than four oil-lamps to be lit by a competent official one hour after sundown. In addition there should be ample and clearly-marked means of access to and egress from the station, and if possible some form of bridge or subway allowing free passage to pedestrian traffic from one platform to the other, in either direction—provided always that its use shall be limited to *bonâ-fide* travellers on the L.S.R. and their friends. We note with pleasure that such a station already exists at West Minstead.

Remuneration of Staff.

The remuneration (or pay) of the lower-grade employees of the L.S.R., though lower than that of those occupying higher positions on the staff, appears to be higher than was the case some years ago when the general rates of pay in force in the Company were lower. As regards the salaries paid to the higher officials, the position here is much the same, for, though receiving less than would be the case were the rates of pay generally higher, their earnings are yet considerably in excess of what might be expected in the event of a decrease in their salaries. We do not therefore recommend any alteration in the rates of pay at present in force on the L.S.R.

Clipping of Tickets.

No change appears to be necessary in the manner of clipping tickets employed on the L.S.R.

It is only fair to add that a vigorous denial of all the charges contained in the Committee's Report has been issued by the London Suburban Railway Company.

H. F. E.

A Baker's Dilemma.

"Don't sell the top or the bottom of a loaf of bread."

Advice to Tradesmen.

New Light on Our Frontier Problems.

"For obvious reasons Italians would avoid a fleet action, and instead would wage a war of attrition against the British naval forces by an incessant submarine and air attack on their communications, as the Pathans try to do in the North-West Frontier of India."—*Australian Paper.*

Fait Accompli.

"WHAT do you mean," I said to Edith in a tone of bitter reproach, "by stealing two feet of my lawn? It's no good denying it. I've measured it with the tape-measure and it's a good deal shorter than it was when we planned the garden five years ago."

"I don't believe it," said Edith. "All I've done is occasionally to straighten the edge of the lawn with a sharp spade so as to make my flower-beds neat."

When we took "The Raspberries" five years ago, Edith and I drew up a sort of deed of arrangement about the garden, so that there shouldn't be any chance of quarrelling over our various spheres of influence. Edith was to be Mistress of the Flower-Beds, I was to be Lord of the Lawns, and Angus MacHiggins was to be Grand Vizier of the Vegetables and High Steward of the Paths.

"What with Angus MacHiggins encroaching on the lawn at one end," I said bitterly, "and you encroaching on the lawn at the other end, there'll soon be no lawn left. I believe you've been sneaking a couple of inches of my lawn every week or so, hoping that I won't notice. And I might not have noticed if I hadn't happened to come across our original plan, in which the north border is four feet wide. It struck me that the north border had grown a good deal, and I measured it and found it was well over six feet. Then I measured the lawn itself and found that it had shrunk by no less than four feet."

"You can't blame me for all of it," said Edith. "I assure you I've done nothing but occasionally straighten the edge. It's easy to understand how it's happened. Say I've straightened the edge once a month for five years; that makes sixty times, and sixty into two feet is less than half-an-inch."

"And at the other end of the lawn," I added sadly, "Angus MacHiggins has been slowly and slyly extending his mixed herbs bed in the same under-hand fashion."

Next day Edith was called away to nurse a sick aunt, and in the evening I dropped in at the nursery and had a few dark words with the nurseryman.

"It's not the best time of the year for laying turf," he said, "but if we get plenty of rain before the hot weather sets in it will probably be O.K. I'll send it round early next week."

I spent most of Sunday preparing the ground. First I measured off two feet of Angus MacHiggins' mixed herbs bed, hurling the mixed herbs to left and



THE LESS FAMOUS BUT VERY LIVELY COMPANIES OF LONDON.
THE INCONSOLABLE COMPANY OF CROONERS.

right with careless abandon. Angus has lately been growing enough mixed herbs to supply the whole of Little Wobbley—and from what I know of him he probably has been supplying the whole of Little Wobbley. Then I levelled the soil and raked it over and messed about with a long piece of string and a couple of pegs. I wanted to have it all ready so that I could pop down the turf before Edith came back. There's nothing like confronting the opposition with a *fait accompli* on these occasions. Then I started work on Edith's flower-bed. Here it was easier, because she had demilitarised the front part ready for Virginia Stock.

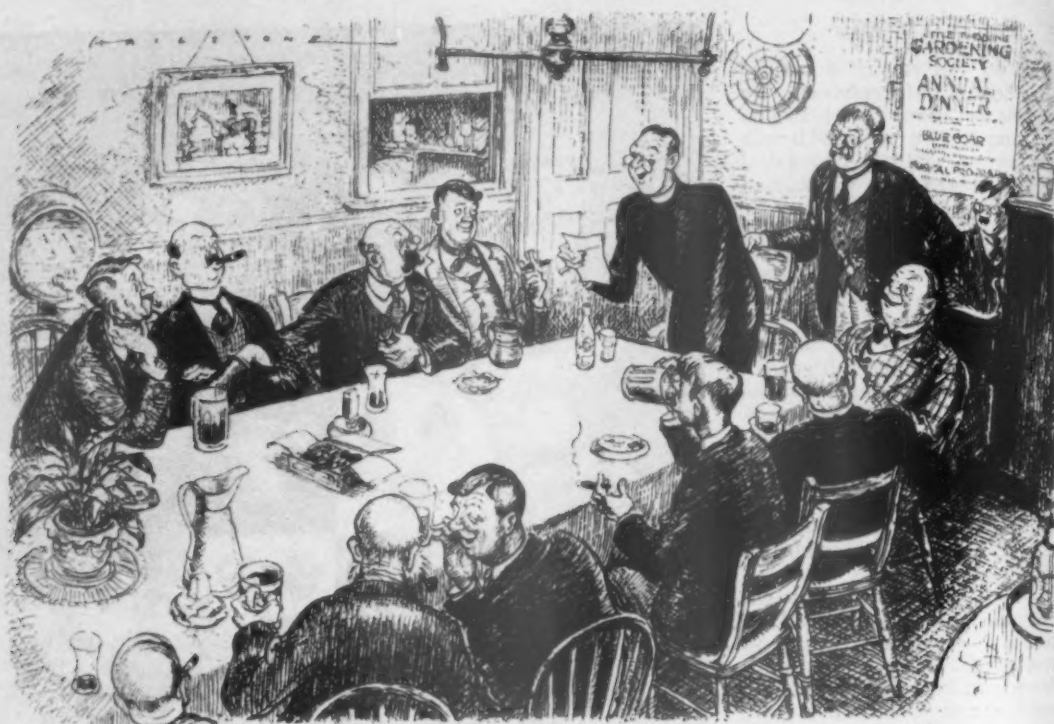
The turf had not arrived next evening when I got home, but I didn't worry

overmuch, because there was a note from Edith saying that she wouldn't be back till the end of the week.

"It'll give the earth time to settle," I said to myself, "and that will be all the better."

But when I got home on Tuesday evening a shock awaited me. I had forgotten that Tuesday was Angus MacHiggins' day. At each end of the lawn stretched a smooth gravel path. Angus too knows the tactical value of a *fait accompli*.

"The bride . . . wore a stylish ensemble consisting of a moss-green angora frock, with a white and green check swagger coat to tone, and black necessities."—*Wedding Report*.
Need they be mentioned?



"OUR WORTHY MR. WURZLE HAS ASKED ME TO SAY THAT, OWING TO THE UNFORTUNATE ILLNESS OF ONE OF HIS COWS, HE REGRETS HE WILL BE UNABLE TO STAY WITH US AND SING 'BID ME TO LIVE AND I WILL LIVE.'"

A Week's Harvest.

I REMEMBER a book by VICTOR HUGO (or Fictor Nogo, as BURNAND travestied him) called *Choses Vues*, and various derivations of it, some English, all of which indicate that the eyes used to have it. But now that the wireless has come in the eyes can be said to have it no more—or will not have it until the long-promised, or long-threatened, television is with us. Meanwhile the world is the ear's. We are all listeners.

That is why it seems to me that a few Things Heard, not over the air, would be worth collecting and setting down, all of them the product of the last few days and all true. Even this dream is true, which occurred to a veracious matter-of-fact man but which might have lightened the sleep of someone far more fanciful.

"I had a dream last night," he said, "which was so real that I am still uncomfortably conscious of it. Sitting over a cocktail at a party, I was talking to a vivacious middle-aged woman whose name was, I understood, Mrs. Larrimore, and in course of conversation I once or twice called her this. Later, referring to her to another guest, I mentioned her in this way,

when he said, slightly surprised, 'Oh, but that is not a Mrs., that is Lady Larrimore, the great Lady Larrimore whom everyone ought to know.'

"Meeting her therefore again a few days after, and wishing to put things straight, I rather pointedly addressed her as Lady Larrimore. 'Oh, no,' she said, 'not me. Call me Mrs. Dufresne; I'm Lady Larrimore's twin sister.'

"It was vowing I would never meet anyone else," he added, "that I awoke."

That was my first Thing Heard. The second was the explanation of the most complete transformation of a tidy man's sitting-room that, short of an impending sale, I ever saw. He is as a rule enthroned in order; but when I entered he was in semi-darkness; the rugs, instead of being on the floor, were on the table; the coal-scuttle was on a bureau; some logs of wood and a hearth-brush were on the mantelpiece; and the waste-paper-basket was tied to a blind-cord and suspended in mid-air.

"Good heavens! what has happened?" I exclaimed.

"Can't you see?" he replied. "I have been given a puppy."

"But at any rate you might have a light," I said.

"He's bitten through the cord," he replied.

My next Thing Heard came from a visitor from Paris. "Whenever I look up," she said, "I see a picture of a glass of beer or a glass of stout. Why? Do not the English know what to drink without being told? And then," she added, "if I should want one, I learn that it is not the time."

All critics like to be read, even if not with perfect agreement, and I was therefore pleased when someone said to me that he had been reading what I wrote in *Punch* about "Gallic Hay."

"But," he went on, "I am afraid you give the impression that, in England, tea is as good as in France it is bad. That is a mistake. We are quite as much to blame, for, having better tea, we maltreat it. Now I will show you how tea ought to be made and how it ought to taste."

He put a small quantity of leaves into a china pot and immediately the kettle boiled poured upon them the steaming water. Immediately.

Having timed it for three minutes by his watch, he took another china pot, already carefully warmed, and decanted the first pot into it.

"Now," he said, "we can begin to drink and continue to drink, knowing

that there will be no sediment, no stewing."

It was delicious.

"You are a bachelor," I said.

"Yes," he replied.

I heard the last Thing from a lady with whom novels were being discussed.

"Yes," she said, "I read a great many new books, but I can't say that I like them all. Do you?"

"No," I said, "I don't like everything."

"I like them long," she said. "Don't you?"

"If I have nothing else to do," I said, "yes, I like them long. But I'm usually too busy."

"Oh, I like them long," she said; "and a little while ago I read a perfect one. You'd love it. I heard about it, as it happens, in rather a strange way. I was at the Library, changing books, when I found myself standing next to another subscriber who also was changing books."

"It often happens," I said.

"Yes," she said, "but this woman looked more interesting than most. Tall and—well, remarkable. 'If you want a good novel and haven't read this one,' she said, offering me the book she was returning, 'try this.' So I took it and read it and it was most awfully good. You'd love it."

"Perhaps," I said, "you'd tell me the title."

"I'm sorry," she said, "but I've forgotten it."

"The author, then?" I suggested.

"No, I can't remember," she said.

"A woman, I feel sure, and an American. I've forgotten all those things, but you'd love it."

"Then what was it about?" I asked.

"I can't really remember that either," she said, "but it was awfully good. A family, I think. Oh, yes. There were a brother and sister. It was awfully good."

"And that's all you can tell me?" I asked.

"I'm afraid so," she said. "But you'd love it." E. V. L.

The Herbalist's Tragedy.

KIND reader, grant me your attention
While, with a cautionary twist,
I sing the rise and the declension
Of Spurge, the henna specialist.

CULPEPER was his only master,
And yet, though faithful to his school,
He saw the omens of disaster
In Peter Piper's pepper pool.

For feasts and banquets aldermanic
He did not cater, and the beer
He brewed was of the brand botanic
Still popular in Lancashire.



"QUITE DIFFERENT TO OUR HIGH STREET, DON'T YOU THINK, GEORGE?"

He harboured no luxurious cravings,
His board was plain, his needs were few,

But from the first his hard-won savings,
Judiciously invested, grew.

He studied CELSUS, AVICENNA,
He dived in Oriental lore,

And as he read the charm of henna
Allured him ever more and more.

He learnt how MAHOMET dyed his beard with it,
And odalisques their finger-nails,
How mighty Arab chieftains smeared with it
Even their horses' manes and tails.

So when the old primeval passion
For pigments seized the modern maid,
He saw in the decrees of fashion
The chance to drive a roaring trade.

Unmoved by Constables or Knellers,
He loved the hues of the Levant,

And filled his attics and his cellars
With stocks of the cosmetic plant.

Alas! besotted by ambition
He wholly failed to recognise
The inevitable competition
Of science and synthetic dyes.

It came and conquered, swiftly crippling
The schemes of the unhappy Spurge,
Who sank without the slightest rippling
In Lethe, never to resurge.

* * * * *
Some say he vanished to Vienna,
Hoping to start a fresh career,
Others allege at Rosapenna
He drank himself to death with senna—
But anyhow the moral's clear.

Be not inveigled by Jack Horner's
Extraction of a golden plum;
There's no security in "corners"
Unless you have a miller's thumb.

C. L. G.



"WHY DO THE LIONS ROAR SO LOUD, DADDY?"

"BECAUSE THEY SEE NICE JUICY BOYS AND GIRLS AND AREN'T ALLOWED TO EAT THEM."

"BUT, DADDY . . . DADDY, WHEN LIONS EAT PEOPLE, DO THEY SPIT OUT THE CLOTHES?"

Leo Payne

A House-Party Problem.

AT such times and in such places as small groups of total and comparative strangers are gathered and herded together for mutual intercourse and enjoyment there is always the vexed question of how far their days' pleasures shall be planned and organised or, on the other hand, whether they shall be permitted without let or hindrance to follow their own inclinations. In the case of ocean-going liners, for instance, the dragooning of passengers into organised games, galas, sweepstakes and the like is tending to reach a pitch which on dry land would not be tolerated in a free country like our own. In the case of the week-end house-party there is an element of uncertainty unless one knows one's host or—more especially—hostess. One may be able on arrival to follow one's own inclinations in the matter of indoor and outdoor occupations—or one may not.

This is often a matter primarily of conjecture, later of bitter disillusionment or heartfelt relief. Take a typical

sort of invitation from a kind lady one met last year up in Town:—

Magna Towers,
April 5.

MY DEAR MR. POTTER,—You remember you promised to run down and see us sometime. We should so like it if you would come down. Why not next week-end, if you are doing nothing? We're expecting Elsie Scrivener, who wrote that splendid novel about the next war—or was it Russia? And my husband expects Peter Jenkins. I think he's a scratch golfer—or is he a stockbroker? I get so mixed up over Fred's guests. I believe there are lots of trout too—or aren't they in season now? There's quite a good afternoon train from Town. I forget exactly when, but it's from Paddington.

Yours very sincerely,
LETITIA HIGHBOROUGH-BADWORTH.

Here is food for thought and speculation. One likes good golf and good partners, also good trout-fishing; but, purely as such, lady-novelists and

stockbrokers who talk shop hold no attractions. Does it follow that because a scratch golfer is present there will be a good course within easy reach? And if so, will one be able to play there under arrangements made by oneself or be detailed to mixed foursomes of gigglers, air-shotters and divot-mongers? Will the staple topic of conversation be on Russian literature or the fluctuation of the nickel market?

How much easier it would be to make one's decision if the hosts and hostesses of rural England put all their cards on the table and issued a kind of circular, somewhat on these lines:—

MAGNA TOWERS.

Reception rooms, Six. Bed, Fifteen. Constant hot water. Station: Parva Magna, G.W.R. London, 75 miles. 1½ hours. Six fast trains daily on week-days and two on Sundays.

Plenty of garages (so your car won't have to stand out all the time and refuse to take you back to London).

Attendance at meals optional (except dinner). Indoor and outdoor sport

strictly voluntary. Sunday morning service ($\frac{1}{4}$ -mile. Duration, 1 hour; entirely voluntary).

Please tear off the attached programme of sports and pastimes, indicate with a cross those which meet with your approval, comment if necessary on those which don't, and return to me.

SPORTS (OUTDOOR).

Fishing. River. Trout. Catch doubtful.

Golf. State whether you like:—

- (1) Long handicap stuff.
- (2) Male or mixed.
- (3) Good standard singles.

(Courses: Magna Royal, 18 holes, Good for 2 or 3. Parva, 9 holes, Good for 1.)

Tennis. One lawn and two hard courts. (State pref. 1, 2 or 3, as for golf.)

Beagling. Every Sat. Guests can drop out at any stage without comment or reproach.

SPORTS (INDOOR).

Bridge.

- (1) Auction.
- (2) Elementary contract.
- (3) Good contract. (Apply for special pamphlet re current conventions used.)

Poker.

- (1) Any old stakes.
- (2) To suit the ordinary purse.

Wireless and gramophone jazz, with dancing.

EXHIBITIONS, ETC.

- (1) Stags' heads and trophies. (Major-General Badworth).
- (2) Old coins and manuscripts. (Prof. Badworth).
- (3) Singing in French and Italian by Mrs. Badworth.
- (4) Solos by Master Badworth on
(a) Saxophone; (b) Percussion.

DECLARATION.

You are requested to sign one of the two declarations (a) or (b) and return:—

"I,, hereby declare that I am willing to spend a week-end at Magna Towers on condition that—

(a) I shall not be obliged or expected to take part in activities other than those to which I have signified my approval in the foregoing statement, and then only subject to the suitability of other guests and participants.

or

(b) I am exonerated from the necessity of taking part in any social activities whatever."



Wife of a Previous Speaker. "AND WHEN YOU SAT DOWN, DEAR, I SAID TO THE VICAR, 'THAT'S THE BEST THING EDMUND HAS EVER DONE.'"

In houses where the nature and composition of parties is subject to variation, it might be as well to issue an additional advance notice on these lines:—

MAGNA TOWERS.

Special attractions for the Spring and Summer Season.

Mar. 21-23.—Old Timers' week-end. Compère, Major-General Badworth. Guests to include Sir Archibald Verdict (late I.C.S.) and Admiral Foresail.

May 9-11.—Highbrow week-end. Compère (or Mère), Mrs. Badworth. Supported by Madame Penvipa, writer of Polish lyric poetry, Professor Loop (revival of Babylonian rustic

dances) and A. Barebone, Esq. (Rutland Nudist Colony).

July 11-13.—Whoopie week-end. Featuring Miss Lottie Linger of the Frivolity Theatre, Lord Monty Madcap (Cambridge University Raggars' Association) and Miss Sadie South (by kind permission of the Shadrach-Shylocheimer Motion Picture Corp.).

It all seems a very good idea, save for the possibility that some hostess with a sense of humour and a weariness of her office might make a careful selection of guests whose recorded likes and dislikes showed the greatest possible contrast, bring them together for one and the same week-end, and herself retire to bed with a slight chill.

Variations on a Tin-Pan Alley Theme.

GUESS I've been
In love with Jean—
It gets a guy, does moonlight!
Fell for Sue
(Wouldn't you?)—
It gets a guy, does moonlight!
Moonlight makes me feel that way.
Moonlight, come-and-croon-light
Makes me love in a great big way
An armful in the moonlight!
Honey-gal, liss'n to me
(Mary or Sal
As the case maybe),
Ann or Lou,
I love you
In the great big way in the moon-
light.
And whaddya believe it, say!
Gee, but I'm sore to-day!
Jean was a cutie,
Jean was a peach,
Jean was the pebble on my beach,
And Jean is filing a suit for breach
That won't be heard in the moon-
light.
Sue is taking the witness-stand—
She's suing me for a hundred "grand,"
All because of the moonlight!
And so is Mary
And so is Sal.
(Why did I croon to that honey-gal
Under the trees in the moonlight?)
I'm in the soup, lads,
I'm in the cart.
'S tough on a guy with a great big
heart,
On a guy with a yen for the moon-
light—
A guy that's paying alimony
To Lulu, Mamie and Marie
(Crooning
And Mental Cruelty
And Mutual Aversion, respectively).
And now that I'm out of the moon-
light
Ann and Lou
Are suing me too;
And the case will be heard, so the
lawyers say,
In a Great Big Way in the moon-
light!

Complicated Spelling.

I SEE with some dismay in a letter to *The Times*, signed by many great men, that I may have to learn to spell again. The great men wish for a Committee to be appointed to consider the simplification of our spelling, because it is "inconsistent and difficult." They are sorry for the poor British children and the poor grown-up foreigner who have to learn it.

They do not seem to be at all sorry for me. It will be just as tiresome for me to learn the new spelling as it is for other people to learn the old one. Indeed, now that I have bought a book on the subject and warily nibbled at it, I am sure that it will be worse.

The spelling reformers are, I think, a little deceitful. They lead us up the garden path so plausibly. They complain that the student has to learn two English languages—one spoken, one written. (Well, for that matter, the singer has to learn two lots of notes—one written and one sung.) How absurd, they say, that "tough," "though," "through," "trough" and "bough" should be pronounced in five different ways! Why not spell them "phonetically"?

Well, that sounds well enough—at first. One thinks of "tho" and "thru" (and one particular one dislikes even those). And "tough," I suppose, will be "tuff" (if one has only the old alphabet to play with), and "cough" "coff," and "bough" "bow."

But difficulties arise at once. If we are to spell phonetically—that is, according to the sound—we must assume that everyone pronounces the same word in the same way. But they don't. Take "tough." Many excellent citizens in the North do not say "tuff" as we do; they say "tooff." And many English-speakers in North America say "terf." So that a triangular correspondence, phonetically spelt, on the subject of toughness would end in the wildest confusion. As things are, these three corners of the earth can discuss toughness and rough stuff with perfect understanding. Surely it is the great merit of our spelling that people all over the world can attach the same meaning to a written word though they utter it quite differently? Different singers coming upon a high C in a song will sing it differently—some true, some sharp, some flat. But they all mean the same thing. Now, there are many composers who cannot sing correctly. But if they all wrote a different sort of C, exactly as they would sing it, what chaos would cover the world of music!

We say "water." The North American says "wotter"—or something like it. Phonetic spelling, it is suggested, might make the English tongue an international tongue. On the contrary, it would produce the conditions of Babel even in the English-speaking world.

The answer of the reformers is that by degrees, by the dictionary and by the B.B.C. we shall teach everyone to pronounce everything in the same way. Which appears to me to be a conception as improbable as it is deplorable.

I do not even agree that "ruff stuff" will be easier to learn. For all the foreigner knows, that may mean the stuff of a ruff, and we shall have to add horrible little dots and things to distinguish between the ruff you are and the ruff you wear.

And how should we distinguish between the bow of a tree and the bow of a gentleman?

Further, it is not true that we say "rough" precisely as we say "ruff." Get a good actor to say "a rough ruff"—say it yourself, brother—and you will agree. "Cough" does not truly rhyme with "toff," nor "would" with "wood"—though in an operetta or revue we may pretend that it does.

Say seven times—

"I would not saunter through that wood."

Now say—

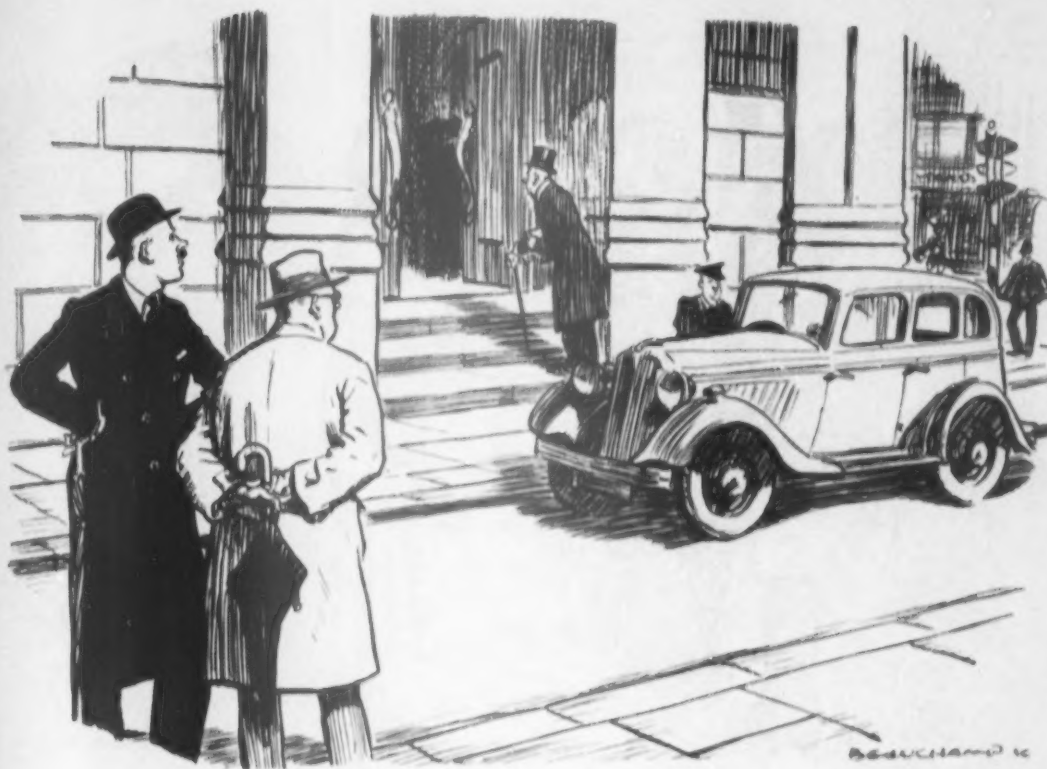
"His wood is better than my wood."

The second words in these sentences are *not* pronounced in the same way; and therefore it is a good thing that they should not be spelt the same. Even the much-abused "ough" can be not merely defended but applauded by those at least who value the subtleties of sound and language and object to an excess of planning and simplification.

But the simple spellers are not so simple as they seem. We have assumed so far that the simple spellers will retain the same alphabet with which our feeble and foolish race has survived so many centuries and combated so many perils. But evidently they have perceived the difficulties discussed above. For, according to the published book which I have bought, our spelling can only be simplified by making it much more complicated—that is, by adding to the alphabet numerous new signs and symbols, most of which look like bacilli, and to these eyes at least are loathsome.

The author of the book before me is modest and proposes only to add "nine or ten letters" to the A B C of everyday use; and most of these are made by putting lines through old letters or decorating them with dots or squiggles—as d ("dhee"), e or o ("ur"), t ("thee") and z ("zhay"). But even he has one repulsive thing which looks exactly like the beginnings of diphtheria or tuberculosis and is called a "surd vowel symbol"— ø . Ugh!

It is solemnly proposed, I gather, that for the benefit of the foreigners and the establishment of a World Tongue not only our time-tables but our treasures of literature are to be



"HE IS CONSOLIDATED TOY BALLOONS!"

"translated into the new spelling." And the works of SHAKESPEARE will look like the bottom of a pond in spring-time or a small piece of old cheese under the microscope. I hate to be obstructive, but here is the opening passage of the Prelude to MILTON's *Paradise Lost*, done in the LEPSIUS alphabet, whatever that may be:—

"Ōv mən's fīrst dīabīdīyēns and dī frūt
Ōv dēt fōrbīddēn trī, hūs mōrtāl tēst
Brōt dēd īntū dī wōrld and ōl aūg'r wō
Wīd lōs ōv ldn, tīl wən grēt'r Mən
Rīstōr dē, and rīgēin dī blīsf'ul sīt:
Sīn, hēv'nīl Myūs, dēt ōn dī sīkrīt tōp
Ōv Ōreb ōr ōv Sīnāī dīdēt īnspāīr
Dēt dēpōd hū fīrst tōt dī ēōm sīd
In dī bīgīnīn hū dī hēv'n and ōr
Rōs aut ōv kōs;..."

Here is the same passage in "Mr. IMMO ALLEN's phonetic spelling." It is less rich in bacteria, but alarms me almost as much:—

"ŌV Māns fīrst dīawbīdī'nā d y frūt
V yā fīdn trī. 'u.s mōtl tēst
Brōt Dēb īntū y ūmld d ol au' ūw
Uy lōs v ldn, tīl ūm grēt' Mān
Rīstōr 's d rīgēn y blīsf'ul sīt—
Sīq 'Ev'nīl Mīus, yī ōn y sīkrīt tōp

V Ōreb ō'r v Sīnāī dīdēt īnspāī
Yā cep'd 'u fīrst tōt y tēwān sīd
In y bīgīnīq 'au y 'Evns d R'h
Rwz aut v Kēos:—

And here it is in the crude old-fashioned spelling of the author:—

"Of Māns First Disobedience, and the
Fruit
Of that Forbidden Tree, whose mortal
tast
Brought Death into the World, and all
our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful Seat,
Sing Heav'nly Muse, that on the secret
top
Of Ōreb, or of Sīnāī, dīdēt īnspīrē
That Shepherd, who first taught the
chosen Seed,
In the Beginning how the Heav'ns and
Earth
Rose out of Chaos:—"

It may be that I speak ignorantly of this great reform, and I shall study it more fully; but there seems to be a strong *prima-facie* case against letting a Committee loose in this particular china-shop. And for the present, rather than relieve the foreigner and the British child in this manner, I shall cheerfully continue to see them suffer.

The foreigner indeed! At least we do not compel him to learn the sex of a table or distinguish the sexes of a garden and a pen.

A. P. H.



S.O.S.

"Will you please tell me how to clean brains: I have tried soaking them in salted water, but the brain substance comes away with the skin. Should one pour boiling water on the brains after letting them stand in salted water?"—*Newspaper Correspondent.*

"His book is constructed too disjointedly, with too many different facets not knit together in a broad stream of development."

Book Review.

Of course, knitting facets in a stream isn't everybody's idea of fun.

The Chef's Own Dish.

"The Financial Secretary's department produces and arranges the mass of details out of which the Chancellor makes his Budget peech."—*Evening Paper.*

We suggest that a little less income-tax would improve the flavour.



"THE BISHOP'S HAD A NASTY COLD—HE'S NOT AT ALL HIMSELF YET."

"OH, DEAR, I'M SO SORRY. YOU KNOW—I THOUGHT HE DIDN'T PREACH WITH QUITE HIS USUAL FEP."

Limitation.

LONG ago, when a small scrubby schoolboy,
A mixture of Etons and ink
(*Eheu Fugaces!* How time simply races!
Said somebody—HORACE, I think),
Whatever the lesson, I read it and said it
Without the lest trouble or fuss—
But I never could see how on earth it could be
That — *plus* — made —,
But — *times* — made +.

Since then, in the years supervening,
I have broadened and strengthened a mind
With zeal ever burning more fiercely for learning
Of every conceivable kind.
In divers directions my knowledge—since college—
Has grown to be quite "omnibus,"
But I'm still more or less in the dark, I confess,
Why — *plus* — makes —,
But — *times* — makes +.

I have lapped up the learning of LIVY,
I have battled with *Cæsar in Gaul*,
To practise—in Attic—the Method Socratic
Does not incommode me at all;
I have plumbed all the pages of PLATO and CATO
And VARRO and VIRGILIUS,
But I'm forced to admit that I can't see a bit
Why — *plus* — is —,
But — *times* — is +.

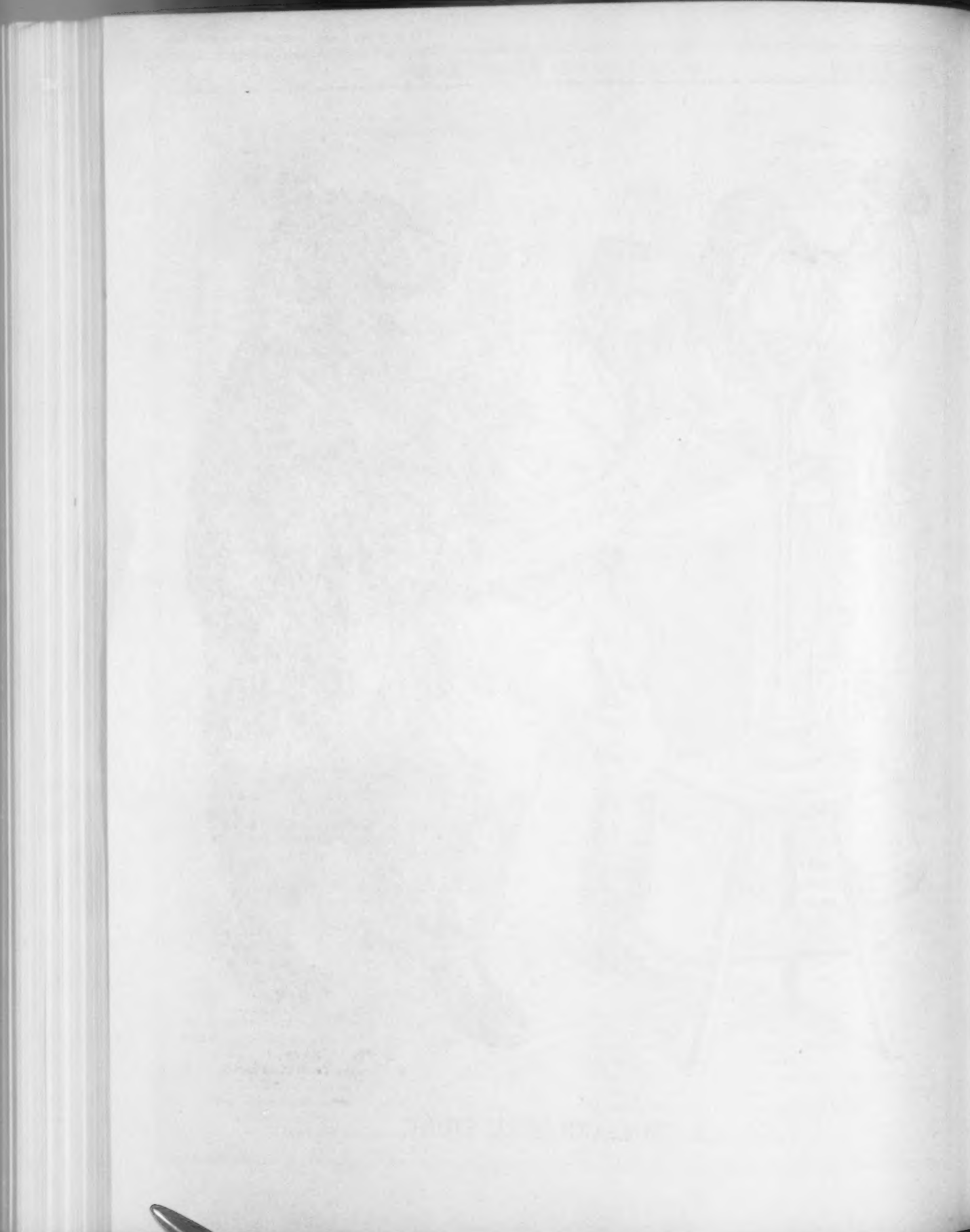
The Aristotelian viewpoint,
The critical croakings of KANT,
The racy remarks of both ENGELS and MARX,
And LUBBOCK, and FABRE on the Ant,
PIRANDELLO and BROWNING's odd fellow, SORDELLO,
I'm fully equipped to discuss,
But I'm sorry to say I am still not *au fait*
Why — *plus* — is —,
But — *times* — is +.

I have read all the writings of ROUSSEAU,
I have mastered the musings of MILL,
I find joy unalloyed in the fancies of FREUD
And the carvings of EPSTEIN and GILL;
I am strong on the coaching of COTTON, and hot on
The heresies horrid of HUSS,
But, though I still try, I can't understand why
A — *plus* — is —,
But — *times* — is +.

So, just as the ancient Achilles
Had his heel for opponents to pink,
The armour, it's plain, of my versatile brain
Has its single assailable chink.
Must I always in ignorance wander? I ponder—
For ever be limited thus?
Or will it be clear ere I vanish from here
Why — *plus* — is —,
But — *times* — is +?



A COCK-AND-BEAR STORY.



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Impressions of Parliament.

Synopsis of the Week.

Monday, March 16th.—Commons: Debate on Navy Estimates.

Tuesday, March 17th.—Lords: Debate on Defence.
Commons: Debate on Air Estimates.

Wednesday, March 18th.—Lords: Debate on Cheap Milk.
Commons: Debate on Shorter Working Week.

Monday, March 16th.—An introductory whiff of ozone was brought into the Commons this afternoon in the envelope containing the Brighton Marine Palace and Pier Bill; and after Captain WALLACE had given Mr. LIDDALL some information either about imports of grease into British Diesel engines or imports of British Diesel engines into Greece—nobody was certain which—Members lay comfortably at anchor and listened while Lord STANLEY told them what was going to be done about the Navy.

He began with an eloquent tribute to Lord BEATTY, and went on to explain that the Estimates were incomplete as they left out the extra expenditure caused by the Italo-Abyssinian war and anticipated in the new construction programme. The

latter will be the subject of a Supplementary Estimate later in the year. As against the original Estimates for 1935 there would be an increase of nearly £10,000,000, and about half this sum would go towards the completion

CHURCHILL urged that a fresh secret inquiry should take place into the tactical and technical issues involved in sanctioning new battleships. What happens, in brief, when a big bomb drops on one?

Tuesday, March 17th.—When the Lords met this afternoon the chief speakers associated themselves with the expressions of regret at the death of Lord BEATTY with which Lord SWINTON prefaced his survey of the Government's plans for Defence. His speech took much the same course as that of Sir PHILIP SASOON in the Commons, and it had a most melancholy effect upon Lord PONSONBY, who spoke more kindly of the Government than he usually does but believed their policy of rearmament to be dangerous and wrong. More than anyone now in politics Lord PONSONBY can convey an abysmal sadness with a single gesture.

Their Lordships were indebted to Lord CREWE for a beautiful hybrid metaphor when he said that Herr HITLER had shot an olive-branch out of a catapult and hit the Locarno Powers in the eye. He hoped that when they had recovered their ordinary eyesight they would try to see whether the olive-branch might not be fruitful.

Mr. THOMAS is tired of head-hunting. At Question-time he refused resolutely to make any more attempts to wrest from the German Government, for



Sir PHILIP SASOON, whose family crest is "A dove volant having in the beak a laurel branch all proper," declared that the aeroplane would eventually become the most effective of all instruments for promoting and maintaining world peace.

of ships already approved by the House.

Promotion from the Lower Deck was being accelerated, the Fleet Air Arm was being increased and improved, and the armour protection of the big ships of the Navy was being modernised. In this, he said, they were following the lead of Mr. A. V. ALEXANDER when First Lord, whose statement last November that "every one of the twelve battleships is armoured as well as any ship in the world" was hardly consistent with the energetic action he had taken to deal with this matter, and whose Dr. Jekyll of the Admiralty he preferred to his Mr. Hyde of the Election platform. It remained the view of serving Naval opinion, both here and abroad, that battleships were still essential, but the Admiralty were going ahead with a steady building programme of destroyers.

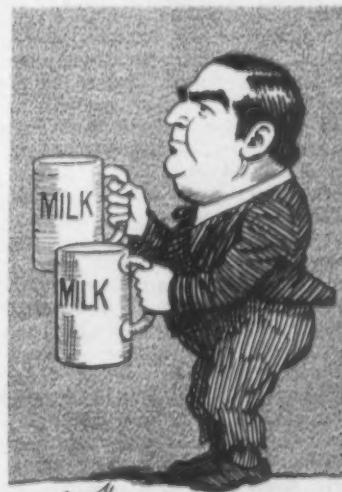
Dr. Jekyll, ex-Admiralty, spoke next, and strongly objected to the House being asked to pass what were the highest Naval Estimates for fourteen years in ignorance of the amount of the Supplementary Estimates and even of what was happening at the Naval Conference.

After him Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR insisted that Naval deficiencies argued waste and incompetence seeing that £550,000,000 had been voted to the Navy in the last ten years; and Mr.



Hamlet. "ALAS, POOR MKWAWA!"

[In reply to a question about the skull of an African chief named MKWAWA which according to the Treaty of Versailles was to be restored to Tanganyika, Mr. J. H. THOMAS stated that the relic could not be traced and that he did not propose to pursue the matter further.]



"Please, I want some more."

LORD STRABLOI, PROTAGONIST IN THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST MALNUTRITION.



The Pioneer. "I AM HAPPY MY HONOURABLE GUESTS ARE PLEASED WITH MY UNWORTHY SOUP. IT IS MADE FROM NESTS OF UNDISTINGUISHED BIRDS."

restoration to Tanganyika, the head of the Chief MWAWA which was parted from its trunk thirty years ago and which was supposed by the Treaty of Versailles to have been handed over. The Treaty of Versailles gets funnier every day.

Sir PHILIP SASOON handled his task admirably, and gave the House a very clear picture of the plans for air expansion. Points from his speech were: The Home Defence Force to be increased to a first-line strength of 1,750 machines; arrangements are being made by which aircraft firms will immediately set about large extensions, and two motor-manufacturers, AUSTINS and ROOTES, are setting up factories; a good supply of pilots is forthcoming; a new fighter, in production, flies at over 300 m.p.h.; prices are being rigidly controlled to prevent profiteering; Vote for civil aviation up by 28% and progress of Imperial Airways excellently maintained.

Wednesday, March 18th.—Domestic issues of real importance came as a relief to both Houses to-day; National health and comfort have been depressingly overshadowed lately by the production of weapons of slaughter.

Sir JOHN OGB, in his recent Report on the nutrition of the people, found that only 30% in England attained

a diet adequate for health by modern standards; and this afternoon the Bishop of WINCHESTER, taking this as his text, pointed out that one-quarter of our milk-production went to the factories at one-third less than the

price paid for school-milk, and urged that schoolchildren's supplies should be increased and a similar scheme devised for expectant and nursing mothers and for children under five. Against the additional cost, he said, must be reckoned the great saving which would ensue in the medical services.

Lord RADNOR asked for the appointment of a new Minister, after the fashion of Sir THOMAS INSKIP, to co-ordinate health, nutrition, and agriculture; Lord BLEDISLOE in the course of a very sound speech declared that the average British farmer knew better how to feed his animals than the British mother knew how to feed her children, and put forward the admirable suggestion that diet should be made a subject in the schools; but in reply Lord GAGE dwelt on the difficulties involved.

Lord MOTTISTONE, apparently the victim of a misapprehension, tried to show that the Government had acted very wickedly in inducing Yugo-Slavia to withhold her eggs from poor Italy, and for his pains got a sharp rap on the knuckles from Lord STANHOPE.

The Commons had an interesting debate on the shorter working week, an excellent idea provided that in spite of it wages can be maintained. At present this difficulty remains insuperable in many industries.



OUR BACK-BENCH WHO'S WHO.

Cuba's Public Saviour alpha
Is Mr. GEORGE BALFOUR,
Who has smoked more cigars
Than would ranch the stars.

Croon Cant.

THIS is the name of our new game for the long evenings. It can unfortunately be played by any number of people. You need a sheet of paper, a pencil and a wireless-set.

"The beauty of it is," as Jessica says, "you can just switch on any time."

The game's no use during talks on Gardening, Fat Stock Prices and the like, but as a general rule the microphone is being occupied by Someone and his Boys. They are, I understand, always called "boys" since the Musicians' Union decided that you cannot be a crooner and a man.

You decide who is to have first tune, and then take alternative "numbers," as they are so delightfully called. Scoring is easy. Throughout the whole of your tune you score a point for any of the recognised master-strokes. These are divided into groups.

First come Ecstasies, a very steady line. The crooner is in "heav'n" or "paradoise" (who was it who said of his "boys," "*Non Angli sed Angeli*"?). This is associated with "Chawms" or "Yew-in-my-yarms," the "yew" in question being some mysterious person called "swede-heart." I've always been at a loss to understand why it is a crooner's compliment to call anyone "swede-heart." In my youth the equivalent "turnip-head" was not thought complimentary.

Ecstasies are also associated with something called "Rytherm." This is usually "divoine" and a constituent part of "heav'n" or "paradoise." For each mention you score one point.

In contrast, and perhaps more popular than Ecstasies, are Despondencies. "In youth we love the dark-some lawn," and after all the crooner is but a boy. Hence he wails on a very dolorous note through "feelin' blew" or "kinda blew."

His preference for woad as a colour is explained by the absence of "yew." He'll only be restored to his heavens and paradoises if you promise to "lerve" him "like yew yewster dew." In almost all Despondencies the listener is implored to "re-erlise" or "sympert-hise," and any of these counts one point.

We score most rapidly on what we call Inevitable Rhymes. Yew and blew have been mentioned. June and moon, aberve and lerve, I and sigh, bliss and kiss—with all these you need not await the second before recording your score; but originality should be encouraged, and we give a mark for jewels like Dolores, chorus and signora.



QUARTIER LATIN.

Wife (with her mind on the shops). "YOU DON'T WANNA SEE THEIR GREENWICH VILLAGE, DO YOU, WILBUR?"

Infant Memories constitute another scoring group. These all presuppose an American upbringing with piccaninnies, coal-black mummies, cotton-fields, shacks and the like.

Rolling Stock has become a stout line, from trains with moving-off noises to ole covered waggons with wheels in a doubtful state of repair. One moves along more briskly when the theme changes to the British Army, all ranks, engaged in its familiar occupations of exchanging back-chat, passing on information to superior officers or crooning on parade.

For Local Colour we count double marks, so that you may score very heavily in those "numbers" in which the delightful theme is served up again and again in character—Yorkshire

(Bah Gum!), Lancashire (tripe, cow-heel and Wigan), Scotland (Sixpences, Aberdeen and Och Aye!). In contrast you have the far-travelled crooner who longs not only for his Swanee and Tennersee but for Vienner (a strong favourite) and Messiner. All these count.

There comes in some games a point at which the "boys" reach the limit of uplift inspired by their lofty themes, and, abandoning coherent words, make indiscriminate noises of the type: "Ba-Bi-Bo-Bi-Boo-Bi-Blerb-Blerb-Blerb." This corresponds to the loser's action in kicking over the board at draughts and brings the game to an end.

Failing this happy deliverance, the beauty of the game is, as I say to Jessica, you can just switch off any time.

At the Play.

"WISDOM TEETH" (SAVOY).

EXAMINATIONS play so great a part in family life and are so closely linked with the most poignant moments of adolescence that it is surprising how little use dramatists have made of them and of the crisis of examination results.

But in *Wisdom Teeth*, at the Savoy, Miss NOEL STREATFEILD shows us the breakfast-table when the son of the house gets down first to look at the paper and know his fate, and we find excellent comedy in the reactions of all the members of the household.

Bill Harvey has his code, and so has his sister *Deirdre*, and the play is a very fresh and entertaining affair—a study of the conflict between their code and the gross sentimentalism of their mother. At the outset we see the mother leaving them and their father to go off with another man. The children are then but five and six, and she does not see them again till they are twenty and twenty-one. They have been brought up by a sensible sort of woman who is first their governess but soon their step-mother, and they have a great sense of honour, of keeping their word and standing by their friends. Miss STREATFEILD has drawn them cleverly so that there is no touch of priggishness about them; they are self-indulgent and pleasure-seeking, but not at all vicious.

It is the former *Mrs. Harvey*, now *Mrs. Pargiter*, who is vicious. She is played by Miss BEATRIX THOMSON in a way that is so convincing as to be almost painful. From the first moment to the last we see her pitying herself and dramatising herself, so that she seems a rare and exquisite creature, devoted to her children but cruelly forced to leave them for a greater love—that of *Pargiter*—and making poor *Pargiter* endure for years her orgies of self-commiseration when the children's birthdays come round.

Some critics have found in *Wisdom Teeth* a lesson against divorce, and it is true that a part of what the dramatist has to say is that the real mother is the person who brings the children up. The reunions and discoveries of ready-made sons and daughters, which used to end so many novels, took little account of this; and if there are people who imagine that they can lay down children like wine, forget about them for twenty years and then start family intimacy and affec-

tion at a high level this play will undeceive them.

But the play moves at a rather

deeper level than misunderstanding. Divorce apart, *Mrs. Pargiter* would have been a thoroughly bad mother, at once selfish and over-indulgent, as we see at the very beginning of the play. She might have corrupted her children, but if they derived their code, as the young do, rather from their contemporaries than from their father and stepmother, their mother would have been in any event increasingly excluded from their confidence.

As *Deirdre* Miss ELIZABETH WESTERN played daughter to Mr. RONALD ADAM's father in a way that brought out the inherited resemblance of character very well. She went with a rather worthless lot of friends and stood by them, even to the risk of imprisonment. She had a very difficult rôle, because she had to show the overwrought collapse of someone not by nature at all hysterical.

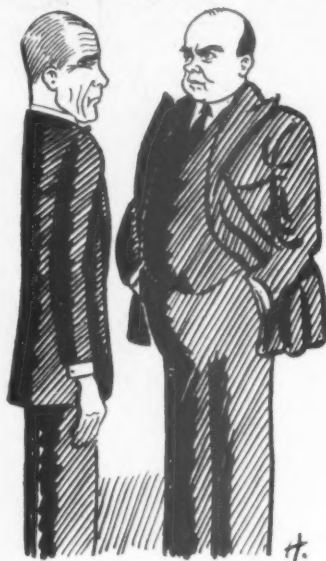
The play is admirably cast, and you can tell from the faces of the people what they are like and be right every time. *Mrs. Pargiter* takes up with some affected artists and writers whose well-timed appearances in *Mr. Pargiter's* staid flat provoke plenty of laughter. But they are in the nature of a bonus after a handsome dividend has already been paid, for there is plenty of fun in the main action.

The central character of *Mrs. Pargiter* is drawn with a fidelity and fierceness that make one think the authoress has seen this feminine type—and it is not an uncommon one—at pretty close quarters; but there is a large and assured atmosphere in the play that frees it from bitterness. Nothing could be better than the way *Mrs. Pargiter's* words, as she develops the eager schemes for presents and treats that are meant to make her loved, stand out as soon as they are spoken and are seen to be impossible.

The play had a great reception and deserved it, for it is a most spirited and intelligent piece of work, and the players drew out its possibilities to the full. D. W.

"THE EMPEROR OF MAKE-BELIEVE" (EMBASSY).

An alternative and more descriptive title for this play would be "Poor Cupid in the Aviary; or, How the Danish Cuckoo Failed to Propose to the Swedish Nightingale"; for the point of its story is simply that JENNY LIND of blessed memory was ready, even anxious, to become Mrs. HANS



A BOND OF SYMPATHY.

APRIL'S HUSBANDS—PAST AND PRESENT.

Hubert Pargiter. . . . MR. MARTIN LEWIS.
Gerald Harvey . . . MR. RONALD ADAM.



THE MOTHER WITH AN OVERPOWERING FAMILY.

Deirdre Harvey . . . MISS ELIZABETH WESTERN.
April Harvey . . . MISS BEATRIX THOMSON.
Bill Harvey . . . MR. ROBERT FLEMING.

ANDERSEN, if only the King of the Fairies had possessed either the courage or the concentration to ask her. Whether this romance is an historical fact or just imagined by Miss MADGE PEMBERTON and Mr. MALCOLM MORLEY I cannot say. I only know that it passes unsung in both the Encyclopædias I have virtuously consulted and makes very insufficient material for a three-Act play.

Jenny comes out of it at least an attractive little lady with certain intimations of greatness, though lacking in that initiative and decision which seemed to have formed part of her earthly equipment; but poor *Hans* emerges sadly deficient in any positive qualities. I protest that a man with enough grit to stand the racket of the journey from a shoemaker's cottage to the Temple of Undying Fame could scarcely have been such a vacillating, vain, flutter-minded fellow as this. It is one thing, I submit, to suggest that imaginative genius can render its subjects ludicrously unsuited to the demands of ordinary life, and quite another to harp upon this for most of an evening.

Not that Mr. BALIOL HOLLOWAY'S *Hans* was unagreeable. Far from it. Had someone brought him up to you and said, "This is Mr. Andersen—you know, who wrote that *divine* story about the tin soldier," you would have warmed to him; and he had the really engaging habit of condemning all unfavourable reviews of his work instantly to the scissors and converting them into sarcastic little figures of the impertinent critic. But the very eccentricities which would have made him good company for five minutes palled considerably when spread over about twenty-five times that period.

So little happened, so little developed in any way. In the First Act he won his travelling scholarship, failed to grasp that his godfather's daughter was wildly in love with him, met Jenny, and accidentally went to stay in the *pension* in Paris (where she was studying under GARCIA) and where he came within striking distance of saying that he loved her. In the Second he was beginning to be a success, and, having staged the most perfect conditions for his proposal to Jenny, forgot to because a butterfly blew in at the window. (This may be a pretty idea on paper, but in practice it made me want to start up the fire-hose in his direction.)

And as for the Third, Jenny, the toast of London, sent for him from Denmark just to tell him that wedded bliss was her ambition, but with her manager—an act of purely gratuitous



THE SWEDISH NIGHTINGARLE.

Jenny Lind . . . MISS SOPHIE STEWART.

cruelty, I thought it. For the first couple of minutes after taking the knock he lay crumpled pathetically over a table in the foyer of Her Majesty's Theatre, but fortunately *Charles Dickens* happened to be there, and an invitation to join him at



TRYING HIS BLANK BLANK VERSE ON THE MONKEY.

Hans Christian Andersen . . . MR. BALIOL HOLLOWAY.
Organ Grinder . . . MR. L. MOREST.
Araminta . . . MISS JINNY.

Broadstairs acted as a magical *sal volatile* on the broken-hearted poet, who made his last exit with positive gaiety, the wreck of his romance entirely submerged. It said much for CHARLES DICKENS, much too for the prospect of Broadstairs.

Of the play's good moments the best was the appearance (the all-too-brief appearance) of a small female monkey, very hotly clad in woollen roundabouts, who saluted us at intervals with a faintly Fascist action and made no pretence of her boredom at the trial run of one of *Hans'* major tragedies. And it would be ungrateful of one of Mr. Punch's emissaries not to note gratefully the lyric praise of Mr. Punch's weekly efforts to amuse which were nobly spoken by Jenny's Manager.

Miss SOPHIE STEWART looked charming as Jenny and came nearest to establishing a full character. Mr. HOLLOWAY had an uphill struggle in which he did wonders; if he had been a trifle less mercurial he would have suggested more. Of the others, Miss BERYL LAVERICK was my first choice for her nice sketch of *Jonna*, the unrequited adorer who solaced herself with a handsome hussar.

The monkey's name was Jinny. And now I am afraid I can see Miss PEMBERTON and Mr. MORLEY getting out their scissors. ERIC.

Reverie on a Football-Ground.

I WONDER, in the years ahead,
When all these tough young men
are dead
And we old buffers looking on
To Lethe's playing-fields are
gone—

When for this well-kept football-
ground
Quite other uses have been found,
And dashing heroes of these
games
Are only names or less than
names—
On Saturdays in winter will
Faint football sounds re-echo
still?
Across the ground the shouting
roll—
"Shoot!" "Go on, Charlie!"
"Pass, man!" "Goal!"?

Then, as the final whistle shrills,
The tumult and the cheering
stills—
Only, as darkness falls, the
beat
Of countless homeward-hurrying
feet. A. W. B.



"I SEE FROM 'THE CHUMPFORDIAN' THAT OLD MARSHALL IS IN UPPER N'GOOLILAND. FANCY BEING DUMPED IN A GOD-FORSAKEN SPOT LIKE THAT!"

Local Politics.

I HAVE not hitherto seen in print any account of the Europasia Road loud-speaker race. The following is my careful attempt to supply the lack of news about this controversial subject.

Last October, it will be remembered, the house on the extreme left, or west, of the small group at the end of Europasia Road was provided with a new loud-speaker. The householder, Mr. Eks, declared his action needed no defence whatever, and in a powerful speech defending it said, "If the peace of the neighbourhood is to be assured, the legitimate aspirations of the Eks household must be met. The state of loud-speaker inferiority in which we of this proud and noble household have found ourselves for the past year must cease. On every side we see facilities for making more and more noise; hitherto we have had none. Members of the Eks household, awake! It is useless for other households," Mr. Eks went on with a barely-concealed hiccup, swallowing an aspirin, "to talk of lessening noise when there is in this fine home a family of noble people who have nothing to make noise with. How can those with no means of making noise make less noise? There can be no lasting peace in Europasia Road until we are provided with the means of defence."

This announcement aroused bitter discussion among Europasia Road householders, at the end of which it was agreed that there was, within their reach, no possible defence against noise. With one dissentient (Mr. Ampus-Annd, living opposite Mr. Eks), it was then agreed that the next best thing was the threat of retaliation. "Let us

take an example," bellowed Mr. Wye (next door but one to Mr. Eks), "from the realm of armaments. Can there be any safer, more lasting, less precarious peace than that between two very hot-tempered, short-sighted, deaf, clumsy, strong men, each holding the hair-trigger switch of his own stack of dynamite? No! It is essential that we put ourselves in a position to outblare any disturber of the peace. Nothing can be more obvious," he went on hoarsely, removing his collar with a martial gesture, "than that no unprovoked loud-speaking will come from any quarter when it is realised that the immediate result of such attack will be louder-speaking, terrible as an army with pianners." (Laughter.)

Soon after this, Mr. Wye installed a new loud-speaker, larger and with a more resonant tone than that of Mr. Eks.

These preparations on either side of him aroused some alarm in the household of Mr. Zed, and he expressed concern in an address shortly afterwards. "The policy of encirclement favoured by the western and eastern powers," he said, "cannot pass unnoticed by the Zed household. This cynical and disingenuous challenge, which we have done nothing to provoke, must be taken up. We cannot live here in safety when on either side are powerful households provided with the means of the most fearful noise-attack. They must be shown that it will not be worth their while to break our peace, and that if they do we will shatter theirs!"

Within two days after this speech Mr. Zed had bought a loud-speaker of prodigious size which he set up outside his front-door, causing the greatest indignation. Mr. Eks, interviewed a day later as he was staggering home with what

appeared to be a concert-grand loud-speaker, said: "It is hard to exaggerate the cynical disregard of inter-domiciliary good faith shown by the Zed household, which has ideas beyond its station.* Obviously its new loud-speaker is aimed solely at us, and the mention of the Wyes is nothing but a clumsy blind. Meanwhile the new loud-speaker I have here should give pause to any such aggressor. It is the loudest made."

In this belief Mr. Eks was wrong. Mr. Wye, interviewed later, proved to have bought a new loud-speaker that was, according to reports, louder. "We," said Mr. Wye, "are now the best-equipped power in Europasia Road. Any other household that attempts to break the peace is in for a rude shock."

No other household attempted to break the peace: that, it was obvious, was no one's intention. All they wanted to retain was the ability (never to be exercised) to break the peace, if any wish to break it came (as it never would come) into their heads. With this end in view Mr. Zed spent a great deal of money in having a new loud-speaker made to his own design (no commercial one louder than his neighbours' being available).

When he announced his possession of this, close observers

detected a certain sameness of reaction: the others had new loud-speakers designed for them too, at great expense.

A peculiar feature of the whole affair was the astonishment always aroused in each party by the acts of the others. Outsiders had no difficulty in correctly foreseeing the next move of any of these three householders, but when it came it always caused angry stupefaction in the other two.

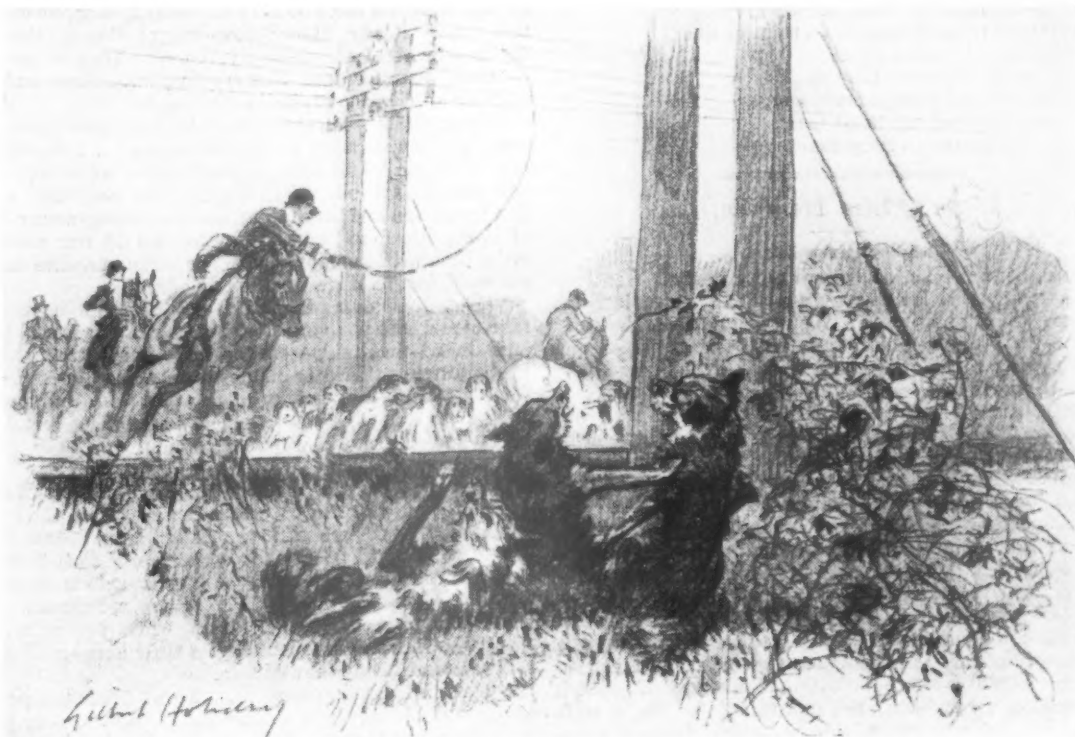
It was of course obvious (notably to Mr. Ampus-Annd, who has since bought all three properties for a song, said to be "Silver Threads Among the Gold"*) that Mr. Eks, Mr. Wye and Mr. Zed would end in bankruptcy. When this occurred the loud-speaker race stopped; but they are still talking longingly of bigger and better loud-speakers, for it is essential to a householder's honour, they say, that he should be in a position to threaten everybody else. One school of thought holds that the peace of the neighbourhood is in considerable danger now that nobody has anything to break it with, but all Mr. Ampus-Annd will say when asked for his view is: "You tell me." R. M.

"Suppose the League fails to agree? Then, by the Covenant, France is competent to take separate action against Germany. If she does, then, by Locarno, Britain is committed to support France!" *Sunday Paper.*

Yes, by Jingo!

* Limpopo Fields (Met.). Change for Harrow and Aylesbury line. All stations to Uxbridge, Watford and Shouting Magna (East).

* Solo cornet, J. Smith.



WHAT A SCREAM!

THE ELECTRIFYING JOKE ON THE LONDON-EASTBOURNE LINE.

Pixy-Primrose.

(Dartmoor: Devon.)

HIGH above Widdicombe Hill
By Hemsworthy Gate,
When a morning of March had blown its fill
And eve was falling so still, so still,
And the light was lingering late
On the quiet moorland places,
I saw in a cleft of the rocks—
As it might have been a fox,
As it might have been a hare—
Peeping, alert, aware,
The pixy faces.

And I thought to myself, "They're back
From their caverns down below,
From their winter holt in a moss-lined crack
Where they've hearkened long to the winds'
attack

And the cavalry charge of snow—
Waiting, shivering, sleeping.
Now, when the seasons shift
And the dark days lift
And it's March's overture
And a breath goes through the moor,
Out they come peeping."

Pixies? Well, so I thought.
But there's some would say
That my pixy faces and folk were naught
But a bunch of Dartmoor primrose caught
Twixt the red rocks and the grey
Where the sun bent down to meet them.
Maybe. I cannot care:
Pixy or primrose, they're
The sweet Spring's harbinger,
And they set my heart astir,
And I'm gay to greet them.

H. B.

As Others Hear Us.

Rehearsing the Mime.

"Now, little people, are we all quite ready? Gently—gently—tippy-toes, Robin, tippy-toes, Mary dear! Now, what are we all going to do? We're going to tell the story of dear little Snow-White and the Dwarfs, aren't we? Are we going to tell the story of dear little Snow-White and the Dwarfs in words? No, we're not going to tell it in words, are we? We're going to tell it all with our bodies, aren't we? Our lovely little bodies, our little arms and legs, and tiny hands and feeties, all moving in time to the music. One—two—three—crotchets and quavers! We all know our crotchets and quavers, don't we? And our minims and semi-breves too—we mustn't forget our minims and semi-breves, must we? That would never do. What is it, Nicholas dear? You don't want to be the huntsman—you want to be a little dwarf (we say a little dwarf, darling, not a little draft). You don't want to be the huntsman, you want to be one of the dwarfs? But I want you to be the huntsman, dear, and blow on a great splendid horn—Too-too-toot—Too-too-toot—without making a sound. Just holding up little handies like this . . . No, it isn't a real horn you can see, it's much, much nicer—it's you pretending to blow a horn, without making any noise and without any horn at all. You'll like that, won't you. Nicholas dear, I'm surprised at you! A great big boy of four! And we say dwarf, dear, not draft.

"Now are we all ready? (Betty dear, Betty! I'm sure Snow-White never used her sleeve. . . . Haven't you a little hanky-wanky, dear? I thought so! That's better.)

"Now then, as soon as the music starts what do we do? We run in, don't we? ever so softly . . . tippy-tippy-toes . . . waving our hands above our heads just as if we were the lovely flowers and plants and they were our dear little leaves fluttering in the breeze. I hope to see all the leaves fluttering to-day. Last time one or two of the flowers seemed to have forgotten their leaves. . . . Pamela-Jane! I said tippy-toes, didn't I? darling. Don't forget! And leave fluttering, Robin and Anne! Some music, please, Miss Scroop-Hogg.

"One—two—three—in we all run! Oh, dear, dear! Just a minute, Miss Scroop-Hogg. Now, children, was that like the lovely green leaves rustling in the breeze? No, it wasn't at all like the lovely green leaves, was it? Try again. One—two—three, Miss Scroop-Hogg!

"Ever so much better! Wave fingers! Remember we've all got to look just like little leaves fluttering in the breeze.

"Now what happens when the music changes? The dear little dwarfs creep in, don't they? They're ever so tired, carrying their picks over their shoulders, because they've been working all day. I want you to pretend ever so hard that you're carrying your picks and finding them ever so heavy. Ready, dears! Not you, Nicholas darling. You're the huntsman, don't you remember? . . . Nicholas, if you say that again I shall have to make you one of the rabbits, dear, with nothing to do except just sit up and waggle your ears in time to the music. I've told you already that you can't be a dwarf—dwarf, dear, we call it—this time. Ready, Miss Scroop-Hogg! Ready, the little drafts—dwarfs, I mean—ready, dears? Then in we come—(Time, Jennifer dear, time!)—one, two, three and four—in we all creep, carrying our picks.

"Stop, please. I want you all to put down your picks very carefully, leaning up in the corner . . . carefully, I said, Marjorie! And what do we do after we've put down our picks? I think we look round for our little stools, don't we? and our tiny tables, and our teeny-weeny bowls of lovely bread-and-milk. Suppose we all run about, in strict time with the music, with our handie-pandies shading our eyes, just as if we were looking hard?

"(Yes, Joan dear, there's plenty of room if you just take care where you go.) No, it isn't real stools and tables and bread-and-milk—we're just going to pretend. Pretend ever so hard to sit down on a stool, and pretend there's a table there right in front of you, and pretend to pick up a bowl, and pretend it's all full of bread-and-milk, and the music is going to help you ever such a lot . . .

"There! What did I tell you? Didn't those semi-demi-quavers sound just like the steam coming out of the bowls? Thank you, Miss Scroop-Hogg. Stop! Now I want Snow-White to go and lie in that corner, quite flat, fast, fast asleep. The dwarfs mustn't see her for a long, long time yet, and when they do they'll be oh, so astonished! Keep well away from the corner, dears, while you're running about like little dwarfs looking for their suppers or you'll fall over dear little Snow-White.

"The music again, please . . . Stop! Nicholas, perhaps you're not feeling quite well to-day. We want only happy little faces in our mime, dear—smiling like lovely trees and flowers and dear little rabbits in strict time to the music. Now, don't let me have to speak again, Nicholas—and once and for all, that word is dwarf and not draft. . . ."

E. M. D.



Maid with visiting-cards. "IT'S THE VICAR AND HIS MISSUS, MUM, BUT I HADN'T A TRAY TO PUT 'EM ON."

Meat and the Muse.

["The language of the butcher's shop contains hardly a word that a poet could use. Rump-steak, chump-chop, kidney, liver, tripe, trotters, sausages! What a list of barbarities of speech!"—*Mr. ROBERT LYND.*]

SING me a song of a cheap chump-chop
Grilled to a golden brown,
Gathered at dawn from "Ye Olde
Meate Shoppe,"
Loveliest sight in Town.

Sausages rarer than nuts in May
Glisten in fragrant chains;

Sweetbreads, far sweeter than new-
mown hay,
Mingle with hearts and brains.

Kidneys, half hidden from human
gaze,

Peep from their parsley bed;
Trotters are temptingly laid on trays,
Flanking a fair pig's head.

Beautiful briskets, all boned and
rolled,

Sirloins of noble mien—
All may be ours in exchange for gold
Or Treasury notes, I ween.

Sing to me not of the mountain-top,
Sunsets or skies bestarred;
Sing me a song of a cheap chump-chop,
Meet for a lowbrow bard.

Miss Smith Scores Again.

"In India gentlemen play polo and are called chukker sahibs."—*Schoolgirl's Essay.*

"Meantime, we hope that all who can will bring a pound of something (tea, sugar, jam, sweets, etc.) and drop it on Mrs. — at Evensong any Sunday."—*Parish Magazine.*

Jam would probably be the most amusing.



FIRST-AID.

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Portrait of a Leading Lady.

A WOMAN who spent her life ruling a quarter of the human race, with assassination, or at least an undecidable invitation to suicide, always at her elbow, is obviously material for a biographical thriller. But Signor DANIELE VARÈ, formerly Italian Minister at Peking, has made far more distinguished if equally striking use of *The Last of the Empresses*, (MURRAY 15/-). Maintaining that a GIBBON is really needed to recount the decline and fall of the Chinese Empire, he has nevertheless interwoven this epic theme in a masterly manner with the career of the Manchu concubine who was prophesied to be her country's downfall. Created Empress about 1853, the beautiful and unscrupulous YEHONALA grasped the reins during her spouse's short lifetime and three regencies, fleeing twice before European punitive expeditions—Lord ELGIN's sack of the Summer Palace in 1860, and the suppression of the Boxer rising in 1900. Her biographer credits her and her puppet Caesars—not the sentiment of the country—with the opposition to “foreign devils.” He himself has accorded equal justice to the old régime and the new, while recognising their incompatibility; and he has painted in notably good English a memorable picture of their conflict.

To the Air of the Marseillaise.

Not for the first time Mr. J. B. MORTON demonstrates that an extravagant humorist may also be a very sound historian. *The Bastille Falls, and Other Studies of The*

French Revolution (LONGMANS, 12/6) is a series of brilliant narratives of salient events, beginning with that more or less glorious July day and ending with the end of ROBESPIERRE. He is obviously steeped in his documents, though he does not bother us with references to them; and, for all the particularity and colour of his detail, his claim to have invented nothing need not be disputed—which is not to say that he has given his imagination no scope in the illumination of fact. Writing as one who would have welcomed the Revolution and made quick response to its great marching song, he maintains an almost perfect objectivity; and, except in the admirable chapter on the September massacres, for which he holds MARAT mainly responsible, indulges but sparingly in theory. An ardent Dantonist, he has no illusions about the nobility of angry mobs; and his mobs in action are as terrible as those of DICKENS or CARLYLE. He pays due but unfashionable honour to the heroic where he finds it. His portraits of great men and small, on whatever side ranged, are nearly always as sympathetic as they are convincing. He is not afraid of strong light and shade, but the Revolution is hardly to be depicted in pastel tints. Altogether he has written a stirring and memorable book.

Experto Crede.

The public that finds the internecine feuds of art-critics either distasteful or dull or both will thank Sir CHARLES HOLMES for writing a modest, genial and thoroughly human account of a career whose peaks (as is usually the way with peaks) have been less personally fruitful than its plateaux. Not that his Slade Professorship and its resultant books, his Directorship first of the National Portrait

and then of the National Gallery did not see fine work done—they did. What is more, their incidental thrills—such as the bidding for Manets in Paris to the sound of Big Bertha—add a spice of adventure to the tale of professional achievement. But more interesting both to writer and reader are the perilous stages by which a gallant young parson's ill-endowed orphan managed to keep himself, while he learnt to paint, in a series of publishers' offices and garret studios. Sir CHARLES's literary and artistic education—which owed far more to RICKETTS and SHANNON than to Eton and Brasenose—is a stimulating record of enthusiastic accretion; and his portraits of friends and acquaintances, critics, dealers and collectors render *Self and Partners* (CONSTABLE, 18/-) an eloquent commentary on its age.

The Spell of Antarctica.

In this era of a rapidly-shrinking earth the Polar regions both North and South have been brought a good deal nearer to the centre of things than of old. Their explorers no longer vanish into the great white silences for years on end, as in the days of FRANKLIN, or even of SCOTT and SHACKLETON, and their voices, speaking from their Polar bases, may actually be heard on the wireless by comfortable citizens in their own armchairs. So far, however, neither wireless nor flying have been able to rob the Antarctic of its romance and perils—a fact to which the story told by Rear-Admiral BYRD, U.S.N., and others in *Antarctic Discovery* (PUTNAM, 18/-) bears eloquent witness. The risks

and hardships run and endured by the Expedition in order to attain its objectives are described in the terse matter-of-fact fashion so often typical of the man whose business is doing rather than talking; and as regards his own solitary vigil at the advance base—a vigil which nearly cost him his life—Admiral BYRD is reticent to a fault. On the subject of the fascination of the Antarctic, however, he lets himself go more freely. "Of all the continents," he writes, "it is the fairest, white and unspoiled, spacious and austere, fashioned in the clean, antiseptic quarries of the Ice Age." The book is a worthy record of endeavour and achievement, as a result of which meteorologists, geographers and others have been enabled to add much valuable material to their knowledge of the great Southern continent.

Abraham's Home Town.

The best detective stories are written nowadays in the domains of anthropology and archaeology. Sir LEONARD WOOLLEY, chief excavator of Ur of the Chaldees, states and nearly solves some curious problems in *Abraham* (FABER, 7/6). Most of us have been puzzled by some of the patriarch's words and actions as well as by the curious behaviour of LABAN in the Old Testament narrative. Sir LEONARD describes how ABRAHAM, a cultured citizen of Ur, set himself to retain his own standards of civilisation and conduct when surrounded by rustic Bedouins. His business deal over the cave of Machpelah, his notions of sacrifice and



HOW TO ENCOURAGE RECRUITING.

The Regimental Sergeant-Major. "PARDON ME, YOU BOYS, BUT WHAT ABOUT A SPOT OF DRILL THIS AFTER-NOON? I MEAN—WELL, IT DOESN'T REALLY MUCH MATTER—ER—PERHAPS TO-MORROW MIGHT DO. IN ANY CASE IT'S MERELY A SUGGESTION."

his attitude towards HAGAR and ISHMAEL are all shown to be in line with the procedure customary in Sumer at the period. The author has by no means said the last word on this complicated subject, but he has certainly uttered the first and second. We are given a vivid picture of life in ancient Ur and drawn on easily to a consideration of the origins of monotheism. I find the book engrossing in matter and lucid in style. The publisher has more than adequately performed his duty in its presentation.

Borrowed Beginning.

Murder at Elstree (LONGMANS, 6/-) you might well imagine to be a bitter account of how some author's pet literary offspring was torn ruthlessly to pieces by the hard men of the films to make a box-office holiday; but in fact it details in a very readable manner the story of young Mr. Thurtell's brief and picturesque sojourn in the Haymarket as a would-be sporting buck and of the expensive encounters with other and smarter blades which led him, for the sake of a bag of gold which the gallows was to prevent him from enjoying, to commit the singularly brutal Elstree murder of 1823 upon the unattractive person of an illicit distiller named Weare. This murder is historical, and Mr. THOMAS BURKE ends his first chapter with the passage from *Lavengro* in which the gipsy foretells a bloody fortune for the man in the gig—who is, of course, Mr. Thurtell. The story gives a vivid picture of the raffish side of Georgian London, and the drama of Mr. Weare's end is no less exciting because from the very start its inevitability is impressed upon us.

"And a Little Child..."

Though it is the biography of a little boy who died before he was ten, *Brian* (GOLLANCZ, 9/-) is a happy book, for Mr. TOM CLARKE has refused to let sorrow darken his son's story. BRIAN shows as an attractive little fellow, perhaps more intelligent and independent than most people of his age, and he and his father enjoyed a splendid friendship. Mr. CLARKE has the pathetic faith of his profession in the value of putting things into print, but I fancy that his book would have achieved its purpose better had it not been written by a journalist. His verdict on LLOYD GEORGE—"he won the War"—may not convince very many readers, and he has a trying passage on BRIAN's reactions to his "first lord," though that is balanced by the charming letter from that peer, Lord BEAVERBROOK, written when all the boy's friends were striving to keep his interest in his plays—and so in life—awake. His death has changed his father's views on time and eternity, and Mr. CLARKE is fine enough, however difficult he finds it, to acknowledge a gain behind his loss.

Life with a Kink.

I find it difficult to believe in most of the characters in Miss MARY MITCHELL'S new novel, *Maidens Beware* (HEINEMANN, 7/6); they seem to exercise some curious form

of thought-control which prevents their behaving normally. There is *Stefan*, the impoverished and neurotic Austrian Count, whose fiancée, *Lotta*, breaks off the engagement when he declares that they belong "to a slice of society which, being incapable of moving with the times, has outlived all practical use." And there is *Susan*, the little English girl who, because her parents had been passionately devoted, develops a nausea against love, arranges for a marriage of convenience, and then, most incredibly (at least, so I think), plays masochist to *Stefan's* sadist. It must be said that *Stefan's* sister and *Susan's* aunt are charming characters, that the book is adequately written and full of dramatic situations. But why do those people who wilfully tangle their lives make such an appeal to so many of our novelists?

Hard Times.

It was Mr. FRANK CHESTER FIELD'S belief in writing *The Rocky Road to Jericho* (ALLAN, 7/6) that it is possible to produce "a distinctive novel of the early Mormon scene untainted either by propaganda or sensationalism." Undoubtedly he is successful in carrying out his intention for

this tale of the Mormons' trek from Nauvoo to the Rocky Mountains and of their arrival in Salt Lake City is told with conspicuous fairness. Credit is given freely to the faith that inspired *Martin Parkham* and others like him, but at the same time Mr. FIELD is not blind to human weakness and shows to what excesses fanaticism can lead. This story is without literary grace, but its sincerity and candour cannot fail to make an impression.

High and Low Finance.

Hamer Wildburn had no sooner bought a small yacht, *The Bird of Paradise* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6), than he found that various people, for reasons unknown to him, coveted her. *Hamer*, however, was a rich American youth, and as his boat was exactly what he wanted neither threats nor persuasions could induce him to sell her. So, instead of living lazily in a little bay near Antibes, he encountered adventure after adventure. It is betraying no secret to say that hidden in the yacht were documents of the first importance both to the friends and enemies of the French Government; and I can state without qualification that the search for them, as conducted by Mr. E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM, provides a very lively entertainment.

AMBROSE HEATH'S dissertations on matters gastronomical are well known, and his latest book, *Dining Out* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 2/6), will be welcomed by all who desire guidance in the difficult business of ordering a good meal in a restaurant. His advice on what to eat and drink is obviously that of a man who knows how to do himself well. Instruction of another and altogether less reliable kind is provided by MARK SPADE in *Fun and Games* (HAMISH HAMILTON, 3/6). The author of *Business for Pleasure* and *How to Run a Bassoon Factory* here turns his frivolous attention to sport.



Nerve-Patient. "I FORGOT TO MENTION WHEN I WROTE TO YOU THAT I WAS BORN IN 1893—BUT I WAS VERY WORRIED AT THE TIME."



Dear old Soul (indicating couple of ancient barges). "Now you must tell me, Willie—which is Oxford?"

Charivaria.

It is suggested (by a treaty-lover) that a contingent of Abyssinian troops should patrol the banks of the Rhine.

★ ★ ★

Which reminds us that Signor MUSSOLINI's whole Cabinet was on the platform to welcome the Austrian and Hungarian statesmen the other day. And most of it was under his hat.

★ ★ ★

A postcard sent in 1904 from Wolferton has just been received in Peterborough. It is only fair to add that it is uphill part of the way.

★ ★ ★

At a forthcoming glove-fight amplifiers will carry the sound of the blows to every part of the building. So it won't be necessary for spectators in the back seats to urge the boys to hit louder.

★ ★ ★

The invisible ray which is being tried as a means of operating traffic-signals is so low that it can be avoided only by cats and dogs. Pedestrians are trusted not to attempt to crawl under it.

★ ★ ★

"Everybody appreciates a day off work," says an M.P. Except of course night-watchmen.

★ ★ ★

An actor who has received a box of fruit from an admirer says he doesn't know what to make of it. Why not jam?

★ ★ ★

We understand that a recent novel specially recommended for women grips the reader's interest from the last page to the first.

JOE LOUIS, the negro pugilist, has become a director of an insurance company. His prospective opponents will hurry no doubt to take out policies.

★ ★ ★

With reference to the proposed choir of Soho chefs, what about "Men of Garlic" as a theme-song?

★ ★ ★

Russian peasants, we are told, are very keen on modern ball-room dances. "*I am becoming oh so weary, Popovitch, of the same old steppes.*"

★ ★ ★

A Budapest boy is said to be able to distinguish every word spoken by people conversing quietly fifty yards away. The lad is a born Pressman.

★ ★ ★

Two columns in a local paper are devoted to a man known as the most fearless pedestrian. He was forty-five.

★ ★ ★

"Many people," says a scientist, "eat more than they think." Otherwise of course they might possibly starve.

★ ★ ★

An American film-actress now in London says she would like to have had personal experience of the Great War. There is no intention, however, of having it run through again for her.

★ ★ ★

"The crow is a typically English bird," says a naturalist. British, in fact, to the caw.

A Note on the Consumption of Alcohol 109 Years Ago.

THE barometrical chart of intoxication amongst the members and associates of the Pickwick Club may be unsteadily outlined as follows—



—where the Everest (so to speak) of insobriety is attained at Muggleton, after a summit of slightly inferior magnitude has been surmounted during the Rochester ball. *Mr. Pickwick* sustains the sagging line at Eatanswill (in the pound), but it never reaches its early grandeur, so far as he and his friends are concerned; and the lesser elevation on the right of the map merely indicates the maudlin condition of *Messrs. Sawyer and Allen* on their arrival at the house of *Mr. Winkle* senior in Birmingham.

It is noteworthy that whilst *Mr. Pickwick's* own head (and legs) apparently gained in strength during the course of his wanderings, those of *Bob Sawyer* and *Ben* grew a little weaker. Almost undefeatable at Manor Farm (even when starting before breakfast), filling twice to *Mr. Winkle's* once at Bristol, they do succumb (or at any rate *Ben* does) after the long journey to the Midlands, beginning with milk-punch out of the case-bottle, continuing with bottled ale and Madeira at Berkeley Heath, falling back on the "best substitute for milk-punch that could be procured at so short a notice," and returning to bottled ale and Madeira at Tewkesbury.

The alcoholic *apureia* of *Mr. Tupman* is short. It begins and ends at Rochester. The *apureia* of *Mr. Winkle* (equally brief) is at Dingley Dell, where he has to be carried upstairs to bed. And *Mr. Snodgrass* is no great-souled carouser; the natural inclination of these three is diverted (strangely) from liquor by love. *Mr. Stiggins* (considering his training) I hold to have been unlucky at Brick Lane.

But there were heads impregnable and legs that never wobbled. There is no record that wine or spirits had any power to conquer *Mr. Alfred Jingle*, or *Sam Weller*, or his father; and they all gave wine and spirits some noble opportunities. How few really bold men there are in the world of to-day compared with that Pickwickian world! We know that *Herr Hitler* is a teetotaller and a vegetarian; and of *Signor Mussolini* *Mr. John Gunther* writes in his very interesting chronicle called *Inside Europe* :—

"He told a recent American interviewer, pointing to a basket of fruit on the table, 'That is the secret of my continued health—fruit, fruit, fruit. In the morning I have a cup of coffee and fruit; at noon I have soup or broth and fruit; and at night I have fruit. I never touch meat, but sometimes I have a little fish. . . . ' He neither drinks nor smokes."

Fruit! Milk! Fish! *Mr. Wardle* turns in his grave. But what was the favourite nectar of those days when men were men and not mere mountebanks?

"Brandy" is the reply, for it was brandy that nerved

Mr. Winkle for the approaching duel, brandy that inspired the dismal man partly to read and partly to relate "The Stroller's Tale"; it was brandy-and-water that (hocussed) put the fourteen electors of Eatanswill to sleep; brandy-and-water that cheered *Mr. Pickwick* after his encounter with *Dodson and Fogg*; that coaxed *Mr. Peter Magnus* to communicate the hidden secrets of his bosom, that (luke) concluded *Mr. Bob Sawyer's* dinner-party, that (luke) enabled *Sam Weller* to compose his valentine. It may have been (none can say) *Mr. Weller* senior's "invariable." It was consumed (after oysters) by *Mr. Solomon Pell*. True that it was refused by *Winkle* and *Snodgrass* on the way back from Dingley Dell, when they had lost their hearts to *Arabella* and *Emily*; but it was scorned (I think) by one other character alone—

"Did you say brandy-and-water?" said the landlord, venturing a hint.

"Rum," said *Mr. Slurk*, turning fiercely upon him."

Rum. Yes, there was also rum. There is no need to mention cold punch, nor hot pineapple-rum and water, the shepherd's delight. And there was wine, which I think was always red and of vintages never named. Ale and porter had their far from infrequent votaries. *Mr. Trotter* and *Mr. Weller* on one occasion discussed an "exhilarating compound" formed by mixing "certain quantities of British Hollands and the fragrant essence of the clove." At Manor Farm they drank "sweet elder wine well qualified with brandy and spice" long after the ladies had retired, and there was an "agreeable item" of cherry-brandy after lunch. The landlord of the "Bush" and the one-eyed bagman drank a bowl of bishop together. *Mr. Smangle* rinsed his mouth with a drop of burnt sherry. And *Mrs. Bardell's* black bottle contained, I wonder what?

But brandy, as I say, was the king-drink. Our debt to France must have been enormous. If pious memory were to be fitly served, a Pickwick Centenary Dinner should begin with warm brandy-and-water and, when all else had been eaten and drunk, should so end. And heaven help the banqueters!

EVOL.

My Sister Priscilla and I.

My sister Priscilla and I

Have our standards on which we insist;

We view with some horror

This modern Gomorrah

In which we are forced to exist.

The emphasis laid upon sex

Seems rather disgusting to us;

We may not be in fashion

But we do feel that passion

Is not a fit thing to discuss.

Modern novels we frankly deplore,

We think them so bad for the mind;

We both find *JANE AUSTEN*

So much less exhaustin'

And ever so much more refined.

As for Parliament, really we feel

That the plebs should be under a bar;

We should prefer entry

Confined to the gentry—

At least then we know where we are.

Yes, my sister Priscilla and I

Have our standards to which we hold fast;

We consider the present

Neither wholesome nor pleasant

And shall both disapprove to the last.



BRITANNIA'S FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE.

(More or less after the original drawing by "Putz.")

"MR. PICKWICK, MA'AM," SAID A SERVANT . . .

"WHAT! WHERE?" EXCLAIMED MRS. LEO HUNTER.

"HERE," SAID MR. PICKWICK, "AS I HAVE BEEN FOR A HUNDRED YEARS."

The Football Pool.

Two months ago, amid the triumphant yells of their loyal supporters, the Rathberry Rovers succeeded in bringing low those football rivals called for some unknown reason the Mullinabeg Mondays. So that Matthew Tracy, who was, his neighbours agree, "gone teetotally out of his latitude wid eggement" at the time, called upon the frenzied crowd to witness the fact that he now intended to place one of his own fields, rent free, at the disposal of the local heroes.

The elated if unrecognisable Rovers, having long been in the condition described by the goalkeeper as "immersed in pure muck," felt that after another match on their present playing-ground some of the soil they swallowed in such quantities must surely begin to cause serious digestive trouble, and literally leaped at the offer. "There's plenty dies from locked jaws afther the half of the mud we do masticate here every time we play," the goalkeeper said again; and being the spokesman of the team on all occasions, he accepted Mr. Tracy's unexpected suggestion there and then.

"I'm the wan age wid th' Obelix above," a friend said who definitely disapproves of football but is devoted to the land, "an' I never thought to see Mat Thracy bestowin' a good grass field for a hape of Gots an' Vandals to be kickin' it into one another's faces."

To the justly-named Extraordinary Meeting of the Committee, summoned that evening, Mr. Tracy was invited, partly as an act of courtesy but chiefly as a safeguard against any attempt on his part to go back on his offer; and it was soon evident that things were not going to be as simple as they had appeared during that scene of wild enthusiasm after the match.

There were, Matthew Tracy explained, conditions. If they did not like them, he went on hopefully, they need not use the field. Firstly, his cattle must be allowed to graze there even during the football season. "The only one of them to show any crossness," he said, "is the black Polly bullock, an' what great damage could he contemplate where they'd be so many

of ye?" And the slightly flabbergasted Committee agreed that this was only reasonable. He went further. The notice-board that would be transferred from the existing playing-ground to his own property must, he insisted, have its announcement of "RATHBERRY ROVERS' FOOTBALL CLUB," enlarged by the words "FIELD LENT BY MATTHEW TRACY." This too was accepted without a murmur. Then, feeling that things were going too smoothly, Mr. Tracy made known his final condition, suggested by his brief survey of an English Sunday paper dropped that day from a passing car: If his field was to be used as a playing-ground there must be no such thing in Rathberry as a Football Pool. "If it's able to put the dethriment upon the British nation that they say it is," he said firmly, "we don't want

looked the so-called entrance, and at any moment he or one of his brothers might rush out and demand an immediate explanation from the inquisitive climber. "He roared like a buffalo when he seen me," a shaken youth said afterwards, "an' he put a woeful curse on me. 'What the gastric juice do you think you're at?' he says, an' I dhropped like a stone. Himself an' his misfaytured family!"

Driven far afield in their search for their national emblem, the townspeople have talked of little else. "If I was to be massa-creed itself I'll have no football pool in Rathberry," was only one of the declarations ascribed to the benefactor.

In Mullinabeg they talked about the new ground too, for, lured by the bait of partaking in such an important event, the Mondays agreed to play their return match in Rathberry on the opening date, instead of compelling the Rovers to go to them. "Ye can have what ye like," says he, the Mullinabeg captain said of Matthew Tracy, "only one of them Football Pools. We'll have no truculence wid the like of them."

Two days before the national holiday the unseen hammering ceased and the rain began—rain that was said to go to "worsen exthremes" than any downpour of

the winter. Two hours before the time arranged for the kick-off the clouds cleared, and in due time the town band led the officials and players, between close ranks of cheering on-lookers, from the square to the high wooden barrier. There, with a flourish, Matthew Tracy unlocked the gate and the crowd poured through—to halt in horror at the sight of a wide expanse of water from which the goal-posts emerged timidly.

For a moment there was silence, then the captain of the visiting team laughed delightedly. "Wid all the talk there was agen it," he shouted, "ye have a football pool afther all."

The match was abandoned.

D. M. L.

"Another fur hint—if you want a fur to wear well, select one that will stand hard wear."—*Fashion Note.*

You know, we should never have thought of that.



"WAITER, JUST LOOK WHAT I'VE FOUND IN MY SOUP!"
"OO—THE CHEF WON'T 'ARF BE PLEASED, SIR, 'E'S BEEN LOOKING FOR THEM FOR DAYS."

the like of it in Rathberry"; and his mystified listeners agreed dazedly and wondered what on earth the next embargo would be. But Mr. Tracy had come to the end of his belated conditions, and in a few minutes the thing was settled.

On the approaching St. Patrick's Day, when the next match of vital importance was to be played in Rathberry, the new ground would be opened with due pomp and ceremony. In the meantime it was closed far more definitely than ever before. Instead of the rather crazy gate, a high and solid wooden barrier fitted closely between tall grey walls on either side and shut out completely the field beyond, from which came tantalising sounds of hammering.

The warning that Trespassers would be Prosecuted was a mere mockery, for the windows of the cottage occupied by the aggressive goalkeeper over-



THE OLD BLUE.



House-Agent. "THIS IS THE BIJOUDEST HOUSE ON OUR BOOKS."



FIRST-AID.

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Portrait of a Leading Lady.

A WOMAN who spent her life ruling a quarter of the human race, with assassination, or at least an undecidable invitation to suicide, always at her elbow, is obviously material for a biographical thriller. But Signor DANIELE VARÈ, formerly Italian Minister at Peking, has made far more distinguished if equally striking use of *The Last of the Empresses*, (MURRAY 15/-). Maintaining that a GIBBON is really needed to recount the decline and fall of the Chinese Empire, he has nevertheless interwoven this epic theme in a masterly manner with the career of the Manchu concubine who was prophesied to be her country's downfall. Created Empress about 1853, the beautiful and unscrupulous YEHONALA grasped the reins during her spouse's short lifetime and three regencies, fleeing twice before European punitive expeditions—Lord ELGIN's sack of the Summer Palace in 1860, and the suppression of the Boxer rising in 1900. Her biographer credits her and her puppet Caesars—not the sentiment of the country—with the opposition to "foreign devils." He himself has accorded equal justice to the old régime and the new, while recognising their incompatibility; and he has painted in notably good English a memorable picture of their conflict.

To the Air of the Marseillaise.

Not for the first time Mr. J. B. MORTON demonstrates that an extravagant humorist may also be a very sound historian. *The Bastille Falls, and Other Studies of The*

French Revolution (LONGMANS, 12/6) is a series of brilliant narratives of salient events, beginning with that more or less glorious July day and ending with the end of ROBESPIERRE. He is obviously steeped in his documents, though he does not bother us with references to them; and, for all the particularity and colour of his detail, his claim to have invented nothing need not be disputed—which is not to say that he has given his imagination no scope in the illumination of fact. Writing as one who would have welcomed the Revolution and made quick response to its great marching song, he maintains an almost perfect objectivity; and, except in the admirable chapter on the September massacres, for which he holds MARAT mainly responsible, indulges but sparingly in theory. An ardent Dantonist, he has no illusions about the nobility of angry mobs; and his mobs in action are as terrible as those of DICKENS or CARLYLE. He pays due but unfashionable honour to the heroic where he finds it. His portraits of great men and small, on whatever side ranged, are nearly always as sympathetic as they are convincing. He is not afraid of strong light and shade, but the Revolution is hardly to be depicted in pastel tints. Altogether he has written a stirring and memorable book.

Experto Crede.

The public that finds the internecine feuds of art-critics either distasteful or dull or both will thank Sir CHARLES HOLMES for writing a modest, genial and thoroughly human account of a career whose peaks (as is usually the way with peaks) have been less personally fruitful than its plateaux. Not that his Slade Professorship and its resultant books, his Directorship first of the National Portrait

and then of the National Gallery did not see fine work done—they did. What is more, their incidental thrills—such as the bidding for Manets in Paris to the sound of Big Bertha—add a spice of adventure to the tale of professional achievement. But more interesting both to writer and reader are the perilous stages by which a gallant young parson's ill-endowed orphan managed to keep himself, while he learnt to paint, in a series of publishers' offices and garret studios. Sir CHARLES's literary and artistic education—which owed far more to RICKETTS and SHANNON than to Eton and Brasenose—is a stimulating record of enthusiastic accretion; and his portraits of friends and acquaintances, critics, dealers and collectors render *Self and Partners* (CONSTABLE, 18/-) an eloquent commentary on its age.

The Spell of Antarctica.

In this era of a rapidly-shrinking earth the Polar regions both North and South have been brought a good deal nearer to the centre of things than of old. Their explorers no longer vanish into the great white silences for years on end, as in the days of FRANKLIN, or even of SCOTT and SHACKLETON, and their voices, speaking from their Polar bases, may actually be heard on the wireless by comfortable citizens in their own armchairs. So far, however, neither wireless nor flying have been able to rob the Antarctic of its romance and perils—a fact to which the story told by Rear-Admiral BYRD, U.S.N., and others in *Antarctic Discovery* (PUTNAM, 18/-) bears eloquent witness. The risks

and hardships run and endured by the Expedition in order to attain its objectives are described in the terse matter-of-fact fashion so often typical of the man whose business is doing rather than talking; and as regards his own solitary vigil at the advance base—a vigil which nearly cost him his life—Admiral BYRD is reticent to a fault. On the subject of the fascination of the Antarctic, however, he lets himself go more freely. "Of all the continents," he writes, "it is the fairest, white and unspoiled, spacious and austere, fashioned in the clean, antiseptic quarries of the Ice Age." The book is a worthy record of endeavour and achievement, as a result of which meteorologists, geographers and others have been enabled to add much valuable material to their knowledge of the great Southern continent.

Abraham's Home Town.

The best detective stories are written nowadays in the domains of anthropology and archaeology. Sir LEONARD WOOLLEY, chief excavator of Ur of the Chaldees, states and nearly solves some curious problems in *Abraham* (FABER, 7/6). Most of us have been puzzled by some of the patriarch's words and actions as well as by the curious behaviour of LABAN in the Old Testament narrative. Sir LEONARD describes how ABRAHAM, a cultured citizen of Ur, set himself to retain his own standards of civilisation and conduct when surrounded by rustic Bedouins. His business deal over the cave of Machpelah, his notions of sacrifice and



HOW TO ENCOURAGE RECRUITING.

The Regimental Sergeant-Major. "PARDON ME, YOU BOYS, BUT WHAT ABOUT A SPOT OF DRILL THIS AFTER-NOON? I MEAN—WELL, IT DOESN'T REALLY MUCH MATTER—ER—PERHAPS TO-MORROW MIGHT DO. IN ANY CASE IT'S MERELY A SUGGESTION."

his attitude towards HAGAR and ISHMAEL are all shown to be in line with the procedure customary in Sumer at the period. The author has by no means said the last word on this complicated subject, but he has certainly uttered the first and second. We are given a vivid picture of life in ancient Ur and drawn on easily to a consideration of the origins of monotheism. I find the book engrossing in matter and lucid in style. The publisher has more than adequately performed his duty in its presentation.

Borrowed Beginning.

Murder at Elstree (LONGMANS, 6/-) you might well imagine to be a bitter account of how some author's pet literary offspring was torn ruthlessly to pieces by the hard men of the films to make a box-office holiday; but in fact it details in a very readable manner the story of young Mr. Thurtell's brief and picturesque sojourn in the Haymarket as a would-be sporting buck and of the expensive encounters with other and smarter blades which led him, for the sake of a bag of gold which the gallows was to prevent him from enjoying, to commit the singularly brutal Elstree murder of 1823 upon the unattractive person of an illicit distiller named Weare. This murder is historical, and Mr. THOMAS BURKE ends his first chapter with the passage from *Lavengro* in which the gipsy foretells a bloody fortune for the man in the gig—who is, of course, Mr. Thurtell. The story gives a vivid picture of the raffish side of Georgian London, and the drama of Mr. Weare's end is no less exciting because from the very start its inevitability is impressed upon us.

"And a Little Child..."

Though it is the biography of a little boy who died before he was ten, *Brian* (GOLLANCZ, 9/-) is a happy book, for Mr. TOM CLARKE has refused to let sorrow darken his son's story. BRIAN shows as an attractive little fellow, perhaps more intelligent and independent than most people of his age, and he and his father enjoyed a splendid friendship. Mr. CLARKE has the pathetic faith of his profession in the value of putting things into print, but I fancy that his book would have achieved its purpose better had it not been written by a journalist. His verdict on LLOYD GEORGE—"he won the War"—may not convince very many readers, and he has a trying passage on BRIAN's reactions to his "first lord," though that is balanced by the charming letter from that peer, Lord BEAVERBROOK, written when all the boy's friends were striving to keep his interest in his plays—and so in life—awake. His death has changed his father's views on time and eternity, and Mr. CLARKE is fine enough, however difficult he finds it, to acknowledge a gain behind his loss.

Life with a Kink.

I find it difficult to believe in most of the characters in Miss MARY MITCHELL's new novel, *Maidens Beware* (HEINEMANN, 7/6): they seem to exercise some curious form

of thought-control which prevents their behaving normally. There is *Stefan*, the impoverished and neurotic Austrian Count, whose fiancée, *Lotta*, breaks off the engagement when he declares that they belong "to a slice of society which, being incapable of moving with the times, has outlived all practical use." And there is *Susan*, the little English girl who, because her parents had been passionately devoted, develops a nausea against love, arranges for a marriage of convenience, and then, most incredibly (at least, so I think), plays masochist to *Stefan's* sadist. It must be said that *Stefan's* sister and *Susan's* aunt are charming characters, that the book is adequately written and full of dramatic situations. But why do those people who wilfully tangle their lives make such an appeal to so many of our novelists?

Hard Times.

It was Mr. FRANK CHESTER FIELD's belief in writing *The Rocky Road to Jericho* (ALLAN, 7/6) that it is possible to produce "a distinctive novel of the early Mormon scene untainted either by propaganda or sensationalism." Undoubtedly he is successful in carrying out his intention for

this tale of the Mormons' trek from Nauvoo to the Rocky Mountains and of their arrival in Salt Lake City is told with conspicuous fairness. Credit is given freely to the faith that inspired *Martin Parkham* and others like him, but at the same time Mr. FIELD is not blind to human weakness and shows to what excesses fanaticism can lead. This story is without literary grace, but its sincerity and candour cannot fail to make an impression.

High and Low Finance.

Hamer Wildburn had no sooner bought a small yacht, *The Bird of Paradise* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6), than he found that various people, for reasons unknown to him, coveted her. *Hamer*, however, was a rich American youth, and as his boat was exactly what he wanted neither threats nor persuasions could induce him to sell her. So, instead of living lazily in a little bay near Antibes, he encountered adventure after adventure. It is betraying no secret to say that hidden in the yacht were documents of the first importance both to the friends and enemies of the French Government; and I can state without qualification that the search for them, as conducted by Mr. E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM, provides a very lively entertainment.

AMBEROSE HEATH's dissertations on matters gastronomical are well known, and his latest book, *Dining Out* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 2/6), will be welcomed by all who desire guidance in the difficult business of ordering a good meal in a restaurant. His advice on what to eat and drink is obviously that of a man who knows how to do himself well. Instruction of another and altogether less reliable kind is provided by MARK SPADE in *Fun and Games* (HAMISH HAMILTON, 3/6). The author of *Business for Pleasure* and *How to Run a Bassoon Factory* here turns his frivolous attention to sport.



Nerve-Patient. "I FORGOT TO MENTION WHEN I WROTE TO YOU THAT I WAS BORN IN 1893—BUT I WAS VERY WORRIED AT THE TIME."



Dear old Soul (indicating couple of ancient barges). "NOW YOU MUST TELL ME, WILLIE—WHICH IS OXFORD?"

Charivaria.

It is suggested (by a treaty-lover) that a contingent of Abyssinian troops should patrol the banks of the Rhine.

★ ★ ★

Which reminds us that Signor MUSSOLINI's whole Cabinet was on the platform to welcome the Austrian and Hungarian statesmen the other day. And most of it was under his hat.

★ ★ ★

A postcard sent in 1904 from Wolferton has just been received in Peterborough. It is only fair to add that it is uphill part of the way.

★ ★ ★

At a forthcoming glove-fight amplifiers will carry the sound of the blows to every part of the building. So it won't be necessary for spectators in the back seats to urge the boys to hit louder.

★ ★ ★

The invisible ray which is being tried as a means of operating traffic-signals is so low that it can be avoided only by cats and dogs. Pedestrians are trusted not to attempt to crawl under it.

★ ★ ★

"Everybody appreciates a day off work," says an M.P. Except of course night-watchmen.

★ ★ ★

An actor who has received a box of fruit from an admirer says he doesn't know what to make of it. Why not jam?

★ ★ ★

We understand that a recent novel specially recommended for women grips the reader's interest from the last page to the first.

JOE LOUIS, the negro pugilist, has become a director of an insurance company. His prospective opponents will hurry no doubt to take out policies.

★ ★ ★

With reference to the proposed choir of Soho chefs, what about "Men of Garlic" as a theme-song?

★ ★ ★

Russian peasants, we are told, are very keen on modern ball-room dances. "I am becoming oh so weary, Popovitch, of the same old steppes."

★ ★ ★

A Budapest boy is said to be able to distinguish every word spoken by people conversing quietly fifty yards away. The lad is a born Pressman.

★ ★ ★

Two columns in a local paper are devoted to a man known as the most fearless pedestrian. He was forty-five.

★ ★ ★

"Many people," says a scientist, "eat more than they think." Otherwise of course they might possibly starve.

★ ★ ★

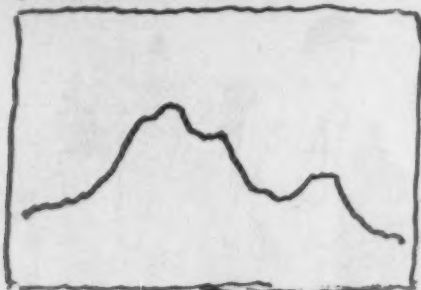
An American film-actress now in London says she would like to have had personal experience of the Great War. There is no intention, however, of having it run through again for her.

★ ★ ★

"The crow is a typically English bird," says a naturalist. British, in fact, to the caw.

A Note on the Consumption of Alcohol 109 Years Ago.

THE barometrical chart of intoxication amongst the members and associates of the Pickwick Club may be unsteadily outlined as follows—



—where the Everest (so to speak) of insobriety is attained at Muggleton, after a summit of slightly inferior magnitude has been surmounted during the Rochester ball. *Mr. Pickwick* sustains the sagging line at Eatanswill (in the pound), but it never reaches its early grandeur, so far as he and his friends are concerned; and the lesser elevation on the right of the map merely indicates the maudlin condition of *Messrs. Sawyer* and *Allen* on their arrival at the house of *Mr. Winkle* senior in Birmingham.

It is noteworthy that whilst *Mr. Pickwick's* own head (and legs) apparently gained in strength during the course of his wanderings, those of *Bob Sawyer* and *Ben* grew a little weaker. Almost undefeatable at Manor Farm (even when starting before breakfast), filling twice to *Mr. Winkle's* once at Bristol, they do succumb (or at any rate *Ben* does) after the long journey to the Midlands, beginning with milk-punch out of the case-bottle, continuing with bottled ale and Madeira at Berkeley Heath, falling back on the "best substitute for milk-punch that could be procured at so short a notice," and returning to bottled ale and Madeira at Tewkesbury.

The alcoholic *aparcia* of *Mr. Tupman* is short. It begins and ends at Rochester. The *aparcia* of *Mr. Winkle* (equally brief) is at Dingley Dell, where he has to be carried upstairs to bed. And *Mr. Snodgrass* is no great-souled carouser; the natural inclination of these three is diverted (strangely) from liquor by love. *Mr. Stiggins* (considering his training) I hold to have been unlucky at Brick Lane.

But there were heads impregnable and legs that never wobbled. There is no record that wine or spirits had any power to conquer *Mr. Alfred Jingle*, or *Sam Weller*, or his father: and they all gave wine and spirits some noble opportunities. How few really bold men there are in the world of to-day compared with that Pickwickian world! We know that *Herr Hitler* is a teetotaller and a vegetarian; and of *Signor Mussolini* *Mr. John Gunther* writes in his very interesting chronicle called *Inside Europe* :—

"He told a recent American interviewer, pointing to a basket of fruit on the table, 'That is the secret of my continued health—fruit, fruit, fruit. In the morning I have a cup of coffee and fruit; at noon I have soup or broth and fruit; and at night I have fruit. I never touch meat, but sometimes I have a little fish. . . . ' He neither drinks nor smokes."

Fruit! Milk! Fish! *Mr. Wardle* turns in his grave. But what was the favourite nectar of those days when men were men and not mere mountebanks?

"Brandy" is the reply, for it was brandy that nerved

Mr. Winkle for the approaching duel, brandy that inspired the dismal man partly to read and partly to relate "The Stroller's Tale"; it was brandy-and-water that (hoccussed) put the fourteen electors of Eatanswill to sleep; brandy-and-water that cheered *Mr. Pickwick* after his encounter with *Dodson* and *Fogg*; that coaxed *Mr. Peter Magnus* to communicate the hidden secrets of his bosom, that (cold) concluded *Mr. Bob Sawyer's* dinner-party, that (luke) enabled *Sam Weller* to compose his valentine. It may have been (none can say) *Mr. Weller* senior's "invariable." It was consumed (after oysters) by *Mr. Solomon Pell*. True that it was refused by *Winkle* and *Snodgrass* on the way back from Dingley Dell, when they had lost their hearts to *Arabella* and *Emily*; but it was scorned (I think) by one other character alone—

" 'Did you say brandy-and-water?' said the landlord, venturing a hint.

'Rum,' said *Mr. Slurk*, turning fiercely upon him."

Rum. Yes, there was also rum. There is no need to mention cold punch, nor hot pineapple-rum and water, the shepherd's delight. And there was wine, which I think was always red and of vintages never named. Ale and porter had their far from infrequent votaries. *Mr. Trotter* and *Mr. Weller* on one occasion discussed an "exhilarating compound" formed by mixing "certain quantities of British Hollands and the fragrant essence of the clove." At Manor Farm they drank "sweet elder wine well qualified with brandy and spice" long after the ladies had retired, and there was an "agreeable item" of cherry-brandy after lunch. The landlord of the "Bush" and the one-eyed bagman drank a bowl of bishop together. *Mr. Smangle* rinsed his mouth with a drop of burnt sherry. And *Mrs. Bardell's* black bottle contained, I wonder what?

But brandy, as I say, was the king-drink. Our debt to France must have been enormous. If pious memory were to be fitly served, a Pickwick Centenary Dinner should begin with warm brandy-and-water and, when all else had been eaten and drunk, should so end. And heaven help the banqueters!

EVOL.

My Sister Priscilla and I.

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Have our standards on which we insist;

We view with some horror

This modern Gomorrah

In which we are forced to exist.

The emphasis laid upon sex

Seems rather disgusting to us;

We may not be in fashion

But we do feel that passion

Is not a fit thing to discuss.

Modern novels we frankly deplore,

We think them so bad for the mind;

We both find JANE AUSTEN

So much less exhaustin'

And ever so much more refined.

As for Parliament, really we feel

That the plebs should be under a bar;

We should prefer entry

Confined to the gentry—

At least then we know where we are.

Yes, my sister Priscilla and I

Have our standards to which we hold fast;

We consider the present

Neither wholesome nor pleasant

And shall both disapprove to the last.



BRITANNIA'S FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE.

(More or less after the original drawing by "Puz.")

"MR. PICKWICK, MA'AM," SAID A SERVANT . . .

"WHAT! WHERE?" EXCLAIMED MRS. LEO HUNTER.

"HERE," SAID MR. PICKWICK, "AS I HAVE BEEN FOR A HUNDRED YEARS."

The Football Pool.

Two months ago, amid the triumphant yells of their loyal supporters, the Rathberry Rovers succeeded in bringing low those football rivals called for some unknown reason the Mullinabeg Mondays. So that Matthew Tracy, who was, his neighbours agree, "gone teetotally out of his latitude wid eggoitement" at the time, called upon the frenzied crowd to witness the fact that he now intended to place one of his own fields, rent free, at the disposal of the local heroes.

The elated if unrecognisable Rovers, having long been in the condition described by the goalkeeper as "immersed in pure muck," felt that after another match on their present playing-ground some of the soil they swallowed in such quantities must surely begin to cause serious digestive trouble, and literally leaped at the offer. "There's plenty dies from locked jaws afther the half of the mud we do masticate here every time we play," the goalkeeper said again; and being the spokesman of the team on all occasions, he accepted Mr. Tracy's unexpected suggestion there and then.

"I'm the wan age wid th' Obelix above," a friend said who definitely disapproves of football but is devoted to the land, "an' I never thought to see Mat Tracy bestowin' a good grass field for a hape of Gots an' Vandals to be kickin' it into one another's faces."

To the justly-named Extraordinary Meeting of the Committee, summoned that evening, Mr. Tracy was invited, partly as an act of courtesy but chiefly as a safeguard against any attempt on his part to go back on his offer; and it was soon evident that things were not going to be as simple as they had appeared during that scene of wild enthusiasm after the match.

There were, Matthew Tracy explained, conditions. If they did not like them, he went on hopefully, they need not use the field. Firstly, his cattle must be allowed to graze there even during the football season. "The only one of them to show any crossness," he said, "is the black Polly bullock, an' what great damage could he contemplate where they'd be so many

of ye?" And the slightly flabbergasted Committee agreed that this was only reasonable. He went further. The notice-board that would be transferred from the existing playing-ground to his own property must, he insisted, have its announcement of "RATHBERRY ROVERS' FOOTBALL CLUB," enlarged by the words "FIELD LENT BY MATTHEW TRACY." This too was accepted without a murmur. Then, feeling that things were going too smoothly, Mr. Tracy made known his final condition, suggested by his brief survey of an English Sunday paper dropped that day from a passing car: If his field was to be used as a playing-ground there must be no such thing in Rathberry as a Football Pool. "If it's able to put the dethriment upon the British nation that they say it is," he said firmly, "we don't want

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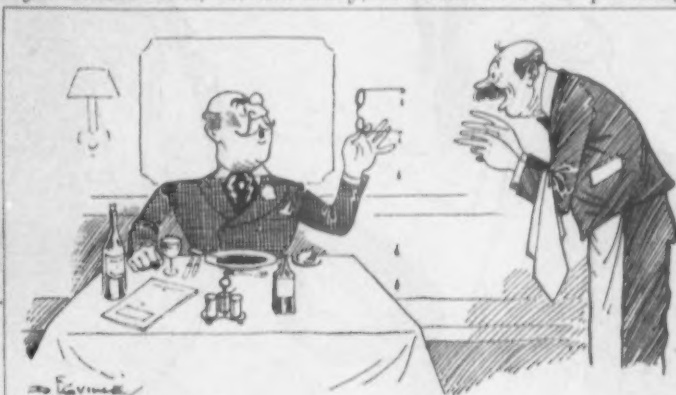
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The match was abandoned.

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"WAITER, JUST LOOK WHAT I'VE FOUND IN MY SOUP!"
"OO—THE CHEF WON'T 'ARF HE PLEASED, SIR, 'E'S BEEN LOOKING FOR THEM FOR DAYS."

the like of it in Rathberry"; and his mystified listeners agreed dazedly and wondered what on earth the next embargo would be. But Mr. Tracy had come to the end of his belated conditions, and in a few minutes the thing was settled.

On the approaching St. Patrick's Day, when the next match of vital importance was to be played in Rathberry, the new ground would be opened with due pomp and ceremony. In the meantime it was closed far more definitely than ever before. Instead of the rather crazy gate, a high and solid wooden barrier fitted closely between tall grey walls on either side and shut out completely the field beyond, from which came tantalising sounds of hammering.

The warning that Trespassers would be Prosecuted was a mere mockery, for the windows of the cottage occupied by the aggressive goalkeeper over-



Miss Elkington Remembers.

Mr. Chudleigh flipped the papers over in Sidney's tray. Then he went through them again more slowly. Then he took them out of the tray and examined each one carefully before he put it down. Then he picked them all up, frowned, and spread them on the table and shuffled them about. Finally he ran a pin into his thumb and yelped sharply.

Miss Elkington looked up from her knitting. "Are you trying to find something, Mr. Chudleigh?" she asked.

"Yes," said Mr. Chudleigh. "The letter I dictated to you three Saturdays ago, Miss Elkington, when Mr. Harbottle was out. To Ernest G. Williams. Why is there no carbon copy? All the filing should go into Sidney's tray."

"I wonder if it was that letter," said Miss Elkington. "It would be typical if it was."

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Chudleigh.

"Well," said Miss Elkington. "I had all last week's carbons in my room, and the window-cleaner came, and so everything blew about, and one went and blew into the fire. Only one."

"Then it was obviously that one," said Mr. Porter cheerfully. "It always is. I shouldn't even think of looking for it after that."

"Was it very important?" asked Miss Elkington.

"Yes," said Mr. Chudleigh, shuffling the papers round again. "It is absolutely essential that I should have a copy of that letter to show to Mr. Harbottle. It was to arrange an appointment with Mr. Williams to-day. Mr. Williams hasn't turned up, and now Mr. Harbottle actually suggests that I did not write it."

"Tough," said Mr. Porter. "But I shouldn't worry. We believe you."

"Of course," said Miss Elkington. "Why, I can almost remember taking it down."

Mr. Chudleigh paused in his shuffling. "Ah!" he said. "I had forgotten. You would have the shorthand notes in your notebook. You can turn them up and make a rough copy. That would satisfy Mr. Harbottle."

"Well," said Miss Elkington doubtfully, putting down her knitting and reaching for her notebook, "I might try. But it's difficult to find anything in shorthand in a notebook. I don't suppose I shall ever find *this*."

"But we know the date," said Mr. Chudleigh. "Three Saturdays ago. That would be—"

"That's what I mean," said Miss Elkington. "All shorthand looks the same after any length of time." She turned the pages backwards. "Of course, they say you should date your shorthand. I do sometimes. Here's October the seventeenth, for instance."

"Well," said Mr. Chudleigh. "That's something. This is March. It will come a long way after October."

"Oh, no," said Miss Elkington. "I don't keep to any special order. Sometimes I have the book one way up, Mr. Chudleigh, and sometimes the other. That's the worst of these books. They're made the same both ways. You're meant to start one way round and then turn

round and start again at the other end or something, but I never do. Did you say it was Ernest G. Williams?"

"That's it," said Mr. Chudleigh eagerly. "Now, if you'll rush it through the typewriter I can take it upstairs. Mr. Harbottle is waiting to know if he is to go on waiting for Mr. Williams, and he's getting impatient."

"Would it be this?" asked Miss Elkington. "Dear Mr. W. Your something has—no, your somethings have proved a veritable something. What would come after 'veritable'?"

"Suntrap," said Mr. Porter.

"That's not it," said Mr. Chudleigh. "My letter began, 'I beg to acknowledge with—'"

"It couldn't be 'suntrap,'" said Miss Elkington to Mr. Porter. "I'd say it was 'circumstances' if only it made sense."

"Then it would be 'godsend,'" said Mr. Porter.

"Why?" asked Miss Elkington.

"Anything veritable is always either a suntrap or a godsend," said Mr. Porter. "And after 'well-nigh' you have 'impenetrable,' and after—"

"Now, look here, Porter," said Mr. Chudleigh, "you can discuss that afterwards. This matter is very urgent."

"What about this one?" said Miss Elkington. "Dear Mr. W. I am keeping two of the somethings of somethings. Pairs of socks. No. It wouldn't be that. Now here's something that *might* help. A sum I've done in the margin. Two-and-fivepence, nine shillings, elevenpence and three-and-sixpence. All added up. Now, when would I have added up two-and-fivepence and nine—"

"What's the picture underneath?" asked Mr. Porter.

"Don't you recognise it?" said Miss Elkington. "It's Mr. Harbottle. Now, *that* helps. Because I usually draw him when I'm waiting for him to think of a word. So it shows that it couldn't be any of these letters, because he dictated them." Miss Elkington turned over some more pages. "Oh, look!" she cried. "Look what I've found! Oh, Mr. Chudleigh, I've found it!"

"At last!" said Mr. Chudleigh, with a sigh of relief. "I knew I'd dictated it. Now if you'd just read it out to see if it's all right, and then type it out, I can—"

Miss Elkington was unpinning something from the corner of a page. "I didn't mean the letter," she said. "I meant the pattern of chiffon that I lost. And to think that I'd had it in here all the time!" She held it up. "So *that* was the shop it came from. I just couldn't remember. Six-and-eleven. There! And the cheapest one I saw was seven-and-six, and it wasn't half as nice. This is called banana. I should have said it was maize. Wouldn't you call this colour nearer maize than banana, Mr. Chudleigh?"

"Miss Elkington," said Mr. Chudleigh, looking at the clock, "do you think you could—?"

"Wait," said Miss Elkington. "I'm beginning to remember. Mr. Porter, what day did that flick come off at the Empire?"

"Which flick?" asked Mr. Porter.

"The one that was on then," said Miss Elkington. "Because I got this pattern on the way to work, and then after work I bought some other stuff, some rather nice angora in a sort of sage-green, and then I went to a flick, and I remember coming out into the Strand and finding I'd left the parcel behind and simply *dashing* back."

"You can't come out into the Strand from the Empire," said Mr. Porter.

"I know that," said Miss Elkington. "The Empire must have been another day. This was when I just got into the Tivoli for one-and-six, and so that would be a Saturday morning. Yes, I believe it was that very day, Mr. Chudleigh. Three Saturdays ago. So it must be one of these letters."

Yes," said Miss Elkington, turning over another page, "this is it."

"Do you mean to say you've found it?" said Mr. Chudleigh.

"Dear Mr. W.," said Miss Elkington. "I beg to accompany with thanks—"

"Acknowledge with thanks," said Mr. Chudleigh.

"That's it," said Miss Elkington. "I've even written his name and address at the bottom. Shall I type it out?"

When Mr. Chudleigh had gone upstairs with the letter Miss Elkington looked at her notebook again and frowned.

"You know," she said, "I don't remember typing this letter before. In fact I remember *not* typing it. I put it off till the end and then there wasn't time. No wonder I couldn't find this!" She held the pattern up.

"It was very providential of Mr. Chudleigh," she said, "because I was just going to get the other chiffon at seven-and-six. And I think," Miss Elkington added—"I think that I'll go off now before he comes down and wants anything else. Because this shop's miles away and it shuts early."

We Daren't Go A-Hunting.

"Up the airy mountain, Down the rushy glen, We daren't," as the poet said, "go a-hunting. For fear of little men." Is that so, brothers? Then my heart bleeds for you to-day. These are sad times for anyone afflicted with what we may call the Little Men neurosis. No student of advertising can deny that there is an unexampled prevalence of little men about the place. I don't know about the airy mountain or the glen (rushy or plain), but I dare say they are no whit better off—no whit, and no whoo either.

It seems to the student of advertising that the housewife to-day goes about her duties attended by a clamorous throng of little men. Mr. Therm advises her about the gas situation. Mr. T. Pott tempts her at all hours to have a few of the cups that cheer.

(Hark! now I hear them:

Rah! Rah! Rah!)

The spiky little fellow who works in the interests of the Electrical Development Association—it has been suggested that his name is Mr. Amp—is continually plaguing her to turn a switch. There is a whole family of midgets engaged in boosting a brand of confectionery, and a transparent fellow always talking about what he does to the edges of her husband's safety-razor-blades. There are others on the job for radio, cars, tobacco; the advertisement-columns swarm with them. The a-hunting conditions couldn't be worse. I should like to hear what John Peel would do in the circumstances, at break of day or any other time. Perhaps someone who kens him will oblige.

The belief that one is being followed by little men, "about a foot and a half high, large-eyed, and whiskered," as one sufferer has particularised, is not, I believe, an uncommon form of nervous disorder. But I question the advisability of encouraging it in the general public. True, all the little men I can recall having seen illustrated are obviously less than a foot and a half high, and I don't think any of them have whiskers; you can take this concession for what you think it's worth. The poet didn't say anything, that I remember, about whiskers, but I think it is safe to assume that the little men he mentioned had them. No doubt they were a trouble in that particular a-hunting country—blowing about in an irritating fashion up the airy mountain, and down the glen getting entangled with the rushes—but I feel pretty sure they were there, making the little men more fearsome. Will some kind lady or gentleman come up on to the stage and extricate me from

the subject of whiskers, for which this is neither the time, nor the place, nor the loved one? Thank you, Sir.

I look with concern on this Lilliputian domination of the national life. There seems to be no corner safe from the irruption of these little blighters, no place to hide from their bright smiles and their advice. The reason, I take it, is that they are a success in their line: they are believed; they convince people. Why, I don't know, but you never can tell what will convince people. It once seemed that a picture of a pop-eyed, stern-jawed man pointing out straight at the beholder and saying, "I tell you that this is the **BEST VALUE** obtainable" was more apt to convince than the plain words, "This is the best value obtainable" without the picture. I suppose people got the impression that there was a hard head, containing a modicum of brain, behind that jaw, or above it, or round it, or somewhere in the vicinity. This was the opposite of the Little Man system: it was the Big Man or Practical Bonehead approach. The big man hypnotised by size and solidity; the little man hypnotises by . . . I wish I knew. Magic perhaps. Anyway he hypnotises. He knocks 'em cold; they strew the floor, until the advertiser sends a party of men with shovels to collect them.

I use the description "little men" simply as a generic term, for you could not call most of these midgets human beings. Indeed if someone will keep the way of retreat open while I return with caution for a moment to the subject of whiskers—thank you, Madam—I doubt whether most of these little beings could grow them anyway. But at least they can bustle about and beam and point at things as well as any Eskimo guide showing a party of English tourists over a Norwegian boiler-factory; and if that is all they know on earth it is also probably all they need to know, except the rates per inch and the fact that beauty is truth, truth beauty.

Nobody in the advertisement-columns seems to object to their presence. Among such householders as are illustrated they seem to be popular; the implication is that everybody likes having them about. This may be true to life, but it looks to me like a half-truth: I fancy that awkward incidents, such as what happens when a little man gets under Father's feet or in his hair or uses the last of the bath-water, are suppressed.

The danger, as I see it, is that the device is infectious. Little men, having been taken on by the advertisers of gas and those other things, will undoubtedly pullulate over the whole field of industry in time. It will be impossible to do anything without them. No sooner do you thankfully dismiss one, perhaps with a "So long; see you at the collapse of civilisation," than another takes over, in turn handing the torch to a third when you begin to do something else. There will be a Mr. Milk, a Mr. Coal, a Mr. Varnish, a Mr. Aviation, a Mr. What-Have-You. I say "will be," but for all I know they may be on the job already. Who knows whether that recent Select Committee of the House of Commons may not have had to deliberate with the highly vocal help of a little man calling himself "Mr. Dewsbury and Heckmondwike Waterworks Board Bill"? Who knows? Some of us would prefer the denizens of the airy mountain and the rushy glen, whiskers and all.

R. M.



"AND WHAT ABOUT ME?"



"THE MIDDLESEX AND SUBURBAN COUNTY GAZETTE," SIR.

Daphne and the Gold Standard.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Daphne and I have been discussing the Gold Standard, about which I have read several text-books, so I ought to know. But her point of view is peculiar, and all I can say is that she ought to have interviewed the writers before they published their latest editions and not left it to me to try to fill in the missing answers to her questions.

First of all she asks: Why does the Bank of England want a lot of gold bricks locked up in its vaults, and what good does it do there—to the Bank or to anybody else?

I had to admit that it doesn't bring in any interest, and that if instead of buying gold bricks the Directors had bought clay ones and used them to build houses for slum-dwellers, they might at least have got rent for the houses, which would be one way of getting something for their money—and helping the slum-dwellers too.

Daphne, I may say, is no longer a "deb.," and she is interested in gold because she has exotic tastes and likes

bangles. She blames the Bank of England very much for locking up all this gold in what she calls "a hole in the ground" instead of bangling it about among the female population. Of course I explained that, according to sound finance, the gold is wanted as a backing for our bank-notes and so on; but she countered with the objection that if you can't demand your share of the gold when you present your share of the bank-notes this "backing" is only a silly bluff. She produced one of her bank-notes—part of my Christmas present—and pointed scornfully to the words: "I Promise to pay the Bearer on Demand the sum of One Pound," and asked what on earth Mr. K. O. PEPIATT, Chief Cashier, meant when he signed that document. I was forced to say that the text-books hadn't mentioned *his* point of view, and suggested she should write to him—or, better still, ask for an interview.

By this time Daphne was rapidly establishing a superiority complex, and opened a smart attack on the Gold Standard itself. She asked what a gold reserve had to do with our paper-money, anyway, if you couldn't demand

gold for your paper; and whether it wouldn't be less childish to stop buying and burying gold and give up pretending that paper-money represented gold pounds when you knew very well that it didn't.

Daphne has evidently heard something about money being a ticket or token for goods, and she boldly announced that our paper-money really represents the value of our goods, not the gold in the vaults of the Bank, and that we ought to "back" our bank-notes by our goods and see that as the nation manufactured all the goods it wanted, *somebody* should provide all the "tickets" on which those goods could travel *where* they were wanted.

I confess that I wish Mr. MONTAGU NORMAN had been there, for my defences were inadequate, and if the Gold Standard had been really in my keeping Daphne would have captured it out of hand and probably used it as a bedspread or adapted it as an opera-cloak to match her bangles.

Then, having won the first round, she harped back on the question of the gold backing; and here again, Sir, I want your help.

Daphne says why go to a lot of trouble and expense in digging gold out of a hole in the ground in South Africa, melting it up into gold bricks and sending it by sea to London at great expense, only to put it back into another hole in the ground under the Bank of England?

Her plan is this. Let the British Government buy the Rand mines and pay for them in Government Bonds. (She is a little vague about this transaction, but says that it could be "worked out" all right.) Then let the Government build a wall round the Rand mines and have a handsome entrance-gate labelled "Bank of England Gold Reserve—Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted," and leave it at that.

Daphne says they know near enough how much gold is there (I suspect her of having read some Chairman's speech in which he flaunted his Company's hoards of unmined gold); also that they could always get the gold out if they wanted it, and know what it would cost to extract, and how long it would take, and all that.

So — according to Daphne — the Bank could allow in their house accounts for the expense of getting their gold out of hole No. 1, and reckon near enough what their net gold reserve really was without all the bother and expense of actually extracting it in dribbles from hole No. 1 and putting it back into hole No. 2.

She says that in this way the Bank of England would have an ever so much larger gold reserve than they have at present, and that bank-notes, nicely backed with gold, could then be very

much more plentiful than they are now. Daphne's real point is that she might then be able to buy her bangles—or, better still, I could afford to give them to her for her next birthday.

Of course I pointed out that this second scheme is altogether inconsistent with the first, but she just



THE WANDERING ARYAN.
(HERR VON RIBBENTROP.)

looked at me rather pityingly and answered, "But so are the paper and gold, darling," and didn't seem even to want to be logical. But Daphne is like that.

Can you, Mr. Punch, advise me what to do about it? The text-books don't seem to help, and Daphne is dead sure to bring up the subject again.

I am, Sir,

Yours in perplexity,
J. CITIZEN.

Anston Holt.

THE flower-girls are calling
About the City
Streets
And sudden magic colour floods
The winter-burdened

Town;
Beneath the rolling
Of the wheels
Another rhythm
beats:
The pulse of
earth is
quickening,
The rising sap
is thickening,
And soon the
plane-tree
In the square
Will plan her
new green
gown.

The flower-girls
are calling
Their burdens
frail
And sweet;
Oh, I will take my
stick and
pipe
And leave the
town
Behind;
The trumpeter of
winter
Has sounded the
retreat:
The blackbird in a
lane I know
Will answer him
again, I
know,
An answer bold
and chal-
lenging
Flung bravely on
The wind—

The April wind,
that scam-
pers
Upon the sunlit
Hills!

And see—the clouds
Kick up their heels
Like any dancing
Colt!
And all in golden armour
The tossing daffodils,
Each bent the way the wind
has gone,
Spring's cavalry seem, spurring
on
To splinter their gay lances
Against dark Anston Holt!

At the Pictures.

EDDIE, WALLACE, PAT AND SPENCER.

I AM beginning to be very suspicious of my inability to laugh. Once I might cheerfully have decided that there was something faulty in the comedian and



A CRAZY CHORUS.

OUR FAN GOES ONE BETTER THAN THE CAMERA.

have waited contentedly for him to be in a better mood or for better material to be spread out; but now, when hearing the cachinnations of others and finding myself unable to share in them, I have anxious doubts. At *Strike me Pink*, for instance, in which EDDIE CANTOR is being starred, I was unable to accomplish more than two or three smiles; yet EDDIE has an enormous following and he need but roll his eyes to lay most of his fans prostrate. For me he has to do something further; as he did in *The Kid from Spain*, when he persuaded the bull to chase him round the ring, and in *Roman Scandals*, when he took part in the chariot-race. There are no such moments in *Strike me Pink*, so called because EDDIE's name is *Pink*; while the end is too foolish. Americans in London will, however, I was informed by one who knows, adore it, for it is to meet transatlantic taste, rather than ours, that such expensive medleys are assembled, with elaborate choruses that bear no relation to the story. Great Britain is negligible.

When I saw the play *Ah, Wilderness!* in New York in 1934 I thought that as the very reasonable and under-

standing father, GEORGE M. COHAN gave one of the best performances I had ever seen. But when I saw the film of *Ah, Wilderness!* in London the other day, while thinking that LIONEL BARRYMORE in the same part was nearly as good, I realised how different stage and screen can be and how necessary to the screen seem to be ruins to build on. I realised not so much how different their aims but how different their arrivals. Both very mistakenly may set out to do the same thing, but it is never the same. *Ah, Wilderness!* when EUGENE O'NEILL wrote it as a play, had a purpose and a balance. In the movie version it sacrifices much of both; and a further sacrifice, although to our gain, was made when the part of *Sid*, the drunken brother who is never going to drink too much again ("The last time, Clem, me boy"), was given to WALLACE BEERY, who necessarily overweights whatever he touches. WALLACE, however, is beyond criticism: unique, and a thousand and one times to be forgiven; and so the picture, even if the play is damaged, fills an hour and a half very satisfyingly.

In the advertisement of *Stars over Broadway* there are some new words—at any rate new to me. It claims, for instance, to possess "a new tops in



PATERNAL NEWS.

Dabson JOHN QUALEN.
Vivian Palmer MYRNA LOY.

musicomedies." What a tops is I can only guess, but of one novelty I am certain, and that is the meek placidity of PAT O'BRIEN. During a long film he never administers a single punch; he blacks no eye, he socks no jaw. Think of it! One of our pet fighting

men, fresh from *The Irish in Us* and other tops of the fisticuffian drama, chastened into an operatic entrepreneur who never once puts them up! Bad casting, if you like; for there are a thousand movie actors who can moon about green-rooms fixing contracts



PHONE-FUL.

Vivian Palmer . . . MYRNA LOY.

and falling mildly in love, but only one hard-boiled PAT O'BRIEN.

We have not, however, been entirely without those men of action of whom PAT O'BRIEN used to be a daring example, for SPENCER TRACY is here again, in a new gangster film called *Whipsaw*, and no one should ask for a more exciting evasion of the Law than he and MYRNA LOY attempt. In default of illicit alcohol, which, alas! has ceased to be a screen motive, we have, first, stolen pearls, and then the pursuit of thieves and accomplices, with the charm of SPENCER TRACY's swift decisions at their back. Not so much punching as we should like, but SPENCER TRACY both gives and receives; and no matter how guilty he might be, he is so persuasive that he would have our sympathy. As a matter of fact . . . ; but you must discover that for yourselves.

I came away from *Whipsaw* realising once again what a boon to the dramatist in a hurry the telephone has been. That in its ordinary condition it has extricated him, and will extricate him, from difficulties, we know only too well. But in *Whipsaw* it is "long-distance," instantly reciprocal, that is his constant ally and friend. A new scene should be added to the burlesque in *Follow the Sun* to cope with this miracle.

E. V. L.



Mr. —, THE WELL-KNOWN SCULPTOR OF CHILDREN, EVADES THE ROYAL ACADEMY RULE WHICH ALLOWS ONLY THREE WORKS TO BE SENT.

Coal.

WHEN Johnson-Clitheroe and I called round for Colonel Hogg to persuade him to make up a foursome we found him gazing sadly at a huge pile of coal in his garage.

"How did it happen?" I asked politely.

"Mary has gone over in the car to Nether Drooping," explained the Colonel, "and it is the maid's afternoon out. Mary told me that some groceries would be delivered during the afternoon, and when I was in the middle of shaving somebody came and knocked at the door. If there's one thing I hate more than another it is being interrupted in the middle of shaving, so I just opened the door a couple of inches and said, 'In the garage, please,' and departed. Of course I thought it was the groceries, but when I finished shaving and went to the garage to bring the stuff in I found this." He waved his hand sadly at the coal.

"Mary will have something to say when she comes in, won't she?" ventured Johnson-Clitheroe.

The Colonel groaned.

"I suppose you two fellows wouldn't help me get the stuff into the coal-cellar, would you?" he said. "I've got a wheelbarrow, and it ought not to take long. Unfortunately ours is an indoor coal-cellar and it means wheeling all the stuff in at the back-door and through the kitchen."

We took off our coats, and Johnson-Clitheroe, who has an organising sort of mind, took charge of the situation.

"Hasn't the coal-cellar got a window?" he asked.

"Only a little window, rather high up," said the Colonel, and led us round to the side of the house.

"It's certainly small and high," said Johnson-Clitheroe, "but if we organise the thing carefully I think we can manage. Can you find a couple of buckets?"

The Colonel found a couple of buckets and Johnson-Clitheroe put the Colonel in the garage with a large shovel.

"Your job is just to fill the buckets," he said, "and as soon as each one is filled Conkleshill will dash along and hand it to me and then dash back again. I will stand on a chair and jerk the stuff through the window. The result will be that we shall have to carry the coal only about half as far as if we had to take it through the kitchen."

Colonel Hogg and I both thought that Johnson-Clitheroe had chosen the easiest of the three jobs, and he evidently thought so himself until we actually got going, when he discovered that to stand on a chair and jerk buckets of coal through a window on a level with your nose is a highly scientific business. Colonel Hogg and I got pretty black, but we were both lily-white compared with Johnson-Clitheroe. The lumps of coal shot through the window all right, but most of the dust floated out of the window again, and what didn't go up Johnson-Clitheroe's sleeves went down the back of his neck or nestled in the folds of his plus-fours.

By the time we had finished we were all pretty well exhausted, and after we had swept up the garage we went upstairs and had a wash-and-brush-up.

"I don't think I'll play golf to-day," said the Colonel. "I had enough exercise wielding that confounded shovel to last me a week or so."

Soon after I arrived home I heard Edith speaking to somebody on the phone, and a minute later she came in.

"Poor Mrs. Hogg has just rung up," she said. "The Colonel has gone quite mad at last. You'd hardly believe anybody could be so silly. Some coal was delivered when Mrs. Hogg was out this afternoon, and the Colonel evidently told the men to shoot it in through the pantry-window, all over the food and everything."

Word-Skirmish

"Paramilitary"

THE latest White Paper—"Germany No. 2 (1936)"—provides good hunting for the word-warrior, which should be some consolation to its authors; for they do not seem to have pleased many others.

Let us at once impale the new and unnecessary mongrel "paramilitary"—"paramilitary forces (S.A., S.S., Labour Corps and other organisations)." It is composed, Bobby, of the Greek *παρά* (alongside) and the Latin *militaris*: it is as bad as "aquadrome" and worse than "television," for there is not here the excuse that there is no alternative. Why not "semi-military," "quasi-military," or even "sub-military"?

This "para" is the kind of bug that breeds quickly in the official swamps, and I predict that we shall see much more of it. You may use it, Bobby, with another Greek word—as in "paratyphoid," a fever "resembling typhoid but taking a milder course," or the charming word "paranymph" (meaning a "best man" or "bridesmaid"), or "paraphrase" or "parallel." But if you mean "near-beer" you must not say "para-beer." Nor need you begin to talk about "para-quavers" instead of "semi-quavers," about "para-conscious" or "para-editors."

I have, by the way, a bet with one or two legislators that within four weeks we shall be hearing about "para-symbolic" troops. But that, at least, will be a well-bred word.

"Unilateral."

This pretentious ass occurs nine times in the White Paper. It seldom adds anything to the sense and almost always is wrongly used.

Not long ago a distinguished statesman (who is a faithful warrior) referred in debate to "a unilateral war," which means, I suppose, the kind of war we should all enjoy. But what may be forgiven in a speech, when few can wholly command the tongue, must be condemned in a printed White Paper "presented to Parliament by command of his Majesty."

"... the unilateral action taken by the German Government in violation of the Treaty of Locarno."

Now, first, Bobby, observe that if unilateral is left out, the meaning of the sentence is the same, and it is still quite clear.

But you will say, Bobby, that "unilateral" is here contrasted with some other kind of action. With what?

With "bilateral" or "multilateral"? Neither of those words would make sense in the sentence. Nobody would, or could, imagine the German Government taking bilateral or multilateral action in violation, etc.; and therefore it is unnecessary to use a word to reject that conception. It is like talking about "the unilateral action of a husband in deserting his wife." He can no more desert her bilaterally than he can beat her bilaterally. Is that clear, Bobby?

Nevertheless, we do not wish to rid the language of epithets; and we know very well, Bobby, what these clumsy fellows want to say. They are groping for a word which will rub it in that Germany in her denunciation of the Treaty is single, alone, separate, solitary, isolated; that the action taken is "single," as opposed to "joint" or "common." Most writers on international law do very well without "unilateral" in their chapters on Treaties; they contrast single or separate action with common or collective action; and all is plain. And isolated, perhaps, would do as well.

But, in the sentence now in the dock, unilateral would be multi-erroneous for another good reason. It is not properly to be opposed to common, collective or joint. The opposite of unilateral, in law and politics, is *reciprocal*: and if reserved for that field of thought it may be useful. Husband and wife have certain reciprocal obligations; but the obligation to pay income-tax is unilateral, for the State makes no reciprocal undertaking. Or it might be said that, as between Europe and Great Britain, the obligations of the Locarno Treaty were unilateral, because no one promised to come to our aid.

But now let us suppose that Italy as well as Germany had denounced the Locarno Treaty. Could that have been described as "bilateral action"? No, Bobby—well, not by you or me. That would be either (a) two separate or single denunciations, or (b) a joint denunciation by Italy and Germany, as opposed to a collective denunciation by all the signatories. But unilateral would have no place in the affair; and it ought not to have nine places in the White Paper.

EXERCISE.

Who wrote—

"Misfortunes never come unilaterally."

"Two minds with but a unilateral thought."

"Splendid Unilateralism"?

"Basis."

Dear old "basis" makes two odd appearances in the White Paper:—

(1) "... the re-establishment of economic relations between the nations on a healthy basis is equally necessary to the process of reconstruction."

Christmas! What is a "healthy basis"? Why not "the restoration of healthy trade"?

Six lines later we find—

(2) "... agreements organising on a precise and effective basis the system of collective security."

Why not "precisely and effectively"?

"Definite."

Some rare pieces of definite-work have come into the market lately:—

"Hauptmann is talking at last. To-night he almost definitely saved himself from execution. . . ."—*A message from New York.*

"The position as regards defence appears to be that very definite additions are to be made as regards matériel both in the Navy, the Army, the T.A. and the R.A.F. . . ."—*A letter to "The Times."*

(If the writer of this letter will send his name and address he will receive the Order of the Velvet Boot.)

"The directors of the Bristol Rovers issued a statement 'That this club definitely opposes any interference with the fixture lists of the League clubs.' . . ."

We are now so much afraid that people will not believe what we say, or that the words we use are ill-chosen and unconvincing, that the simplest and strongest words have to be laced with "definites" and "absolutely's." People may think that we have in mind only nebulous additions to the "matériel" of the Navy, and that when we say "oppose" we do not mean "oppose" but "vaguely dislike." But where is this to stop? "Definite" and "definitely" can be slipped in almost anywhere. I offer a prize to the first Foreman of the Jury to announce a verdict of "Definitely Guilty," and another to the Judge who informs the prisoner that he will be "definitely hanged by the neck till he is very definitely dead."

"Following."

This horror breeds incessantly, and has now penetrated into Parliamentary questions and papers, where, as a rule, it takes the new form, "following on."

The Special Prize this week goes to the following "following":—

"Miss — was awarded £100 damages in the King's Bench Division to-day following being scalded in a City tea-shop. . . ."

Would not the short word "for" definitely serve as well? A. P. H.

"RABBIT UNEARTHED ROMAN VILLAGE. DISCOVERY ON NORFOLK GOLF COURSE." *News Heading.*

Is this a record divot?

Telephones, 2036.

SPEAKING ON "The History of the Telephone" in the National programme on March 31st, 2036, the P.M.G. paid particular attention to the events of the past hundred years.

"The installation of the 'talking clock' in 1936," he said, "marked the beginning of a new era in the history of the telephone service. Up to that date the business community regarded the telephone as an unfortunate necessity, but in the hundred years that followed the telephone became increasingly a boon and a blessing to man. No longer did people say, 'I suppose I must have the confounded thing installed or people will think I can't afford it.' They signed on the dotted line with delighted alacrity.

"Undoubtedly the scrapping of the 'dial' system in 1945 was generally welcomed by the public. The dial system foiled one of the deepest-rooted instincts of human nature—the instinct that makes people dislike being unable to blame somebody else for their own mistakes. People wishing to speak to HOL 1248 and dialling BOL 1244 were naturally annoyed at being unable to tell the Exchange with long-suffering patience that they had been given the wrong number. With the scrapping of the dial system the good old days came back again. People wanting to speak to Holborn 1248 could approach the mouthpiece chewing gum and smoking a large cigar. They could murmur 'Edgware gug-ump-gug-gug,' and then find themselves talking to the Society for the Prevention of Pink Pullovers instead of the Official Receiver. They could then click down the clicker until the girl at the Exchange returned to the fray, and tell her that they wanted to speak to the supervisor about getting so many wrong numbers.

"Pleasant as it was, however, to have somebody else to blame, the Post Office realised that it would be pleasanter still if the right number could be given every time, so telephone operators were specially trained to interpret Gugump, the language spoken by the average subscriber. Even this, however, did not overcome the difficulty of the subscriber who Gugumped the wrong number, and it was not until the service was televised that this problem was solved.

With the coming of television, however, every operator was put through a course of thought-reading and psycho-analysis. This meant that if the correct number was known to the subscriber's conscious or subconscious



Indignant Wife. "CONSERVE THE AROMA INDEED! I LIKE THAT! AROMA IS ABOUT ALL I'VE GOT IN MINE."

mind the right connection could be made.

"2022 of course saw the greatest telephone revolution, following Professor Jellbond's Splitting of the Pork Pie. It will be remembered that in his laboratory at Hampstead Professor Jellbond succeeded in splitting an ordinary Pork Pie into sound-waves. He then phoned the disembodied Pork Pie to his friend Professor Barmonger at Newcastle. Professor Barmonger reassembled the Pork Pie and tried it on the dog without ill-effects.

"At once it became evident that the scope of the telephone could be

greatly enlarged, and goods of all classes were soon speeding along the wires. At first of course there were occasional accidents; and most of my listeners will remember the sad case of the Fellow of All Souls who forgot he had ordered a grand piano and received it in the eye. But very soon the service was brought to its present state of perfection. The Post Office engineers are now working on a scheme by which human beings may safely be split, and very shortly we hope to stop the Toll of the Air and the Toll of the Road by inducing everybody to travel by phone, with special cheap fares after 7 P.M."



Nanny. "No, I'M AFRAID WE CAN'T WALK WITH YOU THIS AFTERNOON—HAVE TO TAKE HIM TO A PARTY AGAIN. REG'LAR LITTLE CHILD-ABOUT-TOWN, I CALL HIM."

An Appeal and a Postscript.

(With apologies to Walt Whitman)

I SING the orange-peel,
Not as in golden beauty it circles the luscious fruit
Gleaming amidst the dark green leaves of its native trees—
I sing the stripped hide, the peel by itself, peel!
Lying on pavements, in lanes, on the glad open moorland,
Wheresoever the heedless hand of the flayer flingeth it.
Ah! what a destiny—
To be the triumphant cause of numerous broken limbs
To unwary and elderly townfolk,
To be an ever-recurring eyesore to any encountering rover,
To be as a flaring freckle on the comely face of the landscape,
Marring the sweet Englishness of it with the ghastly glare
of a foreign refuse!

And again I sing to you hearing,
And again is my theme unsightly.
I sing the whitey-brown paper-bag,
Not in its pristine flatness
When, clean and attached by a corner, it hangs
Awaiting its freight in the pastrycook's shop in the suburbs:
I choose for my theme that moment
When its journey is safely accomplished,
Its greasy or succulent cargo discharged and the vessel
Left empty, sans anchor or rudder, to drift where it pleases.
Behold yonder moss-covered bank, besprinkled with violets!

How wondrous enhanced are its charms
By the crumpled and greasy remains of the whitey-brown
bag of my chignon!
Behold yon gold glory of gorse-bush—
What struggles there, soiled and conspicuous,
Born on the wings of the wind and seized by a thorn as a
banner?

The mangled remains flutter idly,
The whitey-brown bag flutters idly,
Defiling with petty profaneness the beautiful Temple of
Nature.

Higher Maths. for the "Queen Mary."

"Great skill will be used to take the liner down the river.
Given normal conditions, the 14-miles journey will be accom-
plished in two and a half hours at an average speed of seven miles
an hour."—*Newspaper Report.*

"In the Bremen and Europa, whose hulls are approximately the
same length as the Hindenburg, a state-room suite would cover
about the same space as the dining room of the airship, most of
which is taken up with the gabbags."—*Daily Paper.*

Of course you get much the same trouble in a liner.



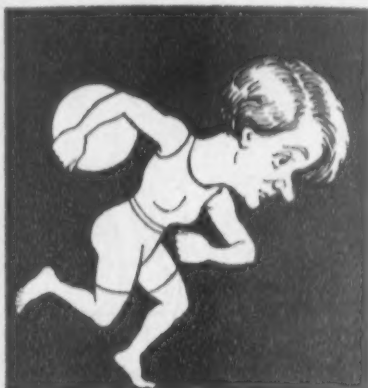
VOX POPULI.

Impressions of Parliament.

Synopsis of the Week.

Monday, March 23rd.—Commons: Unemployment Insurance (Agriculture) Bill given Third Reading.

Tuesday, March 24th.—Lords: Defence Debate continued.



NON-COMPETITIVE DISCUS-THROWING.

FIRST PRIZE: MISS ELLEN WILKINSON.

Commons: Debate on Proposed Palestine Constitution.

Wednesday, March 25th.—Lords: Debate on Freer Trade.

Commons: Debate on Ministers' Salaries.

Monday, March 23rd.—When Mr. MARCUS SAMUEL suggested this afternoon that a tourist agency should be set up in Moscow with the object of persuading Russian workers to take their holidays over here, Mr. GEORGE GRIFFITHS urged that they should be shown the distressed areas, and Sir ALFRED KNOX neatly capped the notion by asking if it would not be possible to appoint guides from the Conservative Central Office in order to prevent them from seeing anything. Obviously the most amusing thing to do would be to see how muddled one could get a representative party in a week; a good start could be made by showing them Ascot as the great workers' outing, Blackpool as the typical playground of the effete aristocracy, and Lord's as the place where our brutal penal code demands that stretches of dangerous hard labour shall be undergone before a jeering populace.

Question-time was also greatly brightened by Miss WILKINSON's brilliant suggestion that at the Olympic Games, which

take place in Germany next August, the German elections should be imitated and not more than one competitor allowed in each event.

The Bill to bring agricultural labourers within the scope of Unemployment Insurance was given a Third Reading, after general regret that the maximum amount of benefit had been fixed at thirty shillings a week. Mr. TOM SMITH pleaded that it should be increased so as to provide for the man who was blessed ("blessed" is what they call the operative word) with a large family; but Major COLFAX, who also felt the maximum to be small, agreed that it must be fixed in relation to wage rates; and agricultural wages, he said, were low because urban dwellers were content to sweat the agricultural labourer.

In moving the Third Reading, Mr. ERNEST BROWN explained that the Bill would affect about 750,000 people, and about £1,689,000 would be paid out annually in benefits.

Tuesday, March 24th.—On the resumption of the Defence debate in the Upper House Lord ESHER declared that collective security meant that Great Britain would act as the special constable of Europe, and quite rightly. The Government should decide whether they were prepared, in the event of war, to provide each convoy of wheat and petrol with a protective aircraft-carrier, or whether they should lay down a year's supply of these essentials.

Although Lord LOTHIAN agreed that Service expansion was necessary, he thought the White Paper ill-considered, and as to the apparent assumption of M. FLANDIN and M. VAN ZEELAND that we had entered into a military



AUNT SALLY SIMON.

THE HOME SECRETARY STANDS UP FOR THE POLICE.

alliance with France and Belgium, he asked for an assurance that their interpretation was incorrect.

In reply Lord HAILSHAM declared that no secret understanding had been come to with France and Belgium. We had sufficient oil-tankers to meet our needs, and in the four years of National Government our home food-supplies had gone up by 14%.

The Commons listened with pleasure to an eloquent speech by Colonel WEDGWOOD on the plight of the Jews in general and the importance of our retaining our responsibility in Palestine. Fifteen million people, he said, were in the position of the lepers of old. The proposed Legislative Council would ruin any chances of developing Palestine in the future as it had been developed in the past under British justice and Jewish capital. Mr. CROSSLEY, who has an agreeable manner, put the difficulties of making a national home for a great world people without prejudicing the rights of the existing inhabitants; Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR demanded parity of representation on the Council for the Jews; Mr. THOMAS re-



THE NEWER AND BETTER BABEL.

The Builder. "THERE, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?"

Joshiah. "NOT MUCH."

(COLONEL WEDGWOOD and the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES.)



"ARE YOU ANOTHER OF THESE PEOPLE TRYING TO BE FUNNY? MY NAME IS NOT LIVINGSTONE, AND I'M NOT A DOCTOR!"

minded the House that every Government since 1922 had endorsed our pledge to set up a Legislative Council, and remarked that he felt compelled to back the policy of the High Commissioner as being in the best interests of both Jews and Arabs; and Mr. CHURCHILL asked that, at a time when the Jews were being subjected to a vile tyranny, there should be a little delay in taking any course which might increase their troubles.

Wednesday, March 25th.—The British Empire possesses so large a proportion of the commodities essential to modern life that it would be only reasonable to share these, through a system of freer trade, with other nations not similarly endowed, in particular Germany, Italy and Japan; this was the argument put forward by Lord ARNOLD, who declared that the Ottawa Conference had brought discord within the Empire and a sense of grievance outside it.

Lord REDESDALE asked for the return to Germany of some of her colonies, and went so far as to defend Herr HITLER's treatment of the Jews. Lord ADDINGTON described the industrial difficulties of Japan, Lord NOEL-BUXTON suggested an extension of the mandate system, Lord STONEHAVEN

seemed to think that no one had a right to colonies except ourselves, and

in reply Lord PLYMOUTH defended Ottawa as a movement towards freer trade.

In the Commons Sir THOMAS INSKIP opened his new innings by announcing that a Committee had been appointed to go into the question of Bombs v. Battleships.

The Order Paper carried a large number of questions about the mutually imbecile clashes between Fascists and Communists near the Albert Hall last Sunday evening, and Sir JOHN SIMON, explaining that fair warning had been given that no counter-meeting would be allowed within half-a-mile of the Albert Hall, took full responsibility for the action of the police.

In the subsequent debate on the necessity for raising Ministers' salaries it was generally agreed that Ministers, and especially the Prime Minister, got too little in view of their heavy expenses, and that the Law Officers proportionately got too much; but the Government magnanimously could promise themselves no immediate relief. Mr. BUCHANAN's was a lone voice in the financial wilderness, crying that a yearly salary of such staggering dimensions as £5,000 was beyond his imagination.

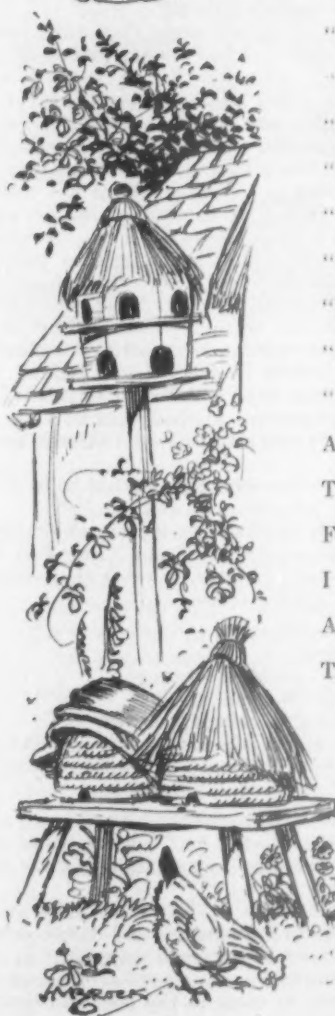


OUR BACK-BENCH WHO'S WHO.

As Sir ARTHUR MICHAEL SAMUEL has spent pretty nearly all his life in Committee, It can't have been tooaisy To write a biography of GIOVANNI BATTISTA PIRANESI.

The Rhyme of Ray and Rosalind.

"Who dwells now in your castle—
 Your castle on the hill,
 With towers and courts and pleasance
 And moat fed by the rill?"
 "My son dwells in that castle—
 My son and his wife fair,
 And I dwell in a cottage
 With one short winding stair."
 "But where are all the henchmen
 That served your spacious hall?"
 "That hall they still are serving;
 My wants are few and small."
 "Where have your maidens vanished,
 Who wore stout kirtles green?"
 "They wait on those who need them;
 My modest home I clean."
 "How get you then your raiment?
 Your garments once were fine!"
 "Alone I weave my clothing
 When winds of autumn whine."
 "Who owns to-day your jewels—
 Those gems so rich and bright?"
 "My lovely new-wed daughter,
 With neck of pearly white."
 "Yet is there not one trinket
 To which you fain must cling?"
 "The gift of my betrothal—
 My dead Love's pledging ring."
 "Have you no fields nor pastures
 Still left of your wide lands?"
 "Enough to make my garden;
 I plant it with these hands."
 "How calm you seem—how happy!
 Would I the same might be!"
 "The cares of wealth I yielded,
 And now my soul is free.
 A wild rose twines my casement;
 My joys are sunny hours,
 The scent of herbs and perfume
 From plots of gilliflowers.
 For music birds are singing,
 The bees hum to and fro:
 I watch the dawn and sundown
 Set all the world aglow;
 And when the night is falling
 Such peace is everywhere
 That I feel deeply thankful
 As I climb up my stair."



Ballade of Strange Meats.

He asked me, "Have you ever eaten snails?
 What—No? Bear-steak, then? Or wild-asses'
 cheese,
 The fins of sharks, the fat of seals and whales,
 The nests of birds (from cliffs, of course, not trees),
 Cats, rats or mice? Dear me, not even these?
 Well, hippo's head, perhaps, or giant clam?"
 I was outclassed, I murmured humbly, "Please
 I once ate kangaroo in Rotterdam."
 Oh, these experienced travellers, what tales
 They tell of what remote commodities,
 Things at which my more queasy stomach quails,
 They have consumed by all the Seven Seas,
 Snakes in New Guinea, chows with the Chinese,
 Roast elephants' trotters at Dar-es-Salaam,
 While I, when young, had thought it quite a wheeze
 I once ate kangaroo in Rotterdam.
 Well, let them brag, these much-experienced males,
 Let them gnaw walrus while their noses freeze,
 And drink their wretched *bêche-de-mer* from pails
 And eat their *pâtés* made of stingless bees,
 And take sheep's eyes on forks—yes, let them
 tease,
 I'm *planté*, whatsoever they may cram,
 I shall not shrink nor wobble at the knees—
 I once ate kangaroo in Rotterdam!

Envoi.

Prince, never mind them, let us up and seize
 Our marmalade, our simple slice of ham,
 Our egg—arterial road—*Teas, Teas, Teas, Teas*—
 I once ate kangaroo in Rotterdam. J. C. S.

Remarkable Careers.

It may be that to the bulk of mankind *A Dictionary of Occupational Terms*, prepared by the Ministry of Labour, printed and published (in 1927) by H.M. Stationery Office at the modest price of one guinea and, for all I know, revised and reprinted many times since then, is *vieux jeu*, a kind of Family Bible as familiar as SHAKESPEARE or the works of DICKENS. But to me it is a newly-found delight, the grandest and most refreshing experience of my life since at the age of seven (as in due course—*alsbald* to you—my autobiography will tell you) I discovered PINDAR.

The purpose of this monumental work is to provide "a complete descriptive glossary of occupations, with an alphabetical index in addition," and very thoroughly, I should say, it does its work. The variety and multiplicity of modes of spending one's time which human ingenuity has contrived must stun the mind and confound the imagination of any who reads this book. I used to think there were only about a dozen ways of earning money—careers is a politer term—but I know better now. I know that there are at least seventeen thousand.

This knowledge gives me great comfort. It seems to me to rob the fear of losing one's job of half its terrors. One need never lose hope. If the worst comes to the worst, I like to remind myself, I can apply for a different job every day for the next twenty years (Sundays excepted) and still have 10,735 avenues as yet unexplored. Of course I realise that I might not be qualified for all the seventeen thousand. I doubt very much, for instance, whether I should be a success as a *microscope maker* or a *coxswain of airships*, and

I certainly shouldn't be any good as a *hydraulic hat blocker*, because I don't know the first thing about hydraulic hats.

I should have thought I could be an *offal striker* all right. I believe I could catch a bit of garbage as good a wallop as the next man, if somebody was prepared to pay me for doing it. But the *Dictionary* tells me I am wrong. *Offal striking* means passing leather made from the bellies and shoulders of hides into a machine for smoothing out wrinkles (Beauty Parlours, please copy)—and I might or might not be able to do that. It is just the same with *can walloping*—really quite an elaborate and exhausting occupation in the textile world.

I am sure I could be a *lozenge spreader*, who spreads, as the name indicates, lozenges, and I think I should pass as an *opera-hat spring fitter*, but I am uncertain about a *pig heaver*. It sounds rather arduous.

There are also a number of things which I might but won't be. I won't be a *slagger*, *tagger*, *blubberer*, *slubber* or *bobbler*. I won't be a *clobberer*. Nor, if I can help it, will I be a *mucker*, *dribble-boy* or *necker-in*. I am sorry to have to say this. I wouldn't wish for a moment to give offence to the slaggers and blubberers of this world, who are, I am confident, a most estimable body of men. I just don't want to join their ranks, that's all.

I should dearly love to be a *naphthalene whizzerman*. It would give such an air to one's signature on Wills and Testaments.

Acquaintance with this *Dictionary* has tended to lessen my respect for such books as *Adventurous Pilgrimage*, by Arnold Bhost, "solicitor, airman, potboy, bandit, Rajah, spy, astronomer." When his publishers claim that "there is practically nothing to which Mr. Bhost has not turned his hand at one period or another of his adventurous career," I simply laugh. "Has he," I ask, "ever been a *parasol rib finisher*?" "Do his experiences include the fixing of pegs in lags for dobbie looms, which alone qualifies a man for the title of *dobby pegger*?" No, no. Give me a book by a man who can truthfully describe himself on the cover as "*worm boy, snibbler, breeze wheeler, sectional cleek hunter, nagman, throstle spinner, sludge presser, wuzzer, carbolic acid man and superintendent of turncocks*" and I will read it with attention. Anybody can be a spy, but it takes a good man to spin a throstle as a throstle should be spun.

All the same, I'm blown if I should like to be a *carbolic acid man*.

I recommend this *Dictionary* (if it has not already come their way) to the organisers of the "Are You Sure?" Column in *The Sunday Express*. I think they could have some fun with it. For instance—

Q. A *cold roll picker-up* is:

- (a) A cocktail.
- (b) A pair of chilled steel tongs.
- (c) A North American pigeon.
- (d) A weight-decreasing apparatus.
- (e) A man who sneaks into restaurants and collects the bread left on people's side-plates.
- (f) A steel-works operative.

A. (f)—as far as I can make out. Also known as a *cold roll catcher* or *cold roll boy*; he "collects plates as they are ejected from cold rolls." So (e) isn't very far out.

I really don't think we can say much here about the delicate company of *belly-makers* and *bottom-polishers*—though the *Dictionary* has no such reticence. It appears that the former operate on the carcasses of pianos and the latter are something or other in the boot-and-shoe world. In any case my heart goes out to them. H. F. E.



"OF COURSE I'M ONLY A WOMAN, BUT I DON'T SEE WHAT GOOD IT DOES THE COUNTRY HAVING A BUDGET. IT ONLY MEANS WORRYING BEFORE YOU SPEND THE MONEY INSTEAD OF AFTER."

Through the Ivory Gate.

ALTHOUGH my life, in working hours,
Perforce pursues pedestrian courses,
In dreams I haunt celestial bowers,
I'm dragged by wild and wondrous horses:
Exchanging drab and dismal days
Absorbed in stuffy occupations,
For wanderings in translunar ways
And stratospheric explorations.

Only last night I stood upon
The peak of Popocatepetl,
Where EPSTEIN and AUGUSTUS JOHN
Were boiling a bronchitis-kettle
And, huddled in a rocky cave,
With brandy and hot-water-bottles
Were striving very hard to save
The lives of two small axolotls.

Floating upon the gulf-weed sea
Known by its *alias* of Sargasso,
I've watched a pensive manatee
Pose to the pencil of PICASSO,

While GAUGUIN painted with his toes
A coster standing by his barrow
Adroitly poisoning on his nose
A bulbous vegetable marrow.

But finest of my astral games
I hold the fortunate conjunction
Of BEERBOHM (MAX) and DOUGLAS (JAMES)—
Of polished wit and perfect unction—
As, stretched upon the Yarmouth sands,
Clad in plus-fours and Stetson "boaters,"
I saw them listen to three bands
And lunch off winkles, shrimps and bloaters.

Thus all the talents mingle in
This cavalcade phantasmagoric
Of mortals to the gods akin
Or likely to become historic;
And though to Bright Young People's eyes
A mere suburban ignoramus,
In dreams I freely fraternize
With all the "great and good" and famous.

C. L. G.

At the Play.

"ROSMERSHOLM" (CRITERION).

At the IBSSEN revival a very different audience from that of fifty years ago listens tolerantly to the naïveté of speech and intensity of emancipated feeling of the progressive persons of that age.

Rosmersholm is full of the first simple assertions of those who, like *Johannes Rosmer* (Mr. JOHN LAURIE) and *Rebecca West* (Miss JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON), protest that although they no longer believe theologically, they will be as moral and respectable as before. They are deeply hurt when *Rector Kroll* (Mr. D. A. CLARKE-SMITH) shakes a decided and not very indulgent head at their assertions; and the modern audience, long since accustomed to seeing emancipated promiscuity on the stage, is unable to understand why *Johannes* and *Rebecca* suddenly draw the line where they do.

Johannes is indeed an unattractive fellow, even in the IBSSEN gallery. He does not seem ashamed to ask *Rebecca* to go to a suicide's watery grave to prove to him that she loves him. He has to make it clear that if she does not he will lack faith in her and what she has taught him, but if she does take the plunge he will be heartened and will devote himself to the rough-and-tumble of a propagandist's life. His unfitness for such a life has been clearly demonstrated, and he knows it as well as everybody else; but he does not accept the facts, and although he had given repeated proofs of great weakness of character, keeps a high mysterious idea of his importance. Mr. LAURIE played the part in a way that brought out excellently this unrobust idealism. He seemed a rather seedy man in a home which gave no impression of being a comfortable and rather prosperous old family seat.

Critics of this play have often commented on IBSSEN's failure to account for *Rebecca West*. Why is she there? What does she do beyond leading poor *Rosmer* to her point of view? *Mrs. Helseth* (Miss ESMÉ CHURCH) does all the work of the house and is obviously well able to see to everything. *Rebecca* is there to go through emotional storms, and Miss FORBES-ROBERTSON made

them come with a gathering intensity to the climax. At first she was so quiet that how much was suppressed inside her was not very apparent. But she gathered volume, and from the moment

Johannes declared his love she is very much alive and obviously maintaining great control.

The family portraits hang on the wall, and *Rector Kroll* is plainly conscious of the importance of being a *Rosmer*; but it is the *Rosmer* conscience that is supposed to be tenacious. This is not a study of family tradition but of inherited standards of right and wrong. *Rebecca* has no particular family tree, but she too succumbs and has to confess that she has been an unscrupulous schemer and homebreaker from the first. She is a capital instance of the way a vague idealism may be quite sincere in itself and may lead easily to atrocious conduct in private life.

There are only six characters in *Rosmersholm*, but they are all worthy of good actors, and in this revival they are all well allotted. Mr. WILFRID GRANTHAM has only one scene as *Peter Mortensgard*, but he plays the greasy cad with an air that won him an immediate ovation. As the drunken old tutor, *Ulric Brendel*, Mr. WALTER PIERS put on the colours with a lavish brush. If Mr. CLARKE-SMITH made *Rector Kroll* a little too like an English vicar, a little too bland for the part, he was clear and vigorous and recaptured admirably the assured conviction of being altogether in the right which marked public men in the last century. D. W.

"THE LAST OF THE LADIES"
(APOLLO).

He would be a foolish fellow who hired a supercharged racing-car in order to take his grandmother for an airing in the Park; and on the same principle the dramatist is heading for disaster who assembles the flashy, reckless, headlong machinery of farce and then expects it to bowl gently through an evening at the leisurely pace of a comedy.

Mr. WILLIAM FRESHMAN is his own producer, and therefore lacks the excuse, open to most authors, that the production slowed up on him; it was presumably by his intention that the greater part of his three Acts was spent arranging and, later, demolishing the farcical complications round which his story revolves. If these had been taken with a gay rush which left us no time or inclination to dwell on their



A MESSAGE TO MANKIND.

Rector Kroll . . . Mr. D. A. CLARKE-SMITH.
Ulric Brendel . . . Mr. WALTER PIERS.



STARTERS FOR THE MILL-RACE STAKES.

Johannes Rosmer . Mr. JOHN LAURIE.
Rebecca West . . Miss JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON.

absurdities, Mr. FRESHMAN's optimism might have been better justified.

As it was, the manner of presentation invited us to think again; and we came rapidly to the conclusion that an English country family on its beam-ends which had found a French *Marquis* prepared to take over its famous pictures at a fat figure, would be running very wide of form if it made the transaction dependent on an investigation of the *Marquis*' social and moral standing. Particularly since the pictures were the portraits of the long line of mistresses who had brightened the lives of the *Marquis*' ancestors. Nor could we be convinced that an elderly lady seeking a handsome allowance from her conventionally-minded brother would pay her first visit to him for some years attended by a young man of very dubious character.

How far the mistress of a *Marquis* would go who wished to force him at all costs into marriage we naturally have no means of judging. This one, *Marcelle* (Miss ADÈLE DIXON), took the liberty of hiring an actor to impersonate the English peer from whom her *Henry* (Mr. NICHOLAS HANNEN) was buying the pictures, and so obtain a lever; and when the actor turned out to be *Guy* (Mr. CHARLES HESLOP), an old flame of hers, the lever became very difficult to control. She wanted *Henry* and permanent security, *Guy* thought he wanted her, *Henry* wanted his pictures, and his sister *Bella* (Miss ATHENE SEYLER) wanted a thumping annuity. Thus everything got very mixed up.

It was melancholy to watch so good a cast trying to strike sparks out of such material, and the more so because there was a certain wit in the dialogue. Miss SEYLER and Mr. HEDLEY BRIGGS (who played the boy-friend) had the best of it in their bright periods of inanity; there were too many rather cheap wisecracks about gigolos and suchlike, but these two had some amusing lines and knew

just what to do with them. There were also good moments due to the

engaging habit of the actor, *Guy*, of relapsing into old parts even when declaring the rekindling of his love for *Marcelle*, who was fortunately able to prompt him through the more difficult passages. Mr. HESLOP was excellent.

Miss DIXON, looking lovely in two exquisite dresses, did all that could be done with *Marcelle*, and Mr. HANNEN contrived to squeeze a certain life into a part which involved him in a tiresome business of noisy stamping about the stage. ERIC.



INTERVAL FOR EMBRACEMENTS.

Heureux Mr. SYD WALKER.
Guy Mr. CHARLES HESLOP.
Marcelle Miss ADÈLE DIXON.



MIXED COMPANY.

HIS MISTRESS, HIS SISTER, AND HIS SISTER'S GIGOLO.
Henry Mr. NICHOLAS HANNEN.
Marcelle Miss ADÈLE DIXON.
Bella Miss ATHENE SEYLER.
Alex Mr. HEDLEY BRIGGS.

Arbory Hill.

THERE'S an old green fort on
 Arbory Hill
 That stands with its feet in
 Clyde,
 And there the Gaels of an ancient
 day
 Kept watch on the Lowlands
 wide;
 And sped the message from peak
 to peak,
 When the pass was aflame with
 war,
 To rally the clans from the
 distant glens
 In defence of their country's door.

The Gaels are gone from the
 grassy straths
 And the old green
 fort's asleep,
 The home of plover and
 Blackface ewe
 With never a watch
 to keep.
 Yet on August nights
 when the road's
 ablaze
 With the northward-
 hurrying cars,
 There's a sound up there
 like a sleeper waked
 And a whisper under
 the stars:

"Keep ward—keep ward
 in the pass to-night,
 For the Sassenach
 comes apace,
 With his clashing tongue
 and his bags of gold
 And his white and
 alien face;
 Let the door be wide and
 the stranger pass—
 But wherever he
 chance to roam,
 Shall the message run
 that the bags be light
 Or ever he turn for
 home!"

More Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club.

From Admiral Charles Sneyring-Stymie, C.B., The Bents, Roughover.

11th February, 1936.

SIR,—Why did you persuade me to go and play golf with that visitor this morning? I discovered before we had left the third tee that he was an insurance agent, and before I had holed out at the fourth he was trying to sell me a Golfer's Public Liability Policy.

Granted I hit him on the foot when driving at the second, but even so I consider his opportunism in very bad taste, and I would have you know that if you arrange matches like this for me again you can look out for trouble.

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES SNEYRING-STYMIE.

From Rupert Bindweed, Fig Tree Villa, Roughover.

14/2/36.

DEAR SIR,—May I suggest that in future when you introduce one golfer to another you do so in an orthodox manner?

You will remember that yesterday you produced an opponent for me and told me he was tight.

Acting on this information (given, as I thought, by one sportsman to another) I backed myself for 5/- (five shillings).

It was not, however, until the third hole that I discovered his name was Tyte and that he was as sober as a judge.

Had you introduced him as Mr. Tyte I should not have been placed in such a false position.

In the meantime I shall not report this unfortunate incident to the Committee—but only on the condition that you put the matter right with me at the nineteenth hole at an early date.

Yours faithfully,

RUPERT BINDWEED.

From Barnabas Hackett, Roughover.

Monday, 17th February, 1936.

DEAR SIR,—I wish to complain about the visitor you asked me to give a game to yesterday; and I may say that I have rarely had a more unpleasant round.

Whether it was his boots, or something in his bag, or his braces, I was unable to discover, but the fact remains that during the entire eighteen holes he never once stopped creaking. The noise gradually got on my nerves to such an extent that I eventually lost my match.

He wanted to play me again on Thursday, but you can tell him there is nothing doing unless he has the trouble remedied.

Yours faithfully,

B. HACKETT.

From Commander Harrington Nettle, C.M.G., D.S.O., Flagstaff Villa, Roughover.

20/2/36.

SIR,—On Tuesday you fixed me up for a game of golf with a Mr. Kroup, telling me that the man was very deaf and that I must speak up; but after he had beaten me on the fifteenth green and I had eased my feelings by saying (in a subdued voice) just what I thought of him, I was much put out when he immediately rounded on me and blurted out that I was a "dirty cad" too, and why had I shouted at him all the way round?

On making inquiries from his caddie I found out that Mr. Kroup is not deaf at all, but that it is his brother who is thus afflicted.

Kindly inform me your reason for being such a fool.

Yours faithfully,

HARRINGTON NETTLE.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., The Cedars, Roughover.

22nd February, 1936.

DEAR SIR,—Why can you never find decent people for me to play with? This week has been a fair example of many others, and I feel it only right to let you know what I have had to put up with. Here, then, is a résumé of my opponents:—

(a) Monday. A poet wearing a red-and-white check cap, who waggled his club at least thirty-five times before each shot.

(b) Tuesday. A retired major in the Australian Army who did nothing but talk about kiwis and how the Tibetans dispose of their dead.

(c) Wednesday. A parson with a patent peg tee which whistled until picked up and switched off.

(d) Thursday. A vegetarian who once stayed under water for over four minutes. (Not long enough!)

(e) Friday. A French Count who took five bob off me by blowing his nose like a trumpeting elephant whenever I was about to putt.

(f) This morning. A youth who smelt over-poweringly of hair-oil.

(g) This afternoon (nine holes). A retired sea-captain who bounced up and down when addressing his ball and before every shot shouted, out "One, Two, Three—Poop!"

Unless you can do better than this there will be trouble.

Yours faithfully,

ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

P.S.—The only thing to be said in favour of the above people is that I would sooner play with them than with Sneyring-Stymie, Nettle or Nutmeg.

From Angus McWhigg, Glenfarg, Roughover.

25th February, 1936

DEAR SIR,—The man I played golf with this morning, a Mr. Jacob Sprogg, went off without paying me the stakes for which we agreed to play. The sum amounted to one-shilling-and-three-pence (1/- on the match and 3d. on the bye).

As you introduced me to Mr. S., kindly note that I hold you responsible for the collection of the debt. Please therefore remit stamps or postal order at your earliest convenience.

Yours faithfully,

ANGUS MCWHIGG.

From Calvin Canker, Briar Cottage, Egbertham.

29/2/36.

DEAR SIR,—Your reply to mine of the 27th has just come to hand, but I should like to explain that when I played golf with you on Wednesday afternoon I thought that you were a member of the club.

Seemingly, therefore, my last letter, addressed to "The Secretary" and complaining of the offensive and outspoken way in which you accosted me over not replacing the turf, will not have the attention it deserves.

To-day, however, I have obtained the address of your Captain, and I have already written to him about your disgraceful conduct.

I trust you will get well punished.

Yours truly,

CALVIN CANKER.

From Elijah Knuckle, Hairpin Bend House, Wallopstowe.

29th Feb., 1936.

DEAR SIR,—Although I only play golf at your Club as a visitor, I think it but right that you should know the way in which one of your members—Mr. Lionel Nutmeg—won his match with me to-day.

And quite candidly, Sir, I found it very difficult not to appear put out over his behaviour; for during the round he never once ceased drivelling about the way he used to have his bath in the tropics—giving a minute account of everything, even down to the scorpion (1903) he once found in his sponge, and the snake (1911)



Mrs. Green (to Welfare-Worker). "It's a PITY YOU WOMEN WOT AIN'T GOT NOTHIN' TO DO AIN'T GOT SOMETHIN' BETTER TO DO THAN TO COME WORRYING WOMEN WOT 'AS."

which bit him on the back when he was standing up washing his knees.

In view of this, I trust you will not mind my remarking that if your green fees are to be kept up you should see that visitors have a better opportunity of enjoying their game than I did.

Yours faithfully,

E. KNUCKLE.

From Lionel Nutmeg, Malayan Civil Service (Retired), Old Bucks Cottage, Roughover.

29/2/36.

MY DEAR MR. WHELK,—I am afraid

I do not often write you a complimentary letter, but I feel it only just that you should know how very much I enjoyed my game to-day with Mr. Elijah Knuckle.

Mr. K. is one of the most charming men I have ever met, and he really did seem so interested to hear all about my long and arduous service in Malaya.

Might I also add that I thought the course never played better—a big factor in my great victory of eight and seven!

If you could again arrange a game for me with Mr. Knuckle I should

be most happy to play, but I rather gathered from my caddie he was leaving Roughover on the next train.

Yours very sincerely,

LIONEL NUTMEG.

P.S.—I took 7/6 off him! G. C. N.

"Song: 'What's in the air to-day?' Eden,"
Concert Programme.

Presumably the Concert of Europe.

"A fruiterer pleaded not guilty at the Old Bailey to-day to stealing £38 while armed with an offensive weapon from a post office,"
Evening Paper.

Are the new pens as bad as that?



"I'VE GOT THE BAILIFFS IN, AND JUST AT THE BEGINNING OF MY BUSY SEASON."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Pickwick, Centenarian.

ACCORDING to Mr. CHESTERTON, the characters of DICKENS live statically in a perpetual summer of being themselves, "like Punch or Father Christmas." And this is particularly true of the Pickwick Club and its satellites, on whom *Pickwick's* original publishers, with the happy notion of commemorating the centenary of their masterpiece, have issued a series of studies. Between *Pickwick* himself, revealed as a guardian angel in gaiters by Mr. NOYES, and "The Smallest Fry," assembled with gratifying gusto by Mr. AGATE, fifteen essays intervene, of which the more adequate strike me as being by the older hands. Age, I take it, is paying tribute to immortality while youth is restoring a fallen idol; but does this wholly account for the charm of Mr. BRANSBY WILLIAMS' "Tony Weller" and the equity of Mr. E. S. P. HAYNES' "Dodson and Fogg," while making due allowance for Mr. JOHN BETJEMAN's "Samuel Weller" and Mr. HUGH KINGSMILL's "Dr. Slammer"? Be that as it may, *A Pickwick Portrait Gallery* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 7/6) is a charming little book, produces its quota of sound criticism, and—in Mr. JOHNSTON ABRAHAM'S "Bob Sawyer" and Mr. A. G. MACDONELL'S "Dingley Dell v. All-Muggleton"—sheds welcome new light on old professions and pastimes.

Farmer George and His Friends.

Nowadays colonies arrive so naturally at the latch-key stage that the odium that once attended *George the Third*

(NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 21/-) for his tactless dealings with America is no longer at the back of posterity's mind about him. Yet while agreeing with Mr. J. D. GRIFFITH DAVIES that his amiable, bigoted, courageous and obstinate hero has suffered unduly from the malice of Whig historians, I am not sure that the time has come to acquit him on the major counts of history. Never, perhaps, was the English public as a whole less interested in and more impotent concerning the government of this country than under GEORGE and his Minister, Lord NORTH; and when one remembers the Royal Marriage Act, passed in flagrant disregard of the personal rights and dignities not only of GEORGE's mishandled sons but of their successors, one can realise the lengths of unconstitutionality to which this "typical Englishman" could go. Mr. DAVIES has proved neither GEORGE's political acumen nor his insight into character; but he has written an eminently readable, kindly and well-informed account of a king with many likeable qualities and a reign of outstanding national importance. His illustrations are excellent.

Filling in the Map.

Since exploration of the earth's surface is nearly complete, very few books remain to be written in the style of Major R. E. CHEESMAN'S *Lake Tana and the Blue Nile* (MACMILLAN, 18/-). Surprising, thrilling, most beautiful and yet occasionally disappointing, the Blue Nile gorge, a chasm within a geologic rift, has now been at least roughly examined for the whole of its thousand-mile course between Lake Tana and Khartoum. Working over a period of eight years from his consulate in North-West Abyssinia, the writer has been tracing the rivers and finding possible sites for dams,

bridges and roadways in a country that until recently was mapped as a vacancy. From the people of the neighbouring table-lands he met with nothing but courteous assistance, even highwaymen and lake pirates melting into politeness before him; but in the incredible, uninhabitable, blue-misted ravine itself he found natural obstacles often almost insuperable. His earlier chapters—nearly as discursive as his wanderings—on the shores and islands of Lake Tana are of interest mainly because they suggest the existence of ancient historical and literary treasures buried in half-forgotten Coptic churches, but the tale of his river journeys has the authentic thrill that is the explorer's prerogative.

Alsatian.

Beowulf, a book by ERNEST LEWIS,
Begins in Germany.
Novice police-dog, capable though new is
Beowulf, yet he,
Alsatian, comes to England, learns a new art—
Retrieving to the hand
Of a young parson-sportsman (*Alan Stuart*)
In sporting Cumberland.

Alan gets blinded, down a snow-slope falling;
Beowulf qualifies
Under a trainer for a Guide Dog's calling
And is his master's eyes
Until, anon—and now a reader shall an
Adventure joyous see—
Another fall gives back his sight to
Alan,
And all ends happily.

This book (from CONSTABLE) without denial's
One of a pleasant sort;
The fells of sheep are here and sheep-dog trials,
Here too is good field-sport;
Yet mostly is it, cover unto cover,
A book the heart to warm
In every proud and pleased Alsatian-lover—
His dog in epic form.

A Free Tirader.

Sir ERNEST BENN is exuberantly convinced that "the best government is that of which there is least." His idea is that if the individualists could only be left in peace to work out their own plans, which includes of course being allowed to collect a maximum number of other persons—presumably also individualists—to help them, then everyone concerned, from day-labourers to millionaires, would be well-paid and independent, and there would be an end to tyrant officialdom, conferences and spendthrift public finance. His latest study—*Modern Government "as a Busybody in other Men's Matters"* (ALLEN AND UNWIN, 6/-)—is full of sound sense and over-statement, for he persistently overlooks the real changes in industrial conditions that have arisen since



The Ruffian. "BEFORE I STARTS ON YER, MIKE, YOU'D BETTER RING UP THE POLICE NURSION' 'OME—BRIXTON 5775."

Victorian days, even while he barges most joyfully into our present short-sighted medley of marketing boards, price controllers, and subsidy- and quota-mongers. One may have little sympathy with complaints based on the merchant-adventurer's unreasoning dislike for the precise technician, but can only rejoice in a belief that humanity has advanced and will continue to advance, regardless of the politicians. It is long since there has appeared a book to move one to such rapid alternations of applause and disagreement.

Himalayan Handbook.

There is always a public for a good book on mountaineering. "Enthusiasm" is a feeble word to express the spirit

of the true climber, who lives for long periods in a state of exaltation. So a welcome lies all ready for *Everest: The Challenge* (NELSON, 12/6), wherein Sir FRANCIS YOUNG-HUSBAND narrates briefly the adventures of the various Himalayan expeditions, discusses the difficulties and prospects of the forthcoming attempt on the summit and chats vigorously about local fauna and kindred subjects. It is all very well done and the interest never droops; for the distinguished author is the acme of keenness and wields besides a ready pen. The book concludes with some philosophic musings on the nature of existence and the spiritual significance of mountains. These maintain the balance of a book which might otherwise have been wrongly dismissed as Philistine or "hearty." I cannot with equal zest commend the publishers, for a mere two-hundred-and-forty pages of print have been expanded, by the use of spongy paper, into a rather dropsical volume.

Family Haunt.

As a novelist Miss RACHEL FERGUSON has an exceptional ability to interpret the peculiar humour of families and to make vivid the little intimate reactions of near relations. Children, old people, the personalities of houses and the past glories of London, particularly of theatrical London, fascinate her. The backbone of her new novel, *A Harp in Lowndes Square* (CAPE, 7/6) is an intellectual ghost story about a house on whose atmosphere great cruelties have left such a powerful impression that whole scenes in its history are re-enacted visibly to the clairvoyant. Vere Buchan, who writes the book in the first person, and her twin brother both have the "sight," and through it they piece together the details of their grandmother's enormity. This experiment with time (Miss FERGUSON has evidently read her DUNNE) is brilliantly handled, but it seemed to me that the way in which the twins finally revile the terrible old lady as if they were costermongers is out of character and an inept retribution to bring to what must be a kind of insanity. Side by side with this family mystery stands the other big motif in Vere's life, a love-affair with an elderly actor, in which wise old age and mature youth find a steady common ground; and this too is most delicately described. Miss FERGUSON is a fond but ironic observer of Society, and this novel should add considerably to her reputation.

Three People.

I enjoyed Miss MUREL HINE's latest novel, *A Different Woman* (BODLEY HEAD, 7/6), except for the curious and unconvincing chapter where (I suspect by way of apology for not providing a happy ending) she whisks her heroine away to heaven during the extra hour "regained between winter and summer." Actually this vision, or whatever it is supposed to be, only lasted while the hands of the clock were being put back. The novel is, I think, too good and

too simple to need the help of strange devices of this sort. Now, though the theme of the eternal triangle may be hackneyed, not all triangles are "equal in all respects," and I am grateful to Miss HINE for having written a story of bravery and loyalty. I like her *Carla*, who shows courage in every chapter; I even rather like her poor vain wreck of a husband; and I should like *Alaric*, who loves her, if he were less of a prig. However, the "moderns" who provide a sort of chromium-plate relief to a story otherwise sombre are certainly not prigs and prove that the author knows all sorts of worlds. I hope this book will be popular, as it deserves to be.

Youthful Folly.

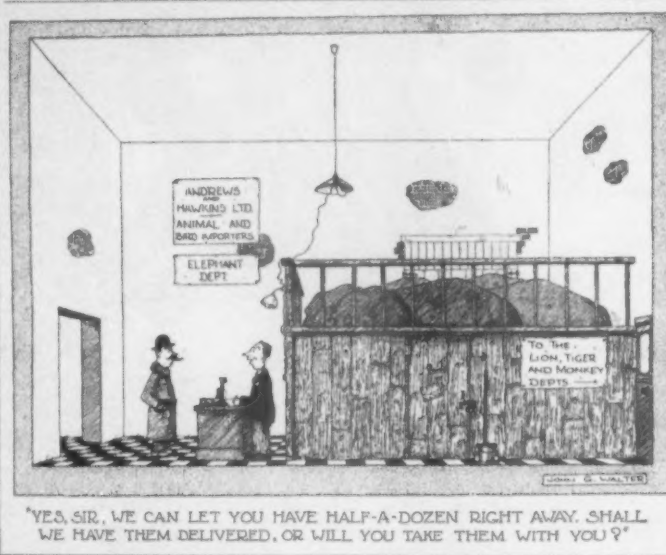
Although Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES, in *Who Rides on a Tiger* (HEINEMANN, 7/6), points out the dangers of promiscuous flirtation, I am inclined to think that her young heroine deserved more punishment than she received. It is, indeed, not easy to find excuses for *Zella Blunt*, who, with all the advantages that birth and beauty could give her, chose to plunge into an affair that was at once discreditable and in deplorable taste. Quite justifiably she was suspected of murder, and nothing but the determined efforts of loyal friends saved her from the worst form of publicity. This is certainly not one of Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES's most successful novels, but it contains several vivid studies of character, and its background of an historic country-house is entirely delightful. Let me add that the mystifying title is derived not from "the young lady of Riga" but from a Chinese proverb, "Who rides on a tiger can never dismount."

No Bargain.

Victor Hay was a supremely happy man when he bought an island in Milford Haven for ninety pounds, but only a few weeks had passed before he was prepared to sell it or even to give it away. In fact the island was a hornet's nest, as readers of *Mystery at Milford Haven* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) will quickly discover. A more discomfiting abode could not be imagined, and Hay was no sooner in residence than he was involved in adventures which, as directed by "TAFFRAIL," move at a steady pace to a most satisfactory climax. Authors of such tales seem unable to avoid kidnappings, and "TAFFRAIL" supplies one that is a blot upon the intelligence of an attractive young woman. But this is the only blemish in a stimulating island-story.

"Mrs. — gave a tea on Tuesday afternoon announcing the engagement of her daughter to about twenty of her young friends."—*Mexican Paper*.

Mr. Punch, having already advised on this subject, refrains from commenting.





"GOT ANYTHING FOR THE POST, CHARLIE?"

Charivaria.

As usual, works have been submitted to the Academy by people in the most unlikely walks of life. Even artists.

★ ★ ★

The proposal to alter the name of the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, is regarded as significant of the great change of political thought in Lancashire. What Lancashire thinks to-day England was thinking yesterday.

★ ★ ★

Tibet is being searched for a house bearing the inscription "A Ka Ma," which is believed to contain a clue to the reincarnation of the Dalai Lama. Difficulty is increased by this silly practice of giving houses names instead of numbers.

★ ★ ★

"Why have the majority of retired Army officers grey hair?" asks a correspondent. Old soldiers never dye.

★ ★ ★

Scarecrows have lately been the subject of an inquiry by the Ministry of Agriculture. Farmers are disappointed, however, that Mr. WALTER ELLIOT has not authorised an exhibition of "tattered boggarts" approved by the Board.

★ ★ ★

Somebody wants to know how the custom began of putting weather-vanes on churches. We have always understood that they were originally intended to show the direction of the wind.

Last summer on Mars, it seems, was hotter than any within the memory of the oldest astronomer.

★ ★ ★

There is a faint hope that the CHANCELLOR will find a means of lowering the income-tax, we are told. And an equally faint hope that we shall be able to raise it.

★ ★ ★

A debtor stated in court that in the last few years the bottom had fallen out of the second-hand motor-car trade. This adds another to the long list of things which fall out of second-hand cars.

★ ★ ★

The decision to admit women as guests to one of the most austere West-End clubs is believed to have caused some members to turn in their chairs.

★ ★ ★

"The stars can tell a gardener a lot," says an astrologer. If he sees several all at once, for instance, he knows he's left the rake lying about.

★ ★ ★

A correspondent wants to know the best way to prevent water coming into the house. Now that's easy—Don't pay the water-rate.

★ ★ ★

"There is a much better cure for influenza than whisky," states a correspondent. Only no one wants it.

The Song of Dictators.

(A sad way, after O'SHAUGHNESSY.)

WE are the treaty-breakers
And we are the schemers of schemes,
Sighing for alien acres
And crossing prohibited streams,
Word-givers and word-forsakers,
Scornful of old régimes,
Yet we are the splendid makers
Of Europe to-day, it seems.

Without the help of committees
We govern the world's great cities
And out of a trumped-up story
Fashion ourselves the glory,
And one with a tyrannous measure
Has gained him a new renown
And another can see with pleasure
Death from the air drop down.

We on our swords relying
Know what the sword is worth,
Give arms for bread to the crying
And smother the voice of dearth
And send out our menaces flying
To the uttermost ends of the earth—
And only by dint of our dying
Shall the good days come to birth. EVOE.

Our Big, Big New Ship.

WELL, there. That makes quite a nice heading, and I dare say we shall find quite a number of interesting things to say about it before we've done. But of course it's a great deal easier to do the heading than it is to do the rest of it. That's the worst of headings. They mislead you. You want to be very careful about writing down a heading. It has a way of looking big with promise when it's all by itself at the top of a nice clean piece of paper; and then the moment it's got a sentence underneath it it loses some of its charm. It seems to shrink somehow and get a jaded look. Of course that wouldn't matter much if one scrapped the heading and kept the sentence, but the trouble is, one keeps remembering how nice the heading looked when it was all alone, so you scrap the sentence and there you are, right back where you started.

Still, as I say, there ought not to be much difficulty here. There must be plenty to say about the *Queen Mary*. It's been proved, in a way. Do you know that if all the words that have been written about the *Queen Mary* since she was launched were put end to end they would go seventeen times round the outside of one of her funnels? That gives you an idea of the size of the ship, doesn't it? Not that I'm talking so much at the moment about her size as about the number of words, but it works both ways, if you see what I mean. Obviously the greater the number of words the bigger the funnels—and vice versa.

I didn't really mean to say anything about the size of the ship, because that appears to have been noted, but now that we are on the subject I do just want to pay my own personal tribute to her remarkable—I may say her very remarkable dimensions. The *Queen Mary* is a huge ship. There is no other word for it. At least there is—there is colossal, for instance; but I may want that later on. She is the biggest British ship ever built. This means that if all the other ships ever constructed in these islands, from the time of WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR and even earlier

to the present day were berthed alongside her she would be the largest of the lot. Think what that implies!

If I could remember how much her anchor weighs I think it would surprise you. I know it is most infernally heavy. In fact I doubt if six strong men working in four-hour shifts for ten days would be able to lift it. And if that is the case, how many men do you suppose it would take working in eight-hour shifts for a fortnight? More than you think.

Perhaps the simplest way to gain an impression of the size of this colossal (there it is!) boat is to visualise an ordinary incident in the working of the ship at sea. Her Captain stands on the bridge, his keen eyes sweeping the distant swimming-pool. Suddenly he throws the wheel over hard to avoid an unwary porpoise (the only reason I can imagine for moving the wheel at all once he is out in the Atlantic), the ship answers beautifully, but still to no avail and the porpoise is cut in two. Immediately he blows down a tube and orders all women passengers to be locked in their cabins in order to spare them unnecessary distress, at the same time entering the fatality in the ship's log. All that remains is to ascertain that no damage has been sustained by the bows.

Now in the sort of ship to which you and I have been accustomed hitherto this last would be a fairly simple business. The Captain would simply shout "All right forward?" to the bowsman or looker-out (whichever it is) and the man would shout back, "Ay, ay, Sir!" and on we should go. But the Captain of the *Queen Mary* can't do that sort of thing. He knows that his loudest shout won't even reach the swimming-pool. Nor is it any good sending a runner, because by the time the man gets back the ship may have gone to the bottom or reached New York. What he actually does is to lift the receiver off his phone and ask for Trunks.

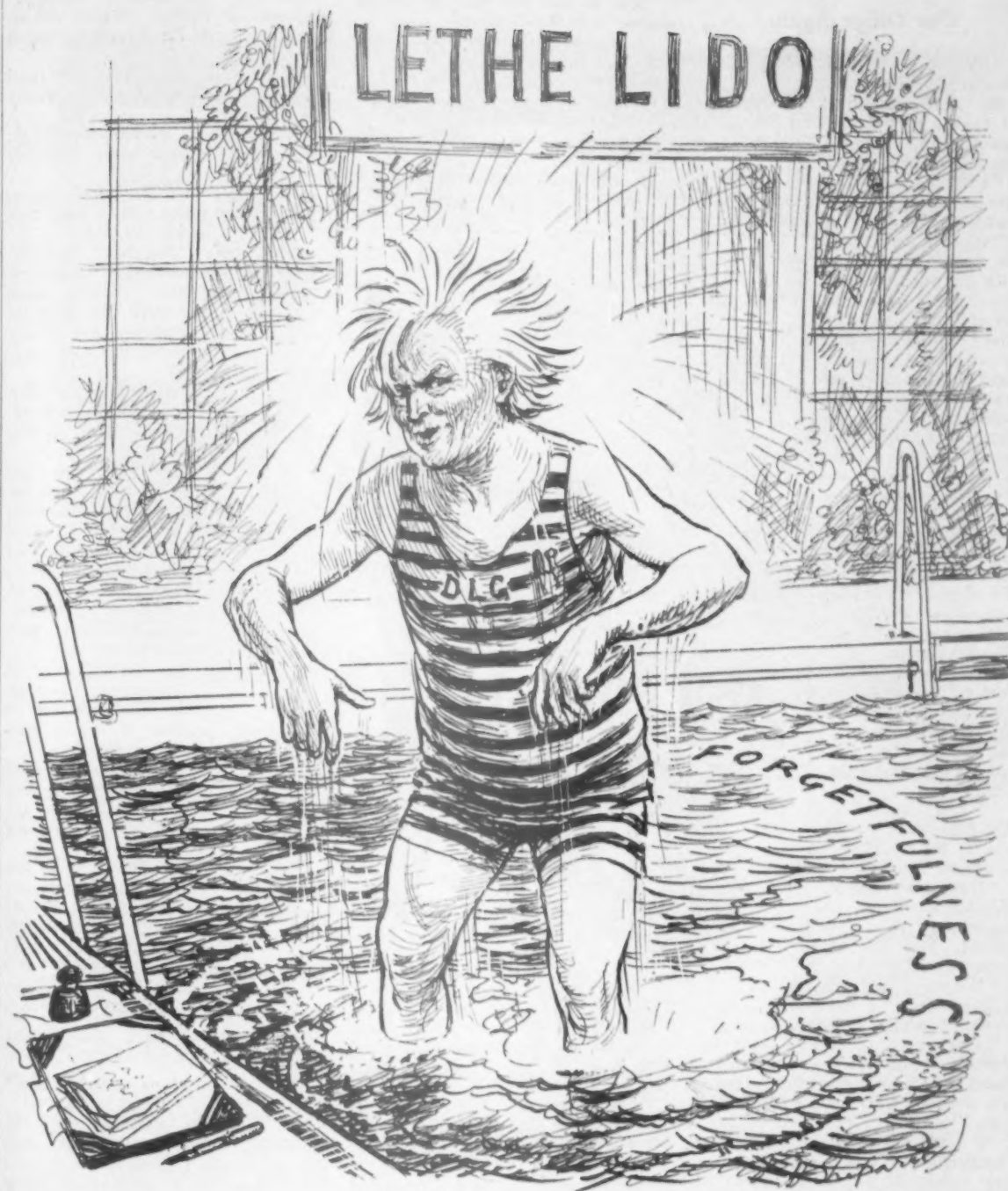
I don't see that you can very well have a bigger ship than that.

It seems to me rather extraordinary that the names and weights of the crew of the *Queen Mary* have not yet been made public, but I suppose the Cunard-White Star Company are afraid that the owners of the *Normandie* would immediately sign on more and heavier stewards. This opens up the whole question of shipping rivalry and the ultimate need of a Mercantile Marine Limitation Treaty, about which I could talk for hours if they would let me.

The appointments of the *Queen Mary* are on a luxurious scale. I wish I could tell you how many different kinds of wood have been employed in the decoration of the First-Class Dining Saloon and the number of tea-spoons that will be taken on the maiden voyage; but these are the kind of details which perpetually slip my memory. A good number anyway. There will also be many, many cups and saucers and plenty of plates, besides a whole collection of knives, forks and other indispensable accessories of life on a giant liner.

You know, I am beginning to feel dissatisfied about the subject of this article. It is getting so difficult to strike a really new note. Why didn't I write about the *Majestic*, for instance, which nobody seems to think anything of now? Or the *Berengaria*? Of course it's possible that both these puny vessels have been broken up since I last looked at a paper, but one can still write about them. Shall I tell you of the time I went aboard the *Majestic* at Southampton (entrance half-a-crown, but you weren't allowed to look at the engines) and got lost and wandered about the Hair-dressing Deck for a whole week before I was rescued by a party of intrepid marine barbers? Or wouldn't you believe me?

No, I suppose you wouldn't. But you'd believe it fast enough if it had happened on the *Queen Mary*. H. F. E.



THE WATER WIZARD.

"THAT WAS DELIGHTFULLY EXHILARATING! NOW I'M READY TO WRITE ANOTHER POWERFUL ARTICLE ABOUT THE GREAT WAR FOR THE POPULAR PRESS."



"MIND YOU, I HOLD NO BRIEF FOR HITLER."

"Well, hurry up," said Mr. Chudleigh impatiently. "It can't be as difficult as all that."

"It takes time," said Mr. Porter. "It only seems to move forward, and I keep on going one month past it. I've missed it again. Now I've got it. Only now it says 1937. Just a minute, Mr. Chudleigh."

"Now are you ready?" asked Mr. Chudleigh.

"Yes," said Mr. Porter. "Only wait a second. My apple will go brown." He took an enormous bite. Mr. Chudleigh winced.

"I can't think how Mr. Chudleigh can bear to listen to you," said Miss Elkington. "I shall have to have another one. Where's the bag?"

"There's only one left," said Mr. Porter.

"Well, you can have half," said Miss Elkington. "If you can break it."

"Of course I can break it," said Mr. Porter, standing up and taking hold of the apple. "You watch."

"Look here, Porter," said Mr. Chudleigh irritably.

"It's coming," said Mr. Porter.

"There!" His arm shot out, jerking Mr. Chudleigh's pen across the page.

Mr. Chudleigh screwed the letter up. "The ink's gone right through," he said, discarding the next three letters as well.

"Sorry," said Mr. Porter. "Now we really are ready. What's wrong, Mr. Chudleigh?"

Mr. Chudleigh was frowning at the top letter. "There's an enormous black line right down the middle of this," he said. "It isn't ink this time."

"Let me look," said Miss Elkington. "Oh, yes. That's what often happens when you take a stencil and you're not careful, Mr. Chudleigh. It gets crumpled, and you don't notice it, and then every copy has a mark on it. I expect you'll find every single copy has a mark on it *exactly* like that."

Mr. Chudleigh looked at each copy in turn. Then he tore them all in half and dropped them into the waste-paper-basket. Then he looked at the clock.

"Only twenty-five past," said Mr. Porter happily, jumping up. "Well, we soon finished *that*."



Believe It or Not.

"The Walsingham pantomime party visited Little Snoring school on Friday and performed 'The Sleeping Beauty' to an enthusiastic audience."—*Local News*.

"There is a disconcerting tendency to break the arms early in the stroke."

Report of Oxford Crew at practice.

Even more disconcerting than last year when they only broke their oars.

"The principal thing to remember when preparing a fork supper is to select only food which can be eaten comfortably on a plate with a fork. In the winter, hot bouillon or clear soup is always popular, and it can quite well be included."—*Domestic Hint*.

It's such fun scooping it up.

The Spring (Arrangements) Bill, 1936.

[We do not know what has happened to our contributor this week. But between poetry and his Parliamentary duties he seems to have become a little confused.—ED.]

WHEREAS in every lawn and bed the plucky crocus lifts his head, and to and fro sweet song-birds go, the names of which we do not know:

Whereas the woods no more are dumb, the Boat-Race and the Budget come, the Briton swells his manly chest, his mate, as eager, scrubs the nest, and Spring with light but lavish hand is spreading madness o'er the land:

It is expedient—but in rhyme—to legislate for such a time:

Be it enacted, therefore, by our King, with Lords and Commons in a fairy ring, assembled joyously at Westminster (or any other place that they prefer):—

Provision
for Season
called
Spring

1.—(i.) It shall be lawful everywhere for citizens to walk on air, to hang their hats upon the trees and wander hatless, if they please: and notwithstanding any cracked provision in a previous Act to give a constable a kiss is not felonious after this.

(ii.) All citizens who choose to ride on taxi-tops and not inside: and those who do not use their votes because they're busy painting boats: and any miscreant who hums, instead of doing dismal sums: who ever does a silly thing need only answer "Tis the Spring": and this shall be a good defence in any Court with any sense:

Provided that, in late July, this Act, of course, does not apply.

Financial
Provisions

2. *If any person feels he must get out of London now or bust, because the Spring is in his bones, but he must work for Mr. Jones, it shall be lawful for the same to give the Treasury his name, and say "Upon sufficient grounds I want about a hundred pounds": and there shall not be any fuss concerning sums expended thus.*

Repeal of
Redundant
Statutes

3. Subsection (i.) of Section Four of any Act that seems a bore, and all the Acts concerning beer, and every Act that is not clear (always excepting Schedule A), shall be repealed and thrown away.

House of
Commons—
Reform of
Procedure—
Music, etc.

4.—(i.) There shall be banks of maiden-hair arranged about the Speaker's Chair: and roses white and roses red shall hang above the Speaker's head: like some tremendous window-box, the Galleries be gay with phlox: and gold-fish, lovely but aloof, shall swim above the glassy roof.

(ii.) From now until the First of June all speeches shall be sung (in tune). The Speaker shall determine what hon. Members are in tune, or not.

(iii.) When in Committee of Supply the House may hum (but not too high). The Clerk-Assistant-at-the-Table shall choose the key (if he is able).

(iv.) A band shall nearly always play (not on the first Allotted Day) behind the Speaker's Chair at three and on the Terrace after tea.

Saving
for
Committees

5. On any day in May or June Committees shall adjourn quite soon:
Provided, if the cuckoo call, Committees shall not sit at all.

Sittings of
the Upper
House

6. The House of Lords shall never sit on sunny days till after Whit: and they shall rise, if they have met, when it is foggy, fine or wet.

Termination
of Official
Report

7.—(i.) Except as hereinafter hinted, *Hansard* shall not again be printed: and, save as in this Act is learned, all previous *Hansards* shall be burned.

(ii.) It is a pity, history teaches, to make reports of people's speeches, and afterwards to be unkind, simply because they change their mind. It is a most disgusting thing to make such comments in the Spring: so, as from when this Act is passed, that day's Report shall be the last.

(iii.) And, as respects exceptions, see Sub-heading (a) of Schedule B.

Powers and
Duties of
Depart-
ments

8.—(i.) The Secretary of State for Home Affairs shall now proceed to Rome, to Moscow, Washington, Cathay, or anywhere that's far away, and not return to English skies until the Speaker certifies that Spring has ceased to be a fact under the Moss (Collection) Act.

(ii.) Meanwhile o'er all his grim domain a lovely golden girl shall reign: and this delicious creature shall give cosmic parties in the Mall (*paying the bills, if she is dunned, from the Consolidated Fund*). The Civil Service, hand in hand, shall dance in masses down the Strand: and all the Cabinet shall wear wild dandelions in their hair.

(iii.) It shall be deemed that everyone has come into the world for fun. This shall be printed on the wall of every office in Whitehall.

Penalties
for certain
expressions

9.—(i.) No kind of crisis shall excuse a man exploring avenues: no lesser doom does he deserve when he is straining every nerve: and special punishment is earned by those who leave no stone unturned.

(ii.) The penalty for each offence shall be elastic but immense.

(iii.) A pension shall reward the man who modestly does all he can.

Interpreta-
tion

10.—(i.) The greatest care has been employed to make this measure null and void: not one expression in this Act means anything it means in fact.

(ii.) Examples we decline to give: the lawyers, after all, must live.

Application

11. This Act applies and shall be good where anybody thinks it should:

Provided that, if strong objection should be expressed to any Section, that Section shall not have effect except for those who don't object.

SCHEDULE B.

(a)

Any speech, motion, disquisition, amendment or interruption by
A. P. H.



THE BRITISH CHARACTER.
ENTHUSIASM FOR HUNTING.

Montessori Afloat.

An eight-oared craft is drifting on the tideway. Mr. Putlake-Mortney, the celebrated coach, is addressing the crew from a launch. Mr. Putlake-Mortney does not believe in the old-fashioned and brutal methods associated with tuition in oarsmanship.

Putlake-Mortney. Unison is the thing to aim at, gentlemen. I must really beg of you to sink individuality in favour of uniformity, banal though it may be. Now you, Five, for instance—could you make it convenient to synchronise your efforts with those of Seven? May I venture to suggest that you should watch his shoulders from time to time?

Five. I rather like your suggestion and will bear it in mind.

Putlake-Mortney. Many thanks. It will add, I hope, to the speed of the boat. Now may I claim your attention for a moment, Two?

Two. I am entirely at your disposal.

Putlake-Mortney. You are not drawing the blade of your oar through the water with that zest that I should like

to see. There is, if I may say so, a hint of languor in your movements. (*Sighing*) I fear you will think me a relentless critic.

Two. I am not the man to resent well-meant comments, however frequently repeated.

Putlake-Mortney. It is generous of you to say so. I assure you that sincerity is the keynote of these observations. Well, I must continue. Four, may I interrupt your reverie for an instant?

Four. You may. I am the best listener in the boat.

Putlake-Mortney. Then let me also invite your attention to the importance of time. Submerge your ego with your blade and cease ploughing lonely furrows. Your colleagues would appreciate your co-operation. You don't mind my saying this?

Four. Why should I?

Putlake-Mortney. Just so. I mean well.

Four. I am ready to concede that.

Putlake-Mortney. Many thanks, my dear fellow. Where's Bow? Are you listening? Well, one cannot say of you,

Bow, that you are a shallow oarsman. Ha! ha! Indeed no. You go more deeply into the art than most. You dip your blade like a gondolier.

Bow. That is quite likely. I spent last Long in Venice.

Putlake-Mortney. I commend your choice. But I must remind you that the race for which we are preparing will not be rowed on the Grand Canal. Will you remember to bear this in mind?

Bow. I will tie a knot in my handkerchief.

Putlake-Mortney. A capital idea. And now, gentlemen, we will resume our labours, if you have no other engagements. Be good enough to get her straight, Cox. Don't let that bridge intimidate you. It is of the suspension variety and has no arches. I will continue my remarks after the next easy.

[Does so with marked success.]

"Princess Ingrid's twenty-sixth birthday on Saturday was the first that she had celebrated in Denmark since her arrival as a bride less than a year ago."—*Daily Paper.*
It's nice to know that even Princesses only have one a year.



"MY DEAR SIR, YOU CAN'T COMPARE A MERE ATTACK OF LUMBAGO WITH *GOUT*!"

Annual Agony.

It is fair to assume that in a few weeks Aprille with his showres soote will have perced the drought of March to the roote, and that the usual long-ing of folkes to go on pilgrimages and of palmers to visit straunge strondes will follow. In other words, the place will soon be cluttered up with "Hints for Happy Holidays," "Spend Summer in the Sunny South," and "See Spain this Spring," and the Annual Agony of Indecision will have begun.

This year, however, I propose to take a strong line. I propose to decide quite firmly where I want to go, and thereafter to buy myself a ticket, book myself accomodation and go there. I shall make no inquiries either of travel-agents or of friends. I shall not study the exchange, the European situation, or even my pass-book. And above all I shall absolutely refuse to open a single one of those abominable suggestion-books.

There is reason behind this square-jawed decisiveness. Let me explain. In previous years I have approached

this problem with an open mind. Places for me divide into—

- (1) Places where I have been before and don't want to go again.
- (2) Places where I have been before and would quite like to go again.
- (3) Places where I have never been and don't want to go.
- (4) Places where I have never been and think I would quite like to go.

Now of these (1) are obviously out, but they are comparatively few. (2) are even fewer and are out because it seems so silly to Get into a Rut. Moreover, even if one did have a Marvellous Time in Madrid, there is a lurking feeling (a) that Madrid revisited might be disappointing; and (b) that, anyhow, there may be somewhere where one could have an even more Marvellous Time, and that it is one's duty to find out. Class (3) are obviously out and are numerous. This class includes all the places which I am quite sure are exactly like other people's snapshots of them. Even so, however, I am still left with an uncomfortably wide choice in Class (4). There are a number of places which sound rather amusing

which I have never visited. I have never been to Iceland, Alaska, Tibet or the Grand Canyon. I have never been to Poland, Pernambuco or Perranporth, and Indo-China and Chepstow are alike closed books to me.

Now it is at this point that I have always previously made the mistake. Instead of just making a list and stabbing it with a pin, I have gone and talked to the McFisheries, who I know visited Alaska last year. I have made inquiries of agencies about Iceland. I have worked out the fare to Indo-China and the rate of exchange at Perranporth, and have looked up Poland in "Hints for Happy Holidays." And then of course I have been right in the soup. Because—

(1) If the McFisheries disliked Alaska then Alaska must be pretty awful. On the other hand, if the McFisheries liked Alaska then (knowing the sort of thing the McFisheries like) it is certainly very awful indeed.

(2) The agencies either know nothing or everything about Iceland. If they know nothing, then I get the impression that Iceland is more or less dull,

barren and uninhabited, whilst if they can produce the usual list of Tours at Economy Prices, I feel that the whole place is a sort of vast charabanc park.

(3) The fare to Indo-China is either quite impossibly large or absurdly small, i.e., the place is either so far away that one would spend all one's holiday and more than all one's money getting there and back, or else it is so close that one feels that the holiday would be nothing more or less than Bournemouth *plus* a Channel-crossing.

(4) There are two possibilities about the rate of exchange at Perranporth. Either Perranporth is obstinately sticking to the Gold Standard, in which case it looks as though a cup of coffee will cost five shillings, or else Perranporth is inflating shamelessly, in which case the pound will be worth a lot but the price of everything will have risen even more, and a cup of coffee will still cost five shillings.

But it is when I look up Poland in "Hints for Happy Holidays" that the final blow falls. There it all is. For a fixed sum I can have accommodation at first-class hotels (including gratuities). Autocar sightseeing tours are arranged. I get three days in Warsaw, and there is a photograph of a bit of Cracow. Now I should like to make it clear that there is no possible reflection on the compiler of "Hints for Happy Holidays." I have asked about going to Poland and he has answered me. But somehow there is a ring of awful familiarity about those first-class hotels and of even more awful familiarity about those gratuities. It is not his fault that it had never occurred to me that there were sights to be seen in Poland—at least not the sort one went out in an autocar to see. And it is even less his fault that the photograph of a bit of Cracow looks exactly like a bit of any other rather dull town, and that the photograph of the Lazienki Palace looks rather like somebody's place on the river at Henley.

But there it is. It does. Immediately I start asking myself what I should do in Poland, and once I start asking myself that it is the end.

It is very silly, because what I want is really very straightforward. I want a place which is an immense distance away but which can be reached without wasting more than a day getting there. The climate must be right, but as I don't know quite when I'm going, and consequently whether I want it to be delightfully warm or delightfully cool after England, I shall have to let



"I MUST KEEP THIS STATUE OF HIS GRACE UP-TO-DATE. HE SHAVED HIS BEARD OFF YESTERDAY."

it know about that later. I should prefer a place where the pound was worth twenty-five shillings, but it must be possible to buy twenty-five shillings' worth of things with the twenty-five shillings, if you see what I mean. Above all it must be quiet.

On the whole I think a little sequestered village, which time has passed by, lying between the mountains and the sea. If there happens to be a forest and a few moors so much the better. I admit to wanting a golf-course and tennis-courts, because otherwise a holiday is a bit dull. *And there must be something to do in the evenings*—a reasonable casino and dancing at the hotel. But my main object is to be alone with Nature. I want to get

away from the vulgar tourist haunts. So if you happen to know of a place you went to with the Symondses and the Robins last year, where there weren't any tourists at all, you might drop me a line. But for Heaven's sake don't send me that snap you took of the old chap with the donkey.

Elstree and Hollywood, Please Note!

"This is one of the early stages of an experiment in blub production, which, if successful, will lead to the establishment of a new industry in Dorset."—*Daily Paper*.

Bos Will Be Bops.

"A message from the bos of 1936 to the bops of 1986 is to be enclosed in a silver casket, which will not be opened for fifty years."—*Edinburgh Paper*.

A Dream of Strange Women.

A Dickensian Reverie.

"... part made long since, and part
Now while I sang."

I HAD a vision at the height of day;
Whether th' Iberian grape or that of France
Charged me with sleep, 'tis not for me to say;
Something of each, perchance;

But as I dreamt methought that I had come
Where the bright fancies of the Master fill
One special field of wide Elysium
With creatures of his will.

There was a certain odour steaming up
From an old room, where dimly I could see
Betsy and *Sairah*, drinking cup for cup
The draught that wasn't tea.

That far-renowned pair, whose falling-out,
E'en as I gazed, to loftier heat did grow,
And I heard sounds of insult, shame and doubt,
And flushed imbroglia.

The high words bickered as they drank apace;
The brows, the temples reddened, and the nose;
The two strong fingers in the victim's face
Snapped; and the lady rose.

Sudden, I heard a shrewd, malevolent sniff
Of cold hostility and sharp disdain,
The prelude of a protest, "Drat him, if
He ain't come back again."

Turning, I saw a lady within call,
Stiffer than chiselled marble, standing there,
The Aunt of *Mr. F.*, intensely small
And most intensely spare.

"Nay, lady," I had answered, but was dumb;
A star-like glitter of imperious eyes
Froze my full breath, as grows the bather numb
After strong exercise,

While she, by some imagined hurt inflamed,
With menace of her stony reticule,
Shrilled out her piercing challenge, and proclaimed
Her hatred of a fool.

Swiftly I hastened thence. Anon I saw
One of commanding frame and queenly height,
Throned in majestic grief, and with her jaw
Chin-bound in burnished white.

She, flashing forth a haughty smile, began:
"I had two lovers; one was mean and fat;
My mother urged me, 'Not a little man';
My father, 'Not a sprat';

He had great humour. Round his table three
Tall copper-plate engravers would resort
At one time; oh, the wit, the repartee,
The sally and retort;

There was one gentleman of six feet four
Would have espoused me; 'tis my sorrow's crown,
Wed to that other, to recall—no more;
I turned the long man down."

Brooding, she ceased. And all at once I heard
A noise of nuptial music loudly borne
As when day's harbinger, the crested bird,
Sings to the eastern morn,

And lo, a long procession, at whose head
The fell *MacStinger* slowly moving on
To the reluctant altar sternly led
Bunsby, whose name was *John*.

There strode the *Nipper*. One in weeds was there
Who told of conquests with a widow's boast,
Summer and pigs, the barber and the bear,
Youth, and the Cock Lane Ghost;

And *Mrs. Hominy* and the Brick Lane Dames,
And two in sisterly embrace entwined,
Mercy and *Charity*—not unholy names—
While, pacing close behind,

The spouse of *Crummles* walked with measured stride;
And I saw *Todgers* and the first of clerks,
Burd *Sally*, her brass father, *Foxy's* pride,
The belle of *Bevis Marks*.

So shape chased shape, and ever seemed to wend
For ever on, till there came one that spoke
In vinegary wrath, "Is this the Hent?"
And, at the Hent, I woke. DUM-DUM.

As Others Hear Us.

Trying it Out.

"ARE you busy, dear?"

"No, Henry, not in the least. It won't matter if these letters don't go till to-morrow; and I've done the Needle-work Guild accounts, and I can run through the children's school-clothes later. I've got absolutely nothing to do, except one or two things that can easily wait."

"I wondered if you'd care to hear a few very rough notes I have here for the meeting to-night. Mind you, I sincerely hope I shan't have to say a word, but I thought I'd better be ready just in case."

"Yes, of course, dear. I'd love to hear your speech. You won't mind if I just go on with Pamela's jumper, will you?"

"Ladies and Gentlemen——"

"Oh, have you started? Just a minute, darling, I must have some more wool—it's just behind you on the——Thank you so much. Yes—'Ladies and Gentlemen——'"

"Ladies and Gentlemen: In coming here to-night I had little or no expectation of being asked to address you. Little, or no, expectation. Little—or no—expectation—whatever."

"Would you say it quite as often as that, Henry?"

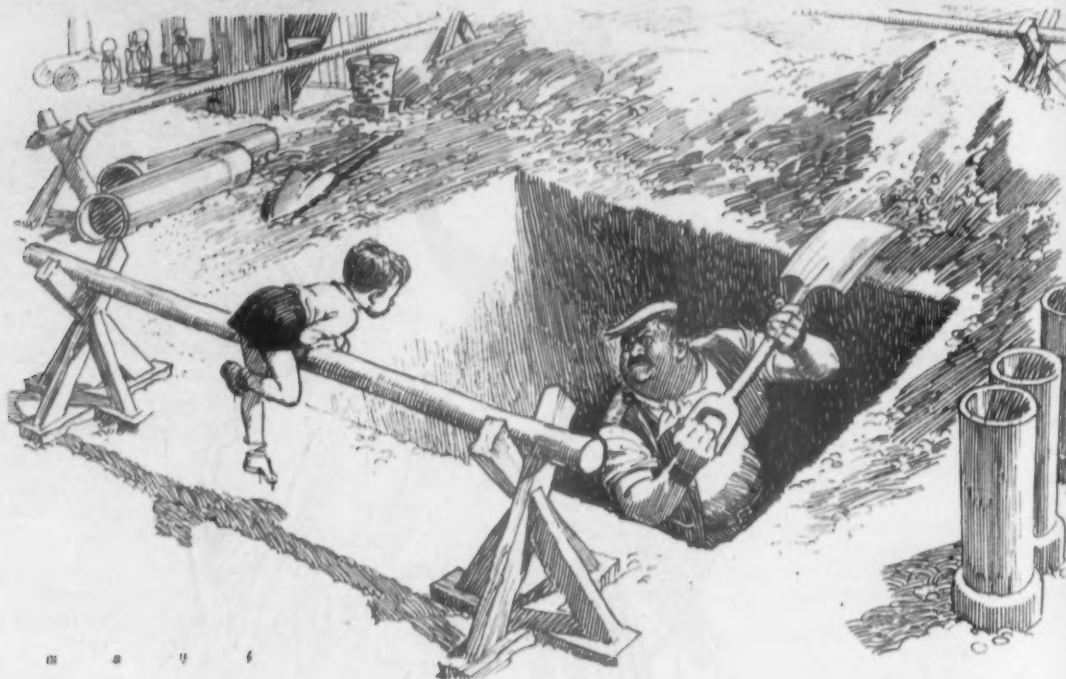
"No, no. But I can't remember, for the moment, what I meant to say next. 'Little or no expectation of being asked to address you.' Now what the—— Yes, I know. 'After the really admirable address to which we have just been——'"

"I don't like 'address' twice. You *do* want me to say, don't you?"

"Yes, yes, of course. Now, how can we alter that?"

"What was it you said, exactly? 'The admirable address'—couldn't you say something like 'the marvellous speech' instead?"





"DO YOU LIKE PLAYING WITH DIRT? I DO."

"I'll start again. 'Ladies and Gentlemen: In coming here to-night I had little or no expectation of being asked to address you. One—two—three—four. After the really—'"

"Henry! What in the world do you mean by 'one—two—three—four'?"

"Only the full-stop, dear. I got that as a tip from a professional actor many years ago. I had, as a matter of fact, no intention of saying it aloud. It just slipped out. Where was I?"

"After the really admirable address——' only you were going to call it something quite different."

"After the really admirable speech, talk, lecture—the really admirable *exposition* to which we have just been listening——' How does that strike you?"

"Henry, it's splendid!"

"Very well, then, that's settled. 'After the really admirable exposition to which we have just been listening, any words of mine would come as an anti-climax. It is therefore not my purpose to detain you for more than a moment. At the same time——'"

"Oh, Henry! What made your voice go up like that?"

"Well, dear, I must vary my tone. Otherwise it gets monotonous."

"But I'm sure that was *much* too high. Almost like a slate-pencil, if you know what I mean. Do try to pitch it lower."

"At the same time——'"

"Not in your *boots*, Henry. Still, that was better than the slate-pencil."

"At the same time I should be failing in my duty if I failed to put before you——' No, 'if I omitted to put before you——'"

"Excellent, dear! Omitted *much* better. Don't stop—

I'm listening hard. It's only that I mustn't take my eyes off the turning for the sleeve just for a second. But I'm listening."

"——omitted to put before you the following statement as to our financial position. The Society's expenditure during the past year amounts to the sum of twenty-eight pounds, one shilling and tenpence."

"Hear, hear!"

"What do you mean, dear, by 'Hear, hear!'? They won't say anything of the kind, especially when I tell them that our present balance is exactly one pound, two shillings and sevenpence. I do wish you wouldn't interrupt."

"Henry, I'm terribly sorry, really. I thought you wanted me to. What would you do if you were standing for Parliament and people heckled you all the time?"

"I don't know, dear. I dare say I should get used to it. Perhaps I'd better leave out the figures, which I shall have to read in any case, and get on to the end. After referring to the need for a special effort in order to raise funds——"

"Whist drive and dance."

"Or possibly a concert—I shall go on to say: 'I am reminded of a rather amusing little experience of my own, many years ago.'"

"Ha, ha, ha! Oh, I'm sorry, Henry; I forgot you didn't want to be interrupted. I was only encouraging you."

"... a great many years ago. A great many years ago. A great, great many years ago."

"Henry, dear! Don't go on like that. It makes you sound quite antediluvian. It *couldn't* have been so many years as all that, surely!"

"No, dear, it isn't that. It's just that I haven't yet thought what anecdote it's going to be." E. M. D.

Name this Horse.

LOOKING through the names of the horses who are to run during the season on the flat that is just beginning, I have again been shocked by the want of consideration for a noble animal which has too often been shown. It should be the rule that, as a racehorse has a father and a mother—or sire and dam—its name should be related to its immediate forbears. But no; many of these names seem to have been conferred without thought of either parent, confusing thus both the person of the moment and the annalist. Mr. PULLMAN, who made the Pullman cars, used, I remember, to pay his daughters a handsome salary to give each car a name; and I remember thinking that they earned their money easily, and I even envied them. They did, however, employ some sort of system, which is more than certain of the owners of yearlings seem to do now. I wish that they would invite outside assistance. I personally would apply.

The following names, which are all taken from the runners on the opening day at Lincoln, will show what I mean: Boozer's Gloom, Cooling Stream, Sea Joy, Where's Towzer? Apple Dumping, Titmouse, Sole Exit, Bagpipes, Turn of the Tide, Coffee Cooler, Christmas Fare, Labour Member, So Sorry, and Trout Fly.

I don't claim that all the names that I have not mentioned were suitable for racehorses, but I have picked out the worst. Boozer's Gloom, the worst of all, the reader may be pleased to hear, derives from Gainsborough, the colt's sire, and Take-a-Glass, his dam; and any appropriateness that I can discover belongs solely to the distaff side. No one, whether he has been to the Exhibition at Sir PHILIP SASSOON'S or not, could associate gloom with the painter of the LINLEYS.

Coming to the Lincoln Handicap itself, we find that the parents of Over Coat, the winner, were Apron and Beggar. It is possible, with recollections of the story of St. MARTIN, to derive Over Coat from these, but not too simple. Still, an attempt was made, and that is all to the good. Passing on to Liverpool we find that in the case of Pink Coat, the winner of the first race on the Friday, there had been no attempt at all, for its parents were Solario and Grand Vixen. What a colt by Solario and Grand Vixen ought to be called, is a subject for competition; but certainly not Pink Coat. Is it too late to ask owners to be more exact?

On second thoughts I should not advise anyone to employ me to name



"NOW WOT ABART A NICE HIT O' GRAININ' ON THE DOOR?—IF YOU DON'T MIND A BIT OF ADVICE FROM A BROTHER BRUSH."

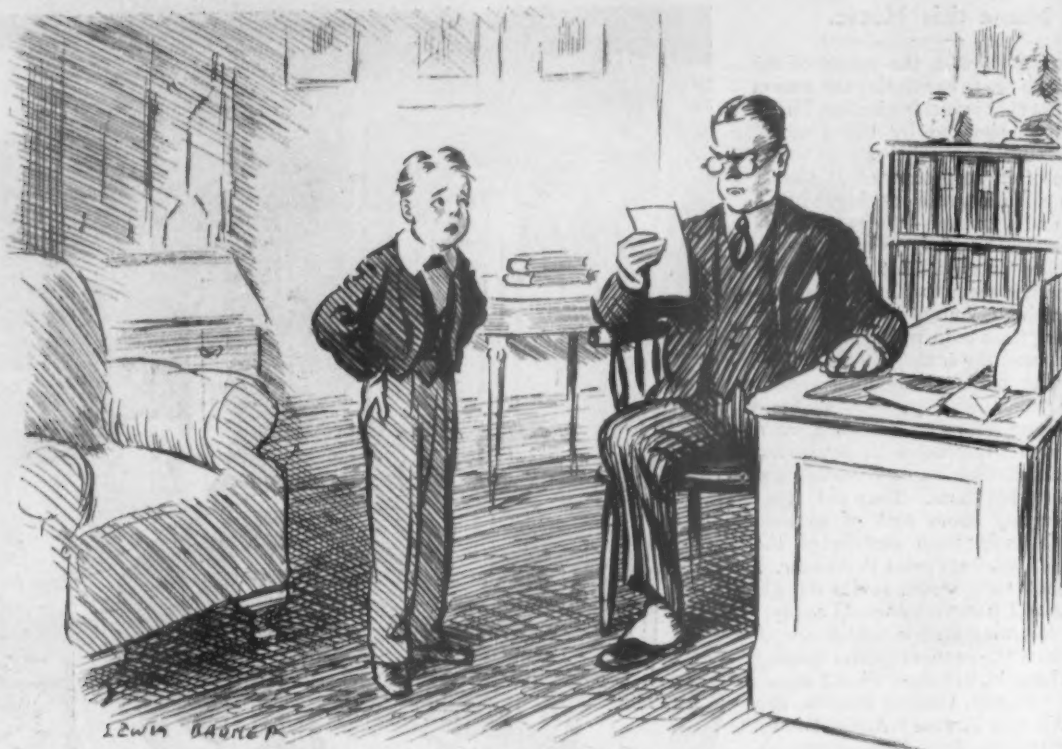
his horses, for I have a poor record. I was once asked by the late Lord WOOLAVINGTON to perform this task, one of the animals being the renowned colt who under the style of Coronach won the Derby. But it was not I who called him Coronach; my name was rejected and hence I did not back him. This little piece of pique cost me—what? I cannot say, but he won at 5 to 1. For other reasons, thinking that I knew better, I did not back Captain Cuttle, belonging to the same owner—a DICKENS horse too—when he won the Derby at 10 to 1. This year I suppose every one would support him. And I did not back Humorist because I could not get to a telephone-box. Such is fate!

There is no doubt that racing is "a mug's game"; but it is very fascinating. Hope springs eternal in the human breast. Nor do there seem to be any changes—or are the great names of tip-

sters dynastic? Is it the same Captain Coe who seems to have been exercising his dark mysteries ever since I can remember, or is this one a successor? No matter what happens, there they are. The tipsters never alter. Nothing affects them, in war or peace. I go away for a month to the Continent, forgetting all English habits, and returning, the first thing I see is a placard bearing the ancient promise, "Beaufort's Best for Two Meetings." Best?

And not only are Captain Coe and Beaufort such permanent institutions, luring the weak; are there not also Ajax and Falcon and the Major and Dalrymple and Robin Goodfellow (but goodfellow can be a sad misnomer) and Busy Bee, who, I seem to recollect, broke a record last year? These also will always be with us. These also will continue to tempt, though the heavens fall. What chance has poor human nature?

E. V. L.



THE SCHOOL REPORT.

"I DON'T KNOW HOW IT STRIKES YOU, DAD, BUT IT SEEMS TO ME WE HAVE GROUNDS FOR A LIBEL ACTION."

Upon My Word.

(Lines written on resigning—not compulsorily—from a certain Golf Club.)

WHEN I am gone from this accustomed spot
Will they remember me? And if so, why?
Will some old playmate say with tear-dimmed eye,
"Nice fellow; and he sometimes hit a shot"?
A second, "Did he ever do, I wonder,
The eighteen holes in under
A hundred? Likely not"?
A third, "Although his ball was prone to blunder,
To swerve, to skid,
To skip as on a grid,
Once in a way he hit it—so he did"?

I doubt it. When I quit this Members' List
They are more likely to recall with glee
My unintentioned drolleries on the tee,
My two-foot putts I always, always missed;
To tell, with mirth that tempers melancholy,
How iron-shots would volley
And ricochet and twist,
And that fell day I drained the cup of folly
Down to its dregs,
When—sure as eggs is eggs—
On the first tee I drove between my legs.

No matter. If my memory lives at all
It will not be because I played this game
Able or ill. I have a higher claim
Than skill or stupidity with club and ball.
I made a Word—a Word that grandly fuses
Feeling with speech, that oozes

Acid and gore and gall;
And that same Word now every member uses,
And using, cries,
"This is indeed a prize!
Blest be the bloke who did this Word devise."

I am that bloke. It was not heard before
It flashed upon me when in hideous plight
I sought—and found—one Word that would unite
Exasperation's oath and fury's roar.
"At last," I thought, "Man's brutish dumbness
ceases,

This master-word releases
His very soul; no more
Need he go mad and smash his clubs to pieces."
And pat, so pat
I coined it—just like that.
If it's forgotten I will eat my hat.

Haply my golf was matter but for mirth,
But who so well has served his fellow-men
Since CORTEZ did his stuff on Darien
Or the good Titan furnished fire to earth?
Nay, future members still to be elected,
Not born yet nor expected,
Shall hear my Word; and then
Its author's story will be resurrected. . . .
Absurd, absurd!
Yet so it has occurred;
Posterity shall know me by that Word.

H. B.



THE DAWN OF PROGRESS.

"BUT HOW AM I TO SEE IT? THEY'VE BLINDED ME."



Impressions of Parliament.

Synopsis of the Week.

Monday, March 30th.—Lords: Debate on Italian Atrocities.

Commons: Air Navigation Bill given Second Reading.



THE KNIGHT TEMPLAR.

LORD CECIL OF CHELWOOD, DEFENDER OF THE RED CROSS.

[The Order of the Knights of the Temple, which undertook to wage a continual war in defence of the Cross, was founded A.D. 1118, in the reign of BALDWIN II.]

Tuesday, March 31st.—Lords: Murmur together for three minutes.

Commons: Cotton Bill given Third Reading.

Wednesday, April 1st.—Lords: Debate on Afforestation in the Lake District.

Commons: Government defeated on Pay of Women Civil Servants.

Monday, March 30th.—According to one theory MUSSOLINI embarked on his Abyssinian adventure out of pique that a junior dictator should attract an unfair proportion of the world's headlines; and it would be a pity if the urgency of the Rhineland problem were to blind anyone to the fact that the country which set out to confer the matchless benefits of Imperial civilisation upon the black man is growing dissatisfied with the brief advances of its gallant native troops, with the rate at which its dare-devil young airmen are machine-gunning the unarmed sections of the Ethiopian people and is now reported to be using the abominable device of poison gas.

If these reports were true, said Lord CECIL this afternoon, then Italy had not only broken yet another of her treaty obligations but had committed as shameless an act as any in the

annals of war. A telegram which he read came from the daughter of the Emperor of ARYSSINIA, describing the tortures which the women and children of her country were undergoing. The PRIMATE and Lord MARLEY spoke strongly in support of Lord CECIL, and for the Government Lord HALIFAX promised to verify the stories, agreeing that if they were true their gravity could not be exaggerated.

Lord MOTTISTONE, who is not prone to criticise the Italians, also agreed on this point. Whatever the subject under discussion, his own adventures in one or other of the elements seem never far from his mind. In his brief speech he mentioned to his peers how (1) he had spent six years in the front line of warfare, (2) exactly eighteen years ago to-day he had swallowed enough poison gas to kill a dozen ordinary men (the italics belong to Mr. P.'s R.), (3) he was the only survivor of a little band which had died of the gas-experiments they had conducted, and (4) he had marvellously emerged from the violent bombardment of a clearing-station in which he once lay wounded.

In the Commons, after Mr. THORNE had contributed the brilliant suggestion that HITLER should be persuaded to get married so as to preserve his balance (preferably, one would think, to a French lady of dominant personality), and the Labour Party had sought unsuccessfully to find official favouritism in the diversion of the

Fascist procession past Buckingham Palace, there was a peaceful little debate about provincial legislatures in India, and later Sir PHILIP SARBOON got a Second Reading for the Government's Bill to increase the subsidies to



APRIL WEATHER.

Mr. Attlee, "OUTLOOK FINE."

Mr. Baldwin, "BUT CHANGEABLE."

[On Wednesday the Government were defeated and un-defeated again in quick succession.]

civil aviation and to set up an independent body to take over some of the civil functions of the Air Minister. Lieut.-Colonel MOORE BRABAZON didn't like the Bill much because he said it fell short in its attempt to divorce civil aviation from its unhappy marriage with the Air Ministry, and the Socialists seemed to think it a typically Conservative measure. Mr. BALDWIN promised that they should all have another nice grouse at it later.

Tuesday, March 31st.—Sir JOHN GANZONI is a firm custodian of the Commons' gastronomy, and nothing that Mr. LEACH could say would persuade him to allow samples of the margarine consumed by the Forces to be tried out in the Members' Dining-Room. He assured Mr. LEACH that officially his Committee were not aware of Service diet and had no wish to import margarine into the House. Not, he added thoughtfully, for any purpose.

No one was very much surprised when Mr. MAGNAY, who comes from the Tyne, got up and painted a desperately gloomy picture of the fearful dangers from which the *Queen Mary* had so narrowly escaped during her passage down the Clyde. He declared that the



THE MASTER MARINER.

"May I ask the Right Hon. Gentleman if he is aware that I was on the bridge—[Loud Cheers from all parts of the House]—while the *Queen Mary* went down the Clyde?"

Mr. Kirkwood.



Anglo-Saxon Tax-Gatherer. "THIS IS A NUISANCE! A MASS MEETING THREATENING DEATH TO ALL TAX-COLLECTORS. BUT IT'LL BE QUITE EASY TO COLLECT AS SOON AS IT'S OVER."

provision of a safer river for her sister-ship to negotiate was a national question, and suggested that if the Clyde were risked again the unfortunate vessel might find herself in the Cart. This witticism inevitably brought Mr. KIRKWOOD to his feet to give vent to his astonishment at Mr. MAGNAY's ignorance that he, Mr. KIRKWOOD, had himself been on the *Queen Mary's* bridge in the rôle of guardian angel, and that everything had passed off beautifully. As witness he pointed to Sir EDGAR BRITTEN, the ship's captain, sitting in the Strangers' Gallery, who could tell the House that she was the finest ship he had ever handled.

In the view of Mr. P.'s R. it may be worth noting—and now is your chance if it is—the only really safe way for the Government to get the *Queen Mary's* sister-ship down the Clyde will be to nationalise the banks.

The Bill to cut out redundant cotton-spindles by agreement within the industry was read a Third time after a debate which was rather dull except when Mr. CLYNES, who was officially moving the Bill's rejection, stated that it would be a source of the greatest joy to him if it were a success. What a funny place Parliament is.

Wednesday, April 1st.—On behalf of

Lord HOWARD OF PENRITH, who was ill, Lord ELTON asked the Government to consider the strong feeling which had been aroused by the Forestry Commission's projected activities in the



OUR BACK-BENCH WHO'S WHO?

The result of Mr. THURLE's grouse
That there isn't a milk-bar in the House
For a cert 'll
Not be milk but mock-THURLE.

Cumberland part of the Lake District and which had been expressed in a petition signed by various dignitaries. The charm of the English countryside, he said, lay in its irregularity, and if this scheme went through a visitor would find himself walking between rows of stark Christmas-trees set in straight lines and blotting out all the essential beauty of the landscape. This was a valuable economic asset; so were the sheep which would be displaced. Why not displace some grouse from the Yorkshire moors?

In the subsequent debate the Commissioners were on the whole kindly spoken of and the suggestion to appoint a Select Committee was not approved; but it was agreed that greater attention should be given to amenities, and Lord ZETLAND asked both sides to be generous.

A question of Mr. DALTON's showed that the Commons is as deeply stirred as the Lords in the matter of the Italian atrocities. Mr. EDEN had received from the British Minister at Addis Ababa a confirmation of the savage bombing of Harar, an un-fortified town; and this drew from Mr. DALTON a demand that oil sanctions should be applied, and from Mr. MANDER a bitter inquiry whether these

were the people who were going to police the Rhineland.

After Miss WILKINSON and others had argued that it was time the Government recognised the right of women civil servants to be paid on the same scale as men for the same work, and Mr. W. S. MORRISON, frequently interrupted by the indignant Lady ASTOR, had put the Government's case that most men's responsibilities were greater, the House went into the Lobby on Miss WILKINSON's amendment and for the first time in its history the National Government was defeated fairly and squarely. To mark the importance of the occasion the House demanded adjournment, and rather unwillingly Mr. BALDWIN agreed.

De Detractoribus Suis.

THOUGH
No
High
Fame
May claim
My
Name,
Nor
Great
Fate
Be
In store
For
Me,
I
Try
When pressed
To
Do
My best:
I write
Light
Verse
That's bright
And terse,
That
Rhymes
At
Times
And might
Be worse.

Yet if
To give
Some slight
Delight
I read
A screed
Or line
Of mine,
When
Men
Near
Hear,
They
Say,

"What
Rot!"

Then I
Reply:

"You
Make
But taste-
less swine,
Poor
Churls,
Who
Take
This paste
Of mine
For
Pearls."



AT THE SCIENTISTS' BALL.

Diminutive Guest. "GOSH! A PHRENOLOGIST."



The Strenuous Life.

"It was from an aerial slung between these masts that Melba, in 1920, sang the first broadcast music."—*Evening Paper*.

You had to go into training before you broadcast then.

At the Play.

"LOVE FROM A STRANGER" (NEW).

MR. FRANK VOSPER's play, *Love from a Stranger*, is another instance of the perils that wait on feminine impulsiveness. There could be no one nicer than *Cecily Harrington* (Miss MARIE NEY), and it was pleasant to learn that she has won £10,000 in a sweepstake. We are not surprised to find she has doubts whether to go through with a marriage to which she committed herself some five years before. But we are a little surprised at the way she falls into the strange and greedy arms of *Bruce Lovell* (Mr. FRANK VOSPER), who suddenly appears from the great open spaces and who makes immediate and highly successful love to her.

Cecily takes the plunge, is off with the old love and on with the new. Her aunt (Miss MURIEL AKED) and the friend with whom she has lived for so long (Miss NORAH HOWARD) cannot and do not approve, and there is no one who is a better hand—or perhaps one should say a better voice—at disapproval than Miss AKED. Her Aunt *Louise* was a triumph which came at the beginning of the evening and put everyone into high good humour for the creepiness that was to follow. To write such a part and to get Miss AKED to play it is but part of the great craftsmanship that Mr. VOSPER displays in this play.

There are eight characters and they are all superbly cast. It is a common fault in crime-plays for the author to seek to provide light relief by comic detectives or servants when in fact the function of those minor characters makes it vital to the suspense and excitement that the audience shall take them with perfect seriousness. Mr. VOSPER's gardener, his gardener's niece, his country doctor are all at once convincing and entertaining as characters. In particular Mr. S. MAJOR JONES as Dr. Gribble was exactly right.

He made it plain what a worthy country practitioner he was, very anxious to stretch a point and make the health of the human race conform to its wishes.

In as far as there is a sub-action in the play it may be found in the quiet

development of *Ethel* (Miss ESMA CANNON), who in some six months comes on wonderfully and has her pick of the lads of the village. But this play only has these rich minor characters as luxuries. Its main theme is quite sufficiently arresting. Men who turn out to be not only crooks but



TWO RELIEFS FROM TENSION.

Hodgson MR. CHARLES HODGES.
Louise Garrard MISS MURIEL AKED.

murderers are not uncommon on the stage, and the dramatist's problem is to make the gradual discovery arise naturally from all sorts of little instances.

Mr. VOSPER, with his usual good judgment, has based his play on a



AN UNCOMFORTABLE MEAL.

COFFEE FOR TWO—MURDER FOR ONE.

Bruce Lovell MR. FRANK VOSPER.
Cecily Harrington MISS MARIE NEY.

story by AGATHA CHRISTIE, a writer whose motto might be "You want the best clues; I have them." *Cecily Harrington* is not over-suspicious, but neither is she over-simple, and when the facts begin to point to the one terrifying conclusion she does not shut her eyes to them. In the lonely but

picturesque cottage where she lives her married life the climax approaches swiftly. We are prepared for it, but we are not prepared for the sudden and original turn which makes the last Act full of surprise and one of the best that have been seen in plays of this type.

Both Mr. VOSPER and Miss NEY have to expend themselves to the full. Mr. VOSPER shows only too plainly from the First Act the sort of man he is. His face and in particular his eyes are sufficiently expressive, and he might glance uneasily and suspiciously a little less obviously than he does. It is essential to the play that we should be able to see him as the attractive wooer of many women and that the strange and sinister side of his evil nature shall be content only to peep out on a few occasions.

Miss NEY went from strength to strength and gained enormously in the last Act from the easy naturalness and restraint of her acting up to the climax. This, we felt, was the authentic thing. This was exactly how a girl of character and good sense almost distraught by the greatness of her peril might act, these the sort of chances she might venture to take.

D. W.

"HER LAST ADVENTURE" (AMBASSADORS).

There has never been a gentler moralist than Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES. She does not preach at all, she sets out to interest and grip, and yet the lesson emerges at the end that sin is a mistake. It leads to all sorts of unforeseen consequences and it in particular nearly ruined *Eva Bude*.

Mrs. Bude (Miss JANE CARR) is not only beautiful but in her own line highly intelligent. But she is a widow who likes to go away with strange men now and again for a few days of romantic adventure. If she had read more of Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES's novels she would have been more quickly suspicious, but as things are she never finds out till Scotland

Yard tells her that *Jim Malton* (Mr. GEORGE MULCASTER) has very dreadful secrets to hide and is not up to mastering them.

Eva goes alone to "The Folly," and she is lucky that things are no worse. We were prepared for any kind of

Bluebeard horrors when we reached that house and its disused kitchen. We are right in thinking there is murder afoot, and if we need prodding into gooseflesh quivers Miss ELEANORE WILSON, acting a tramp-girl whose name is known to the police but not to the programme, gives them to us in abundance.

But *Eva's* life is never at stake. What is in issue is her happiness, for this latest imprudent fling is to be the last, because she is about to marry honest *John Welbeck* (Mr. H. G. STOKER). Mr. Welbeck is not the sort of man one can imagine withdrawing from the marriage whatever confessions *Eva* might choose to make, and she is leaving her lucrative business post in any event. But if *John* learnt of her hobby she would never again be on the same pedestal, and though the pedestal, as is the way of such eminences, had its uncomfortable moments, *Eva* did not at all want to come off it.

Scotland Yard, in the person of Mr. NEVILLE BROOK, was all sympathy, but at one moment the prospects of ugly publicity seemed very hard to avoid. However, *Eva* escapes with a shaking; and all girls and widows can learn from her narrow squeak that the habit of spending week-ends with doubtful men whom they meet in trains is not a safe one.

There was a fine touch about the construction of the play; the effects are not forced and the development of the action is quite gradual. We had time to see something of *Eva* at home before we followed her to "The Folly," and Miss CARR showed us a young lady who was at her best in her own surroundings. In the train she was rather strange, but gowned and at the piano in her country home she easily charmed many more people than *John Welbeck*.

Perhaps the play would have been more convincing if Mr. MULCASTER had acted *Jim Malton* as a more attractive man. He let the uneasy murderer dominate the eager lover at first sight, and contrived to look so crooked that we found it difficult to believe *Eva* wanted his ordinary daytime companionship at all.

The story did not seem to have dramatised itself without a good deal of painful translation into the medium of the stage, and would more easily

have fitted the film. For the number of scenes the period of central action was much too brief, and we were all let into the secret so much before *Eva* that at the end it was only a question of watching how she took it. If she thought little of her lover of two months before she had never expected



EXPRESS STRANGERS.

Eva Bude MISS JANE CARR.
Jim Malton MR. GEORGE MULCASTER.

to think of him again at all. She was left to bless in her simple lover's arms the useful inefficiency of the French police and the many and diverse uses of strychnine.

D. W.



INNOCENCE AND OFFICIALDOM.

Eva Bude MISS JANE CARR.
Inspector Eaton . . . MR. NEVILLE BROOK.

Racing à la Mode.

(With acknowledgments to "Dresses at Aintree" in "The Times" of March 28.)

It is growing quite clear to all who give ear to the voice of the Daily Press that the space for accounts of jockeys and mounts is growing perceptibly less; that writers of note, neglecting the tote and the usual racing thrills, cut ruthlessly short the cackle of sport to come to the frocks and the frills. So in view of these facts and the failure of Pacts to furnish material for rhymes, I beg you give heed to a topical screed inspired by a page of *The Times*:—

The hats were all new-fangled and ranged from the tiniest toque to panamas quangle-wangled à la Bloomsbury baroque. Lady Delap wore a *ciré* straw cap with a chromium-plated gazebo, and Lady Miles Plating in coconut matting was chatting with Lady Skibo. Lady Waterstock had a gilt-edged frock with a platinum holophote, and Miss Sally Killick looked quite idyllic in broad-tailed creosote. Lady Peggy Topp wore an Eton crop, and the Dowager Countess of Wells struck a novel note by trimming her coat with scarlet pimpermels. Lady Adela Spink wore a stole of mink with a fluorescent frill, and Sir Jeremy Joule looked calm and cool in a suit of diaphanous drill. With a stuffed green mamba Miss Jelly da Gamba had crowned her chevelure, and the Duchess of Boodle in all-black poodle was quite the cynosure. The Countess Shalott wore a beige *capote* with a capercaillie feather, while Lady Portmadoc and Mr. Haddock waltzed into the paddock together. Lord Hilary Pim flew over from Lympe in a helmet of crimson crash, and Miss Patty du Clam wore Persian lamb with a taffeta calabash. Lady Aniline Stoke had a chipmunk cloak embroidered with Camberwell beauties, and Miss Henna Bundy wore salmagundy with Pompadour pampooties.

C. L. G.

"TWELVE HORSES TO FOLLOW."

Daily Paper.

We'd rather know the three they will be following.

"CHOIRS COMBINE TO HELP SANTA CLAUS HOME."—Local Paper.

Hasn't the poor old chap got back yet?

"Required, Swimming Pool Attendant, live in."—Local Advt.

Not unless there's a heat-wave, thanks.



Irate Film-Producer. "PAIN AND GRIEF, MAN, NOT HAY-FEVER!"

Oxford Blues (?).

(Written on Friday, April 3rd.)

Gay { is the City of the Dreaming Spires,
Sad {
Joyous { her bells, { fortissimo
Muffled { and mournful are { her choirs.

Hark how St. Hilda's altos greet the news!
Loud { chant { the shrill sopranos of St. Hugh's!
Wail {

From Corpus, Pembroke and St. Peter's Hall
The tenors { trumpet { with { triumphant { call;
answer { with { lugubrious {

While bass support around the City rolls
In antiphonic { chorus { from All Souls.
grumbles {

Bright as the brilliant sun o'er { Cumnor Hill,
Black broods depression over {
Is the glad { girlish glee of Somerville;
Gone is the {

In Hertford, Oriel, Exeter and Queen's
Are to be seen { the sprightliest { of deans,
the gloomiest {

Whose colleagues show { an equal ecstasy
a like despondency {
In Merton, L.M.H. and B.N.C.

About the quads of Univ. and St. John's
Deliriously dance delighted { dons,
Creep dismal doleful disappointed {

Each { carolling { in his { exhilaration
mumbling { bleak humiliation
Some apt { and happy { Classical quotation
but sombre {

Such as { "Io!" and "καλῶς τε καὶ εὖ!"
"οἶμοι!" "Vae Victis!" "Proh!" or "Heu!"
In Jesus, Wadham, Worcester, Magdalen, New,

Fast flies the fun, nor is it faint or { feeble
The lamp of laughter flickers faint and {
In Balliol, Lincoln, Campion Hall and Keble.
No brighter than in Balliol, Lincoln, Keble.

Within St. Edmund's Hall, the House and Trinity
The sometimes sombre { Doctors of Divinity
The erstwhile sprightly {

With swelling song are banishing their gloom
Resemble more black harbingers of Doom
And painting red { the Senior Common Room.
Than members of {

The genial { Proctor in his lair { reclines,
The moping { repines,
Resolving—next Term—to remit all { fines;
Nor pleasure gets in counting up his {

The Public Orator, { with swelling chest,
his face depressed,
Is now, with lexicon and { sparkling { jest,
bitter {

At an Oration for the next Encaenia
 Whose wit will wing }
 Whose scorn will scorch } from Canada to Kenya.

In fine, { a radiance }
 { a dull despair } is over all

And Life { no more is }
 { is Wormwood, } Bitterness and Gall.

Such is the University. No less
 The town displays { unusual happiness.
 its dudgeon and distress.

From the gay mansions }
 Behind dark windows } on the Banbury Road
 The infants of the dons { have chirped and crowed.
 in howls explode.

Crowded } is Carfax, { jubilant }
 Empty } { silent is } the Corn,
 The Turl { triumphant and } the Broad { reborn.
 untenanted, } forlorn.

* * * * *
 Thus when we went to Press—and no one knew
 The issue of the Boat-Race. Now we do.

"I give the palm to —, whose dancing, though ballroom-acrobatic, is of ballet-worthy intelligence, and really does express something."—Extract from Evening Paper.

We wish this did.

Silence is Golden.

"Would you care to dance?"
 With a smile she rose,
 Gathered the graceful gleaming folds
 Into a small white hand.
 We swung through the music lazily,
 Part of the rhythm seemingly.
 Her lips were parted, hardly into a smile—
 Just with the joy that is sad of a waltz
 And the glory of being young.
 The soft lights played on the gleaming waves
 Of her burnished hair and the shadows fell
 From her lashes dark and long.
 What was she thinking—dreaming thus in my
 arms?
 Probably that I was dull!
 To speak would have broken the mystery;
 Was my silence marring the harmony?
 Was she thinking of other dances, cheered maybe
 By laughter and wit that my lips refused to form?
 I cursed at my tongue-tied idiocy
 That was losing for me the only girl in the world.
 The music ceased—and at last she looked at me.

"Thank God, you have got the gift," she said,
 "Of saying nothing when there is nothing to say.
 I've spent the evening nursing a splitting head
 And being nice to partners who *would* be gay."



"YOU CAN ASK SQUIRE ABOUT THAT THERE ROOF NOW, GEORGE. 'E'S POSTED 'IS THIRD INSTALMENT OF FIRST 'ALF-YEAR'S INCOME-TAX."

Shorter Speeches.

We see that yet one more movement for the shortening of Parliamentary speeches is promised. Not much will come of it, for the simple reason that here is one of the fields in which it is impossible to make rules. Those who think that five minutes of Mr. — is five minutes too much would welcome fifty minutes of Mr. CHURCHILL at his best; but in a democratic body explicit exceptions cannot be made for individuals.

Yet there is a way. It is not a way which we would put forward for use in the august precincts of Parliament. But we have practised it with effect on a round-the-Empire oratorical expedition; and if the rebels mean business and are less in awe than we are—well, here it is.

We refer once again to the Speech Sweep, by which the interest can be maintained in the longest and dullest series of orations—for those at least who have drawn horses. At a public dinner, where the horses running are known and advertised, this is easily arranged. We put the President and the Mayor, the Bishop of X, Mr. Justice Y, the Principal Guest and the Chairman-Designate in a hat, and draw. There are prizes for the Longest Speech, the Shortest Speech, and Special Prizes for the Best Remark and the Worst.

In Parliament, where, so to speak, there is no race-card and the names of the runners cannot certainly be predicted, there would be difficulties; but we suggest that these could be simply overcome by drawing for numbers and numbering the speakers in succession as they rose.

Thus, for the big Foreign Affairs

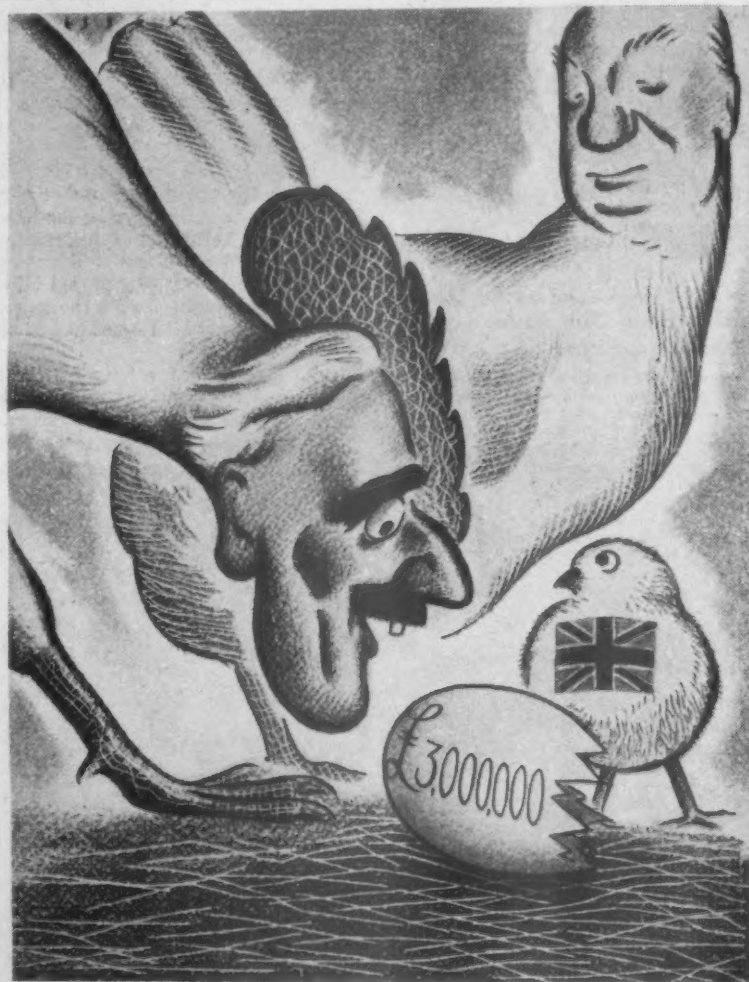
Debate of March 26th one could have put, say, the numbers 1-20 (and "The Field") in the hat. Actually there were only seventeen runners, but there were numerous undelivered speeches. No. 1 would have been the FOREIGN SECRETARY, who very finely, and rightly, occupied 56 minutes; and the fortunate holder of No. 1 would have won the prize for the Longest Speech.

Commander FLETCHER	19
Mr. EMRYS-EVANS	14
Mr. NICHOLSON	13
Mr. ASTOR (<i>maiden</i>)	12
Mr. GALLACHER	11
Mr. MAXTON (<i>Shortest Speech Prize</i>) ..	7

AVERAGE 25

But these cold statistics do not reveal the latent drama. Mr. MAXTON (7 minutes) spoke early—No. 7. Seven minutes in such a debate is almost a record; but every back-bencher who followed him was a possible danger. Mr. GALLACHER (11 minutes) ran him close. Imagine the excitement of the fortunate holder of Mr. MAXTON during Mr. GALLACHER'S and every subsequent speech! Whenever an orator began by saying "I shall not detain the House for long" he would cry, "Go on! Go on!" while all those who hoped to win the Shortest Speech would mutter grimly, "Hear, hear!"

There was little hope on this special occasion of anyone snatching the Long Prize from the FOREIGN SECRETARY, but as a rule it would be a near thing. And as the runners-up came into the thirties or forties, instead of that chill indifference which sometimes falls towards the end of a long speech, there would be warm interest and excitement, and eager ticket-holders



SURPLUS!

The final order of the field was as follows:—

	minutes
FOREIGN SECRETARY	56
(<i>Longest Speech Prize</i>)	
Mr. LLOYD GEORGE	45
CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER ..	42
Mr. DALTON	38
Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN	28
Mr. CHURCHILL	26
Mr. ATTLEE	26
Mr. PRICE (<i>Golden Mean Prize</i>) ..	25
Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR	24
General SPEARS	22
Mr. BOOTHBY	21

urging the sagging orator to continue. This, it is true, may not at first seem to be a direct step towards shorter speeches. But after the first few sweeps every speaker would have at the back of his mind the thought that the stop-watch was ticking, that the duration of his remarks was the subject of close and perhaps not kindly attention, and that even those encouraging cheers might be prompted only by the mercenary desire to profit from his garrulity. And this must have



"CAN I INTEREST YOU, SIR, IN AN UP-TO-DATE INCUBATOR?"

"No."

"BUT THINK OF THE TIME IT WOULD SAVE."

"I'M NO CARING ABOUT THE HENS' TIME."

an effect. Whether it would be possible, within the bounds of order and decorum, to publish the list of prize-winners we do not know; but privately the Longest Speaker could always be thanked and congratulated for being so long, and such compliments could not fail to remain in his mind.

To console and preserve the interest of those whose horses were neither Longest nor Shortest there would be the usual Special Prizes—for the first speaker to say "unilateral," "following on," "anticipate" (in the sense of "expect"), etc.

However, as we have said, we do not think that any of this would be proper, and therefore speeches are likely to remain the same length.

A. P. H.

A New Way to Kill Old Patients.

"Doctors recommend the Invalids' Butcher to the aged and delicate."—*Daily Paper Advt.*

"Periodically we receive abusive missiles that are unsigned and naturally we do not know the authors."—*Newspaper Leader.*

Always write your name on a brick before heaving it at the Editor.

There was a young fellow from Sydenham

Who lost his best pants with a quid in 'em;

He found them again

Down in Petticoat Lane,

But there wasn't a quid—but a Yid in 'em.

"Supporters: A man and woman, representing Adam and Eve, wreathed round the waist with leaves, all proper."

Description of Coat-of-Arms.

We are glad to hear it.



Passenger. "THIS IS A VERY SLOW SHIP, ISN'T IT?"

Sailor. "OH, I DUNNO. I RECKON SHE CAN DO EIGHT KNOTS—DOWN'ILL."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A Poet's Portrait.

FOR a novelist to portray genius is always a hazardous venture, and Mr. CHARLES MORGAN has been doubly bold, for *Sparkenbroke* (MACMILLAN, 8/6)—seventh viscount and twelfth baron of that title—is not only a man of genius but a poet whose poetry we are permitted to read. It is Mr. MORGAN'S triumph that we never doubt the quality of his art any more than we doubt the vitality of the man or his charm, his wilfulness, his imaginative intensity or that strain of mysticism which compels him to seek release and fulfilment in poetry and love and death. He is completely realised, and so is *Mary*, and so is *George Hardy*, who loves *Mary* and is loved by her, though not with the love which she gives to *Sparkenbroke*; and so indeed are those other characters who, not being so central, are more lightly drawn. Nor does the grave distinction of the writing, with its exquisite undertones, ever falter; while the proportions of the whole are as faultless as particular portrait and episode. As for *Sparkenbroke*, so for Mr. MORGAN, a story is not "an aggregate, however rich, of the experiences of life, but a selective pattern having its origin in them and made always with one purpose—to discover the form, which is the poetry, of character, and so relate it to the universal forms of humanity that whoever read was enchanted into perception and joy." That is just what this

story gives us. Mr. MORGAN, believing in the reality of beauty, justifies his faith by his works.

Chez Milady Hervey.

Poor old Madame DU DEFFAND, begging HORACE WALPOLE to keep her in touch with his London of the seventeen-sixties, suggested that he would probably be passing much of his time with Lord "FANNY" HERVEY'S grey-eyed relict, known to an earlier generation as *Molly Lepell* (HARRAP, 15/-). This lady, it would seem, enjoyed two spells of courtship: one as maid of honour to CAROLINE of Anspach, one as a salon-holding widow, the friend of CHESTERFIELD, GIBBON and "HORRY" himself. Between these lies a tract of marriage endured with the bleak philosophy of the Augustans, for MOLLY was undoubtedly an Augustan with typically Augustan contacts; and so she is treated by Miss DOROTHY MARGARET STUART, having waited for this ideal biographer to cover the canvas that is her due. Scholarly, vivacious and sympathetic, with a knowledge of all the old material and the run of much that is new, Miss STUART has not only done justice to MOLLY but preserved the rhythm and accent of her world. Her subsidiary figures are often admirable; and her heroine's Naval son, with his picturesque marriage to ELIZABETH CHUDLEIGH and his resolute championship of Admiral BYNG, deserves every line that is lavished on him.

Pickwick—Man and World.

Pickwick is an extraordinary work. (No originality

claimed.) It started as an ephemeral production, and now, after a hundred years, Messrs. DEXTER and LEY, two acknowledged authorities, have produced *The Origin of Pickwick* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 5/-), which deals mainly with SEYMOUR's claim to have invented the central character. No doubt he did so far as externals go; but had he lived he would have realised that the outer shell of the man *Pickwick* bore much the same proportion to the *Pickwick* world as a map of London bears to the population of England. At the beginning he was the bigger man of the two; and the interest of this part of the book lies in its portrait of DICKENS the hired hack-writer expanding into a creator of vastness. But we meet another illustrator who was concerned with *Pickwick* in its early days, one R. W. BUSS, who was tried as a successor to SEYMOUR and turned down. He lived to see *Pickwick* in its triumph, and to lament the fame that would have been his had he been connected with it. But it is all right. The name BUSS is immortalised by his daughter, the well-known pioneer of female education. She lives in a poem, probably composed by some monkey who is now a grandmother, which, though hackneyed like other great poems, may appear here for those who love Art for Art's sake. Thus—

"Miss Buss and Miss Beale
Love's pangs never feel.
How different from us;
Miss Beale and Miss Buss."

Hanoverian George.

Appropriately Germany gives England the authoritative history of GEORGE I.'s reign. For KING GEORGE I. knew no English and greatly preferred German to English ways. Forty years ago Professor WOLFGANG MICHAEL published the first volume of his great description of England under GEORGE I. Yet it is only to-day—and then only thanks to the initiative of Professor NAMIER, the enterprise of Messrs. MACMILLAN and the skill of an unknown translator—that the subjects of KING EDWARD VIII. can at last read in their own tongue of *England under George I.* (21/-). Although Professor MICHAEL's canvas is vast, his mastery of his materials and his sense of proportion enable him to give to each figure its due prominence. The result is a picture filled with life and action. All I could remember of GEORGE I. was his inability to speak English and his curious predilection for excessively ugly mistresses. Besides confirming the accuracy of my recollection, Professor MICHAEL has told me so much more that is both new and interesting about the Jacobite Rising of 1715 and other matters that I await impatiently the two concluding volumes of his memorable history.

The Sleep and the Forgetting.

The lesson of *Gallipoli* (FABER, 15/-), written by JOHN NORTH, is so clearly and simply set forth that everyone at the



"YOU TROD ON MY HAT, SIR, AS YOU STEPPED OUT."
"AH, THANKS. THEN THIS MUST BE MY ROW."

Staff Colleges should read it. The writer has based his work on official histories, diaries and personal observation. It is a terrible tale of the utter incompetence of Commanding Officers, the intrigues of politicians and the patience under suffering of brave soldiers. It certainly seems curious that the Anzacs did not raid Whitehall after the evacuation and hold a lynching-bee. The Navy is not excused from blame in this detached and fair review, but the almost incredible apathy of the Army Seniors is placed before the reader in plain and acknowledged facts. It makes one a little nervous about the next war. STONEWALL JACKSON is dead, MUSTAPHA KEMAL (who won the Gallipoli campaign) is not available, yet it all might happen again with the same dreadful waste of life as in the Crimea. It is amusing to change one's thoughts from death to stores, and I liked reading of the despatch of provisions and luxuries to the semi-starved army only just before the evacuation. It took the Turks two years to take away what was left—"Many shiploads of jam and flour were sent to Constantinople"

yet the War Office had sent practically nothing until it was decided to leave the Peninsula!

Old Lamps and New.

Having expressed but a qualified delight in Mr. T. S. ELIOT's *For Lancelot Andrewes*, I hasten to welcome a volume incorporating half the old book with incontestably more valuable additions. *Essays Ancient and Modern* (FABER AND FABER, 6/-) contains "Lancelot Andrewes," "John Bramhall," "Bradley," "Baudelaire" and "Babbitt." The new material is of equal length, wider in scope, of greater topical interest and more persuasively handled. "Religion and Literature" urges that the standards of Faith should make themselves felt in general letters, and wisely deprecates the "limited awareness" of devotional genius. "Catholicism and International Order"—with excellent points—is a little vitiated by the writer's intolerance of the League, whilst some may ask whether there is truly a narrower gulf between Anglo-Roman Catholics than between Anglo-Catholics and Protestants. A pleasant study treats PASCAL as the most worldly of ascetics and the most ascetic of worldlings; while "Modern Education and the Classics" shrewdly urges a higher type of education rather than an ill-considered extension. Those who, like the reviewer, have a high opinion of Mr. NICOLSON's *Tennyson*, will find "In Memoriam" a sensitive and illuminating footnote, as it were, to that particularly sound biography.

"Salomon Sacked the Sunset."

I wish I were learned enough to appreciate all the scholarship which has gone to the making of Mme. TABOUI's great book, *The Private Life of Solomon* (ROUTLEDGE, 15/-). I am not able to criticise the historical accuracy (if criticism is needed) or to judge the choice of bibliography, but I can as an ordinary reader admire the way she has given political significance to a life that used to seem to me as remote as a legend. Memory of the apes and ivory and peacocks remains, but now I shall remember too the palace prefect, *Ahilud*, who was not pleased with them, "for ministers of finance are notoriously insatiable. What were these 420 talents of gold and these exotic wares compared with the ever-widening abyss of debt?" There are moments when the author's prose is so lavish that one can almost smell the scented woods of the Temple—"The cost of living was the one theme that all the housewives harped upon in their gossiping and complaining." I wish I could quote more from this tale of pride, love, ambition and conquest. As it is, I can only hope that other readers will enjoy this wise and picturesque book as much as I have done.

For Heavier Moments.

MISS MARGIAD EVANS, in *Creed* (BLACKWELL, 7/6), imagines her readers asking, "Why write about such people?" and very probably many of them will ask that. It is a dark book, full of unhappiness, of minds tormented by doubt and fear, bodies sunken in drunkenness or eaten by disease, and it is pervaded by the ugliness that sometimes seems inherent in industrialism. But her choice of subject is her own affair; all that her readers have any right to complain of is a certain difficulty in grasping the argument of her book, which seems to be implicit in the spiritual struggles of one *Francis Dollbright*, who, at first a sincere, if narrow and self-righteous, Christian, is brought by suffering and defeat to a point when he is not an unbeliever but the antagonist of God. Miss EVANS has a strange and unusual power which comes so near to genius that because of it her unhappy story is well worth reading; her people move and breathe, and most of her readers will find, in her phrase, "a line of their own likeness" here.

A Long Drive.

MR. ZANE GREY wastes no time in *The Trail Driver* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) before he despatches *Adam Brite* from San Antonio (Texas) on his way north with a colossal herd of cattle. Sixty years or so ago the dangers of such a drive were innumerable, and *Brite's* anxieties were not allayed by the fact that at the first camp a girl masquerading as a boy joined his expedition. Perhaps earnest seekers after novelties will not regard this situation with unqualified favour, but time and again Mr. GREY has proved his worth in the realms of romantic and adventurous fiction, and the experiences of *Brite*, while his drive is impeded by every form of

bunker, are related with indefatigable vigour. Wonderful feats of skill and self-sacrifice are performed, and the climax will not disappoint those who are prepared to follow Mr. GREY on whatever trail he cares to lead them.

A Welcome Selection.

The stories for which the title of *The Cosy Room* (RICH AND COWAN, 7/6) has been chosen date from 1890 to 1935, a fact by no means without interest to those of us who are admirers of Mr. ARTHUR MACHEN. His work is sometimes evasive and elusive, it is also, as in his title-story, occasionally ironical, but to lovers of style it is always a source of gratification. In "The Gift of Tongues" (1927) Mr. MACHEN says that he adores insoluble mysteries, a statement which I have no difficulty in believing, for his account of "The Islington Mystery" is a classic of its kind, perfectly successful in promoting sympathetic interest.



"MAISTER AN' MISSIS BROON ARE DOONSTAIRS, MEM—WID YE LIKE ME TAE EXHREEBIT THEM?"



THE BRITISH CHARACTER.

IMPORTANCE OF NOT BEING AN ALIEN.

New Theme For Old Thebes.

[“Until recently motor-cars were not allowed to circulate in the Necropolis area of the Theban plain. This veto has now been withdrawn, and cars may drive right up to the Valley of the Kings.”—*Travel Magazine*.]

I ASKED the Singing Memnon, that cold colossus,
why

It now refrained from music when the dawn came
up the sky.

“Of old I sang the dayspring,” it said, “but I
have sworn

To leave aubades in future to the pilgrim’s motor-
horn.”

To-day a bluer incense breathes about the hypo-
styles,

It chokes the great recumbent rams which line
the storied aisles.

The dog Anubis sniffs around; its sniffs are all
in vain,

For motors now may circulate upon the Theban
plain.

Time was a driver might have feared the nuisance
and expense

Of breakdowns in the desert, but it gives him
confidence

To motor down the avenues of Egypt’s richest
kings

Since Luxor learned to forge a crank as well as
other things.

The sands which yielded scarabs up now yield up
screw and nut.

Poor Khansu and poor Amen and—I need not
add—poor Mut!

These tourists will not even learn the tritest
guide-book lore—

“I drained the sump at Karnak . . .” “Yes,
you’re needing a rebore.”

I pitied one colossus which had fallen from its
base,

It looked so huge and helpless—it was lying on
its face;

But when the cavalcades went by, obsessed with
gear and clutch,

I could not help reflecting that it wasn’t missing
much.

Charivaria.

It is recalled by a newspaper that Signor MUSSOLINI was once employed by a butcher and might have become one himself. Might have?

★ ★ ★

The recent conversation between Herr VON RIBBENTROP and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was in English, as Mr. LLOYD GEORGE doesn't speak German and Herr VON RIBBENTROP doesn't speak Welsh.

★ ★ ★

Mrs. MARJORAM, of Middleton, Suffolk, celebrated her centenary the other day. She is not, however, half as old as Thyme.

★ ★ ★

At Surat thousands lined the streets to watch the wedding procession of two expensively-dressed monkeys sitting in a decorated motor-car, the bridegroom being a reputed descendant of the god Hanaman. DARWIN should have been there.

★ ★ ★

"A man should always throw himself into his work," says an efficiency expert. Unless of course he happens to be digging a well.

★ ★ ★

"Nothing pains me more than to see family relics under the hammer," comments a writer. He should try putting his finger in the same place.

★ ★ ★

A centipede was found last week in a crate of fruit just arrived from South Africa. Poor thing! It must have had an awful time getting its sea-legs.

★ ★ ★

In two hundred years, an authority on theatrical records discloses, only thirty-six actresses have married peers. It would be interesting to know how many have had the chance.

★ ★ ★

London's last bearded postman is still on duty at Barking. So take the children to see him these holidays.

★ ★ ★

A thief who broke into a Kilburn boot stores made off with a box containing twelve boots, all for the left foot. The police are said to be searching for a man with two left feet.

★ ★ ★

A sportsman says he often feels that the first and second finishers should be hailed joint winners in a gruelling race. There is some hope for Oxford in this idea.

★ ★ ★

"Is there anything more green than England in spring?" asks a nature note. Well, there's England in a Disarmament Conference.

★ ★ ★

According to a writer, the poetry of 1970 will present life as it actually is. We trust that it will then be better than it finds us at present.

★ ★ ★

"What use are cat-skins?" asks a correspondent. Well, they keep the cat warm.

★ ★ ★

Actors seem to be the only persons in the world qualified to answer the question, "Which came first, the bird or the egg?"

★ ★ ★

The Mount Everest Expedition have had to leave their

dog behind because it barks at night. Neighbours might complain.

★ ★ ★

"Lunatic Secured in Telephone Box," says a heading. It is not known whether he was sane when he entered it.

★ ★ ★

In view of our climate at this season only the moth acts sensibly—by changing from white flannels into a heavy overcoat.

★ ★ ★

"What is the best insurance policy that a newly-married couple can take out?" asks a correspondent. One, we venture to suggest, against third-party risks.

Clothes Repression.

[Our Child Psychologists now tell us that the discomfort of wearing clothes that shrink has a deleterious effect on children. "Clothes Repression" causes loss of confidence and tends to develop a Fear-Attitude towards Life.]

WHEN I was young
My infancy was blighted
By foolish dread
Of goblins, strangers, attics dimly lighted,
Sounds heard in bed,
And lots and lots of things that normal teenies
(The Willoughbys and Daphnes and Irenes)
Faced unafrighted.
And people wondered much
What I was at
To be (for shame, now!)
Such a spineless brat.
Alas! I feared the darkness, Mother's callers,
Attics and bed, because my shrunken crawlers
Made me like that.

As time went on
My qualms had not departed;
A candid nurse
Remarked, "Young Master Herbert's chicken-
hearted;
The child gets worse."
Coward I was, and coward am I now,
But no one had the faintest inkling how
The thing got started.
They gave me *Ivanhoe*
And read me lots
Of "Battles Long Ago"
(Strong meat for tots).
Fools! could they cure what Modern Mamma hails
As "Clothes Repression" with the virile tales
Of WALTER SCOTT's?

Now am I old
And still the same timidity
Has me in thrall,
And what was mere stupidity
When I was small
Is now a gross offence: the mischief's done;
That I am Public Coward No. 1
Is clear to all.
And thus in course of time
So low has sunk
My self-respect that I'm
A hopeless funk,
And all because—yes, be it now confessed—
When I was young my disobliging vest
And pants had shrunk.



THE MONEY GOES ROUND AND AROUND.

THE MERRY CHANCELLOR. "NOW THEN, DON'T STAND SHIVERING THERE—DANCE AND KEEP UP YOUR CIRCULATION."

Infallibility.

MUCH has been written and much more still has been said on the subject of Time.

Time flies—or, as we scholars have it, *Tempus fugit*.

Time—procrastination is the thief of.

Time—a stitch in, saves nine.

Turning to the realms of poetry, we learn that Time rolls his ceaseless course and robs us of our joys, and, in a general way, is still a-flying. (You probably have a BARTLETT's *Familiar Quotations* of your own.)

The part played by Time in the home has not, however, until this moment been dealt with adequately.

Only last Sunday morning I heard myself saying that it was a Funny Thing that no two clocks in the house ever told the same time at the same time.

The sentence, one is the first—or at any rate the second—to acknowledge, was deficient in literary grace as well as in actual truth, since there is in reality nothing in the least funny about the situation. Rather the contrary.

"The dining-room clock is always miles behind all the others," Laura said encouragingly.

But this was unjust.

"The dining-room clock doesn't count," I had to remind her. "Charles always puts

the kitchen-clock on ten minutes when he winds it, because Mrs. Aggitt is always behindhand, and that makes lunch more punctual, but it makes the dining-room clock look slow, which is quite unfair. As a matter of fact, if you compare it with the clock on the stairs, it's rather fast if anything."

"Oh, you can't go by the clock on the stairs," Laura said at once. "It always strikes either just before or just after the one in the hall, and I hear them both in the middle of the night and never know which is which."

I very much doubt whether Laura ever hears anything in the middle of the night, but I saw what she meant about the clocks.

"I can hear the cuckoo-clock too," she recklessly went on, "but of course it's utterly unreliable."

"Naturally," I said. "The cuckoo-

clock has given the children a great deal of pleasure in its day—in fact I'm rather fond of it myself—but it doesn't exactly tell the time. It probably isn't meant to. It just cuckoos. And frightfully well too. Many's the spring day when I've thought it really *was* the first cuckoo, and wished, and planned to write a letter to the paper and everything."

"How twee," said Laura—very absurdly.

I took the discussion back to a higher level with a reference—not, I hope, an ungracious one—to Aunt Emma's wedding-present of sixteen years ago.

"A blue mosaic frame, shaped like a heart and covered with little white

Laura then briefly disposed of our remaining timepieces.

"The poor little Dresden china one is more or less all right if you remember that it's always absolutely *regular* in the way it gains. You just add an extra four minutes all through the week and take a quarter-of-an-hour off on Sundays when Charles winds it, because he always puts it back a bit. But the one I go by myself, as often as not, is the one in my bedroom."

"Why?" I asked incredulously.

"Because I've lost my watch," Laura very simply replied.

"Have you looked in the mowing-machine, on the top of the night-nursery wardrobe, or inside your stocking-drawer?" I inquired, knowing the kind of place in which Laura's lost possessions are found, although never to her certain knowledge having been placed there by human hand.

Perhaps it was as well for an old and tried friendship that just then Charles came in—for the express purpose of winding the clocks.

"But which one do you go by when you set them?" Laura asked, evidently with a backward and profoundly mistrustful glance at the cuckoo-clock, the hall-clock, Aunt Emma, the musical clock and the poor little Dresden china one.

"My watch," said Charles.

And he added thoughtfully: "In twenty-seven years I've never known that watch either gain or lose so much as a single second."

"Good heavens, how marvellous! Then we needn't really worry about how to tell the time after all?"

Charles in a short speech explained that nowadays, with wireless in the house, there need never be the slightest difficulty about punctuality—a statement which any wife or mother knows to be demonstrably false. Laura, however, was taken in by it, and again said "How marvellous!" and at once turned on the wireless in order that we might hear Big Ben proclaiming the hour.

We did, and Charles glanced at his watch.

Then he frowned slightly.

"Big Ben," he said coldly, "is about one-and-a-half minutes fast."

E. M. D.



daisies and pink rosebuds, is a charming thing in its own way, but as a clock it's never really been wholly satisfactory. As far as I can make out it loses something like forty minutes a day, but not *every* day. Only on the days when it's been wound. On the other days it loses much more."

"And the musical clock on the mantelpiece is pretty hopeless. I mean, I love its little tunes and the way the little man pops out and beats the anvil, but it never has anything to do with the time it says it is."

Again I knew what she meant. In more academic phraseology, one has experienced difficulty in synchronising the numerous activities of the musical clock. Anybody possessing a clock that strikes all the quarters on a small anvil and also professes to tell the time in the usual way with its two hands will know exactly what I mean.

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"ALL RIGHT, I'LL COME IN, CLARA, BUT DON'T CALL ME 'SWEETIE' IN FRONT OF THE GIRL."



THE ACADEMY PRE-SELECTORS.

The Show Must Go On.

THE peculiar circumstances of Sunday night reached their apex, or nadir, at the moment when the mechanical piano stuck halfway up the stairs; and if you contend that circumstances can neither reach an apex nor sink to a nadir you have (as Mr. Kibitzer would be the first to point out) another guess coming.

The mechanical piano had been removed, after some minutes of impassioned argument, from the café next-door. The proprietor could speak not a word of English, and the men who removed it only a little; it may well be therefore that he believed they were taking it away for repairs. How wrong he was!

"Boys," Mr. Kibitzer had said to the three men he was employing to shift the piano, "it's a matter of life and death, the life and death of a couple of reputations—mine and that of Scugg's Peerless Glue. Make every effort, boys."

"Sure, yas," said the first man. "Yis," said the second. The third nodded.

The operative words in the whole affair were "Scugg's Peerless Glue." These stairs, up which the mechanical piano was being coaxed, led to a very small, far from important Continental broadcasting station, which was due in about ten minutes' time to radiate the Scugg's Peerless Glue Programme of Melody and Song for English listeners. Owing to some unforeseen circumstances, which included floods, influenza, a railway strike, and the fact that Mr. Kibitzer had omitted to post a lot of letters, the performers for this half-hour programme had failed to turn up. Possible performers in the emergency were:—

- (a) Those who were just finishing the Biggs Unrivalled Inks programme. These were out of the question because they had to leave at once to keep other appointments.
- (b) The gramophone. This was out of the question because it had performed too much that day already.
- (c) Gloria, the English-speaking woman announcer.
- (d) Stan, the English-speaking man announcer.

With these two Mr. Kibitzer had discussed the situation. "As the only representative of the firm on the spot," he explained, "I have to do all I can. Better not have any of these locals. English listeners want English songs. Now if we had television there'd be nothing against Gloria. She looks good."

Gloria moved away and said icily, "Thanks a lot."

"But," Mr. Kibitzer went on, full of tact, pressed down and running over, "I don't think it's fair to ask her to sing for half-an-hour straight off. It's not fair to Sc—to Gloria."

Here Stan had to go and make an announcement. When he returned he said cheerfully, "Then there's me. I can't do anything but play the LAUREL and HARDY tune on the piano. I can juggle with a hairbrush and I can move my cars, but they won't go over the air."

Mr. Kibitzer indicated that he himself was very musical in every way and that if only he had his piano-accordion or his ukulele the air would soon be resonant with Art. As it happened, however, he had neither.

Gloria put in, "Are we counting our blessings, or what?"

It is (fortunately perhaps) difficult to be sure exactly who first suggested that the mechanical piano from the café next-door should be brought up, planted before the microphone and fed with coins. The idea seemed to emerge like some obscure rhythm from the tumult of discussion; it seemed to blossom on the dust-heap of rejected thoughts like a grotesque flower, a battered orchid. But Mr. Kibitzer was far gone; time was fleeting, no one could help; on him alone depended Scugg's. . . . He took three workmen from

the floor below and got the mechanical piano. They struggled up the stairs with it while Mr. Kibitzer rose slowly and majestically in the small old-fashioned lift, stopping from time to time and exhorting them through the ornamental wrought-iron sides. "Take her easy, boys," he would say. "Won't do to rush a piano. It's a sensitive plant. Careful, boys; make allowances."

The stairs were rather narrow. Halfway up the corners of the piano got stuck immovably in the iron lace on either side. Mr. Kibitzer stopped at the landing above and got out. "Boys," he said, "you disappoint me."

The boys regarded him sullenly, mopping their brows, as he stood at the top stair waving his cigar.

"Boys," he went on sadly, "you went at her with a rush when I told you to take her easy. This result might have been expected by any man of sensibility."

Prompted, it seemed, by this word, one of them then began a detailed story about an aunt of his called Senzie or Sensy, who lived in a house with green and blue shutters, to which he in his youth had stuck bits of fish. Mr. Kibitzer grew anxious.

"Boys," he said, "no one is more interested in home-life than I am, but there are reputations at stake. I call for a special effort, boys, and to heck with our friend's aunt. The show must go on."

"I haf an aunt too, by Gott," announced the thinnest of the three.

Mr. Kibitzer said was that so. "Now then!" he added. "Heave!"

As they once more attacked the instrument it gave a loud clang and shot forth a number of coins, which cascaded down the stairs. The boys with one accord leapt after them. Alone with the piano, Mr. Kibitzer took off his hat, placed it on the top stair, and sat down beside it. "This is the end," he said. "Pressure of circumstances has defeated poor old Kibitzer. We'll have to run the old records through again, that's all."

Happily, however, it was shortly afterwards found that owing to a slight technical hitch of which the insouciant engineers had not thought fit to inform anyone, the station had not been transmitting at all for the past hour and would not be doing so for the next. On behalf of Scugg's Peerless Glue Mr. Kibitzer registered a sharp complaint about this inefficiency. R. M.

Song of a Deserted Boss.

(With apologies to "My Bonny," to the tune of which this effort may or may not be sung.)

My tupist id on her vaxation,
My typiyt's awat by the sea;
My tuposg os in hwr vacaruim,
Og bting baxl me typost to me.
Bromg bwck, brung baci,
Oj wring vaek mi t7pudy to me?to me.
bY8:½ nqzp ½r-lg mdb;
Oh miron busk mo ypoots - - - oh dabn!

Our Versatile Craftsmen.

"Ladies' inside patched and welts water-proofed, 1/6d."
Shoe Repairer's Bill.

Magistrate's Sound Advice.

"Binding her over for two years the Chairman told the girl that it was a most foolish thing to steal things and then to give them away."—Police Court News.

"Wanted armchair with lugs, and loud-speaker."
Newspaper advertisement.

By a deaf and dumb-waiter?



OUR MUSICAL EDITOR



OUR SOCIETY EDITOR



OUR SPORTING EDITOR



OUR RELIGIOUS EDITOR



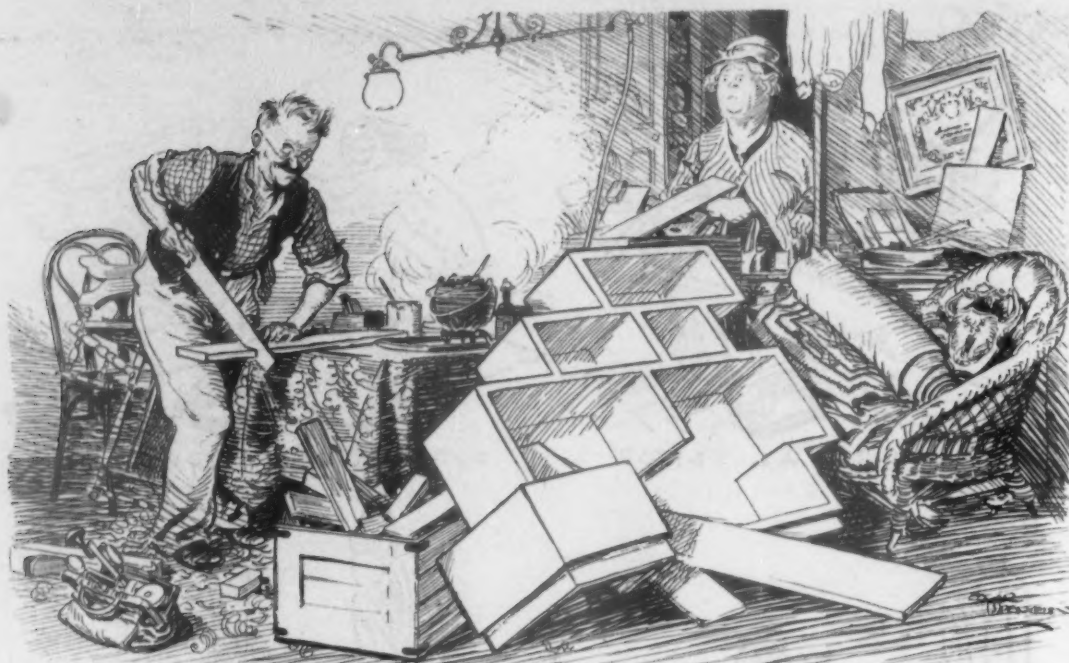
OUR DRAMATIC EDITOR



OUR FOREIGN EDITOR

IS THIS WHAT THEY LOOK LIKE?

Thomas
Sutton
1936



"I WISH YOU'D NEVER BIN TO THAT THERE IDEAL 'OME EXHIBITION."

The Caller.

USUALLY, when people call at our office, Sidney is there to deal with them. Which I think is just as well. Because the rest of us will never really be any good at it.

Yesterday, for instance, we were having an argument about whether when you said "up Victoria Street" you meant going towards Victoria or away from it when Mr. Porter heard a sort of bang. At least when we had finished the argument he told us that he had heard it some minutes ago. "It sounded like someone coming into the passage," he said. "From the outside. And banging the front-door."

"It probably was someone coming into the passage," said Mr. Chudleigh. "Go and see who it is. And hurry up. Don't keep him waiting any longer."

"I went last time," said Mr. Porter. "Hurry up," said Mr. Chudleigh.

"Oh, all right," said Mr. Porter, getting off the table and going out.

"It was someone," he said. "He told me he wanted to see Mr. Harbottle. At once. I think he expected me to take him straight upstairs. But I wasn't having any. I showed him into the waiting-room and I told him to wait. That was pretty efficient."

"So he wants to see Mr. Harbottle," said Mr. Chudleigh. "Now, what does Sidney do in these cases?"

"He goes up and tells Mr. Harbottle," said Miss Elkington. "And he takes any letters and things there are so that Mr. Harbottle knows who the man is."

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Chudleigh. "Any previous correspondence relating to the caller. Where's Sidney's tray? Ah, yes. Now, Porter, what's the man's name?"

"Well," said Mr. Porter, "I didn't actually manage to get that."

"You didn't ask his name?" said Mr. Chudleigh. "Really, Porter! How many times have I tried to impress on you that—?"

"Oh, I asked it all right," said Mr. Porter. "Only the front-door blew open and a lorry was going past. So I missed it. All I know is that it had an 'i' sound in it. Like Smith, for example."

"Then go back and find out what it is," said Mr. Chudleigh.

"But that will sound as if I hadn't heard it," said Mr. Porter. "He'll think I'm deaf or something."

"Hurry up," said Mr. Chudleigh.

"Oh, all right," said Mr. Porter.

"That's funny," he said, coming back. "It actually was Smith."

Mr. Chudleigh turned the papers over. "Do you know how many Smiths we've had letters from?" he asked. "Seven. Five of them different Smiths. How are we to know which Smith it is?"

"Well, you can cancel that one," said Mr. Porter, pointing to the top letter, "because that Smith was in Australia last week, and this Smith doesn't look as if he could possibly get from Australia to here in anything like a week."

"What does he look like?" asked Miss Elkington.

"I didn't notice," said Mr. Porter. "Just like anyone else, I suppose."

"Men are so unobservant, aren't they?" said Miss Lunn to Miss Elkington. "Was he handsome, Mr. Porter?"

"I didn't notice, I tell you," said Mr. Porter.

"You'll have to go back and ask his initials, Porter," said Mr. Chudleigh.

"But he'll begin to think I'm a positive half-wit," said Mr. Porter. "I don't mind being thought deaf, but when it comes to half-witted as well—Oh, all right," said Mr. Porter, getting off the table again.

"Shall I go, Mr. Chudleigh?" asked Miss Elkington. "That would be better, wouldn't it? I only want to see if he is handsome, Miss Lunn. Is my hair

tidy? Shall I just ask him for his initials, Mr. Chudleigh? Or shall I ask him for his Christian name?"

"Ask him anything you like," said Mr. Chudleigh. "Only find out who he is."

"Well?" he asked when Miss Elkington came back.

"You know," said Miss Elkington to Mr. Porter, "he reminds me of somebody. I wish I could think who. Didn't he remind you of somebody?"

"No," said Mr. Porter.

"Was he handsome?" asked Miss Lunn.

"Not handsome," said Miss Elkington. "But he looked quite nice. I should say he was about thirty-nine. But he does look rather like somebody, Mr. Porter."

"Miss Elkington," said Mr. Chudleigh, "did you find out his initials?"

"Well, that's what was so stupid," said Miss Elkington. "I went in and I said, 'Did you say your name was Smith, Mr. Smith?' and he said 'Yes.' And I said 'Just Smith?' and he said 'Yes.' And then I couldn't think what to say next. I realised I'd started wrong. You see, I think he thought I was thinking it ought to be something hyphen Smith, or Lord Smith, or even Colonel Smith. And I couldn't go on asking about it, could I, Mr. Chudleigh?"

"Why not?" said Mr. Chudleigh.

"Because it might have hurt his feelings," said Miss Elkington.

Mr. Chudleigh sighed. "Look here," he said, rattling desperately among his papers—"we've got to find out if there is any previous correspondence here relating to this wretched Smith. Porter, go back and find out."

"Oh, all right," said Mr. Porter.

"Well?" said Mr. Chudleigh.

"Yes," said Mr. Porter. "There is. Definitely."

"At last," said Mr. Chudleigh, diving into the tray again. "Now, which Smith is it?"

"I didn't mean that," said Mr. Porter. "I was speaking to Miss Elkington. There is a likeness. He reminds me definitely of someone."

"Did you," said Mr. Chudleigh, "or did you not manage to find out—?"

"Oh, that," said Mr. Porter. "Yes. He said there wasn't any. This was what happened. I said, 'Have we any previous correspondence relating to you, Mr. Smith?' and he said, 'What?' and I said, 'Did we communicate with you?' and he still said, 'What?' and so I said, very slowly and loudly, 'Did we write?' and he said, 'No.' The man's a moron. The back of his head's completely flat."

"I thought Miss Elkington said he was nice-looking," said Miss Lunn.



THE LESS FAMOUS BUT VERY LIVELY COMPANIES OF LONDON.

THE UBIQUITOUS COMPANY OF LOOKERS-ON.

Mr. Chudleigh pushed the tray away. "Perhaps he rang up," he said. "Miss Elkington, go in and ask him if he rang up."

"I didn't say he was nice-looking," said Miss Elkington. "I only said he looked nice. I meant that he looked harmless. That was all."

"Miss Elkington," said Mr. Chudleigh, "would you go and—?"

"Oh, I expect he's harmless all right," said Mr. Porter to Miss Elkington. "Morons are usually pretty harmless."

"Miss Elkington," said Mr. Chudleigh again.

Miss Elkington got up and hurried out.

"Well?" said Mr. Chudleigh.

"He hasn't," said Miss Elkington.

"He hasn't rung up?" asked Mr. Chudleigh.

"I was talking to Mr. Porter," said Miss Elkington. "He hasn't got a flat back to his head, Mr. Porter. I walked past twice, very slowly, and I had a perfectly good view through the glass part of the door. But he does remind me of someone. Someone on the flicks."

"Listen," said Mr. Porter. "I heard the front-door bang."

Miss Elkington went to the window. "Come and look quickly, Mr. Porter," she said. "It's your last chance. Because there's Mr. Smith going down the steps now. I expect he was tired of waiting. And it is someone on the flicks, isn't it?"

At the Pictures.

MARLENE AND AN HOUR TO KILL.

It is long since the blonde MARLENE, the languorous MARLENE, the whispering MARLENE, the convolutionary and capricious MARLENE was with us; but a comedy of theft and love having



THE FUGITIVE THIEF.

HOW TO ESCAPE NOTICE.

Madeleine de Beupre. MARLENE DIETRICH.

been arranged between her, the men's magnet, and GARY COOPER, the women's, and the title *Desire* having been bestowed upon it, all is well for their respective fans. Or should be.

But there are difficulties. MARLENE, you must understand, playing *Madeleine de Beupre*, is under orders from her superior officers in Spain to get dishonest possession of a two-million-franc pearl necklace and convey it to them; and this she does by the old device of first telling the Parisian jeweller that she is the wife of the famous Parisian nerve-specialist, *Dr. Pauquet*, and that he will give the jeweller a cheque at six in the evening, and then telling *Dr. Pauquet* that she is the wife of the jeweller, who on no account must be worried by mention of money, and meanwhile vanishing. But surely Parisian jewellers make it part of their business to know whether famous Paris nerve-specialists are married or not? Even the sinuous effronteries of MARLENE would be useless against such exact information.

Passing that, however, we are soon in the midst of a romantic if familiar plot; for it chanced that at the same moment that *Madeleine de Beupre* is motoring to Spain, alone, with the stolen pearls, *Tom Bradley*, a young and tall, heart-free—and need I add handsome—American engineer (GARY COOPER) is motoring to Spain, alone, on a brief holiday.

The rest is easy. There is first, at the

frontier, the convenient size of *Tom Bradley's* coat-pocket to receive, all unknowingly, the necklace; and there is then, on *Madeleine de Beupre's* part, as she weighs the relative advantages of the life of crime and the life of *Mrs. Tom Bradley*, her surrender to the engineer.

That is the story, the end of which, I venture to think, more than one of the vast audience foresaw; but so long as it has brought back MARLENE the disdainful and seductive, MARLENE the sensuous and feline, who shall mention the word "threadbare"?

This being a rather poor time for film-stars, I thought I would substitute for the great firmament a lesser one and see what a News Cinema is like. For the special function of these places, which have been rising numerous near and far, is to fill the odd hour with which people are now and then confronted; and I had, so to speak, an odd hour. The one that I chose was the *Tatler*, in Charing Cross Road, and I may say at once that I was delighted: more than delighted: improved in mind; for if the place was typical, these News Theatres are magazines too, almost encyclopedias.

News as a matter of fact is secondary, unless of course the word means novelties. It is true that we were shown the *Grand National*, but we can see that everywhere. What we cannot see everywhere is the magazine, frankly



A FILM MAXIM.

Carlos Margoli (JOHN HALLIDAY) to Madeleine de Beupre (MARLENE DIETRICH). "DON'T MIX LOVE WITH BUSINESS."

so called, that came next: *The Gaumont British Magazine*, most ingeniously and informatively edited by Mr. ANDREW BUCHANAN, entitled last week, I am sorry to say, "Would You Believe It?" Mr. BUCHANAN, who has been editing this miscellany for many years, ransacks the world for his themes. In the present

case we began with trees, passing on to timber and carving, and in some almost natural way, not without more puns, reaching a pianist blindfolded playing CHOPIN on a piano covered



Fan to Madeleine de Beupre (MARLENE DIETRICH). "I DON'T KNOW WHICH DEVASTATES ME MORE—YOUR STERNBERG STANCE OR YOUR LUBITSCH LOLL."

with a dust-sheet; and, through him, a pastrycook at a big London hotel fashioning birds'-nests out of marzipan.

Then we saw an elderly man in the midst of test-tubes and flames transforming particles of jewels into jewels themselves (a dangerous occupation) and slipping them, sparkling, on the fingers of the fair; and then finally Mr. BUCHANAN's section of the screen melted into a deckful of sailors singing a chanty on the high seas.

A series of coloured rivulets and waterfalls, such as only the moving camera can recreate, followed, with music by JOHANN STRAUSS, and then came a vivid account of the battle that is continually being fought between birds and insects, and we were shown nuthatches, woodpeckers and humming-birds in their increasing consumption of pests—actuated not by any desire to destroy but to keep themselves, and especially their young, in a state of fitness. They can eat, and do eat, said the lecturer, several times their own weight in insects per day—a frightening thought.

Next came one of those series of Dumb-bell Letters which seem to be very popular, a dumb-bell being the kind of person who writes to the





"TAKE A—ER—A SOFA, OLD MAN."

manufacturer asking him to replace a gadget that has been lost, and then adds a postscript telling him not to bother as the missing gadget has just been found. Sheer farce, I will admit, but quickly counteracted by the scenes from the Poplar Employment Exchange, telling us how efficiently and speedily the out-of-works can be provided with a job, and how exceedingly nice about it everyone is.

Next, another taste of humour in the shape of a Silly Symphony called *Broken Toys*, not too successful, with one doll talking like ZASU PITTS and another like W. C. FIELDS and some astonishing but not too funny evolutions; and so to the completion of the programme: a little play based on a dog poem by RUDYARD KIPLING. And so the hour was filled, teaching me what to do when similar gaps arise. To employ his own method of language, the editor of *The Gaumont British Magazine* is truly an Andy man.

E. V. L.

Chance for the Lords.

MR. MAURICK PETHERICK (*Cons.*, Penryn), who has been quietly fighting the word-war in Parliament for a long time, put down an excellent amend-

ment on the Report Stage of the Cotton Spinning Industry Bill.

The first clause of the Schedule concerning the Constitution, Quorum, Incidental Functions, etc., of the Spindles Board was—

"A person shall be disqualified for being a member of the Spindles Board *if and so long as* he is a member of the Commons House of Parliament."

MR. PETHERICK's amendment proposed to leave out those twenty-nine words and "insert"—

"No member of the Commons House of Parliament shall be a member of the Spindles Board."
(Sixteen words.)

The night was starry with amendments, and Mr. PETHERICK's was not called. But what a grand chance for the House of Peers to strike a blow! I hope that they will have one of their leisurely and dignified debates about "*if and so long as*." This "*if and so long as*," Bobby, is a kind of monstrous aunt to the many disagreeable little "*if and whens*." "If and when," Bobby, is sometimes a useful fellow, where it is desired to say that action will follow

the fulfilment of the *if*-clause immediately. But at the moment I can think of no good setting for "*if and so long as*." "You may eat oysters *if and so long as* there is an R in the month"? No, that won't do.

If a person is a member of the Commons House of Parliament he is a member, and he is only a member so long as he is a member. "*And so long as*" could serve a purpose only if it were possible to suppose that a person might trickily cease to be a member of the Commons House before the date at which he ceased to be a member of the House of Commons; or could somehow be forgotten at the dissolution of Parliament and remain a member of the Commons House, but unofficially.

So Mr. PETHERICK receives the Blue Star of our Order; and there are three or four ready for the peers. A. P. H.

Lunch-Hour in the City.

"[THE STOCK EXCHANGE]

NIBBLING AT HOME RAILS."

Newspaper Heading.

"HAMPTSTEAD BOROUGH CORPORATION
DO NOT SPIT AROUND THIS SEAT."
Public Notice.

We never suggested they did.

It Might Have Been Thus.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways;
No need to specify
Beside what stream she spent her days:
Suppose it X or Y.

'Twas a romantic neighbourhood
Of course; and what was more
A ruined Norman castle stood
A furlong from her door.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Did Lucy; none the less
She had, to use a homely phrase,
An eye for business.

"Each year the tourists come and go,
But all they find," thought she,
"Is mouldering masonry, and no
Facilities for tea."

So, taking paper, ink and pen,
Upon her cottage gate
She wrote the legend "TEAS," and then
"ALL CHARGES MODERATE."

Observe the fruits of enterprise!
On the same site to-day
The enchanted visitor describes
THE BARBICAN CAFÉ,

A garage, snack- and cocktail-bars,
Complete with pin-machines,
A swimming-pool, a park for cars,
Hard courts and putting-greens.

She lived unknown; but those who
know
Say Lucy soon will be
A Business Potentate, and owe
The difference to tea.

Chequered Passion.

"I AM in love," said Simpson.
"With love?" I asked curiously.
"Or with some glorious specimen of
English girlhood?"

"With Gwladys Hocking—I don't
think you know her—and I don't
know what to do."

"Introduce me," I said, "if that's
all that's troubling you."

"Don't be a fool. I want your
advice."

Nine times out of ten when a man
in Simpson's condition asks for advice
all he really wants is encouragement.
I determined to give it him.

"Listen to me, Simpson," I said
earnestly. "You are in love with this
girl. You cannot doubt it. Your heart
tells you so. But is she in love with
you—that is what you are uncertain
of. Am I right?"

"She isn't."

"You think not. But she may be.
Nothing is impossible. Every day
scores of the most extraordinary-

looking men are getting married. Look
at the illustrated papers if you doubt
me. I know exactly how you feel.
'Good heavens!' you say when you
look in your shaving-mirror of a morn-
ing, 'what chance has a man with
scarlet ears and a receding chin got
with a girl like that? And my nose!
She'd simply laugh at me.' Isn't that
what you say? Of course it is. But
you've no right to say such things,
Simpson. At least you've no right to
say she would laugh at you. For all
you know she may admire red ears."

"I know it sounds ridiculous," I
went on, as he seemed about to speak,
"but you must remember women are
incalculable creatures. So don't be too
humble. Stick your chin out—sorry,
old boy!—I mean square your shoul-
ders, remind yourself that appearances
aren't everything, and go in and win.
Take her by storm. 'Gwladys,' you
must say, giving it plenty of w—
'Gwladys, I adore you! You are mine,
do you hear me?—mine!' and then
before she has time to deny it catch
her up in your arms and crush her
fragile head against your heaving
bosom. If that doesn't do the trick
you can go to America for all I care
and shoot craps."

"It's all very well to talk, but you
don't understand."

"Why, what's the difficulty?"

"She plays chess," said Simpson
miserably.

There was an awkward silence.

"Oh, well," I said at last, "it might
be worse, you know. It might be bridge
or something."

"I think it's perfectly wonderful of
her to play chess," said Simpson hotly.
"I reverence her for it. It was at a
tournament that I first saw her. She
looked so sweet and desirable sitting
there, a tiny frown furrowing her brow,
her little hand toying idly with a
bishop—"

"Tut!" I said.

"—I fell in love with her at once.
And when, with an infinitely graceful
movement of a pawn, she brought
the game to a conclusion I knew that
there could be no real happiness for me
till the day when those clear blue eyes
were raised to mine and that dear
voice whispered, 'Mate!' to me."

There was a good deal more of this
kind of thing which I omit. But
gradually the kernel of the situation
began to emerge. Simpson's chess,
though dashing, is still a good way
below the ALEKHINE class. It would
take him months of hard study, I
gathered, before he could hope to give
Miss Hocking a game—years perhaps
before her eyes could be expected to
light up with admiration at his mastery

of the Sicilian Defence, the brilliance
of his rook-work, the deft handling of
his knights. Nor was this the worst.
There was another man, a slyboots,
Simpson said, by the name of Barnett,
with whom his Gwladys constantly
played and whose chess was of a
splendour and subtlety that made
even hers seem childish by comparison.
You would have thought (and I sug-
gested as much to Simpson) that here
he had nothing to fear. No person
living can stand being continually
beaten at chess; certainly no girl of
Gwladys's intelligence would dream of
condemning herself to a life of perpetual
checkmate. But you would be reckon-
ing (as I did) without the fiendish
cunning of the man Barnett. For
Barnett realised the danger. Deliber-
ately, so Simpson told me, he set out
to lose to her. Not easily—oh, no, he
was too clever for that—but suddenly
and dramatically, at a moment when
the game seemed to be his, he would
make a false move, crack would come
one of Miss Hocking's knights against
his unguarded queen, and then man-
fully and with an apologetic little
smile he would resign. How could a
girl help feeling tenderly disposed
towards a man who so continually
afforded her the sweetest triumph that
chess can bestow?

It was thus, said Simpson passion-
ately, that the snake Barnett was luring
his Gwladys to destruction. Only after
marriage, when the unsuspecting girl
was his, body and soul, would he show
himself in his true colours. Then no
doubt he would beat her mercilessly
night after night, harassing her pawns,
reiving away her bishops, beleaguering
her poor king until the distraught
monarch had no place of succour left.
Her life, Simpson said, would be hell.

"Leave it all to me, Simpson," I
said.

* * * * *

Three days later I stood by Simpson
in his comfortable flat, watching
Barnett and Miss Hocking at grips.
Even to the inexperienced eye it was
obvious that Miss Hocking was getting
the worst of it. Her pawns were
scattered, her left battle was riven,
here a bishop, there a knight was hard
beset. Barnett could hardly delay his
false move much longer.

It was time to put Plan XVII. into
operation.

"Miss Hocking," I said, with a little
bow, "I congratulate you. A beautiful
position."

Miss Hocking said nothing and
Barnett raised his eyebrows.

"Oh, I don't know," said Simp-
son. "He can take her knight, you
know."



Irish Groom (to Novice). "WHATIVER YE DO, SOB, DON'T PULL HIS HEAD OFF. HE'LL NEED THAT TO PUSH PAST THE POST."

"Not without losing his bishop."

"But if she does that he'll take her queen."

"And fall into the trap?"

"O-ho!" said Simpson, who knew his part, "I hadn't seen that."

"We oughtn't to be talking like this, I know," I said to Miss Hocking, "but of course a player of Mr. Barnett's calibre would never make an elementary mistake like that, would he?"

"Still, he's got to do *something*," put in Simpson.

"Well, I know what I should do in his place."

"I don't think I need any help, thank you," said Barnett coldly.

"I think he means 'resign,'" suggested Simpson.

"Resign!" growled Barnett.

"Humph!" and he brought a knight to bear on Miss Hocking's king.

"By Jove!" said Simpson. "Mor-ton's Fork!"

It was too true. With diabolical cunning Barnett had drawn a bead simultaneously on Miss Hocking's king and one of her rooks. A pretty flush mantled the girl's cheeks as she side-stepped neatly with her king.

"No trap there, I hope?" said Barnett cruelly, removing the rook.

Miss Hocking sullenly advanced a pawn, and I drew Simpson aside.

"We must be careful, Simpson. At any moment he may come to his senses and throw away his queen. Keep him angry at all costs."

Barnett had just swept a bishop into oblivion.

"Ha!" cried Simpson loudly. "A bad slip."

"A player of his experience too," I added, shocked.

"Check!" said Barnett savagely.

Miss Hocking interposed one of her few remaining pieces.

"Check!" said Barnett again, taking it.

Miss Hocking laid a quivering finger on her king. Tears of rage and mortification trembled in her eyes. Never before perhaps in all her chess history had she suffered such a public humiliation.

Two moves later Barnett took her queen.

"A fatal error, I suppose!" he said, looking up with a triumphant sneer.

"I think so," I said softly, taking up my hat. "But you must ask Miss Hocking."

As I reached the door I caught the sound of falling chessmen, followed by the low vibrant tones of a woman chess-player in *extremis*. "Beast!" she seemed to me to be saying.

Out in the street a hand was laid on my arm.

"Simpson!" I cried in astonishment. "What are you doing here? You should be at Miss Hocking's side, comforting her—"

"That woman," said Simpson—"a woman who can't keep her temper when she loses! Tchah! Let's go and get a drink."

We drank, without much hope, to the future happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Barnett.

H. F. E.

World-Shaking Events.

"ARMY STAMPS IN EGYPT."

Daily Paper Heading.

"It is in the circumstances not extravagant to say that the clouds are gathering in Eastern Asia."—*Scots Paper.*

All right then, go ahead and say it.



"TRYING FOR A DRIVING-LICENCE, ARE YOU?"

"It's All in the English Tradition."

ALAS! I must try to arise from my bed
And compose a conventional letter
To dear Mrs. Wade, at whose cottage I stayed—
And the sooner I do it the better.
I'm feeling a wreck, I've a pain in my neck
And a spasm of sharp indigestion,
A terrible liver, arthritis and flu,
I shudder and shiver and may not pull through—
But to say so is out of the question

For—

It's all in the English Tradition, I fear,
To evade what is really the case;
This isn't quite right, but it's very polite
And the pride of our insular race.
It's known for a fact that the essence of tact
Is to seem unreservedly grateful
To well-meaning friends who transform our week-ends
Into something distressingly hateful.
So now I will summon diminishing strength
And concoct an epistle of suitable length
(Disregarding my frightful condition)
To show that at heart I'm an integral part
Of the wonderful English Tradition.

"MY DEAR MRS. WADE.—I have never enjoyed
A more truly felicitous visit.
The house is a dream [*I was stunned by a beam*]
And the cooking [*Oh, Lord!*] was exquisite.
I'd like to see more of your husband [*a bore*],
And I dote on the country [*not really*].
The picnic at Hammer [*east wind*] was such fun—
And, thanking you [*—her!*] for all that you've done,
I remain, always, yours [*in*] sincerely . . ."

Oh—

It's all in the English Tradition, I fear,
To tell lies till you're blue in the face,
And the boulder or crank who is shamelessly frank
Is considered a perfect disgrace.
So, aching with cramp, I will search for a stamp,
With a moistureless tongue try to lick it,
And crawl back to bed with this line in my head:
"It may not be right, but it's cricket."
And finally, should I be nearing my end,
I respectfully beg some relation or friend
To attend to this slight recognition:
"IT CAN'T BE DENIED THAT THIS CITIZEN LIED,
BUT HE STUCK TO THE ENGLISH TRADITION."

15, 1936

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P.C. JOHN BULL.

"WHEN CONCILIATION DUTY'S TO BE DONE—
 THE POLICEMAN'S LOT IS NOT A HAPPY ONE—
 TO BE DONE,
 HAPPY ONE."

Impressions of Parliament.

Friday, April 3rd.—The FOREIGN SECRETARY was warmly received this afternoon when, in answer to Mr. ATTLEE, he rose to report on the diplomatic situation. He had told Herr VON RIBBENTROP, he said, that, while the Government considered the latest German proposals as deserving of careful study, they noted the absence of the contribution towards confidence during the interim period for which they had asked.

For their part in this matter of easing negotiation, however, the Government were giving to the French and Belgian Governments certain undertakings, to come into effect should conciliation ultimately fail, and also proposed to engage in conversations, between the General Staffs of the three countries, which would not increase our political obligations. These would take place in London, and could not be considered as prejudicing the settlement for which they all hoped.

With Mr. ATTLEE's suggestion that all the League Powers, and not merely

the Locarno Powers, should be brought into conference when the time came, Mr. EDEN admitted himself in sympathy.

It will be remembered that the Government's absurd and amorphous measure, the Betting Bill, originally contained a clause directed against the football pools, but this was quickly dropped as proving too unpopular. This afternoon, Mr. A. P. HERBERT having unsuccessfully tried to lodge an objection on a point of order, Mr. R. J. RUSSELL moved the Second Reading of his anti-Pool Bill, making great play with the deterioration of the nation's character and the necessity for keeping football clean.

The debate which followed was mainly remarkable for Mr. BARR's statement, worth noting in the mouth of a Socialist, that "we had come to a point when it was recognised that liberty ought to be wisely curtailed"; for Mr. MCGOVERN's honest outburst against the Bill, saying that, although a non-smoker and a teetotaler, he resented the insinuation that the worker was incapable of deciding for himself how to spend his money, and pointing out that the Churches themselves indulged in lotteries; and for the speech of Mr. A. P. HERBERT, in which he described how professional football existed by bartering half-backs as if they were cattle, and begged the puritans for God's sake to leave a little folly in the world.

The Bill was happily flung out with no mean force.

Monday, April 6th.—To-day's debate was a strange hybrid affair, technically to do with the pay of women civil servants and yet blossoming into a full survey of foreign policy.

The PRIME MINISTER opened by saying that he did not take the view that the Government's defeat last week showed that it had lost the confidence of either the House or the country, and that he could not agree to equal payment of women civil servants, partly because it would only lead to still higher pay for the men and partly because it would

tend to queer the pitch of women in industry.

Mr. ATTLEE, painting a ghastly picture of the irresolution with which our foreign policy was being misconducted, declared that it was most improper for a Government to be beaten



JOHN-IN-THE-BOX.

[In the Debate on the Pool-Betting Bill Mr. J. MCGOVERN springs a surprise on the House.]

on Supply and yet to go no way to meet the views of the House. According to him the Government had a large share of responsibility both for the Abyssinian tragedy and for the German coup, and its inept leadership was bringing us nearer war.

He was followed by Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR, who roundly blamed the Government for not having gone ahead with the oil, coal and steel sanctions, the embargo on shipping, and the direct assistance which ought to have been given to the Abyssinian Army. This last phrase, as might be imagined, brought a roar of protest and cries of "You mean war!"; and, though Sir ARCHIBALD "plainly and frankly" insisted that there was a difference between "direct assistance" and war, it was one which the House clearly found difficult to grasp.

After Miss WILKINSON had brought the debate back for a moment to women's pay, Mr. CHURCHILL took it abroad again with varied criticism of the Government's foreign policy. So far as he could see, he said, we had



Alice Maxton. "OH, IF ONLY THESE WAR-DRUMS THROBBED NO LONGER."

[During the debate on the foreign policy of the Government Mr. MAXTON expressed his horror at the jingoism both of the Liberal and the official Labour parties.]



THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF TOSCH SELECTING PICTURES FOR THEIR ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

fallen between two stools; for, while we had not assisted Abyssinia we had mortally offended Italy and pressed France into a course of action which had given the Germans their opportunity to reoccupy the Rhineland. What about the suggested re-distribution of the mandated territories, he asked, a matter on which the Government had spoken with several voices? In his view we had to face a great growth of German power, and the only sane way to face it was through a concerted League of Nations which had made up their minds.

Mr. MAXTON, at any rate, is consistent; and he delighted the House by condemning the Jingoism of the leaders of the Labour and Liberal parties. Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN urged that the lesson of the Abyssinian War was that we could no longer be vague about collective security.

Mr. EDEN once again refuted the criticism that the Government had allowed the Abyssinian affair to develop without protest, and explained that the Government's aim was, by the end of the summer, to see all the nations of Europe members of the League, which would bring a new structure of security. And finally the CHANCELLOR accused the Opposition of bluff, and made it clear that

in no circumstances would a demand for a transfer of British Colonies be tolerated. Even in the case of Mandated Territories, he said, no provision existed for their transfer.



OUR BACK-BENCH WHO'S WHO?

In the political hurghley BURGHLEY
Has made his mark urchley,
His laurels Olympic
Have become Junior Impie.

Donald Duck, Film Star.

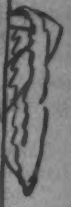
THERE have been few more rapid triumphs in the cinema world than that of *Mr. Donald Duck*. A short time ago nobody had heard of him; now he is an outstanding personality of the screen. And yet, in actual fact, he still is, as he began, a minor star in a constellation. The Michael Mouse Company, to which he belongs, has always been remarkable for its team-work. *Mouse* himself and his attractive leading lady, *Minnie*, are no doubt at the head; his gallantry and devotion, her skill at the piano and general gaiety, are constant and valuable characteristics; but *Claribel Cow*, *Harold Horse* and the admirable *Pluto*, to mention no others, are little less prominent, and all play into each other's hands with laudable unselfishness.

Mr. Duck, on the other hand, is an individualist. Whatever may be in progress, from the moment he saunters casually on he has to be in the middle of it. The fact of its being no concern of his makes no matter. To those around him he is intensely indifferent. He will queer anybody's pitch without turning a hair. If an orchestra is playing and he chooses to spoil the effect with an absurd little pipe, the

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orchestra has to stop, not he. He will, in short, interfere with anything; but, if anybody dares to interfere with him he flies at once into an unseemly rage.

But he puts it across. His *aplomb*, his ineffable complacency, his calm assurance that what he does is right, and the way he sticks to it however wrong it may be, even the close-eyed balefulness of his tempers, make him somehow a lovable creature. He has a likeness to Mr. CHAPLIN in always playing the same character, and to Mr. ROBEY in the cheerful confidence of his welcome.

He is of course a thoroughly selfish actor, and the wonder is that the other members of the Company have stood him so long. Impenitent and impervious to advice as he undoubtedly is, one supposes that off the floor he is an agreeable companion. For ourselves we wish him joy. There is only one Donald Duck. DUM-DUM.

A Doughty Street Ditty.

WHEN as a youth I came to Town
To earn my bread and meat,
I did as Mr. DICKENS did
And lived in Doughty Street.

The windows of my attic looked
Across a sea of grey,
And up amongst the chimney-pots
I watched the pigeons play.

There, in that unromantic spot,
I watched them bill and coo,
And vowed I'd be a novelist
Like Mr. DICKENS too.

But though I struggled hard for life
And even studied Law,
I never saw the characters
That Mr. DICKENS saw.

The smiling eyes of *Pickwick*
Were never mine to see,
And *Sam* and *Tony Weller*
Were quite unknown to me.

I searched in vain for *Wardle*,
The host of *Dingley Dell*;
And though I once met *Jingle*,
I never knew him well.

The *Nicklebys*, I think, had moved—
We were not meant to meet,
Though I stepped into the footprints
Of Mr. DICKENS' feet.

Young *Twist* had gone, and *Fagin* too,
My missing them was sad;
But then I never had the eyes
That Mr. DICKENS had.

I lingered often in that street,
And paused before the gate,
And looked up at the plaque upon
The wall of Forty-Eight.



STRUTH!

"PARDON THIS INTRUSION. WOULD IT BE TOO MUCH TO ASK YOU TO REPEAT THE DUET YOU HAVE JUST RENDERED?"

I wondered if some future day
Would see another plaque
Set up upon another wall
Behind CHARLES DICKENS' back.

Alas! the years have swiftly flown,
Nor has my vow come true—
How could I hope to draw the folk
That Mr. DICKENS drew?

And yet I think in Doughty Street
I've peeped beneath the lid
Of the box of human passions
As Mr. DICKENS did.

And though the world has passed me,
Nor has my life been felt,
I'm glad I lived in Doughty Street
Where Mr. DICKENS dwelt. Fez.

"WHIPS TO DEAL WITH SLACK M.P.'s."
News Heading.

It seems rather drastic.

"The speaker was quite certain that the eleventh hour had struck, and they were driven to the conclusion that the twelfth hour was about to strike."

Report of Speech.

Why not stop the clock?

"ANY PERSON may obtain instant relief from Sciatica, Lumbago, or Rheumatism by sending two three-halfpenny stamps to —."

B.A.—I am ready to believe your statement.—J.A.K.—*Personal Column.*

We wish we could say the same.

More Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club.

From Ephraim Wobblegoose, House Steward, Roughover Golf Club, per young Pullcork (Page).

5.30 p.m., 5th March, 1936.

SIR,—Please to come quick for the Club House is on fire.

your Obedt. Servt.,

E. W.

From Phineas Pumply, Captain Roughover Fire Brigade, per John Logg, Driver.

5th March, 1936.

SIR,—Apology Sir, for not being with you yet, but as soon as we has the hose patched we will be around.

P. PUMPLY,

Captain R.F.B.

From Mrs. Whelk (his Mother), 103, Southward Street, London.

5th March, 1936.

MY DEAR BOY,—I wired you three hours ago to know if you are all right, as the Stop Press in my evening paper stated: "Roughover Golf Club in Flames. Fire Brigade unable to cope with Conflagration."

Darling, I am so worried at getting no reply from you, but am comforting myself with the thought that you will have your hands too full to be able to send word.

Your Loving,

MOTHER.

P.S.—Did you ever get the stockings I sent for Xmas?

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., Captain Roughover Golf Club, at the Bombay Duck Club, London.

5th March, 1936.

DEAR WHELK,—Why is it that as soon as my back is turned and I go away for a well-earned holiday you start playing the giddy ass?

I have just seen in the Stop Press of my evening paper that the Club is in flames and the Fire Brigade unable to put them out. I suppose this is some more of your tomfoolery.

Kindly note that there are in my locker: A golf coat, £6 6s.; my favourite golf ball (I never lost a match with it yet), 17s. 6d.; my spare teeth (the ones I always use when playing Sneyring-Stymie), £15 15s.; and all my clubs, which, being pre-War, can never be replaced, £37 10s.

When, therefore, making out claim against the insurance company, see that these items are not overlooked.

Yours faithfully,

ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

P.S.—If you have forgotten to insure the Club my claim must be met out of your own pocket.

From Admiral Charles Sneyring-Stymie, C.B., at the Hotel Royale, Snodderton.

5/3/36.

DEAR SIR,—I observe in this evening's paper that the Club has been set on fire, and I have been wondering if you have been burnt to death. It would really serve you right if you had, as I am quite sure it was all your fault.

In case, however, you may still be alive, will you please let me know if my locker was completely gutted or only partially so. On your report coming to hand I shall know just how to make out my claim against the insurance company.

Yours faithfully,

C. SNEYRING-STYMIE.

P.S.—I trust the new member was not burnt; he owes me 1/6.

From Lionel Nutmeg, Malayan Civil Service (Retired), Old Bucks Cottage, Roughover.

Thursday, 5th March, 1936.

DEAR SIR,—My housekeeper has just told me that the Club has gone up in flames. It is a bit of bad luck that I am confined to bed with a chill and cannot come over and see the fun.

I am consoling myself, however, with the thought that the oil painting in the Reading Room of Sir Henry Pluke-Straddon (Captain of the Club in 1903) will have been destroyed, for I have never been able to tolerate the way the man peers down at you from the walls with that abominable sneer. At times when I was writing letters he gave me the impression that he was reading what I had written, and I have frequently had to give it up and finish my correspondence at home.

By the way, if the gannet (killed by the gutty ball in 1892) was not rescued before the place was burnt I will be glad to provide a new one. It is a curious thing that whenever I stroked its beak before going out to play in a match I always holed at least a couple of long putts.

Yours faithfully,

L. NUTMEG.

From Marcus Penworthy, Free Lance Journalist, Roughover. (By hand).

6/3/36.

DEAR WHELK,—I enclose the cutting from this morning's local paper in case you have not seen it. If I called round this P.M. could you give me some dope on the Club's history, also some facts about your own life? I think the time

is ripe to do something on the lines of "Britain's Firefighters" or "Heroes of 1936."

Yours sincerely,

MARCUS PENWORTHY.

[Enclosure]

"GREAT HEROISM AT LOCAL FIRE. SECRETARY AND STEWARD SAVE THEIR CLUB."

At about 5.30 P.M. yesterday dense volumes of smoke were seen to be coming from the North Wing of Roughover Golf Club, and it was not long before a large crowd of interested spectators had collected.

Originating in the Secretary's Office, the blaze was soon localised to this room by the very gallant efforts of the Club's efficient Secretary, Mr. Patrick Whelk, who was most ably assisted by the House Steward, Mr. Ephraim Wobblegoose. Indeed, so successful were they that it was not long before they had completely dealt with the outbreak.

The origin of the fire is unknown, but it is assumed that an electric wire fused in the floor beneath the Secretary's Office, as a large area of carpet and woodwork was badly charred, with most of the panelling on the north and west walls. Several account-books and the Minute Book were also destroyed.

It was singularly fortunate that the fire did not spread to the Reading Room and Locker Room, where there was much valuable property.

Mr. Whelk, on being interviewed after his combat with the conflagration, shyly remarked: 'I did very little; the Steward deserves all the credit for putting out the flames.' Our representative then chatted with Mr. Wobblegoose, who was taking a well-earned rest behind a glass of ale. Mr. Wobblegoose was visibly moved when he said: 'I only did my duty, and I hope I shall never have to do it again.'

Mr. Wobblegoose is a keen gardener, and specialises in daffodil culture. He is also a subscriber to this paper.

It is expected that at the Urban Council meeting on Thursday someone will ask why the Fire Brigade did not function."

From Ephraim Wobblegoose, House Steward, Roughover Golf Club.

7/3/36.

MR. WHELK, DEAR SIR,—As you wish me to let you know in writing what claims I shall have regarding the fire, this is to certify that there is burnt off me—

My Trousers, 25/-

My Coat, 30/-

My Tie, 1/6

My Both Boots, 15/-



CONCEIT.

together with my braces and collar-stud broken, which comes to 1/9 and 1d. respectfully.

Then Sir, there is my beard which is all singed and badly burnt in parts but I suppose it will not be much use making a claim for it, although it will never be the same again and I valued it highly.

yours Sir,

E. WOBLEGOOSE.

P.S.—Annie (the waitress) has a heel off her shoe along of her getting a fright when the alarm sounded. She says I am to say it will cost her ninepence to have it sewn on again.

From General Sir Armstrong Forscure, K.B.E., C.S.I., Captain Roughover Golf Club, at the Bombay Duck Club, London.

7th March, 1936.

SIR,—I have just read your letter all about the fire; but why in the name of fortune, man, did you put it out? Surely you have enough brains left to realise that if you allowed the thing to burn to the ground the insurance company would have rebuilt it for us on up-to-date lines.

To my way of thinking you have tossed aside a golden opportunity of

thoroughly modernising the Club House—and not only that, but I am badly in need of a new set of clubs, as mine are getting hopelessly out of date.

With regard to the Minute Book being burnt, I take it that you deliberately threw the thing on to the flames when you had the chance, thus destroying all written evidence of your many backslidings.

Yours faithfully,

ARMSTRONG FORSCURE.

P.S.—Since writing the above, I have received a copy of the local paper referring to your gallant efforts and great heroism. It makes me sick. Knowing you as I do, I can only conclude that you filled the "representative" full of liquor and then told him what to write.

From General Sir Armstrong Forscure, K.B.E., C.S.I., at the Bombay Duck Club, London.

7th March, 1936.

MY DEAR WHEELK,—I have been worrying about the letter I wrote to you this morning, as I think I was perhaps a little harsh; but, after Roughover, this London air always gives me an unholy liver, and it only began to mend before tea this afternoon.

Would you care to come up one day next week? We might go to the British Museum and have a good fling afterwards.

Yours sincerely,

ARMSTRONG FORSCURE.

G. C. N.

Ups and Downs of Royalty.

"Queen Salote, of Tonga, heard and saw for the first time in her life a talking picture in Auckland last night."

New Zealand Paper.

"Hitler then made reference to the end of the Word War, and President Wilson's 13 points and the creation of the League of Nations."—Glasgow Paper.

Three most important subjects.

"One of the temporary propellers which were removed from the Queen Mary at Southampton to-day. New propellers are taking their place."—Naxepicture Caption.

This will come as a shock to those who expected that paddles would be fitted.

"THE EMPIRE FROZEN PRODUCE CO., LTD., (IN LIQUIDATION)."

Ceylon Paper.

The Tropics have evidently proved too hot for it.

At the Revue.

"SPREAD IT ABROAD" (SAVILLE).

SPREAD it abroad, indeed, that, flying in the face of current fashion, London is actually being entertained by a revue in which good stinging satire and not idiot sentimentality is the dominant note. For this miracle Mr. HERBERT FARJEON, as author, and Mr. C. DENIS FREEMAN, as producer, are mainly responsible; and all those who agree with them that satire has been for too long absent from our theatre, and that spectacle is no compensation for lack of wit, should go and register their vote through the box-office of the Saville, for if once it can be shown that there is money in irony then we shall get plenty of it. And we need it, unless we are to forget altogether how to laugh at ourselves.

Spread it abroad, too, that there is an excellent cast to project Mr. FARJEON's clever jests, and that Miss IVY ST. HELIER, Miss DOROTHY DICKSON and Mr. NELSON KEYS are given a lot to do, and do it well. The settings are simple, the dresses are not particularly good (though the Chorus are well-turned-out), and, apart from two tunes, "Spread it Abroad" and "These Foolish Things," I was not struck by the music; but I must confess that these drawbacks seem small beside the central fact that the dialogue is really worth hearing. Too often the reverse is the case, and one emerges from a revue with eyes so dazzled by gorgeous *décor* and brain so numbed by swooning ditties that it is only after a strong cup of tea that one grasps the true paucity of the lines one has been offered.

I specially welcomed "The Charge of the Late Brigade," a demonstration by Miss ST. HELIER and Mr. KEYS of the many aspects of the crime of coming late to theatre-seats. Very, very funny they make it, but also very pointed. A large number of the audience had arrived late. May the moral have sunk home.

These two are towers of strength, and their exploits are too many to be detailed. Miss ST. HELIER's "YVONNE ARNAUD" is unbelievably good, and our old favourite, Mr. KEYS' "JACK HULBERT," actually sprouts the famous chin in as diabolical an optical illusion as this wizard has ever devised. Their impersonations of the WESTERN Brothers and of opera-stars falling out are magnificent. In two

sketches, of a lady in a café looking back over her past and of a small dressmaker, Miss ST. HELIER recaptures in her own inimitable way the braveness, the sadness of *Manon la Crevette*, and in a third of an actress in

making use of a customer's head to give geographical point to his remarks on the conduct of the Abyssinian campaign is memorable, and so is his handling of the delicate part of poor Major Osgood, who gets locked into the

Members' Bar at Newbury race-course for six weeks. His reproduction of a sequence from a very flickery old film is so promising that its brevity is disappointing, and his contrasted portraits of two headmasters, ancient and modern, ought somehow to be televised to the Headmasters' Conference, where they would be very helpful.

Miss DICKSON is at her best in a cruelly effective little sketch in which, as a returned holiday-maker, she insists on showing her snaps, and she and Mr. LYLE EVANS sing a charming and almost sentimental ditty about QUEEN VICTORIA. With her sketch of the exhausted little Cockney bicycle-racer dragged to the microphone Miss HERMIONE GINGOLD scores heavily; she and Mr. EVANS are prominent in an amusing skit on first-night antics in the foyer, and Mr. EVANS squeezes the last bitter drop of satire out of the brilliant sally, "Dirty Songs," which castigates the people who judge cabaret by the angle of its descent. Add the singing of Miss TESSA DEANE and the dancing of Mr. WALTER GORE and Mr. WALTER CRISHAM,

and there is still much to say of a large and accomplished cast.

From such a good programme I should vote for the jettisoning of the rather cheap honeymoon sketch, and the Highland dance, which with its setting seemed to come straight off a shortbread-tin.

I nearly forgot to say that Miss ST. HELIER's "Lady HOUSTON" is quite up to the high standard of *The Saturday Review*. ERIC.

"Sale.—Lady's Fur Coat; Chest with deep drawers."—*Newspaper Adet.*

A kind of all-in garment.

"FRANCE APPEALS TO HITLER."
News Poster.

Just as the French feared it would!

"The distinctive characteristic of the stripe is its line-like composition."
From book on textile design.

The things these fellows think of!

"The bride was charmingly attired in white satin, and carried a bouquet of red carnations, and trailer."—*Wedding Report.*
All ready for going away in?



TRACING THE ABYSSINIAN FRONT.

Mario Mr. NELSON KEYS.
Customer Mr. LYLE EVANS.

the future dictating her reminiscences of 1936, she is riotously funny. Mr. KEYS' imitations of an Italian barber



ABSINTHE MINDED.
Miss IVY ST. HELIER.



ARE YOU FOR KEEPING OUT OF ISOLATED EUROPEAN ENTANGLEMENTS?

[Mr. PUNCH'S QUESTION AND SOME ANSWERS GIVEN TO HIM BY MEN AND WOMEN, CHOSEN VERY MUCH AT RANDOM, FROM ALL WALKS OF LIFE—After the manner of the Popular Press.]

Shoe-Strings in Vienna.

ONE day in the late spring of last year I noticed that the right-hand shoe-lace in my brown pair of shoes was going to break off just where it goes into the first hole. Three days, I gave it. That night it rained torrents, and I think the dampness in the atmosphere must have increased the tension on the lace, because it broke early the next afternoon just when I was stepping off a bus. Luckily, although I was hardly prepared, I kept my nerve, and, despite the difficulty of keeping the shoe on, managed to limp to a quiet street. There I was able to tie a temporary lop-sided knot with the long end that was left, but I knew that, as the shoes weren't anything like finished, I'd have to replace the lace.

Perhaps I am too sensitive and delicately minded, but it didn't seem as if I could go into a shoe-shop and buy one pair of laces, although I shouldn't be surprised if people are doing it every day. On the other hand, it looked ridiculous and a bit affected to ask for a dozen pairs of brown shoe-laces. There was the practical certainty too that if once I went inside a shoe-shop I should be landed with a pair of shoes which I didn't want. It wasn't the fear that I might be coerced into buying shoes that worried me so much as the foreboding that out of foolish embarrassment I should make the suggestion myself. If it had been a back-stud it would have been different. I find it easy to buy studs singly and have never even thought of going on to buy a suit just to ease the situation.

Well, for a week I did nothing overt, although I didn't let the matter drop from my mind, for I was still wearing the brown shoes, and every time I tied the temporary knot I made a mental note that I must buy a new lace. The reason why I didn't wear my black shoes was that the back of one of them had become bent in too far and rubbed against my heel. Then one morning I got the idea that shoe-laces were the kind of miscellaneous ware you find in small tobacconists or haberdashers. I don't know where I got this idea but it involved me in the purchase of a pipe and six collars which didn't match any of my shirts. By now the other end of my lace had snapped with the additional strain and I was barely managing to tie a very small tight knot with the terminal wisps. I ought to have explained that after the first break I pulled the whole lace through the holes until the two free ends were of equal length and long enough to hold a small bow knot. I also cut off the small tin tag from the good end to remove the unbalanced effect.

Shortly after this I left with some friends in a small car for a holiday in Austria. I was still wearing my brown shoes and consequently had to put up with a lot of offensive remarks about my laziness in going abroad with a broken lace. I had got over my first uneasiness by then, however, and was becoming quite attached to the broken thing. The only trouble was in the mornings, when I had to unravel the small tight knot which I couldn't be bothered untying at nights.

All went well across northern France and through the Black Forest. When we came to the border town of Füssen I took it into my head to buy a pair of sandals, and for a time forgot about my shoe trouble.

Nothing much happened for the next few weeks except one Sunday when we went over the Brenner into Italy for a picnic. That day the carburettor went dry. This happened often, and we were in the habit of stopping and resting before putting it right. This time I thought I'd fix it myself

while the others slept by the side of a little lake. I am completely ignorant of engines, but this trouble had occurred so frequently that I knew exactly what to do. I fetched an old bottle which we always kept filled with petrol for emergencies. Somehow or other it happened to be empty. Evaporated probably. So I got out a green spoon of some composite material which we used for scooping petrol from the tank at the back of the car to fill the bottle. The petrol was pretty low down in the tank and I couldn't grip the spoon flat enough to hold any. With a resourcefulness which rather pleased me I hit on the idea of tying a piece of string round the neck of a very small bottle which had held some stuff for curing hay-fever and lowering this into the tank until it filled up with petrol. About seventeen trips with the small bottle ought to fill the carburettor and the big bottle, I calculated. The only thing which kept me from carrying out this ingenious and simple plan was that I couldn't find any string lying around in that part of the Brenner. I was loth to wake up the others because I wanted to give them a pleasant and unexpected surprise, besides showing them I could handle a difficult situation better than they thought.

It was then I remembered my shoe-lace, and I hauled out my shoes from under the back seat. After a pretty tough tussle with the knot I pulled the lace out of the shoe, tied it round the neck of the hay-fever bottle and let it down into the tank. The lace was pretty short by this time, however, and the bottle didn't quite reach the petrol—at any rate so that it could lie flat and let the petrol pour in. I had to take a spanner and, using it as the rod part of a fishing-rod, gripped the lace between the vice parts, as it would have used up too much lace to have tied it on. I think the spanner must have been oily, for the lace seemed to lose its grip and dropped with the bottle into the tank. I couldn't figure out a way of getting them out of the tank and had to stop another car and borrow petrol. We got the tank cleaned out at Innsbruck, but the lace was in a pretty shocking condition, practically finished.

We decided to return by Vienna. When we arrived there I was still wearing my sandals, the soles of which I had since discovered were made of old motor-tyres. While we were in the city I thought I'd better wear shoes. Perhaps it was some odd unconscious association with the name of one of the musicians connected with that city which was behind my move back to shoes. More likely it was because the Vienna pavements make sandals rather painful to wear.

Next morning I slipped out of the hotel early and soon found a shoe-shop. It may have been due to something in Vienna which drives away complexes and groundless fears, but funnily enough I didn't experience any difficulty in marching in and asking in loud ringing tones for a pair of brown shoe-laces. My German isn't very good and the nearest they had was a pair of brown boot-laces. Rather than cut them I looped them round my ankles after a fashion which I improvised at the time. The effect is rather jaunty and has aroused much admiration, but I'm pretty certain that one of the laces is to give way shortly. Still, it isn't so serious with boot-laces, and I shall be in Vienna again this summer, so I'm not worrying.

"USEFUL MANŒUVRE."

Asbby, the Oxford bow, was twisting his tongue from side to side as he tried to emulate the courage of his colleagues."

Yorks Paper.

It helps to keep the boat steady.

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Farmer. "I THOUGHT I SACKED YOU YESTERDAY?"

Farm-Hand. "AY, YOU DID; AND DON'T YOU DO IT AGAIN. MY FAITHER DIDN'T 'ARF TAKE ON ABOUT IT."

Page of Charterhouse.

EMPTY at the Reform stands "PAGE's chair,"
Where for so many years he held a sort
Of unofficial and informal court,
Wearing his homespuns with a regal air.
For there was something kingly in his mien,
Shedding on all who came within his sphere
An influence benignant and sincere,
Majestical and luminous and serene.

He had both wit and wisdom for his dower,
But was exempt from pedantry or pose;
He wrote the purest un-Johnsonian prose
And wore his learning lightly, like a flower.

He loved the Classics in their ancient tongue,
Yet never earned the name of "neophobe"—
Witness the helpful aid he lent to LOEB
In anglicizing what they said or sung.

Gentle and kindly save to those who scorned
The calling he exalted, or who sneered
At things of good report which he revered,
He passes greatly loved and deeply mourned.

And though that noble voice is hushed and still,
His spirit cannot pass into the night,
Or the last message he was moved to write
Pleading for international goodwill. C. L. G.



"MR. ALBERT BLOGGS WILL NOW SING FOR US 'YOU CANNOT DO THAT—AH—THEAH HEAH.'"

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Deos Qui Novit Agrestes.

MR. HILAIRE BELLOC might almost say of rural Sussex what THIRING of Uppingham said about liberty to teach: "Let me finish by begging your pardon for having broken silence in a lost cause." Yet if the topography and history of every English shire were handled as he handles his own, lovers of England might be heartened to defend what her ravagers might be discouraged from attacking. Cut off by wedges of morass from Kent and Hampshire, backed by the unpropitious Weald, *The County of Sussex* (CASSELL, 7/6), though in speech and architecture little differentiated from its neighbours, has highly characteristic inhabitants. How their traditional pursuits and modes of government were determined, how they reacted to old invasions and may react to new ones is the theme of an essay delightfully expanded into a volume. With the past at his finger-tips Mr. BELLOC leads the rider, the pedestrian and the boatman along Roman roads, through hangers and combes, up the Arun, the Adur and the Cuckmere and over such submerged townships as seaweed-entangled Selsea. Learned, enthusiastic and lucid, his book is a pattern of its kind.

Millionaires at Play.

"Man is but a reed," said PASCAL, "the most feeble thing in nature, but he is a thinking reed." For some reason

obscure to me, Miss REBECCA WEST has taken the title of her new novel from this saying. *The Thinking Reed* (HUTCHINSON, 8/6) is a long book and contains plenty of characters, but though there are reeds enough among them there is singularly little thought. Some years ago, in *William Clissold*, Mr. WELLS had his say about the horde of idle rich who haunt the Riviera. He noted in passing their extraordinary activity, the way in which they rushed aimlessly from place to place in order to escape from the necessity of thought. Miss WEST deals with them at full length: she exposes before us a whole gallery of most unpleasant people, most of whom have nothing to do but gamble and play at falling in love. With her curiously assorted pair, *Isabelle* and *Marc*, we are taken to Antibes, to Le Touquet, to Mürren, to all the resorts where her specimens abound. *Marc Sallafranque*, the millionaire maker of automobiles, is almost the only person we meet who does not afflict the reader with a sense of nausea. He is a fool, but a good-natured fool, with flashes of sound sense, and *Isabelle*, who marries him in a fit of pique, gets a better husband than she deserves. The merit of the book lies in its biting satire. The author can turn a phrase with the best, and she scarifies the unspeakable *Lady Barnacloth*, with all her self-satisfied *Lauriston* clan, well enough, and places *M.* and *Madame d'Alperoussa* before us in a sufficiently unflattering light. But as a novel, though no doubt it will have a big sale, the book does not impress me. It is impossible to take any real interest in any one of the characters—except possibly *Marc Sallafranque*.

Bird Secrets.

If any English bird that flies
Has managed to elude the range
Of W. K. RICHMOND's eyes
It must be something rare and
strange—

And lucky too, for in his bag
Of victims of the watching game
Only a few are left a rag
Of reputation to their name.

He probes their secret hearts and states
Which of them fight and which are
shy,

Those which are faithful to their mates
And those which sport the roving eye;
In *England's Birds* (from FABER) all
Is told, and if you feel a doubt
Whether his yarns are slightly tall
There's every chance to catch him
out.

For almost always we're assured
Of time and place for what he sees,
And there's a wealth of choice; he's
toured

Breckland, the Pennines, Epping,
Tees.

Up north, down south and close at hand—
He's even watched the fowl that lurks
On so unpromising a strand
As one of London's waterworks.

Under Five Roof-Trees.

So promising an impulse as that of writing biographies of your homes might, I feel, have yielded a more perfect book than *Houses as Friends* (CAPE, 10/6), though I give Miss DOROTHY PYM full marks for the originality of her conception. The trouble, I take it, is that the five dwellings commemorated are not sufficiently predominant. Miss PYM should have had the courage of what (you imagine) were her first convictions, kept the human biographical—and still more the human autobiographical—element in its place and concentrated on her houses and gardens as Sir EDWIN LUTYENS' enthusiastic little foreword leads you to expect she will. For how interesting these homes are: "Picts' Barrow," the yellow-brick residence of her childhood; "2, Rue Gustave Doré," the Versailles scene of her Continental "finishing"; "Harrold Hall," the Bedfordshire seat of her early married life; "The Old Cottage," THACKERAY's former dwelling off Kensington Square, and "Boleyn," the unspoilt setting of a typical post-War *ménage*! "Boleyn" is the most sympathetic portrait. "2, Rue Gustave Doré" the most picturesque, "Harrold Hall" a trifle spoilt by the caustic touch which the writer seems to have inherited (with other and more desirable qualities) from the unparalleled "ELIZABETH."

A Tough Island Story.

Mr. JACK B. YEATS, following the example of some other artists of distinction, has written a novel. It is called *The Amaranthers* and is well and truly published by HEINEMANN (7/6). As far as it is about anything it is about an



"YOU B'AIN'T EZACKLY BIGOTIVE, WILLIAM, BUT YOU BE WHAT I MUD CALL A BIT UNILATERAL."

island and a railway and a revolutionary club and a brass band—oh, yes, and a lot of other things besides. One reviewer, at least, had great difficulty in finding any trace of coherence in it, and after struggling through twenty pages, he gave it up in despair. However, clearing his mind of prejudice and bracing himself for the effort, he made a second attempt and found a certain pleasure in taking it as it came; and eventually discovered that all the book needed was an occasional blank page—say one in every ten—on which he could rest and recover his breath before continuing the struggle. The story is not divided into chapters, but rolls on relentlessly from cover to cover. It is a hotch-potch of curious and fantastic little word-pictures—many of them left in a sketchy condition and loosely strung together in a very untidy manner. If JAMES JOYCE and JAMES STEPHENS had collaborated and agreed to avoid

unseemly language and subjects they might have produced something like this—but not quite, for Mr. YEATS has his own particular whimsicality. At times it seems to have a meaning, but more often it eludes all mental grasp. It charms and exasperates and sometimes evokes a laugh, and ends by making the reader feel as if he had fallen into a spate of tumultuous words, out of which he has just managed to crawl, breathless and exhausted, but with the impression that somehow it has done him good.

Country Pleasures.

Books about the country tend to be either sloppily sentimental or maddeningly informative. Mr. T. H. WHITE's peculiar charm is that he avoids these pitfalls like the plague. He likes "the Shire," that "undiscovered county" in which he lives, at least as much for the fun he can get out of it as for its intrinsic charm and beauty; and he gives information not as an encyclopædia but as one who is aware of his own ignorance and realises that others know even less. Shooting, fishing, hunting and flying, these are Mr. WHITE's passion—though that is a stronger word than he himself would use, and in *England Have My Bones* (COLLINS, 8/6) he takes us round the year with him in the pursuit of one or other of these pastimes. Plenty of people have written about shooting and hunting before now, but few with the eagerness coupled with the coldly analytical brain of Mr. WHITE. Even in the excitement of bringing down a brace of partridges he is capable of asking himself what exactly is the attraction of the sport, the justification, if you like, of the killing. His answer, that a sport is worth while just in so far as it calls for the exercise of the highest skill, forms in a way the *motif* of the book. Parts of this book may not appeal to everyone—some, for instance, may be bored by the long accounts of learning to fly, though I personally found them interesting, and I doubt whether many readers will share the author's enthusiasm for grass-snakes; but these are trifles. It is a book to buy.

A Middle-Aged Hero.

I feel that I have just cause of complaint against Mr. J. W. N. SULLIVAN because his latest novel, *A Holiday Task* (JONATHAN CAPE, 7/6), seems to promise so much more than it performs. It is excellent reading, and two at least of the people introduced to us, the middle-aged and dissatisfied *James Pagham* and little *Mr. Cardwell*, once a famous medium and now a man of wealth, are exceptionally interesting, so that we long to find out what will make *James* happy and of what guiding interest *Mr. Cardwell's* eccentricities are the cloak. *Mr. Cardwell* is as funny and fascinating a little fellow as one has met in fiction for some time, but, save for making *James's* job pleasanter and giving some good parties, he might as well not be there; and *James*, we are led to suppose, is cured of his malaise by becoming the possessor of a mistress as well as a wife, and of a child

by each—a recipe for happiness in middle-age that is somehow not too convincing. Mr. SULLIVAN tells a story so well that it is difficult to forgive him for not making sure that his story was worth telling.

Pot-Pourri and Causerie.

Even if Mr. HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL, like J. CÆSAR, deems it wise to retire year by year into winter quarters, I hope that during the summer months he will continue to sally forth and collect additions to *My Vagabondage* (CASSELLS, 8/6). Nothing comes amiss to him; whether he is inspecting a hospital, visiting an island or looking over a factory he is always a keen and sympathetic observer. True to his title he roams from subject to subject and from place to place; for instance, he jumps from roses to a coalmine without making any unreasonable demands upon his readers' mental agility. "It is an offence," he says, "against God and man to pay no attention to what nourishes body, mind and spirit," and forthwith we are given a chapter on food and wine, of which all cooks and cellarers should take especial heed. Not by any means the least reason for

admiring Mr. VACHELL is that in a world of flurry he remains conscious of life's urbanities.

Good Footwork.

Walking in Cornwall (MACLEHOSE, 7/6) deserves the praise which Mr. A. L. ROWSE, in a foreword, bestows upon it; for Mr. J. R. A. HOCKIN, himself a Cornishman, has whole-heartedly tackled his task; and, although he has not neglected to consult honoured authorities, the most valuable part of his information is what I venture to call first-foot. I could wish that Mr. HOCKIN did

not think the Lizard "weird," but apart from this tiny complaint I welcome a writer who is so fully alive to the charms of the Cornish coast and countryside. A map and some well-chosen illustrations will add to the pleasure of those who accept Mr. HOCKIN as their guide.

Life Before Death.

Miss ELINOR MORDAUNT begins her new novel, *Prelude to Death* (SECKER, 7/6), with the first part of the Epilogue, which made me suspect, as did her Foreword (explaining the method and title), that I was going to be confused by some elaborate conjuring-trick with Time. But it is all quite straightforward, in spite of an Epilogue in three scattered parts. We first meet *Anna* in an hotel full of semi-invalids with "a passion for the unexpected, spinning their ill-health round them like a cocoon." Soon we are switched back to her rather dashing childhood, and follow the course of her life. A proposal by a parson, marriage to a half-caste, desertion, ten years of peace in the country, another sudden and even stranger marriage make a full though never overcrowded story, which is saved from being too sad by the irony of the style and the courage and clear thought of the heroine. I doubt if Miss MORDAUNT has written a better book, and I should like to thank her for letting me know *Anna*.



"OUR CENTRAL BARBERING (WIRELESS) IS MUCH APPRECIATED BY NERVOUS SHAVERS."—Advt.

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House-hunting Mamma. "REMEMBER, DEAR, ONE COULD BE A LADY IN THE 'NUTSHELL'—IN 'BALMORAL,' NEVER."

Charivaria.

At Bath an Abyssinian cat spent three weeks up a chimney. The poor little creature thought the Italians were after it.

★ ★ ★

When two Hungarian statesmen fought a duel with pistols, both missed. Purposely, it is believed, with the intention of making each other feel too small to be an easy target.

★ ★ ★

"The politicians of to-day are just as sensible as those of the last generation," declares a writer. That's just the trouble.

★ ★ ★

An inventor claims to have discovered how to manufacture lightning for use in warfare by nations who agree not to use it.

★ ★ ★

Somebody dislikes the idea of heaven as an eternal Eisteddfod. Still, it is an inducement to the Welsh to be good.

★ ★ ★

The extravagantly high pay of "intellectual" writers in Soviet Russia, to which attention is drawn, is calculated to aggravate the unrest in Bloomsbury.

★ ★ ★

Complaint is made that museums close too early. One effect of this is seen in our crowded cinemas.

"It is important news that there is a possibility of creased trousers becoming unfashionable," says a tailor. So important that it should really be printed in the Stop Press.

★ ★ ★

A trip for Devonshire farmers has been arranged to enable them to examine agricultural conditions in Yorkshire. Grumbling will be carried on through interpreters.

★ ★ ★

"I have at last seen my ideal home," writes a reader. And probably it won't be long now before she marries him.

★ ★ ★

A pair of wagtails have made their nest in a watering-can. Instinct probably tells them that Nature will ensure their being undisturbed.

★ ★ ★

"I've half a mind to become a scenario writer," says a correspondent. That's all he'll want.

★ ★ ★

An eminent hairdresser is said to number famous artists among his friends. But not, one fancies, among his clients.

★ ★ ★

There was a record number of marriages in Sweden last year. It is well known that the best matches come from Sweden.

Pastoral Note.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Just a line to tell you how much I am enjoying my stay in this quaint little old-world spot, buried in the heart of the country. Do you know we are fourteen miles from the nearest train? Yet I don't feel in the least lonely or depressed by being cut off in this way from my fellow-beings. I suppose Mother Earth is a companion herself in a sense and saves a man from feeling altogether isolated in circumstances like this. Not that there aren't others staying in the house here, and the villagers and so on, but you know what I mean.

I have been watching some cows in a field which I can see from my bedroom-window. They have a way of swishing their tails about while they are feeding, etc., to keep off the flies; though of course there are not very many flies about at this time of year, so that they do not swish their tails about as much as they would be doing if the year were more advanced—say in September, when flies are a great deal more numerous. However, from time to time they swish them about, and it is very interesting to watch them. Horses do the same thing, as you probably know, but there are none in the field, so naturally I haven't actually seen them.

Another curious thing about cows is the way they get up when they have been lying on the ground, as they sometimes do—to rest, I suppose. They get up at the back first, and then, once their back legs are straight, all they have to do is to straighten their front legs and there they are, up! Horses do it the other way round—something to do with their knees, I believe. Cows have their back knees at the front, if you see what I mean, whereas horses have them at the back, i.e., facing the opposite way to the way they are going (isn't it absurd?), and consequently the two animals get up in different ways. I don't quite know why this is so, but it is most interesting to watch them—at least it is interesting to watch the cows; the horses, as I say, I have not seen.

There is a most extraordinary bird here which keeps hopping about on the lawn making odd little "weep-weep" noises. Don't imagine that I mean it is actually a "crying" noise. Birds have no eyelids, or rather their eyelids shut from the bottom upwards, just as desks do sometimes—though not often, I admit—and consequently they are unable to cry. It's the tear-ducts, you see. I simply mean that the sound the bird makes may be represented by the words "weep, weep," repeated at frequent intervals. What do you think he could be? He has a habit of stopping every now and then to peck at the ground, as if in search of food, but I expect you will be able to identify him easily enough from what I have already said. I say "he," by the way, but of course I can't be certain of his sex. If he lays an egg or anything I shall know better where I am.

There is a sparrow too which sometimes comes and perches most precariously on the very top of the weather-vane. Every moment one expects to see him topple off, but he is absolutely fearless and will stay there for hours on end, singing very sweetly. How different are we humans from sparrows! Even to stand on a church tower fills me with terror. Still, if one could fly I daresay much of this feeling of distress would disappear. What do you think?

Spring is rather behindhand in this part of the world—something to do with Easter being late perhaps (or isn't it? One gets so confused with these movable feasts); but anyway there is surprisingly little greenery to be seen for the time of year. I was out for a walk yesterday with

Agatha and Jimmie (you remember the twins? Keen naturalists both) and we all remarked on it. Agatha told me of an amusing old country saw concerning the oak and the ash which may be new to you. According to whichever of the two is out first, so one is supposed to be able to say whether there will be a "soak" or merely a "splash," i.e., heavy rain or only showers. You may imagine how eagerly we examined both oaks and ashes to learn what was in store for us, but neither species as yet shows any signs of bursting into leaf. Agatha could not tell me what this might portend. Fine weather perhaps.

Upon my soul, I was almost forgetting to tell you about the lambs! How they frisk! They will run, two and three together, for perhaps fifty yards in one direction, then turn about and dash back helter-skelter to the place they started from, or even further. I watched a number of them the other day for quite half-an-hour without being able to discern any plan or purpose in what they were at. I think it must be simply high spirits. They are pretty creatures and it is sad to think that they must one day grow up to be dull old sheep, unless of course—but one hardly likes to think of the alternative. I have quite made up my mind to eat only imported lamb for the future.

I hoped to have something to tell you about pigs—of which there are four in a nice sty across the road—in particular about the manner in which they get to their feet; whether, that is to say, they follow the procedure of the horse or the cow or, as is possible, adopt some method of their own. But so far none of the pigs opposite has moved, and I have learnt little. When pigs breathe, by the way, the whole body moves—a curiosity which may interest you.

A bullfinch got into the pantry this morning!

Yours, H. F. E.

Surrey Gardens.

"THERE is plenty of time,"
Says the Peony;
"I am growing quietly and beautifully."
"There is plenty of time,"
Says the Rose,
"My petals are unfolding."
"Lovely shall be my bud," says the Poppy,
"Scarlet and simple;
"But—there is plenty of time."
"There is no time at all," says Daphne,
Dancing in silver slippers.
"No time at all," says her Mother,
Busy with invitations.
"No time at all," says her Father,
Fagging at the office.
"Not a bit of time," says the Vicar,
Fast arranging services.
"Will no one look at me?"
Cries the rich garden.
"Just for a minute—
The phone is ringing!"

"STOCKINGS (TO MAKE WEAR AND KEEP THEIR COLOUR).

Before wearing black woollen ones stand for 10 minutes in boiling water coloured with washing blue."—*Laundry Hint in a Cookery Book.*
Then you needn't wear them at all.

"Lambing.—Ewes, the property of Mr. W. Thomas, Llwyn, have presented their owner with quadrupeds and triplets."—*Welsh Paper.*
Better than quadruplets and tripods, anyway.



MOANING AT THE BAR.

[The Legal profession is suffering severely from the extraordinary but welcome decline of litigation.]



Accepted and affected Suitor. "I WANT TO SAY—I CAN'T SAY WHAT I FEEL—BUT WHAT I DO SAY IS, YOU ARE BOTH DEFINITELY—EGGS."

of these, which it would be absurd to suppose will ever turn up. After this there are all the results that have turned up, in this and previous seasons; lightning never strikes twice in the same place; and the rows before and after each. By such deletions Sidney and I reduced the number of probabilities to an even five hundred thousand."

"A mere bagatelle," I agreed.

"Now by precisely similar methods," said Mr. Shagreen earnestly, "that five hundred thousand can be reduced and the resulting figure again reduced. What suggests itself to your mind?"

"I hardly like to say," I said. "Ask Sidney."

"Do you not see that by successive reductions you will eventually get to one completely unobjectionable row of symbols—next week's correct forecast?"

We all pondered for a time, Sidney with particular depth. At last I inquired carefully whether it was by those means that Mr. Shagreen pro-

posed to make his several thousand pounds.

"Indirectly," he said. "It is the system I mean to sell. Sidney and I are sick of the work. What will you offer?"

"My condolences," I said, and, raising my hat to Sidney, I went away. But I like to think that the whole regrettable affair was due to my having come on my friend before he had had time to set his imagination to work and decide what he really had been doing. One thing that gives me a little hope is that there was no place in this sad story for the fire-engine. R. M.

"OXFORD GROUP FOUNDER."

Jersey Paper.

And so Cambridge won again.

"NO 'BLUSHING BRIDE' TO-DAY."

MORE CIVIL MARRIAGES."

Daily Paper.

Our rude forefathers resent this innuendo.

Rhymes of Revolt.

(Suggested by a recent article in "The Times" on "The Decline of Wagging at Golf.")

SINCE gipsies, raggie-tagging,
Still haunt the open roads,
And geese are in their gagging
Immune from penal codes;
Since hucksters, fiercely haggling,
No interference know,
And slattern folk, tail-dragging,
All unmolested go;
Since quaggas still are quagging
And Dorset lets the aggling
Of Agglestones go free,
I'm dashed if I stop wagging
My driver on the tee. C. L. G.

"With the sanction of Government the Commander-in-Chief is pleased to notify that the 9th Bengal Cavalry will in future be designated the 9th Bengal Cavalry."

Indian Paper.

Ah, but now what will they call the 9th Bengal Cavalry?

Ibsenania.

(A nightmare induced by a too hurried consumption of plays during a recent cycle.)

The curtain rises to disclose a Motley collection of stoves, plush curtains, French windows, and aspidistras. Hedda Gabler, Nora Helmer, Hilda Wangel and Rebecca West are discovered on a sofa. Other characters move restlessly from chair to chair.

Rebecca. We must let in the daylight now. It was I that lured—

Hedda. Why, there is a perfect tide of sunshine in the house already!

Rebecca (coldly). You do not understand. It was I that lured—

Hilda (ecstatically). There is a sound of harps in the air! Hedda. Did you say air or hair?

Nora. When I dance the Tarantella my hair comes down.

Hedda (excitedly). I will scorch off Thea's hair.

Mrs. Solness. No, no; anything to do with a fire belongs to my story.

Hedda. But you can't fire a pistol.

Mrs. Solness. I could if it were my duty.

Torvald Helmer. Your most sacred duties are to your husband and your children.

Mrs. Solness. I try to submit myself. But when my dear dolls were burnt with the house—

George Tesman (starting). Not our house—the villa I bought for Hedda? But we had no dolls there.

Nora (indignantly). Of course not! It is I who live in The Doll's House. And my dolls are my three beautiful children; but you can't see them just now, for they are out.

Solness (to Hilda). Then you can be the child here for the time being.

Hilda. I shan't cry.

Mrs. Helseth. Little children do not cry at Rosmersholm.

Hedda (hissing). Thea's child! I will burn it!

Solness. As a builder the fire was the making of me. Now I build homes for human beings.

Nora. My husband understands very well how to make a house dainty and attractive. He can't bear to see dress-making going on.

Mrs. Helseth. No, no, it is brooms Mr. Rosmer doesn't like to see about. And there is someone at the door.

Solness. It is the younger generation!

Hedda. It is those everlasting aunts.

Mrs. Helseth. No, it is Mrs. Kroll, who has always been on the high horse with me.

Torvald (who has evidently not been listening). Horses, even low ones, would be awkward in a flat. I prefer a squirrel or a singing-bird—a skylark, for instance.

Rebecca. No, white horses—white horses of Rosmersholm.

Nora (to Rebecca). Torvald is speaking of me. I am his squirrel and his skylark.

Rebecca. And my white horses are only ghosts.

(MYSELF (startled). Ghosts? Oh, I don't really think I can bear—)

Mr. LEON M. LION, in association with the Arts Theatre of Cambridge (soothingly). It's quite all right. We aren't including Ghosts in the present cycle.)

Nora. Shall I dance the Tarantella?

Hedda. I danced until I was tired. Then I married George. Now my vocation is to bore the life out of myself.

Nora (tragically). Thirty-one hours to live!

Rebecca. It does not take as long as that to throw oneself into the mill-race.

Hilda. It would be better to fall from a tremendously high tower, with the sound of harps—

Hedda. I cannot play the harp. But I will play dance-music on the piano. Then I will ssashoot myself.

Torvald (with feeling). That would be the miracle of miracles.

[Several other characters nod in vehement agreement.

Hilda. It would be much better to fall—

Rebecca. —into the mill-race.

Nora. Ah, the icy black water, the unfathomable depths!

Mrs. Solness. Water would have put out the fire.

Hilda. But then I should not have had my castle. I want it! I want my castle in the air!

Rebecca. I want to play my part in the new day that is dawning!

Nora (cheering up). I want my macaroons!

[The curtain falls to the sound of shrieks, splashes, shots and the munching of macaroons.

Spring Golf.

(End of Another Perfect Day.)

AN acid east wind whines in from the bay,

The snarling golfers barward wend their way;

The day is done—an icy twilight falls

On the fouled course, on greens pockmarked by balls.

A sullen owl hoots curses o'er the links

And each soul-sickened caddie homeward slinks.

Greenkeepers drag their implements away

To lie concealed in darksome holes till day—

They only pause to spare a passing scowl

And perhaps an oath (to reinforce the owl)

As they survey the scarred and blotted grass,

The divots left to lie by many an ass.

Leaning against the doorpost of his den

The sad sardonic Pro reflects on men

Who never learn, although they hear him say

The same things every hour of every day.

His lips are tight and taut, his eyes are grim

Through brooding on questions women ask of him.

He turns to his Assistant to remark,

"Lock up now, George. Thank God it's nearly dark!"

The golfers grind and clash their hobnailed shoes

Across the club-house floor, then glumly choose

The fearsome potions needful to restore

The health and strength they've leaked from every pore.

The Steward comes, a man bereft of hope,

And drearly he serves to each his dope.

Upon the suffering Sec. then they inflict

The horrid tale of that day's woes—depict

The hooks, the cuts, the putts that should have sunk

Until he wishes he were deaf or drunk.

Outside the skies let down night's gloomy cowl

To muffle all save that ill-omened fowl

(Now mousing o'er the links) the dismal owl.

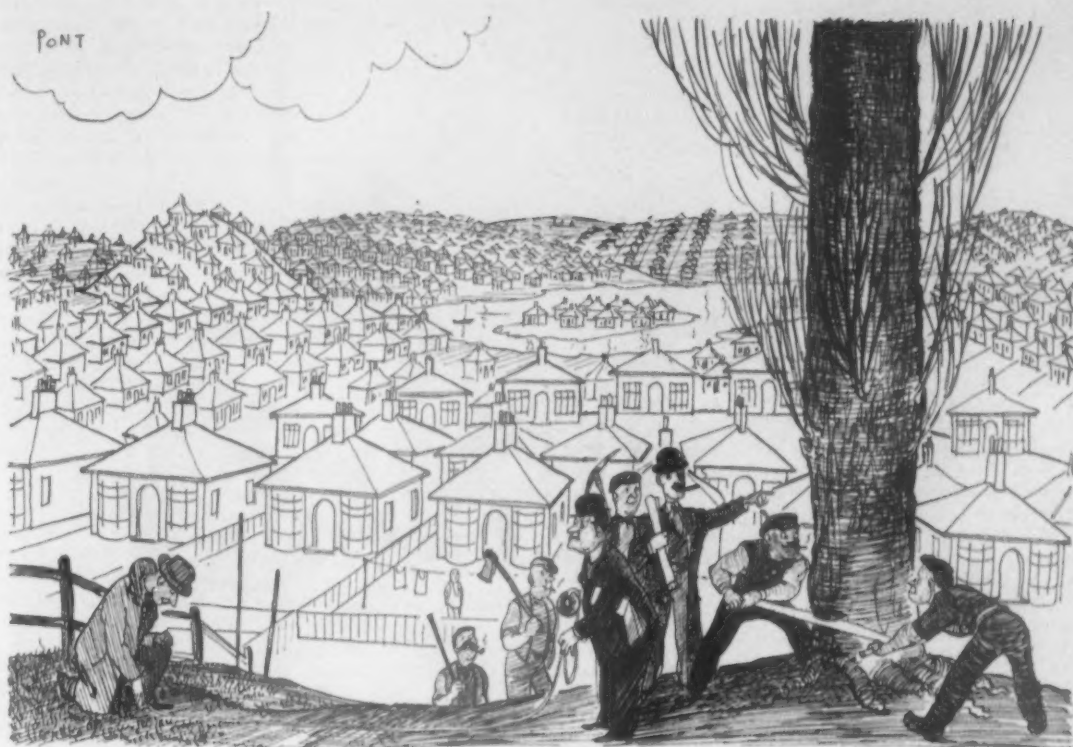
Things That Might Have Been Better Expressed.

"Hundreds of women admirers mobbed Reggie Meen, former British heavyweight boxing champion, and his bride, Miss Winifred Ada Littlewood, when they left Oadby Parish Church, near Leicester, after their marriage to-day.

The Rev. B. R. Cooper, who performed the ceremony, said, 'You are entering into a contest which is not going to last for just two minutes.'—*Liverpool Paper*.

"Take a tip from Gail Patrick, Paramount Pictures star, and serve waffles at an informal buffet supper. Everyone makes his own of corn. Everyone makes his own of corns."—*Singapore Paper*.

Now, then, make up your mind: what are they made of?



THE BRITISH CHARACTER.

DETERMINATION NOT TO PRESERVE THE RURAL AMENITIES.

Boycott.

THREE or four of Edith's friends had dropped in to tea and I had retired gloomily to the seat under the window. "Have you heard the news?" asked Mrs. Johnson-Clitheroe.

"About what?" asked Edith.

"About the new grocer's shop that's opening in the village," said Mrs. Johnson-Clitheroe with satisfaction. "There's no doubt about it whatever because I had it from my maid who is walking out with Grabb the carpenter, and he's fitting up all the shelves and things. It's right at the end, past the post-office."

"I noticed that something was going on there," said the Vicar's wife, "and I guessed it was a new shop, but I never dreamed it would be a grocer's. Old Bloggs will be furious after having a monopoly all these years."

"Perhaps it will teach Bloggs to be a bit more efficient," said Mrs. Hogg. "He's the inefficientest—"

"There isn't such a word as 'inefficientest,'" I broke in.

"That's only because the man who

wrote the dictionary didn't know Bloggs," said Mrs. Hogg crushingly. "And the man isn't civil either."

"He's terribly rude," said the Vicar's wife. "Only yesterday he used the most frightful language just because I said tinned peaches when I meant tinned pears and he had to move a few dozen things out of the window to get at his only tin of peaches before I remembered that the Vicar said last time we had peaches that he'd sooner have pears for a change. As if I were responsible for the Vicar's foibles."

"There's no doubt Bloggs deserves a proper lesson," said Edith, "and this new shop opening will be a good opportunity to give it him. I suggest that we form a Bloggs Boycott Society, everybody agreeing to deal at the new place until Bloggs mends his ways."

"I think that's a really good idea," said Mrs. Johnson-Clitheroe. "We could send him a round robin detailing our complaints and telling him that we wouldn't spend a penny in his shop unless he acceded to our demands. For instance, he's always been frightfully disobliging about delivering things. Last Wednesday he got quite

sarcastic because I phoned down and said I wanted him to send the boy up with a couple of nutmegs. Said that the boy had just recovered from flu and he didn't know whether he'd have the strength, and would I mind if the boy made the journey twice to be on the safe side."

"And that boy of his has just done exactly as he liked," complained Edith. "I'm sure he had most of our fruit last year, and when I complained to Bloggs that apples and things were disappearing every time the boy delivered anything he said that it was probably the birds; and when I said that it was a queer sort of bird who could throw the cores through the bathroom-window and hit my husband when he was shaving, Bloggs just laughed."

* * * * *

After they'd all gone Edith condescended to ask me my opinion of the Bloggs Boycott Society.

"I think it's a splendid idea," I said, "except that Bloggs told me this morning that he's closing up his old shop and that the new one beyond the post-office is *his*."



"I SUPPOSE WHAT MAKES PAINTINGS SO EXPENSIVE IS THE COST OF THE COLOURS, NOT TO SPEAK O' THE BLOKE'S TIME A-LAYIN' OF 'EM ON."

Painting the Boat.

We are painting the boat. We are happy. We do not care if it snows. This is fortunate, for it feels like snow.

A criminal north-easter hisses along the foreshore and bites through my back. I am standing deep in mud and my sea-boots leak. My feet are falling off. It is the spring. It is going to hail. The tide is crowding in and soon I shall have to clamber aboard. No matter, for then I shall have an excuse to thaw the body before the stove. And if it snows I shall have an excuse to paint something in the cabin. We swore that this year we would paint only parts of her exterior, for the sake of respectability and to comfort all those good watermen on the tideway who remark politely that she could do with a coat of paint. For she is crumbling, the poor old boat, and this must be her last year of active life. Nevertheless, once one begins painting a boat it is tempting to continue, it is difficult to stop, it is impossible to stop. And so I do not care if it snows.

Meanwhile here I am defying the spring and slowly covering her long port flank with good white paint. It is a pitiful task, for at this close range, necessarily confronting every inch of the old lady, I can no longer ignore her imperfections, her horrid wounds. A longshoreman, passing behind me, says, not so politely as I should wish, "Take care you don't put the brush through her." "Too right," as the girls of Melbourne used to say. "Too painfully right." When I scrubbed this same port flank, making ready for the painting, I had to stay my strong hand here and there because great flakes of rotting timber were falling from her aged side, great cavities and craters were appearing, and I was afraid that suddenly I might find myself peeping through into the ladies' cabin. And now, true enough, I feel that if I paint too fiercely the brush may penetrate into the larder or the lavatory through some tender spot. But I will be gentle, I will thrust putty into the wounds and splash paint over the putty and hope for the best. Where is the putty? As I expected, the putty has fallen off the

bucket into the mud. Never mind—I am painting the boat. Let it hail.

Even her wounds, her tender spots, her large areas of flaking and crumbling and of simple non-existence seem noble and inspiring as I plug them with putty and try to conceal them with paint. For I can remember nearly all their histories. This nasty little place, now, that was Gravesend, Easter Monday, last year, when that incapable youth in a motor-boat brutally rammed her in mid-belly, putting me aboard. And very nearly sunk her, the silly adolescent, a few yards only from the pilots' pier. What agony, what rage, what a terrible dent in her side—and yet how polite we all were! But we brought her home from Gravesend through a hostile wind and had her side straightened and patched; and here she is, still afloat, with this honourable wound-stripe through which the rain trickles slowly into the port lady's bunk. Never mind. A little putty and a lot of paint. It is her last year of life.

And here is the crack she had one summer night from a moored lighter

in the Chelsea Reach. Still nearer to sinking then. But that, I confess, was my own fault, for I was exchanging unintelligible abuse with the pilot of a collier, and in the thrill of altercation neglected my navigation. Never mind. Now, when we pass, the pilot and I wave hands and blow kisses. Let us paint the poor wound; it will never be painted again.

And here is the place where she was biffed in the blackness of the tunnel at Blisworth, on the Grand Union Canal, travelling to Birmingham. It was 7 A.M., many years ago, and I had hay-fever badly; and while I sneezed she met something. Ah, those were days! Never mind. There is white paint in my eyes and white paint in my hair; but her port flank, shattered or sound, is white and glorious again. Here comes the hail.

* * * * *

Outside it is still hailing, or maybe worse, for it is pitch dark within the vessel. But at least it is warm; and all the family are huddled together, like NOAH'S brood, each with a paint-brush itching in the hand. It has hailed too long, for—I knew it would happen—we have begun painting the interior. I said we would NOT paint anything inside; everything was smart enough inside; she was doomed; it was a waste of paint and trouble and— But everything is being painted now. It began simply enough with my upsetting a pot of blue on the floor; and to use up the blue paint on the floor I naturally painted the cupboard blue. It was then clear that the shelves would have to be done as well, for they looked dingy above the brilliant cupboard. The family started on the shelves; and, since it was still hailing, I did the table and a chair. The family retaliated with the bed-posts and the coal-box and the tea-tin. Everything is blue now. It is impossible to stir without touching blue paint. One breathes blue. But I slipped away to what we call the engine-room and painted the fly-wheel of the engine green. And this, I think, is the most beautiful spectacle of all.

* * * * *

It has stopped hailing. The Arctic blast has abated. I creep out, feeling a little guilty about the cupboard and the fly-wheel, to admire the pure white port flank of the boat in the treacherous and anemic sunshine of the spring. Alas! while our backs were turned, small boys have passed along the foreshore and merrily flung stones into the mud, so that the pure white flank is speckled with horrid black, not to mention the hail. Never mind. That can be remedied. We are painting the boat.



SHAKESPEARE ON RUGBY.

"WE LIVE NOT TO BE GRIPPED BY MEANER PERSONS."—*Henry VIII., Act II., Scene 2.*

And now there is all the finicky, top-of-the-table work to be done, the little squiggly bits, where green trespasses into white, and blue drips horribly on to green. What anxiety, what toil and care! But how important! What do the Budget and the Polish Corridor matter? We are painting the boat.

* * * * *

For six days we have been painting the boat; and every day some new and unsuspected area appears, insistently demanding paint. We have not the heart to refuse, for this is the last time. She does not keep the rain out now; she will hardly keep the river out through another winter. She is doomed. And so we cannot say, "That can wait till next year." It is now or

never. Nor will we say, "She is not worth it." She is worth anything. She shall die splendidly. For she was born in the great grim year 1914, and has seen many adventures and travelled to Birmingham of the one part and Gravesend of the other part. She shall have all the paint she asks, though we know it to be but a funeral garment. There is paint in my ears and in my hair. I have a fear that one morning I shall wake and find that the family have painted the anchor. Last night I dreamed that I had painted the carburettor. I smell of turpentine. There is paint in the bathroom and paint on the drawing-room chairs; and all the family have chilblains. Never mind. We have painted the boat. A. P. H.

Tact.

WE know all about tact in our office. When Mr. Harbottle told us that he had a man coming to see him and that if the man stayed after twelve we were to use a little tact and get rid of him somehow we understood at once what he meant.

"Get rid of him, Mr. Harbottle?" said Mr. Chudleigh, blinking.

"Yes," said Mr. Harbottle. "I don't mean that you're to march him out by the collar. Ring me up and give me a message. Tell me there's someone waiting to see me. Tell me my old aunt's died. Tell me anything," said Mr. Harbottle, seeing Mr. Chudleigh still blinking, "anything that will give me an excuse to get rid of the man. Only make it tactful. It's that man Walker. He's important, and I can't afford to offend him."

At twelve, then, Sidney took off the receiver. "There's someone down here to see you, Mr. Harbottle," he said in an expressionless monotone.

We were standing round listening. "What did he say, Sidney?" asked Mr. Chudleigh.

"He couldn't hear," said Sidney, "so he's shutting up the window." He waited. "Mr. Harbottle," he began again in a louder but still expressionless monotone, "there's someone down here to see you, Mr. Harbottle."

"Well," said Mr. Chudleigh, "did he hear that?"

"He wants to know who the man is, Mr. Chudleigh," said Sidney.

Mr. Chudleigh was obviously taken by surprise, but only for a moment. "Ah," he said, smiling. "He's entering into the spirit of the game. What shall we tell him?"

There was a silence. "Do you know," said Mr. Porter, "I can't think of a single name except my own."

"That's just how I feel," said Miss Elkington. "It wouldn't be any good telling him any of our names, would it? Because he might really think it was one of us, mightn't he?"

"Matthews," said Mr. Porter. "Why should I think suddenly of Matthews?"

"That was the man who came this morning," said Miss Elkington. "It wouldn't be any good saying him either, because Mr. Harbottle might think he'd come back, mightn't he?"

There was a prolonged splutter in the receiver. Mr. Chudleigh took it from Sidney. "We haven't managed to find his name out yet, Mr. Harbottle," he said. "We thought that before we asked him we'd give you a hint that he'd come. A hint," shouted Mr. Chudleigh. "What's that, Mr. Har-

bottle? Find out? Certainly." Mr. Chudleigh rang off.

"He says we're to find out the man's name and why he's here," he said, "and ring him again."

"You know," said Mr. Porter, "I don't believe he's playing."

"Well, we must think of something," said Mr. Chudleigh. "Where's the telephone-book? What about Roberts?"

"That's a good sensible name," said Mr. Porter. "What would a man called Roberts come here for?"

"To mend the window on the stairs," suggested Miss Elkington.

"Hopeless," said Mr. Porter.

"Why?" said Miss Elkington. "It wants mending."

"Yes, but," said Mr. Porter, "Mr. Harbottle wouldn't see a man who'd only come to mend a window, would he? That's rather clever of me. No, Mr. Roberts is the sort of man who has to see Mr. Harbottle. No one else will do. And he can't see Mr. Harbottle with people called Walker knocking around. Why not? Because he wants to take a photo of Mr. Harbottle sitting at his desk, leaning his right arm on his blotting-paper, with a fountain-pen in his hand—"

"And his chin pushed forward, and looking straight at the camera," said Miss Elkington.

"*Captains of Industry: Number One*," said Mr. Porter. "Or: *What Will You Be at Ninety-Five?* Only he ought to have a moustache," Mr. Porter went on, picking up the receiver, "and there isn't really time to grow one. Still, we can buy one out of the petty cash. Hullo, Mr. Harbottle. About this man here. He's called Roberts, and he—"

"Stop!" cried Mr. Chudleigh. "Porter, you can't go telling Mr. Harbottle that people want to take his photo, and suggesting that he should actually buy a—"

"Now, look here," said Mr. Porter, hanging the receiver up, "you didn't think I was going to say that, did you? That was just my innocent fun. I was going to tell him something much more likely."

"What was it?" asked Mr. Chudleigh.

"I was going to tell him that this man Roberts had come to mend the window on the stairs," said Mr. Porter, taking the receiver off again. It spluttered; very loudly this time. "Is that Mr. Harbottle?" he asked. "About this man, Mr. Harbottle."

"What man?" roared Mr. Harbottle. "This man called Roberts," said Mr. Porter.

There was a kind of rattle. Mr.

Porter's expression changed to one of blank despair.

"He thinks," he said, turning round and putting his hand over the mouthpiece—"he thinks I said his Uncle Robert. Hullo. Yes, Mr. Harbottle. He says," he went on, putting his hand back on the mouthpiece, "that his Uncle Robert's in Edinburgh. What do I do now, Mr. Chudleigh?"

"You can't let him down in front of Mr. Walker," said Miss Elkington. "I know. Say he is in Edinburgh and he's waiting on the telephone. Say that's what you meant all the time."

Mr. Porter took his hand off the mouthpiece. "Hullo," he said. "Yes, that's right, Mr. Harbottle. Your Uncle Robert's rung you up from Edinburgh. Yes, I know. I was trying to break it to you gently, Mr. Harbottle, because I thought it would be such a surprise if you heard he'd rung up all the way from—"

Mr. Chudleigh seized the receiver. "Hullo," he said. "Hullo. What's that?" A look of slow horror came over his face, and he turned round. "I believe he thinks I am his Uncle Robert," he said.

"Play up to him," said Mr. Porter happily. "Say 'How are you, my boy?' That's what uncles always say."

"I'm quite sure he doesn't really think you're his uncle, Mr. Chudleigh," said Miss Elkington. "He's bluffing. To take Mr. Walker in. So all you've got to say is, 'Your aunt's dead, my boy,' and he'll understand."

Mr. Chudleigh cleared his throat. "Hullo," he bleated desperately. "This is your Uncle Robert."

"It's marvellous," said Mr. Porter to Miss Elkington. "Uncle Robert to the life."

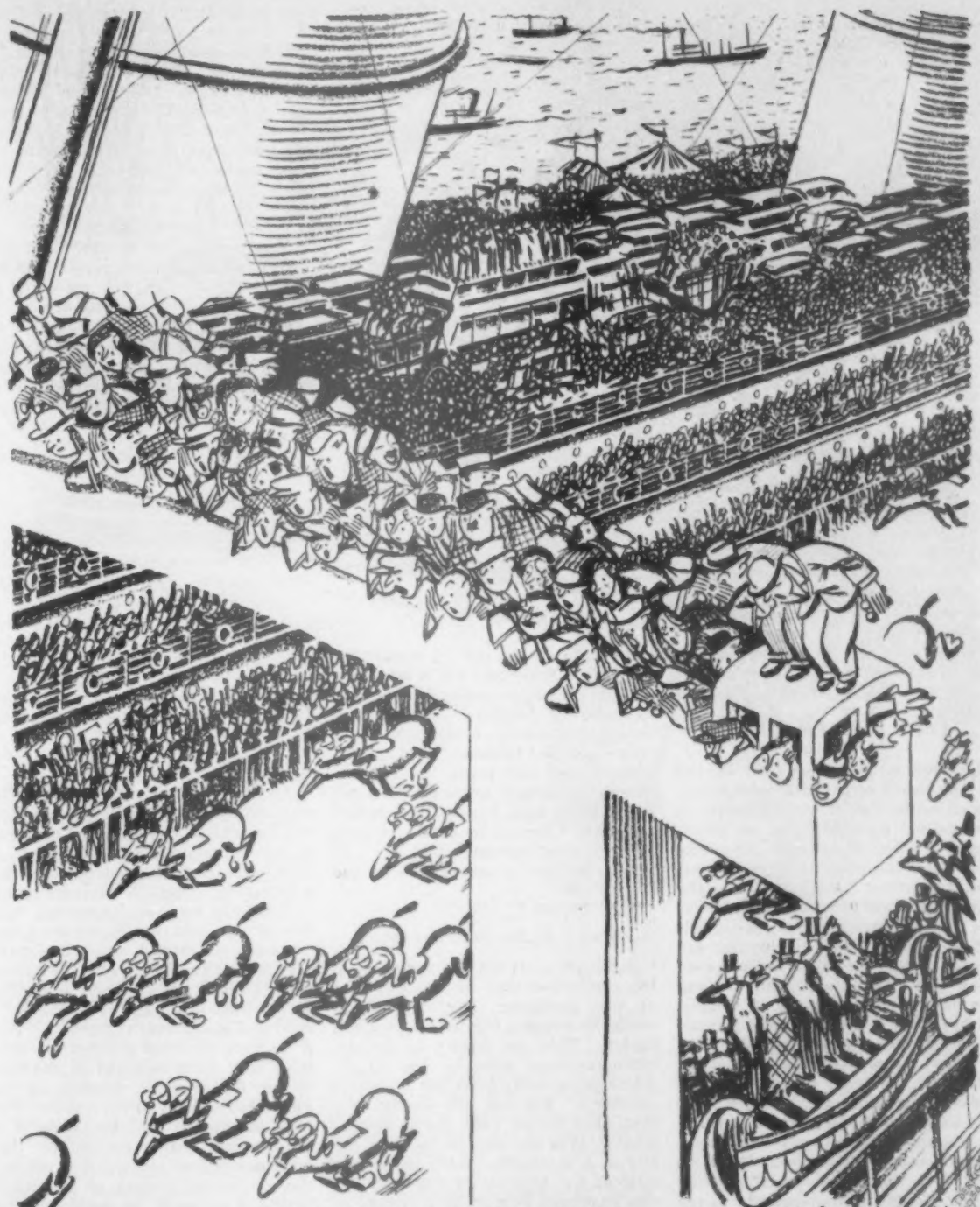
There was another rattle from the receiver. "What's that?" asked Mr. Chudleigh. "Yes, Mr. Harbottle?" He turned round, his hand in his agitation over the receiver.

"I don't think you heard him properly, Porter," he said. "He says his uncle died ten years ago, and he—Mr. Harbottle, that is—is very busy writing a letter, and he wants to know what we mean by disturbing him."

Mr. Chudleigh took his hand off the receiver. It was still crackling as he hung it up.

"You know," said Miss Elkington, "I've got a sort of idea. Shall I go up and look?"

"Yes," she said when she came down. "That Mr. Walker must have gone some time ago. Mr. Harbottle was sitting there writing. He looks frightfully angry. So I just put my head in and looked round and came away. That's tact."



The Derby threatens to clash with the first sailing of the 'Queen Mary.' To facilitate the broadcasting of both events, could they not be combined, by running the race on deck?



"YOU BAIN'T WORKIN' THIS TIME O' NIGHT, ARE YE, GARGE?"

"NO. JUST RUNNIN' THE OLD BUS INTO TOWN FOR A BIT O' SHOPPIN' FOR MISSUS."

The I.L.P. Top Hat.

DESPITE a temporary lull in the brighter sorts of murder, editors are beginning to find it very difficult to arrange for enough space on front-pages. After Italy and Abyssinia there came Germany and France, and then Japan and Russia, and then the Government was defeated. And finally, just as though things were not difficult enough already, Mr. McGOVERN appeared in the House of Commons in a top hat. Actually the whole thing was not as alarming as it sounds. Within a few hours a reassuring statement had been issued explaining that Mr. McGOVERN had only done it for a bet and the worst of the crisis had passed. But it has left its mark. For now somebody has sent the Independent Labour group a top hat, and a further statement has been issued to the effect that at a special meeting of the Party it was resolved to use the hat "for symbolical purposes only."

Now this, I feel, is tantalising. Had the hat been contemptuously flung into the river or given to one of the House

servants, or returned, the gesture, though democratic, would have been rather dull and foreseen. Had it been merely kept and worn, the gesture, though involving a Class Betrayal, would have been human and understandable. But to be kept and used for symbolical purposes only. . . . It brings the queries surging hot to the lips.

(1) What is the hat going to symbolise?

For most of us the wearing of a top hat symbolises that we thought that at this particular "do" everybody would be wearing top hats, so we had better. This can hardly be its significance when worn by the I.L.P., which presumably lacks our bourgeois snobbery. The hat will clearly be a symbol of revolt. But revolt against what? Will the idea be to wear the hat as a sarcastic symbol of protest against the wearing of top hats by the Favoured Few or as a symbol of passionate demand for top hats all round? Personally I favour the wearing of the hat as sarcasm and irony, with the intention of bringing wearers of top hats into ridicule and contempt.

This, however, raises the fascinating question of—

(2) How is it going to be worn?

A hat can be worn comically, respectably, dramatically, colourfully and forcefully. But how does one wear a hat sarcastically or ironically? A Homburg, yes. Much can be done with a Homburg. I myself habitually wear a Homburg with an interesting mixture of cynicism, world-weariness and visionary idealism. It would be equally easy for the I.L.P. to wear a Homburg with the brim drawn down in a bitter sneer. But a top hat is essentially a rigid and inexpressive structure. Had it been an opera-hat it could of course have been worn balanced on the head in the folded state, symbolising the inevitable collapse of capitalism. Perhaps the idea is that before rising to put a Point of Order in the Hat, members of the Party will first perform the symbolical gesture of kicking it, sitting down on it, or bashing in the crown. After all, hats have always held a peculiar place in the rise of democracy. It was the presence of "so many shocking bad hats" which impressed the IRON DUKE in the first

Reformed Parliament, and it was KEIR HARDIE's cloth cap which symbolised the first appearance of Labour in our Legislature.

KEIR HARDIE's cap symbolised the beginning of the battle against the power of the top hat. What could be more subtle, more effective than for the I.L.P. to appear with a sample of the old enemy as an ill-kept, battered and ruffled pensioner, exhibited, like SAMSON, captive and powerless?

(3) *Who is going to wear it?*

It is difficult to believe that a hat has been found which can equally well be worn by, say, Mr. MAXTON, Mr. BUCHANAN and Mr. MCGOVERN. It is all very well to set out to symbolise Comedy, but if you are not very careful, doing it with a hat, the effect is going to be symbolical of Swollen Head in some and deplorably low Cranial Index in others.

(4) *How far is symbolism going to be carried?*

If the principle of expressing one's views in clothes, and moreover expressing them sarcastically, once gains a footing one can quite well visualise the whole thing ending in a sort of complicated fancy-dress dance atmosphere. The I.L.P., its appetite whetted by the hat, will go out and buy itself a tail-coat, a white waistcoat, a gold watch, a carefully-rolled umbrella, a shooting-stick and a monocle. We shall have Mr. MAXTON intervening in a debate on the Naval Estimates in an admiral's full-dress uniform and cocked hat, worn with withering contempt, and Mr. MCGOVERN shouting interruptions in a debate on education in a symbolical Oxford accent. Other parties can hardly fail, in self-defence, to follow suit. Mr. BALDWIN will sum up on the Means Test in a sardonically patched coat and ironically frayed trousers, and we shall read—

"Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who was received with loud Government neckties, was subject throughout to a running fire of bitter Opposition trousers. Later, however, the House responded well to his good-humoured spats. Mr. ATTLEE, replying for the Opposition, commented on Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's speech in an ironical cummerbund. . . ."

There is even a faint possibility that if the thing were carried to its logical conclusion there would be no need to speak at all. Members would express their views purely in sarcastic sartorial symbols. There is, however, one thing which the I.L.P. should get clear. It may be desirable to have symbolical



"WHIT ARE THEY TAKIN' MA CASE TAE AVIZANDUM FOR? COULD THEY NO' JUIST LEAVE IT IN GLESCA?"

clothes; it may be effective; it may be excellent tactics, but I should hate them to think that it was *new*. For years we have had with us the frequent appearance of Mr. J. H. THOMAS in dress-clothes. And beside the profound sociological symbolism of that, a mere top hat fades into insignificance.

"WEST BROMWICH LOSE GROUND."
Headline in Sunday Paper.

Another housing estate?

"Quiet garden square near Hyde Park.
Real hot water. Bang on Tubes."
Newspaper Advt.

To make the taps work?





Agent. "THERE YOU ARE, MADAM, A PERFECT SPECIMEN OF THE BEST EARLY BUNGALOW PERIOD."

The Meteor Flag.

THERE were rumours in the byways, there were rumours
in the clubs,

The spirits of the Stock Exchange were low,
The national discomfort had extended to the pubs,
And everybody's nerves were on the go;
But for those that didn't like us 'twas the other way about,
Their thumbs were at their noses and they spread their
fingers out;

For England's star was waning and her flag was up the spout,
And they didn't give a solitary blow.

But the Government and Admiralty Board
Felt a pressure that was not to be ignored,
And so wide the feeling grew
That we started asking who
The devil was the First Sea Lord.

For our battleships were few and they were mostly out of date;
Our submarines were not what they should be;
The tale of our destroyers was distressing to relate;
We hadn't got a cruiser worth a d.;
Our guns were ineffective and could just about compare,
To our obvious discomfort, with our weakness in the air;
And the *personnel*, though noble, was a prey to *mal-de-mer*,
Which affected their efficiency at sea.

But the Government were thinking, deeply thinking, all the while;
Our Premier, with a strength he's never lacked,
Was meditating greatly how to do the thing in style;
The Admiralty Board was swift to act;

With calmness, not with panic, they reflected, and agreed
As a first outstanding measure that the really vital need
Was to tinker at the uniform with energy and speed,
Which is subtle but, when tumbled to, the fact.

There are major innovations in the cap, I understand;
The badge will be amended, and the peak;
The gloves, we learn, in future will be thrust on either
hand

(*Toujours la guerre*, and highly *magnifique*);
For graver ceremonial the shoes will be of buck,
Which I gather is imported, by a miracle of luck;
And, with something for the boat-cloak and a lot of other
truck,

Oh, where's the man to libel us as weak?

Go, tell our foes, if any, and our friends, if such exist
(There may be some, for what they hope to get),
Of all this great upheaval—I can give the merest gist—
And let them know we're 'ware and waking yet;
Be lifted up, you British, when the goodly truth you learn,
For the new Dress Regulations ought to suit us to a turn,
And the meteor flag of England still invincible shall burn
On an Empire where the sun can never set.

And we all of us can bless with one accord
The Government and Admiralty Board,
With acknowledgment, of course,
For a Premier of resource,
And a bouquet for the First Sea Lord. DUM-DUM.



EXPERT ADVICE.

SHADE OF ABD-UL-HAMID. "I DEFIED THE CIVILIZED WORLD AND DID MY BEST TO EXTERMINATE THE ARMENIANS—AND YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO ME."



"WE SO LOVED YOUR LECTURE, PROFESSOR, WE'RE ALL PLATO FANS NOW."

The Demonstrator.

FOR some time Ballykealy has been watching with interest the efforts of Mr. Mooney to keep pace with the modern business methods of his younger rival at the opposite side of the street—a man who, having spent several years in America, brought home a strong belief in the importance of advertising stunts. So that in spite of himself the once placid Mr. Mooney has now to keep a wary eye upon the other establishment in the hope of going one better than Yankee Maher. But he admits that the strain is terrific, while brooding regretfully upon the less complicated days of the past—days of which he has said: "You could put a thing upon the long finger then, an' if so be you were late for a thing to-day sure you'd be in good time for it to-morra!"

In spite of his superior knowledge of advertising the honours in this struggle for supremacy are not always with Yankee Maher. His lordly and unexpected offer of a free banana with each one that was purchased was successful while it lasted, in that it filled his shop temporarily with the other man's customers. Fortunately, according to his disapproving and untravelling wife, it did not last very long.

"We bet Mooneys wid the ban-ans at the time," she told a friend, "but thanks be to God we hadn't a whole lot of them, and what we had was gone a kind of disorganised. 'I'll give a ban-an for every one that's bought,' says Shaun, an' he was punctyal to his word while he had them. That's the worst of them," she added thoughtfully; "once they begin to repine at all they do go to terrible exthremes."

This temporary advantage was completely overwhelmed by Mr. Mooney's absent-minded "cut" of a halfpenny per pound in the price of a new consignment of sugar. This mistake was caused, it seems, by an inability to withdraw his thoughts even for a moment from the snapping of the rein that was guiding the horse of his choice to what he insists was certain victory. Thanks to the rush of customers that followed so closely on the heels of the broker of that consignment, the sugar, like the bananas, soon came to an end and the halfpenny was reinstated. Whereupon those clients of Yankee Maher who had strayed to the other shop went back to him in the sure expectation of some new novelty. And they were not disappointed.

It was old Mrs. Dolan who first spread through the little town the astounding story of the Demonstrator. Driven abroad at an early hour by the

discovery that her tea-caddy was empty, she had arrived at Maher's just in time to see a tall figure in white rise from behind a temporary counter near the door and busy itself with a small saucepan and a spirit-lamp. The spate of patter released by this action was interrupted by the terrified shrieks of the early customer, but undaunted the Demonstrator began again.

At every open door on her way home Mrs. Dolan added a little to her first-hand account. "He ruz up out of nowhere, white hat an' all," she said dramatically, "an' the starch acthilly cracklin' in him. 'No one can start the day right,' he says, 'widout a cup of hot Desecrated Soup. But whatever else you may do,' says he, 'don't make a cold-storage out of your stummick, saving your presence, for that's able to desthroy you. Take your choice,' says he, 'which soup you'll have. There's Mocked Turtle an' Tomata an' a lot more. I tell you what,' he says to me, 'I'll give you Mulligatonyasther on account of you bein' the first.' An' that's where we had the splashing match, for in he pops a little square into a cup of bilin' water an' med another great oration. 'I have the water in this hand,' he says, 'an' the Desecrated Soup in the other, an' the most important fayture of all is that the two of them must co-incide.' I had to



Guide. "CARAMBA! LOOK, SEÑOR! THOSE DEVILS OF GOATS HAVE EATEN OUR BRIDGE AGAIN."

dhrink it there on the minute an' nothin' to pay out only to listen to him, an' Yankee Maher standin' at aise wid the two feet like thriangles."

* * * * *

For nearly a week Ballykealy drank hot soup and listened to the dark warnings of the Demonstrator against the danger of chilly food. So strongly did he feel upon this subject that no one dared to tell him of Mr. Mooney's latest bid for supremacy—the installing in his shop of a refrigerator from the depths of which vanilla ices might be obtained by delighted patrons. "He'd go altogether besotted if he heard tell of it," they said protectingly of the stranger, and were glad when he spoke of a new job to which he would move in a day or so.

On the April morning of the refrigerator's first appearance as a working concern old Mrs. Dolan was again the earliest shopper. Through the open door she was in time once more to see a tall figure rise from behind it and, skilfully spreading a wafer with ice-cream, clap another on top, while he broke into unstinted praise of the sandwich as an article of diet. "There's only one way to start the day right," he said, "an' that is with a vanilla ice."

It was the Demonstrator. D. M. L.

Mr. Silvertop and the Amethyst Ring.

"BEING insured affects folk in two ways," Mr. Silvertop remarked, as his screwdriver bit steadily into the window-sash, "either it makes them so they can 'ardly be bothered to look for a mislaid 'andkerchief without plaguing their wretched company, or else it turns them so perishing conscientious they'll wear themselves to a shadow 'unting before they'll make a claim. Ever tell you about old Lady Bullfinch's ring?"

"Never," I said.

"She's a decent enough old buster, lives in a big 'ouse out Wimbledon way, and I've done all 'er odd jobs now for a long time. Well, one day about this month last year I drops in with a new 'ot-tap for the Gents' Cloak and to my 'orror I finds Cook and the other maids climbing about the 'ouse on all-fours.

"'Ere, 'arf-a-mo'," I ses, 'are you playing at bears or 'ave you all been converted to one of them Eastern religions?"

"Not me," ses Cook, 'I likes to be comfortable when I goes to church. 'Er ladyship's gone and lost 'er amethyst ring, and we're a-looking for it.'

"At that moment out sweeps 'er ladyship from the drawing-room. 'Ah, Silvertop,' she ses, 'you've 'eard the sad news?' 'And very distressed to 'ear it, milady,' I answers. 'I 'opes it was insured?' 'Yes, fully,' she ses, 'but naturally I can't claim until I'm certain it's really lost.'

"I admit my 'eart sank a bit at that, knowing 'ow thorough she could be," Mr. Silvertop confessed.

"I've a sort of sneaking feeling it may 'ave dropped down the crack be'ind the drawing-room mantelpiece," she went on. 'I want you to prise it out and make sure for me.'

"Well, I did my best with 'er. I told 'er she was in with a sound company and there wasn't no need to go knocking the 'ouse about by way of precaution. But she would 'ave 'er will, and the long and short of it was I 'ad to pull the 'ole ruddy mantelpiece off to satisfy 'er. A day's job it was, and of course there wasn't no ring be'ind, only a few torn 'a'penny stamps and an invitation to a party what 'ad been over for three years. But she wasn't daunted. 'Never mind,' she ses, 'that's Possibility Number One ruled out.' And she pulls a bit of paper from 'er bag and crosses it off. 'Number Two is Squiggles.'

"'Ow d'you mean, Squiggles, milady?' I asks, knowing Squiggles to be the fattest Persian cat you ever clapped eyes on.

"You know what a terror 'e is for chewing things,' she ses. 'Like as not 'e's swallowed the ring, so I'm going to 'ave 'im X-rayed.'

"Believe it or not," Mr. Silvertop adjured me, "the next morning the poor old chauffeur 'ad to round the animal up and take it off in a basket to the Vet's.

"While 'e's doing that we'll all make a thorough search of the garden,' she ses. 'I don't see 'ow I can possibly 'ave dropped it out there, but we've got to make sure.' So out we goes, she and Cook and the three maids and I, and we combs the drive and the paths until I was so sick of looking at gravel I could 'ave screamed. Cook found a bent 'arf-crown, and Ellen the parlourmaid found a button, and I picked up some of the 'air-pins what kept falling out of 'er ladyship's 'ead with the stooping, but there wasn't a smell of a ring.

"When we'd finished John the chauffeur gets back with Squiggles and a letter from the Vet saying 'e's very sorry there's no trace whatever of any ring, but it may interest 'er ladyship to know the cat's got a large metal door-knob inside 'im, and also what 'e takes, from the shape of the nose, to be a small bust of Napoleon.

"As a matter of fact it didn't interest 'er a bit. But a funny sort of look comes into 'er eye. 'Corlumme!' I ses to myself, 'now for it. She's going to tell me to take the chimney-stacks down and 'ave a peep inside them.'

"Silvertop,' she ses, 'now that I come to think of it, I've got a terrible 'abit of playing with my rings while I'm 'aving my bath. Do you think—'

"No, milady,' I breaks in quickly, 'for I've taken the liberty of examining the filter under the plug-'ole, and no ring could get through it.' It was a risk, for of course the filter would 'ave let through a 'ole shop-windowful of rings, but I knew that once the old lady was on the warpath she wouldn't think twice about 'aving every pipe in the 'ouse to pieces. And there are limits.

"Well, if that's so,' she ses, 'then I believe I know where the ring must be. It must 'ave rolled through one of the cracks in my bedroom-floor. Get the furniture out, and you start lifting the boards, Silvertop.'

"That was a nice party, that was. Every ruddy board 'ad to come up while she flashed a torch down the gap. By the end of the day I 'ad lumbago and 'er temper was getting very short, but she'd got to the end



"PUT THAT DOWN, YOU IDIOT, THAT'S A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT I BROUGHT HOME FROM BURMA."

of 'er list, and at last I persuades 'er to send in 'er claim.

"The company didn't make no trouble. It told 'er jewellers straight away to make another ring same as the first, and one day about six weeks later it wrote and said it was 'appy to tell 'er that its Mr. Jenkins would be coming down to see 'er that morning with the new ring in 'is pocket.

"As luck would 'ave it I was working on the bell-push outside the 'all-door as their Mr. Jenkins drove in. 'E 'opped out of 'is car just beside me, a very superior young gent, and as 'e did so 'e stooped suddenly and picked something up, within a yard of my feet. Then 'e looks at me as if to say, 'Crumbs! what a pity you was all born blind!'

"'Oo wants a nice amethyst ring?' he asks. 'We've got one to spare.'

ERIC.

The Dog's Day.

THERE are so many people who
While friendly to the dog
Are distant to the kangaroo
And cold towards the frog.

Spring-Cleaning Valhalla.

"LEIPZIG.—9.30. 'The Dust of the Gods' (Act III)."

Radio Programme in Daily Paper.

"7.30: Subject, 'Purgatory.' Anthem, 'Come Let Us Return' (Goss).—Church Announcement in Australian Paper.

You go ahead—we'll wait.

Father Does Himself Well.

"The bridegroom arrived at 4 p.m. accompanied by Mr. —, as best man, and shortly after the bride arrived with her brother. She was led to the altar by her father supported by a bridesmaid."—Penang Paper.

At the Play.

"KING LEAR" (OLD VIC).

VERY boldly and successfully the Old Vic have rounded off their season with *King Lear*. They knew their ground, for it is not two years since Mr. WILLIAM DEVLIN first made his name in the West End with this exacting part. He has grown in stature since, and the authority which marks him is more marked to-day. Except for an obvious vigour of body and clear-cut decision of movement, his *Lear* is a quite astonishing transformation of a very young man into a senile and failing man of fourscore and upwards. *Lear* is majestic in decay and, alike in his great courtesy and sudden impatience, a true King.

It is part of Mr. DEVLIN's achievement that the other players are at their best when he is among them, and that he not only plays the part at a high level but, like a strong swimmer, keeps up the heads of many lesser players. He made the insults offered to the old King peculiarly indefensible, the loyalty of the Fool and Kent obvious and natural, and the King's madness a last crowning affliction, the ruin of a noble man.

Some critics have found the Fool (Mr. MORLAND GRAHAM) rather old to be called "boy" and to be so nestling, but this seemed to me to be a cunning stroke of good production, because nothing better illustrated the age of *Lear* than that his Fool should be aware of the passage of the years.

MISS CATHERINE LACEY was so successful in making *Regan* a natural shrew that it was hard to understand how *Regan* ever escaped even paternal detestation; and as *Cordelia* Miss VIVIENNE BENNETT did all that small part allows and showed transparent goodness of heart. By comparison Miss DORICE FORDRED was less happily cast as *Goneril*. Her delightful talent belongs to later centuries than this and to richer parts. *Goneril's* hardness came with difficulty, and she never looked implacable, so that her sudden reversal of her agreement to allow *Lear* fifty retainers came with startling brutality from a figure which might stand rigid and dis-

pleased but never looked set in wickedness.

Mr. ALEC CLUNES as *Edmund* looked wicked enough, with a dash and go



THE WICKED, THOUGH NOT UGLY, SISTERS.

Regan . . . MISS CATHERINE LACEY.
Goneril . . . MISS DORICE FORDRED.



THE BEGINNING OF LEAR'S NONSENSE.

King Lear . . . MR. WILLIAM DEVLIN.
Cordelia . . . MISS VIVIENNE BENNETT.

which redeemed his villainies. He would be a good choice to play *HAROLD* if 1066 ever became the theme of a grave play. The old tradition that the good are somehow rather ineffective received too much support both from Mr. CHRISTOPHER CASSON, who brought out the old *Earl of Gloucester's* simple good-heartedness much more plainly than his courage and force, and from Mr. DOUGLAS MATHEWS as *Albany*.

The impression was left in the final lines of the play that only *Kent* (Mr. ION SWINLEY) would really be equal to sustaining the gored state. Mr. SWINLEY's performance of an attractive part was a little masterpiece. He showed a man assuming a character and enjoying it. Mr. GEOFFREY KEEN as *Edgar* had the most difficult of the minor rôles, with streams of nonsense that had to be glib and that sounded strange on the lips of a man whom it was not easy to credit with so much invention. The piling of his nonsense on top of the Fool's is a disfigurement of the play: they clashed instead of blending, and clash the worse the more ably the parts are played.

The scene where *Gloucester* has his eyes put out was played with a grim realism that only lacked blood or the semblance of blood; and in general the verisimilitudes were completely sustained with a minimum of scene shifting. Only the soldiers were a little too gentle and footmanlike, and at times the pace at which the lines were said robbed them of their force. "Man must endure" was one passage thus lost. It is a standing temptation to Shakespearean actors to get carried away by their lines and to declaim them, and even to invent and fill in the lines if memory lags behind speech. With so experienced a company as this which played *Lear* these blemishes were few, and the curtain fell before a moved and grateful audience who knew they had seen a great play powerfully and memorably played.

D. W.

"BABY AUSTIN" (STRAND).

This is as good an example as you could find of the sort of theatrical optimism which beats all the bands of understanding. If you were to go out

into the street blindfolded and ask the first man you knocked against to step inside for a minute and listen to a rough outline of this play, I am convinced his verdict would be that its chances for a successful run were small. If he happened to know anything about the stage (which would be unnecessary in order to make a sound common-sense judgment) he might add wistfully that where the theatre was concerned you never really knew, but that in this case he was pretty certain.

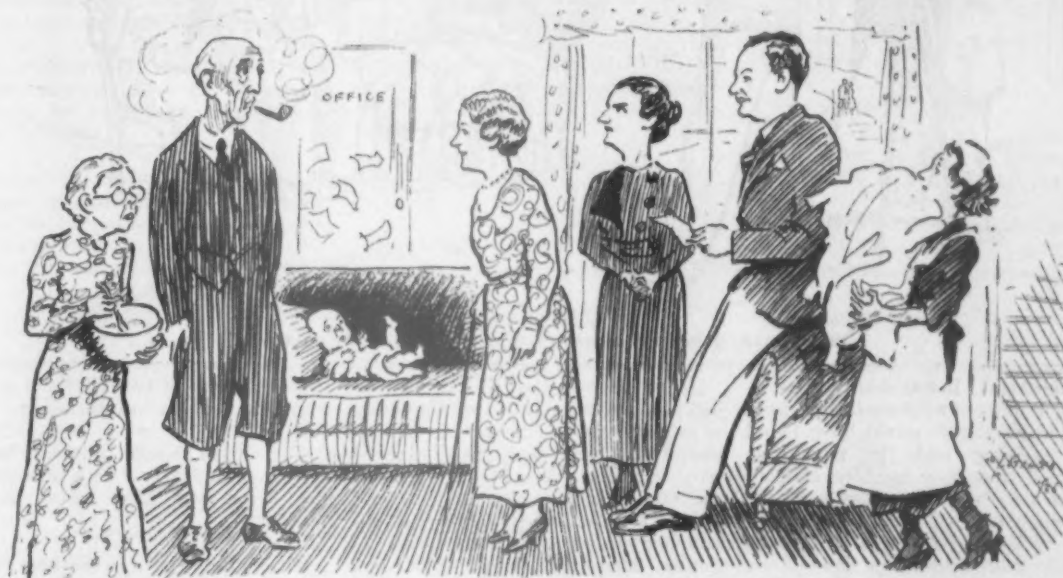
Yet the author of the play was Mr. B. C. HILLIAM ("FLOTSAM" of the

and the few developments which occur are concerned with the origin and disposal of an illegitimate infant abandoned on the doorstep. There is much shouting and bustle and misunderstanding, punctuated by such devices as the window-curtains falling athwart a number of the cast and the entry of a maidservant who has always to be told to lift her feet.

Even such a skilled comedian as Miss MABEL CONSTANDUROS cannot raise many laughs when her activities are confined to the part of an ancient lady who only ceases inquiring where everyone is in order to complain that

"THE HAPPY HYPOCRITE"
(HIS MAJESTY'S).

A month in the country sufficed to change the whole nature of *Lord George Hell*, and at this swift tempo three hours proves quite sufficient at His Majesty's Theatre for the story of *The Happy Hypocrite's* change. In fact there does not prove to be quite enough matter to Mr. MAX BEERBOHM's fantasy to make a whole evening's play. What there is, is excellent, but the *décor*, the generous and varied cast and the rather less generous provision of music do not quite cover up the gap that is



"Hello!" cries the now-born baby.
"Where's my parents, which may they be?"—W. S. Gilbert.

Mrs. Ozley . . . Miss MABEL CONSTANDUROS.
Henry Northorpe . . . MR. BROMLEY DAVENPORT.

Janie Northorpe . . . MISS MARY JERROLD.
Amy Ozley-Dobbins . . . MISS MARGARET MOFFAT.

Roland Pugh-Jones . . . MR. MICHAEL SHEPLEY.
Phoebe MISS ELIZABETH ARKELL.

B.B.C.), an experienced entertainer, its sponsor was Mr. B. A. MEYER, an old hand at management, and Mr. LESLIE HENSON staged it. Such a knowledgeable team might have been expected to realise the fatal limitations of the play long before they presented it to the public; but somehow it seems they didn't. Whatever the reason may be for the uncertainty of the judgment of theatrical experts, the case for trying out new plays on men-from-the-street at early rehearsals is strengthened every day.

A moorland guest-house, run by amateurs whose incompetence is intended to provide much of the humour, is the scene of this farcical comedy.

nobody ever tells her anything. Not that there is ever very much to tell her, anyway.

In equally sad plight are such good performers as Miss MARY JERROLD, Mr. MICHAEL SHEPLEY, Mr. BROMLEY DAVENPORT, Mr. AUBREY MATHER and Mr. JACK LIVESSEY, who all work heroically in their several ways to instil life into the story.

The play is prefaced by Mr. EDWARD COOPER at the piano, who sings several witty songs in his breezy intimate manner. He has a marked flair for this kind of entertainment, and his imitation of Mr. COWARD singing in *To-night at 8.30* is excellent parody.

ERIC.

left by the absence of a robust central plot.

Lord George Hell, in his unregenerate days, has a magnificently evil face and is as bad as bad can be, but, from accident or design, the dramatists secure sympathy for him by their picture of his Regency milieu. Perhaps fast life in the circle of the REGENT was as dull as it is here shown to be. Perhaps the witticisms were as lame and laboured and the boredom as evident as it is shown at Carlton House. The programme whets our appetite for rips and roysterers, but there was very little ripping and roysterer. Even *Garble's*, though beautifully staged, only provided very simple



"GRANDDAD, IF YOU PUT MORE PEP INTO IT WE'RE READY TO SHOOT."

entertainment. It was charming entertainment, but not what one imagines the rips and roysterers would have found very exciting, and the impression remained that they went to *Garble's* for the sake of going somewhere.

In such a world virtue had everything to be said for it, and after he has reformed, *Lord George* finds plenty to occupy him in the Kensington woods. The very high level of the scenes was fully maintained in the mask shop of *Mr. Aeneas* and in rural Kensington, and the scenery did its full share in sustaining the peculiar atmosphere necessary to the play.

It was the gods *Amor* and *Mercury* who jarred. In most plays with gods or devils their appearances are carefully timed and yet more carefully limited. That is the true convention with fairy queens, but *Amor* and *Mercury*, tolerable enough in a drop-scene at the outset become bores when they insist on sharing the life of the town and then the life of the country. They made havoc of *Mr. Aeneas* and his shop, which before their appearance was a quiet delightful place.

It is in the shop that we first see the wonderful mask which is to enable wicked *Lord George Hell* to learn to look like *Ivor Novello*, but it is in Kensington that nature brings about the inner transformation.

Jenny Mere (Miss VIVIEN LEIGH) can produce unsophisticated simplicity in any quantity required with an easy charm which allows no hint that she is playing a part. Miss ISABEL JEANS as *La Gambogi* represents a type not special to *The Happy Hypocrite* but common to the main tradition of fiction. There are classic ways of being a wicked adventuress on the stage, and Miss JEANS sailed through her part giving just that right touch of gaiety which explained why *Lord George* had been so greatly attracted.

There are some good minor characters, notably *Julius*, who has been brought from the country to learn mask-making, who is played by Mr. TONY HALFPENNY, and the delightful spy (Mr. MALCOLM RUSSELL), who walks about the woods disguised as a muffin-man. The play as a play would be strengthened if these and other little parts were brought out more strongly.

D. W.

Another Puppy.

THE last puppy described by me— if anyone can describe a puppy—was a spaniel.

* * *

This one, with luck, is going to be a Dinmont. I say "with luck" because he runs a thousand risks, not least

from the heels of two Shetland ponies whom he delights in infuriating.

* * *

There were Dandie Dinmonts before Sir WALTER SCOTT's *Guy Mannering*, but they were then called Border terriers.

* * *

This puppy, born in Bethnal Green and now let loose in the country, has a sense of escape which confers a double capacity for naughtiness.

* * *

He is far too fond of coal.

* * *

He is without fear and also without memory.

* * *

He never remembers that he was nearly kicked to death yesterday.

* * *

When he is in the room he does not allow you to dress. He snatches and pulls every garment away. He undoes shoe-laces.

* * *

He undoes shoe-laces not only in the morning but throughout the day.

* * *

He eats everything. First he investigates, then he worries, then he chews.

* * *

The first corrective switch that I cut for him, he ate.

He likes slippers best.

Of all the looks in the world there is none so defiant, so sly, so fraught with purpose, so ingratiatingly wicked, as his when he walks a few yards ahead with a slipper in his mouth and, glancing back, shows a little white corner of his eye.

His mouth is of course his one prehensile member. He can wag his tail, which every day grows longer, to indicate pleasure; he can use his paws for trotting and to scratch; but everything else is done with his mouth. He eats with it, carries with it, laughs with it. First the little black nose; then the mouth; and then the fun.

His eyes are very searching and very bright, and if they are looked at steadily for longer than he thinks right, he barks.

He barks also when a ball runs under a piece of furniture and he cannot follow it. But he barks most when the indiarubber cat's head squeaks.

Without this cat's head I should probably by now be insane; but it serves as interruption and distraction.

When worn out with mischief he falls asleep with astounding suddenness.

It is a pleasure when he is asleep.

Every now and then he suddenly begins to run furiously in circles, round and round the room. In dodging pursuit, this dog is as clever as a footballer with a soul.

Nothing is safe from him because, although so low, when he gets on his hind-legs he is tall, and elastic at that. Things that normally belong to the ground or to chairs now must be placed on high shelves. This, while tantalising, makes him laugh.

God help rats when he is fully grown!

It will be sad when he is Mr. Din-

mont, and full length, and his ears are up, and his eyes are hidden behind wire-entanglements. Puppies are best.

He takes an odd interest in flowers. He goes from bed to bed examining daffodils and anemones and tulip-leaves and giving them a friendly lick. Then he will bite a daffodil in two and pass to some other occupation.

He eats all the old letters and envelopes that he can scrape out of the waste-paper-basket. Some day he will eat a cheque, and then I must carry him to the bank and write my signature on his stomach.

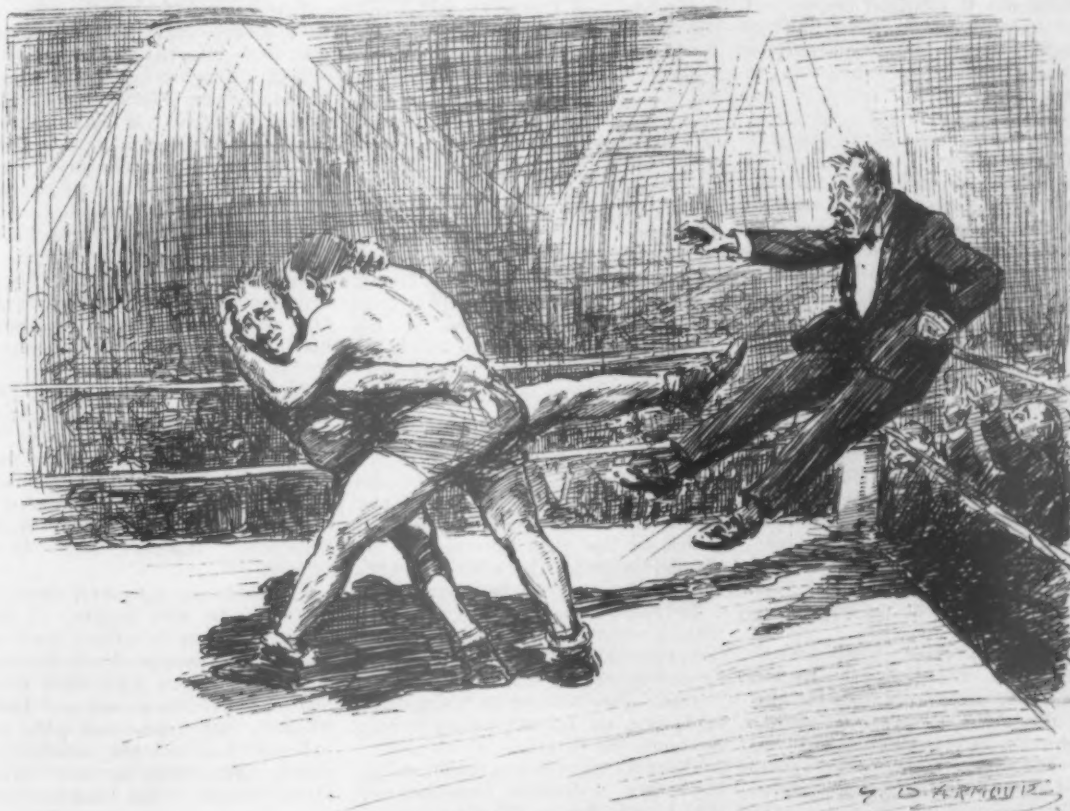
The second corrective switch that I cut for him, he ate.

And the third.

He comes as near to putting his hands in his pockets as any dog can.

He little thinks he is a bread-winner.

E. V. L.



ALL-IN WRESTLING.

THIS SPORT WOULD APPEAR TO BE SOMEWHAT WRONGLY NAMED.

My Voice.

THEY did not look the kind of people who would destroy my worldly happiness. The girl had an attractive friendly smile as if she found life amusing; the man looked sympathetic, as if he were used to comforting the weary pilgrims in this vale of woe.

My voice for sixpence! Surely a record of my voice was worth sixpence. What pleasure it would give my aged parents! What a surprise when they found my voice on the breakfast-table! How they would rush to the gramophone, leaving their bacon and eggs to get cold while they sat with tears of joy in their eyes listening to the voice of their beloved daughter!

That was how I pictured it.

I faced the microphone. What should I say? On these occasions I believe people send inspiring messages or become exquisitely humorous, but as the arrow moved to START all that I could remember was that I had left my best stockings at home on my last visit. I said so. And stockings led to shoes and scarves and gloves, and a reminder not to overfeed my dog. I pulled myself together. I was halfway through and I had said nothing humorous nor inspiring. I decided to make a joke.

I made the joke.

Surely, surely that is the last joke I shall ever make. Its point was left out because I did not notice that the arrow was nearing STOP, but I am glad it has been preserved for it is certainly my last.

The sympathetic gentleman said kindly: "Now you can listen-in to your own voice."

I smirked. I had always rather fancied my voice. Pleasant, I fancied, interesting; perhaps not beautiful, not *strictly* beautiful, but the kind of voice any woman might be proud of.

I placed the phones to my ears. I listened. I heard an Oxford accent. *An Oxford accent!* The kind of voice that is mimicked in every pantomime. The kind of voice you hear on the wireless. The kind of voice that makes my father say: "There should have been a bucket handy when that woman was born."

That was my voice. There was no mistaking it. There was the request for stockings and gloves from the left-hand drawer. Those were my words. Cockney, Billingsgate, Tyneside, Liverpool—ANYTHING rather than those refined noises at the back of the human throat. That was my voice.

"Er," I said to the sympathetic gentleman, for the charming girl was

looking a little amused—"er," I said again, hardly liking to open my mouth—"do you think the machine is a *little* out of order?"

"Let me hear," he replied kindly, picking up the phones. "No, Madam, that is a very good reproduction. Very good indeed."

I paid my sixpence. I took the bus in the wrong direction. I took the bus in the right direction. I got out of it. I sped down towards the Embankment. A woman asked me the way to Trafalgar Square.

I shook my head.

"Scusi, Signora, Espagnole, étrangère," I answered, doing my best to look cosmopolitan. Never, never would I speak an unnecessary word again.

I dropped my voice into the Thames. My aged parents would eat their eggs and bacon hot. I should have to write for my stockings. I went back to my room. I crawled upstairs, avoiding a friendly invitation to a cup of tea. In the passage I met Miss Smithers. Odious woman.

"You look tired, dear," said Miss Smithers, by which she means, "You look plain, and I'm very glad I saw you looking plain."

"I am a little tired," I answered, for a glorious revenge was welling inside me; "I've just been making a record of my voice. My dear, it's wonderful. Only sixpence. I did it for my parents. You and your *fiancé* should both go and get one done."

"Well, that's an idea," said Miss Smithers.

"It's a very good idea," I answered.

And so it is, for if there is one person in London with a worse voice than Miss Smithers it is her *fiancé*.

Or so I should have said two hours ago. Now, alas! I know another.

Father and Son.

I WAS standing on the up platform of our local station when I first saw them. And as I stopped to admire, it struck me that they were as near my ideal of the young Englishman and the English boy as any I had ever seen.

The father, about six feet in height, with a strong, clean-shaven, kindly face, light curly hair and a typical slim English figure, was standing by his son—a handsome well-set-up youngster—explaining the advantages of owning the house one lives in.

There was a rapt expression on the boy's face as though, forgetting his wild boyish dreams for the moment, he were suddenly realising his father's true worth.

"I'm only a boy, Dad," he seemed to be saying, "but so clearly have you put the case that even I, despite my lack of experience, can appreciate the value of the lesson you have taught me this day."

Some little time elapsed before I saw them again. They were at the same spot on the up platform as when I had first noticed them. But how changed! I was shocked—almost incredulous! For in that short time a frightful deterioration had set in. A straggly dirty beard disfigured the man's face now, and a clumsy pipe hung weakly from the corner of his mouth, while his fair hair, instead of glistening in the morning sun, was half concealed by an obscene bowler many sizes too small for his head. The effect was depressing in the extreme.

As for the boy, he was gazing vacantly through a huge pair of spectacles—apparently fashioned from key-rings—at the billowing smoke that rose from the cigar between his teeth. His upper lip too was in urgent need of a shave. And the corners of his mouth curled upwards in a bestial leer.

I saw them frequently after this. And on each occasion the deterioration was more marked. The father acquired, amongst other things, a walrus moustache, an idiotic monocle, Dundreary whiskers, a feather in his bowler and a frightful cast in the left eye. His eyebrows too were arched in a manner that gave him an expression that was positively devilish.

The boy was even worse, both in appearance and manner. For with ears standing at right angles to his face and his fair cheeks marred by innumerable spots, he had fallen to treating his father's remarks with open contempt.

"You've sure spilt a bibful, Pop!" he was saying when I saw them last, together with such flippancies as "Put a sock in it, old un!" or "Ses you!" or "Yore telling me!" What time the father had taken to addressing his offspring variously as "Rat," "Worm," "Shrimp," "Louse" and "Cheese-mite."

I spoke to our old porter about it.

"Ah!" he said dully, "I know whose fault it is. It's them 'Igh School boys. Put a nice poster up there and along they comes with their blasted pencils and fountain-pens and drors in whiskers and pipes and puts them balloons out of the mouths and writes rude words in 'em. Young idjits! Course, when I *ketches* 'em at it—"

And he walked away rubbing his horny hands in happy reflection.



Welfare Worker. "WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO READ TO YOU, MRS. GREEN?"
Mrs. Green. "PLEASE YOURSELF, MISS; IT WON'T DO ME NO 'ARM."

Metempsychosis; or, The Transmigration of Souls.

(With apologies to TOM HOOD.)

I REMEMBER, I remember,
The last time I was born,
I had four feet, I had a tail,
I had a crumpled horn;
And what a placid life I led:
I never laughed or wept,
All day, head down, I munched
the grass,
At night I simply slept.

I did not drink, I did not smoke
Too many cigarettes,
Nor gamble on the Stock Ex-
change,
I never ran up debts;
I never sat up much too late
Holding the worst of cards,
I did not try to understand
The works of modern bards.

My thoughts were white and inno-
cent,
As was my language too;
I never was provoked beyond
A mild melodious moo.
In fact I was impeccable,
And sorry am I now
To think I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a cow. J. C. S.



"I ONLY WANTED TO MAKE MYSELF A XYLOPHONE."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A North-Country Childhood.

IN reading personal revelations that involve other people one should, I feel, be able to hear both sides. What, for instance, did ALEXANDER the coppersmith think of ST. PAUL and Mr. GOSSE, senior, of little EDMUND? What did her hard-working Lancashire mother, her conventional architect father, the heckling schoolmistresses of her Protestant school and the cooing Religious of her Catholic one think of Miss DOROTHY WHIPPLE, whose youthful autobiography unrolls itself with a curious mixture of candour and cattishness in *The Other Day* (MICHAEL JOSEPH, 8/6)? The candour strikes me as more noticeable in the first half of the book, the heroine's earliest days in what at a shrewd guess is Blackburn being presented with a racy detachment absent from the second and more "motivated" section. Here she seems to become prejudiced against rather than critical of her world; and the prejudice strikes me as retrospective rather than recaptured. But she has retained throughout a touching sense of the child's sensitiveness and helplessness; and her pictures of the tragic ends of the calf with the white forehead and the scheme for making an income out of radishes have the right ROUSSEAU touch of rankling and unforgivable pathos.

American Pot-Pourri.

There is so much well-recorded history, so much soundly-meditated criticism in *American Wonderland* (MICHAEL JOSEPH, 18/-) that the disjointed records of Mr. SHANE

LESLIE's four Transatlantic visits may well outlast more pretentious chronicles. He has performed the rare service of rendering the country attractive to the right people. He has perceived it, he says, with antennæ, not with field-glasses; and the antennæ have intruded sensitively into some of the best picture-galleries and libraries in the world. You may regret that the Battle Abbey Charters, the Drummond Missal and the Ellesmere Chaucer are in Transatlantic cold storage; but it is something to know that the bereft compatriot can still see them. The records of the writer's American forebears too make excellent reading, as does the journal of the English uncle who got passes from LINCOLN and LEE during the War of Secession and thoroughly enjoyed himself in both camps. The present, however, rightly predominates: from the Colour question to ornithology, from sessions of the Supreme Court to tea with Father COUGHLIN. Gangsters, the insurance fiend and the banker who declared that nothing was lost save honour are only heard "OFF." A happy and a memorable book.

Parisian Atmospherics.

M. JULES BERTAUT's *Paris, 1870-1935* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 12/6), very well translated by Miss R. MILLAR and edited by Mr. JOHN BELL, is, as he says, an attempt to recapture the atmosphere of that city during the past fifty-five years. To do this he has had to take everything into account, however seemingly momentous or trivial. For that is the nature of "atmosphere." It is like the flavour of a well-prepared dish; you can never be sure which ingredient is the most important, but you can be quite sure that none can be left out. Thus we have glimpses of THIERS and CLÉMENCEAU, ZOLA and BONI DE

CASTELLANE, *La Fille de Madame Angot* and Cubism, the Panama and the DREYFUS *affaires*, the building of the Gare St. Lazare and of the Eiffel Tower, the Entente Cordiale, and the introduction of the bicycle, five-o'clock tea and the cocktail. All these ingredients and very many more have been mixed, and it has been so well done that one feels that almost everything, epoch-making or ephemeral, has happened in Paris at some time or another, that they are all worth just the amount of space that M. BERTAUT gives them, and that he has omitted nothing that really matters. I happened to be there when LEONARDO'S "La Gioconda" was stolen. It seemed almost like the end of that part of the world. But M. BERTAUT doesn't mention it.

"Ex Africa."

This book's about a land more old
Than erst METHUSELAH,
Thereof an odyssey is told
In *High Street, Africa*.
We're told how fare, through thick
and thin,
Matron and maid and man
From Cape to Kilindini in
A Ford delivery-van.

HENRY BIRCH REYNARDSON relates
This most delightful tale;
Saltpetre here no noise creates,
But big game never fail;
The light guitar on outspans lone
Now holds our camp beguiled,
And now we feast with those who
own
Some palace in the wild.

This BLACKWOOD issue is, I'd say,
Most charmingly expressed;
I'd venture it since many a day
Of "travel" books the best;
Its atmosphere is lovable,
Its atmosphere is all
Things that are bright and beautiful
And creatures great and small.

A Century of Russian Music.

Much has been written of late years about Russian music and musicians, but there is a great deal of new matter—drawn largely from Russian sources—in these studies of *Masters of Russian Music* (DUCKWORTH, 18/-), by M. D. CALVOCORESSI and GERALD ABRAHAM. Living composers are excluded, with the exception of GLAZUNOV, who died since the book was in the press, and the chapter on him is the least satisfactory of all, since it gives no account of his sufferings during the War. As for the rest, from GLINKA to SCRIBABIN, though differing widely in achievement and talent, they were, with hardly an exception, short-lived, unhappy, desperately temperamental and martyrs to ill-health. The amount of space devoted to their ailments and physical disabilities is perhaps inevitable and quite in keeping with a certain school of musical criticism, but does not tend to exhilarate the plain person. Several of



LUXURY DE LUXE.

"I READ IN A NEWSPAPER THAT THE CROW'S-NEST OF THE *QUEEN MARY* IS ELECTRICALLY 'EATED.'"

"WOT IT'S COMIN' TO IS THAT THEY WON'T EVEN PASS AN ICEBERG UNLESS IT'S BIN 'OTTED UP WITH OILSTOVES.'"

them are fully entitled to the title of masters, but they were not masters of themselves. The industry of the authors is undeniable, and they show remarkable candour in their criticisms. The book is void of hero-worship; it is undeniably interesting, but as a revelation of the pains and pathological penalties of genius it forms a powerful testimony to the value of what President HARDING described as "normalcy."

Here, There and Back Again.

'Travellers' tales (especially from American sources) are usually taken with plenty of salt, but Mr. RICHARD HALLIBURTON, in his *Seven League Boots* (GEOFFREY BLES, 16/-), rings true (although I could not accept, word for word,

the confession of ERMAKOV, who helped to murder the Czar and his family). But the book is most entertaining and shows the author to be a persistent "go-getter." He really crossed the Alps on an elephant, following HANNIBAL'S route by the St. Bernard Pass, and got as close to the Kaaba at Mecca as eight miles without knowing a word of Arabic or a single Moslem prayer. When stopped he did not waste time in repining; he just telephoned a request and induced IBN SAUD to come and meet him and give him an interview—good optimism and a long chance. I think I like best his impartial chapters on the internal conditions in Russia. He criticises freely yet sees certain good things in the U.S.S.R. régime and sees light coming through the darkness in twenty-five years' time. I think it was rash of him to marry and divorce his stout interpreter all in two minutes just to test the procedure: supposing she had jibbed at the second ceremony? It is a pity she didn't. We should have had another chapter to make us smile.

Nautical "Fixes."

The various "fixes" or, in shore-going parlance, mile-stones on the road of life called to mind by Captain LIONEL DAWSON, R.N., in his slice of autobiography entitled *Gone for a Sailor* (RICH AND COWAN, 15/-), cover a period of fourteen years between the day when the author "first put his uniform on" and the fateful first week of August, 1914. His reminiscences range from the tragic to the farcical, from sea routine to shore diversions, equestrian and otherwise, and his pages abound with amusing anecdotes and pen-portraits of old Navy types such as still existed in fair numbers in the Fleet of pre-War days. The years of Captain DAWSON'S service as midshipman and sub-lieutenant were those of the final transition from the ideals of "spit and polish" and the school of "stick and string," and his book, apart from its more superficial qualities of readability, provides an interesting study from the point of view of a keen and on the whole an open-minded observer of that phase of Naval development. This particular period is one which so far has been little written about. It was one during which the Silent Service was rather exceptionally true to its nickname, and Captain DAWSON'S plain and unvarnished account of the lives lived in gunroom and wardroom by the generation which was so soon to provide the Admirals and Captains of the Great War has therefore an historical value of its own.

North and South.

It is impossible to read *Our Two Englands* (MICHAEL JOSEPH, 10/6) without a quickening of sympathy for those who want work and cannot get it. "Science," Mr. J. L. HODSON says in his Epilogue, "has marched. Men are broken on the machine," and he goes on to draw a tragic picture of the many towns and districts where the struggle

for mere existence continues day by day. Incontrovertibly true is his statement that there is one England of the north and another of the south, and for relief from the grim conditions so prevalent in the former he takes us to the prosperity of the south. But wherever Mr. HODSON'S travels take him he is always a humane and humorous observer of life, and to accompany him is both instructive and entertaining. Surely the time will soon come when no book as important as this will be sent out into the world without an index.

"Sportin' Lectors."

As Number Fourteen of The Sportsman's Library Mr. WILLIAM FAWCETT now gives us *Fox-Hunting* (PHILIP ALLAN, 5/-). This is a compact and useful publication both for the novice and the veteran and is written with the knowledge and experience of both a follower and an M.F.H.

I think I enjoyed best the chapters on Stable and Saddle-room and Hunting on Foot. In the section on Hunting Kit, however, the author makes the sweeping statement that "it is no use wearing a scarlet coat unless one is the member of a Hunt. . . . To come out with a plain gilt button is the height of bad taste." But some can only hunt infrequently and pay a cap. A pink coat is a compliment to the Master and pack. Again, broken knees should not be treated with cold water only; fresh creamy milk (even when the wounds are of large area) makes the hair grow again. Mr. FAWCETT has great hopes of Pony Clubs and the young generation keeping fox-hunting alive. I agree



that it all rests with the children and with their instructors to maintain enthusiasm; but I fear that the growth of building and the electrification of the railways will prevent these keen young ones coming out hunting with grey hair.

Points of View.

Colonel R. J. BLACKHAM, "greatly daring," has embarked upon an extensive task in *Woman: In Honour and Dishonour* (SAMPSON LOW, 12/6), and the amount of information he contrives to give in his two-hundred-and-seventy-six pages is little short of amazing. It is, however, beyond the wit of man to deal adequately in a short chapter ("The Pen and the Press") with women's work in the world of literature; and I wish that the account of Women Masqueraders had been omitted and the space given to those who were more important and less freakish. But for the rest Colonel BLACKHAM has fully carried out his expressed intention of preventing his book from becoming stodgy. Temptations to quote from this volume beset me, but, resisting them, I will be content to say that the author has in the main done justice to his subject, and that the illustrations are in harmony with the text.



THE BRITISH CHARACTER.
ENTHUSIASM FOR GARDENING.

The Gardeners' Calendar.



WHEN January comes be
sure
To spread your garden with
manure.

In February, wild or tame,
Do not omit to do the
same.

When March brings out the first green shoots
Dig it well in among the roots;

And through the sweet days of April
Repeat the process with a will:

Nor let May find you taking rest,
But ply your barrow with a zest.

In June the soil grows dry and rough,
So mulch it well with liquid stuff,

And carry on throughout July
With the same succulent supply.

In August, while the skies still burn,
Let artificials take their turn;

But with the first September rain
Back to the farmyard once again.

October brings an autumn blessing
On him who lays a good top-dressing,

And through November's fog and mists
In rich replenishing persists.

Then let the last load crown the year
Before December's frosts appear.

If after this you fail, you'll know, Sir,
That you must stick to the greengrocer.

H. C. B.

Charivaria.

A GERMAN scientist calculates that if all the clouds could be rolled into one they would weigh six hundred million pounds. This would of course include the silver linings.

★ ★ ★

Somebody has computed that if everybody in the world was six feet high and a foot-and-a-half wide the whole human race could be packed into a square box measuring half-a-mile in each direction. It would be interesting to have this stated in terms of Underground trains.

★ ★ ★

"I do not know what to make of some modern novelists," writes a critic. It might be a good idea to try to make novelists of them.

★ ★ ★

"What can one do when sparrows build their nests in one's pipes and completely block them?" asks a correspondent in a daily paper. One can smoke cigarettes.

★ ★ ★

A Chinese soldier has been charged with robbing a superior officer. It would appear that he was found with a field-marshal's wallet in his knapsack.

★ ★ ★

One of the Burlington House carpenters, who for years has submitted paintings of his own to the Academy without success, declares that he will never try again. There would be little surprise in Art circles if he were to resign.

★ ★ ★

"Why not extend the oyster season for another three or four weeks?" asks an hotel manager. And call the next month "Mary"?

★ ★ ★

"By lying in bed too long," says a doctor, "you will catch things." But not the 8.59.

★ ★ ★

An explorer in Tibet has failed to find a mountain higher than Everest, but intends to search again. Meanwhile Everest is considered high enough to be going on with.

A recent eruption in the bed of a New Zealand lake threw up hundreds of columns of steam and mud. It must have been almost like a book of memoirs.

★ ★ ★

The latest invention is an electric toothbrush. It works in conjunction with toothpaste, which it meets by appointment outside the tube.

★ ★ ★

An Australian woman golfer returned a score of 75 while wearing a bathing-costume. She couldn't have gone round in much less.

★ ★ ★

"British trains go all over the world," says a trade paper item. Especially when you want to get somewhere in a hurry.

★ ★ ★

"What is the best thing to do when one has a troublesome cough?" asks a sufferer. Many people seem to think it a good plan to go to the theatre.

★ ★ ★

A sailor was imprisoned for stealing a pair of scales. His defence that he did it in order to weigh the anchor was dismissed.

★ ★ ★

"What does it cost to go to Oxford?" asks a correspondent. They will tell you that at Paddington.

★ ★ ★

A Surrey poultry farm has been turned into a

racine stable. This has explained the mysterious phrase about cutting the cackle and coming to the horses.

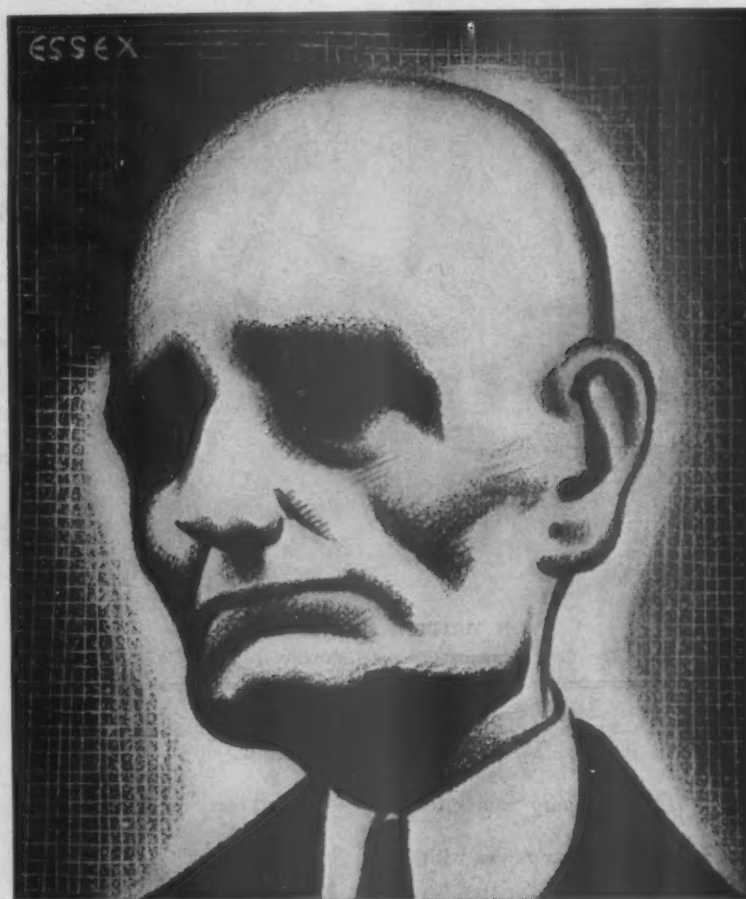
★ ★ ★

"Where is Britain's best baby to be found?" asks a writer. In any home where there's a baby.

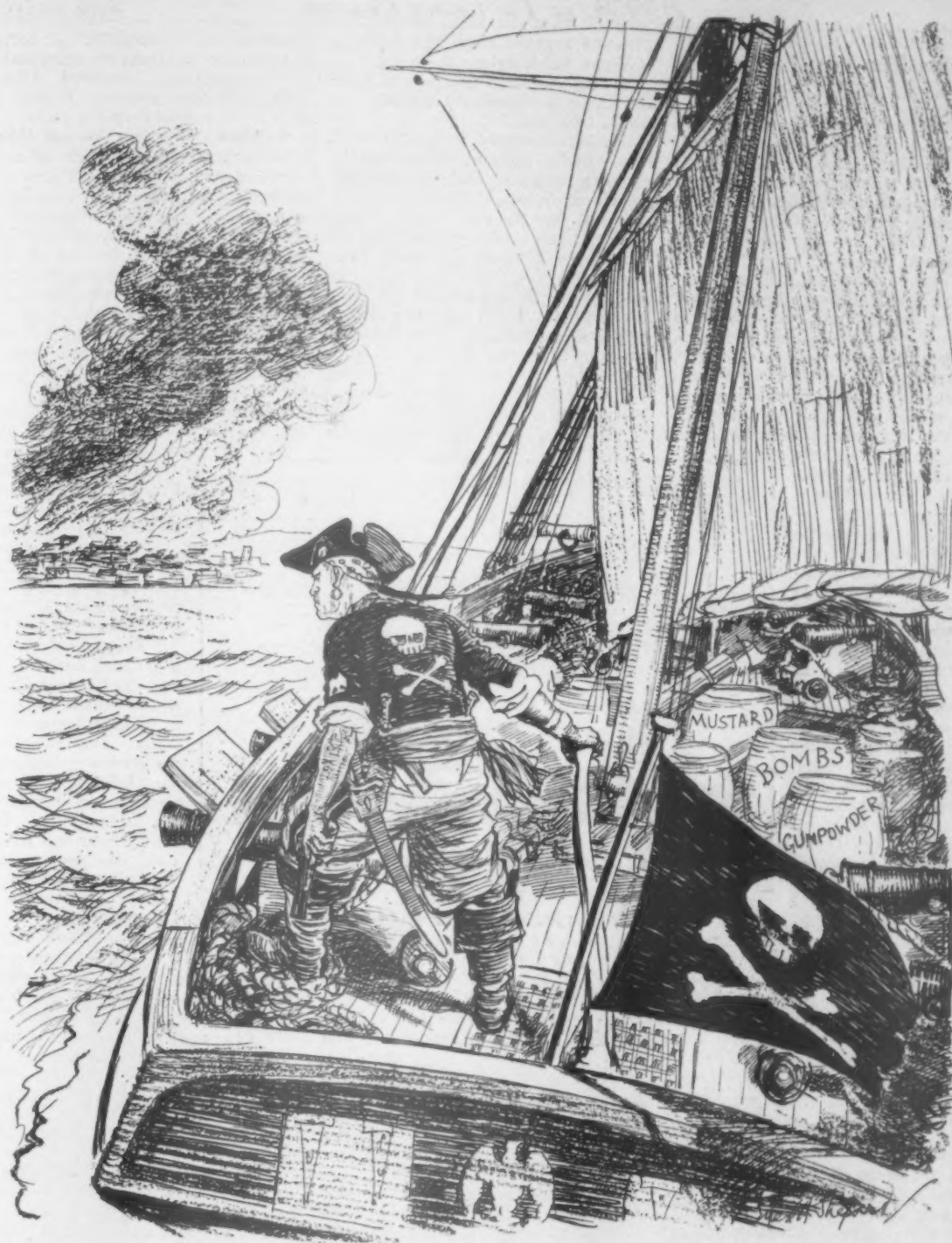
"This week-end I am down at Walton Heath, where Sir Emsley Carr has installed a chromium-plated cocktail bar at the golf club and introduced all kinds of up-to-date furniture and atmosphere. He has also reduced the charge for luncheon to a mere half-crown. This deserves to meet with success, particularly if they get the greens back to the high standard of two years ago."

Sunday Paper Gossip.

Cabbage was cabbage in those days.



COUNSEL FOR GAS (BARON ALOISI).



SOUTHWARD HO!

"AFTER DIFFICULT NAVIGATION, WE ARE IN VIEW OF THE HARBOUR. WE WILL REACH IT WITH SAILS SPREAD. WE SHALL CARRY WITH US, AS ALWAYS, THE FORCE, THE JUSTICE AND THE CIVILISATION OF ROME."—*Signor MUSSOLINI.*

Monsieur Paul Narrates.

XL—The Rivals.

"SINCE love," said Monsieur Paul, "has such power over mankind that your Monsieur BARTLETT has required some four columns of his index to record its influence on the poets alone, it is not to be wondered at if it should deeply affect two musicians called Ulysse and Pierre."

"These two were the First Violin and the First Trombone in an orchestra, and the object of their affections was the pretty girl who played the harp. As the girl, whose name was Juliette, appeared to favour both her suitors equally, each of them naturally sought for a means of gaining an advantage over the other, and to this end Ulysse arranged SCHUBERT'S 'Serenade' as a duet for the violin and harp, which gave him the opportunity of rehearsing it in intimate privacy with Juliette and eventually of performing it with her with great applause."

"This proceeding, however, was regarded with great despondency by Pierre, who at once realised that the music of love, although ideally suited to the violin, would lose much of its charm if blared through an instrument more adapted to 'The Ride of the Valkyrie.' Having ascertained that even such comparatively robust compositions as 'The Bedouin Love Song' and 'I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby' failed, as expressed upon the trombone, to produce any romantic effect, the unfortunate man decided to explain his disadvantage to Juliette herself."

"Do not think," he said to her, after congratulating her gloomily upon the success of her duet with Ulysse, "that my failure to make a like offer arises from any lack of ardour. But you will realise how I am placed. No man would be likely to win a girl's favour by expressing his love for her through a megaphone, and the trombone unfortunately cannot be induced either to warble or to yearn."

"My dear Pierre," replied Juliette, "your situation is indeed pitiable and one must admit that the trombone is a gross instrument quite unsuited to the tenderer emotions. But if you love me why do you not learn the violin?"

There is a grace about the violin, a *tendresse* which wrings the heart."

"But," objected Pierre, "to learn the violin is excessively difficult. It would take time."

"Juliette shrugged her pretty shoulders. 'Enfin,' she said with a sigh, 'if my love means so little to you that you shrink from a violin—'

"You are unjust!" cried Pierre hastily. "You know very well that for love of you I would not shrink from the Trumpet of Doom itself. It was only the delay which worried me. But have no fear. I will learn the violin."

"Ulysse meanwhile arranged the love-song from 'Samson et Dalila' as a second duet, and when he had played it with all the fervour at his command he suddenly cast aside his bow."

"Juliette," he cried, sweeping the

trombone calls heroically to battle. Why do not you learn the trombone?"

"Immediately," shouted Ulysse with a dramatic gesture, 'it shall be done!' He rushed from the room."

"Ulysse and Pierre devoted themselves ardently to the study of their new instruments, but, as Pierre was temperamentally unsuited to the violin as much as Ulysse was antipathetic to the trombone, their progress was slow. But at length Pierre, hearing one day a mournful sound coming from a room in which the orchestra were accustomed to rehearse and supposing that the Second Trombone was having difficulty with a new part, opened the door to investigate and found Ulysse practising."

"What is this?" said Pierre, staring at Ulysse in astonishment. 'Do you attempt the trombone?'

"In truth," replied Ulysse with an uneasy casualness, 'I am learning it for a relaxation.'

"This is strange," said Pierre suspiciously, 'for the very same idea has prompted me to learn the violin.'

"They stared at each other with mistrust."

"Enfin," said Ulysse at last with a shrug, 'it is perhaps better to be frank. Doubtless you are in reality attempting the violin for the same reason that I am mastering the trombone. But I warn you, my friend, that you are wasting your time. Juliette, as I have good reason to

know, does not like the violin.'

"On the contrary," said Pierre warmly, 'it is you that waste your time. Juliette detests the trombone, and it is at her behest that I am breaking my heart over the violin.'

"You are mad!" cried Ulysse. 'With my own ears I heard her disparage the violin as unmanly. Why else should I degrade myself by blowing this trombone?'

"They regarded each other for a time in silence."

"It would appear," said Pierre at last in a thoughtful tone, 'that we have been deceived.'

"One would say," agreed Ulysse reflectively, 'that we have been mocked.'

"But what does it matter," said Juliette reasonably when this was suggested to her, 'seeing that the man to whom I am affianced is a stock-broker?'



"THIS REMINDS ME, DID I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT A VERY SIMILAR EXPERIENCE I HAD IN LOWER POGOLAND?"

hair from his brow, 'I have been silent long enough. From the ecstasy of my playing my passion must be sufficiently apparent. Be mine!'

"Tiens!" replied Juliette, meticulously striking the final chord, 'how abruptly you express yourself! You should realise, *mon ami*, that this accompaniment is far too complicated to have afforded me leisure to take note of any ecstasy you may have been evincing. And in any case I do not like the violin. It is effeminate.'

"Ulysse was thunderstruck."

"But this is abominable!" he cried desperately. 'These are words to destroy one's faith in human nature!' He smote his brow. 'It is Pierre,' he shouted, 'who has seduced you with his trombone.'

"Ah, the trombone!" said Juliette with the sigh of a *Desdemona*. 'There is indeed a virility about the trombone. While the violin bleats of love the



"PUT YER SHIRT ON 'IM! A STRAIT-JACKET 'S WHAT 'E WANTS."



"SAY, MR. AMBASSADOR, DON'T BE TOO DEPRESSING WITH YOUR 'EUROPEAN CRISIS,' 'COS I FOLLOW YOU WITH 'WE'RE ALL GOING ON THE RICKETY RACKETTY RAZZLE.'"



My Second Cousin Gilbert.

My second cousin
Gilbert,
A grocer bold was he,
And dealt in sugar,
Figs
And jams
(In rich, in sharply-flavoured jams),
And tongues
And China tea,
In candied peel,
In rice,
In hams
(In succulent and noble hams)
And ginger fiery.
(Root-ginger, stem- and also ground-
My second cousin sold,
Conveyed from half the world away.)
And many a spicy hold
Brought chutney and dried apricots
Out of the seven seas
To stand by homely
English goods
Like butter, eggs and cheese.
Reflect: those currants
Came from Greece;
These golden-crust dates
Were ripened in Arabia
And jogged in clumsy crates
By camel-caravan to lie
On Cousin Gilbert's counter—
Why (the thought is poetry,
Romance! The stuff the B.B.C.
Delights to put across!)
They came perhaps from Samarkand!
How bitter is my loss;
Oh, how I envy Cousin G.
Amidst the marmalade!
Why was I not apprenticed to
His fascinating trade?
You picture him
(As WELLS would say)
As slowly he allots
Tea to its proper
Canister
And thinking, "Injia . . ." (dots).
A bland, a bouncing little man,
But dreamy, but jocose. . . .
* * * * *
Poor Gilbert! And he hates the job,
He doesn't want to groce.

The Bogchester Chronicles.

A Day with the Archaeologists.

"Meadows, lay out our stoutest boots this morning, for we have many carucates of land to cover. The Bogchester Archaeological Society is investigating the Roman drain in Caesar's Meadow and many important discoveries are likely to be made. Is the chariot at the door? Ah! I see it is. Give me my toga and I will be off. On to Caesar's Meadow, Henry, for the eleventh hour is already past."

Indeed when I reach the scene of operations I find that most of the members have arrived before me. Mrs. Gloop has already excavated a large piece of pot with the point of her umbrella and the Vicar is showing great interest in a formation of clay from the plasticene period. Sir George Gorge, who has also arrived, tells me that Professor Quagmire from Clumphant University has promised to pay us a visit later in the day.

THE WORK BEGINS.

For the present most of our energies are directed to digging down through solid clay to the Roman drain or ditch that runs across the field. It is hard going and we soon begin to feel the effects of our labours. The actual manual work of course is being done by a party of workmen from Bogchester, but on us falls the equally arduous and more responsible task of watching them dig.

Spurred on by Sir George's offer of half-a-crown for any Roman relic uncovered, they are working with great determination and rapid strides are being made. But we are now joined by a member of a less desirable sort. Captain Featherstonehaugh wanders on to the scene, to the annoyance of those of us who are aware of his great archaeological ignorance and patronising ways. Fortunately, owing to the fact that he has not paid his subscription for the last two years, his opinions carry very little weight.

"Enjoying yourselves, what?" he asks in a condescending manner as he seats himself on a bank in the sunshine.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

At this moment one of the workmen in the ditch beneath the Captain digs up a fine specimen of pottery. I bound forward in an attempt to forestall the Captain, who is reaching out with idle curiosity to pick the relic up. A short argument now breaks out.

"All right; let go. I've got it."

"Will you leave go of this specimen?"

"And will you please stop pulling?"

"Kindly drop this Roman remain."

As might have been expected this important fragment is broken in two during the discussion, and the workman now adds his voice to the tumult by demanding half-a-crown for each piece. Sir George hurries forward with an offer to take charge of the discovery himself, and the argument breaks out again.

It is interrupted by the workman, who has now resumed his digging. "Here you are, gents," he cries, "plenty for all!"

We cluster round the ditch to find that he has unearthed three more fragments of what appears to be the same vessel. Sir George satisfies him by handing over ten shillings for the complete find, and we assemble to fit together the pieces of this important discovery.

WE ARE NOT SATISFIED.

The vessel, now almost complete, appears to me to be a particularly fine specimen of Samian ware. But, examining the surface through his magnifying-glass, the Vicar

notices the significant and extremely interesting fact that a Chinese inscription is stamped on the base. It is, it seems, to be left to the Bogchester Archaeological Society to provide conclusive proof that Roman Britain had trade with China.

At this juncture Captain Featherstonehaugh, who has suddenly lost all interest in the proceedings, shoulders his way into the gathering. "If you ask my opinion," he says, "I should say it is an extremely fine specimen of a twentieth-century ginger-jar from the Corporation rubbish-tip over there."

This ridiculous suggestion would probably have been ignored altogether had I not noticed, glancing swiftly round, that the workman responsible for the discovery had drawn yet another fragment from his pocket and was dropping it into a hole he had dug. In view of this we reluctantly feel it advisable to include the vessel among the large number of objects in our collection which are labelled "Authenticity Doubtful." And at the same time we decide that an even stricter watch must be kept on the workmen employed.

A PAUSE IN THE PROCEEDINGS.

For the moment this proves to be unnecessary, as just then the foreman announces that they are all going home to their dinners. "Ah!" says Sir George, "a capital suggestion. We will all disperse now, and let us see if we can do even better this afternoon."

"But what about Professor Quagmire?" cries a voice from the background.

It is true. Should the Professor arrive to view our work while we are all away at lunch he will get a very wrong impression of the diligence of the Bogchester Archaeological Society. And as Sir George and I are the only members capable of explaining the situation to so great an authority it is decided that I shall stay behind and shall be relieved later by Sir George.

For a time after the others have departed I am content to remain seated on the bank speculating on the tide of history which has flowed in the distant past through the drain at my feet. But after a while I feel the urge to play a more active part, and, taking one of the spades from the bank, I climb carefully down into the deep trench dug during the morning.

THERE IS A DISASTER.

It is my intention to scoop out a tunnel at right-angles to the trench in the hope of striking the ancient Roman rubbish-tip expected to exist here. You may be sure that I set to with a will. In the space of half-an-hour I have advanced several feet and am entirely surrounded by the soil I have removed.

And suddenly, without the slightest warning, the disaster occurs. The tunnel caves in and then the walls of the trench itself collapse all round me and I am imprisoned from the neck downwards in soil, incapable of moving hand or foot. Mercifully I am unhurt, and I settle down to await with what patience I can the return of the workmen.

PROFESSOR QUAGMIRE ARRIVES.

Many minutes elapse, and then in the distance I hear the sound of voices. I am about to call loudly for help when a sudden thought strikes me. What if this should be Professor Quagmire? How am I to explain my position to him? Above all, what will he think of the abilities of the Society if he finds but one member to greet him, and that one imprisoned in a trench of his own making? I decide to suffer in silence, and hope for unostentatious release on the return of Sir George.

And it is indeed the Professor. Though unable to turn my head in his direction, I recognise his measured tones behind me. And dissatisfied though I already am with the situation, I am still further dissatisfied when I realise that Captain Featherstonehaugh has somehow managed to encounter the Professor and is now taking him round the workings.

"Yes," he is saying in patronising tones, "I think I am the only member who can claim to be a serious archaeologist. As you see, the other members have already got tired of it and have gone home. But of course from our point of view they are much better out of the way."

DESPICABLE DECEPTION.

There follow further questions from Professor Quagmire, and I grind my teeth with rage as I listen to the Captain's condescending and totally inaccurate replies. But there is a sudden pause in the conversation.

"Ah!" says the Captain, with a new note in his voice. "There is just one interesting discovery which we have made this morning. We have not completely uncovered it yet, but it looks very much like a life-sized figure of a satyr."

"Most interesting," says the voice of Professor Quagmire behind me. "I have not got my glasses with me, but I have no doubt that you are right."

The next instant I feel the point of his umbrella prodding me in the nape of the neck. "I am afraid it has deteriorated a lot in the ground," he remarks mildly. "It's all soft."

"Yes," says the Captain, "and you will notice that the features are very rough and unfinished, which suggests that art at this period in Roman Britain had reached a very low level. My own theory . . ."

Their voices trail away into the distance, while I am left seething with rage, not only on account of the injury to my own feelings but at the thought of the despicable deception which has been practised on our distinguished visitor. Shortly afterwards Sir George arrives, accompanied by a party of workmen, and I am released from my unfortunate imprisonment. As I had expected, Sir George takes a serious view of the Captain's high-handed actions, and we debate whether he shall be asked to resign from the Society.

GOOD OUT OF EVIL.

The next day a long article by Professor Quagmire appears in *The Clumphantown Mercury* describing the great discoveries that have been made at Caesar's Meadow by the Bogchester Archaeological Society under the direction of Captain Featherstonehaugh. But as a result of this totally inaccurate account subscriptions to the Society arrive from all over the county and twenty new members are enrolled, so that to a certain extent good comes out of evil.

But I am by no means satisfied that subscriptions obtained by such questionable means will in the long run further the cause of science in Bogchester.

H. W. M.





"THE MRS. JENKINS-SMYTHE!"

Dress Regulations.

(The Officers' Club of a certain garrison town has recently banned the wearing of shorts in the Club-house.)

LICENTIOUS and brutal they call us in war,
But nevertheless we uphold the proprieties
Even more strictly than ever before.
Lend us your ears and approve what our fiat is:
As from to-day we've decided that Nemesis
Overtakes all who wear shorts on the premises.

*Come in your uniform, come in your rags,
Come in your tweeds if you think you look nice in
them,*

*Come in pyjamas or grey flannel bags;
But come in your shorts and you'll never come twice
in them:*

*Be you a General or merely a Subaltern,
Even the worms on the lawn of the Club'll turn.*

Britons have always been known to combine
A great reputation for hardy and dressy men;
Even in the jungle we dress when we dine,
Except for a rare and untypical specimen;
Yet there's an element who in their folly would
Rival the rig-out of MARLENE and Hollywood.

We are the leaders of fashion, the hub
Of decent Society, civil and military;
Shall it be said that the Officers' Club
Failed in its duty of rousing the dilatory?
Others have followed from time immemorial
Where we have led them in matters sartorial.

Now we have acted, I firmly believe
The danger is over and people can breathe again;
Doomed is the fashion of ADAM and EVE,
Of those who would have us revert to a wreath
again.

All that is needed is strictness awhile and a
Chucker-out able to deal with a Highlander.

*Come in your uniform, come in plus-fours,
Come in the corduroy trousers you beagle in,
Come in your waders or come in jodhpurs,
Come in those knee-breeches footmen look
regal in;*

*This is your Club: you may do as you please in it,
Always provided you don't show your knees in it.*

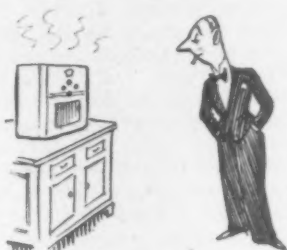
THE HOTEL RADIO.



"HA! THE RADIO—



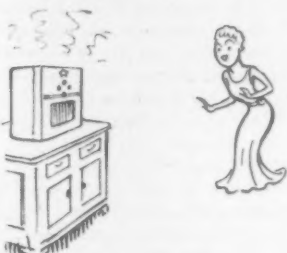
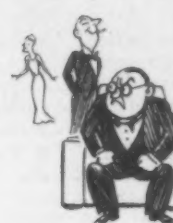
LET'S HAVE THE GOOD OLD NATIONAL."



"H'M—WHAT'S ON?



THINK WE'LL TRY MIDLAND."



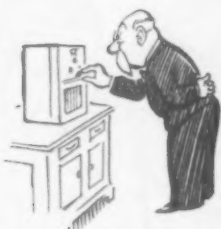
"OH, HOW LOVELY!



BUT WE MUST HAVE RADIO PARIS."



"AHA! CAN'T STAND FOREIGN STUFF—



EXCEPT BERLIN."



"I MUST HAVE A TALK ON BEES THAT'S JUST COMING ON FROM PRAGUE."



W. G. K. M. A. N. O.

At the Pictures.

DICKENS AGAIN.

LET me say at the outset that it would be a good thing if, when a new film takes two hours and ten minutes, the managers of cinema theatres announced this unusual length outside. Suitable arrangements for the unduly long session could then be made. As a matter of fact, I saw every minute of *A Tale of Two Cities*, but I did so only at a sacrifice; and although it is good throughout, I think that the last half-hour could be wisely compressed.

Between them CHARLES DICKENS and JOHN MARTIN-HARVEY have already familiarised so many persons with the dénouement, that its approach might be made swifter. Such acceleration is one of the penalties of putting an old story on the screen. But apart from this, *A Tale of Two Cities* is excellent material for the new medium and it has been admirably adapted.

If by the film version of *David Copperfield* many of us were disappointed, there were reasons enough. For one, this novel depends not on plot but on the presentation and development of character in the author's own way, and our ideas of the principal figures had been fixed long before Hollywood had heard of the book and had begun to look round for a cast—for W. C. FIELDS, for example, a professional funny man with a red nose, to take on the divine attributes of *Mr. Micawber*. But in *A Tale of Two Cities* it is not the essential DICKENS that we find at all, the DICKENS to whom the human comedy made a constant appeal, but the melodramatic DICKENS who put story before rumination, surface before depth, and, more than that, had a very fine story to tell. Hence it is far better suited to film treatment.

I may repeat at once that it has been handled in a masterly way, both by the producer and the performers, from RONALD COLMAN, say, as *Sydney Carton*, to EDNA MAY OLIVER, who has a very dry way with her, as *Miss Pross*; from ELIZABETH ALLAN, as *Lucie Manette*, to E. E. CLIVE, who made us laugh as the *Judge*. How many English actors there are in this American picture, I cannot say, but twang is curiously absent; and how much it cost, I dare not, in these days of additional income-tax, even think; but the taking of the Bastille, involving a gigantic mob of Parisians and soldiers, must have meant an outlay of untold gold.

A Tale of Two Cities here, as everywhere, must of course be *Sydney Carton's*, and I personally never expect

to see an impersonation more romantic or gay or sympathetic than RONALD COLMAN's, but I still feel that more pains might have been taken to make him at the critical moment look more like *Charles Darnay*, for whom (and



J.H. BOWEN

HER OFFICIAL CHUM.

Lucie Manette . . . ELIZABETH ALLAN.

Miss Pross . . . EDNA MAY OLIVER.

Lucie) he did the far, far better thing. So worthy indeed is this pictorial version of DICKENS's story that, although I have no notion what their respective duties are, I should like to put on record the fact that it has been "produced" by DAVID O. SELZNICK and "directed" by JACK CONWAY.



J.H.D.

HIS RIGHT-FACE MAN.

Joe Cooney . . . JACK OAKIE.

Kerry Bolton . . . WARNER BAXTER.

There are two things about *King of Burlesque* which must at once be said, one good and the other not so good: or, if you prefer, one hot and the other not so hot. The hot thing is that in this picture we find again, to our great delight, the old JACK OAKIE, the JACK OAKIE who was in *It Never Can Happen*

Again and who, by his departures from the standard of fun which he then set up, has made us ever since think of the title of the film as deplorably true. Until now it never has happened again. But in *King of Burlesque* he is once more our old friend with the round face that cracks and creases into irresistible smiles; and if because of the laughter we cannot always hear what he says, the reason is that the producer (or director) of the show did not realise how popular he can be and therefore did not "time" him rightly.

The thing that is less hot is that the only knock-out blow which is delivered—when WARNER BAXTER as *Kerry Bolton* disposes of his rival, the grand-opera singer, and gets his overcoat back—is delivered "off." We hear the sound but see nothing, except through the amazed and gratified expressions of the others. Our eyes are, in short, defrauded of half our pleasure. At least mine were, for I like blows on the films, and I left fearful that the new humanitarianism may be setting in.

For the rest, *King of Burlesque* is full of lively fun, and even if we cannot quite understand the fickleness of New York audiences as recorded in the film, or the actual quality of the revised and successful revue, the rehabilitation of *Kerry Bolton* comes as a welcome turn of the wheel. WARNER BAXTER and JACK OAKIE bear the brunt of the attack, but I fancy that the best performance is that of MONA BARRIE as *Rosalind Cleve*. E. V. L.

A Business Proposal.

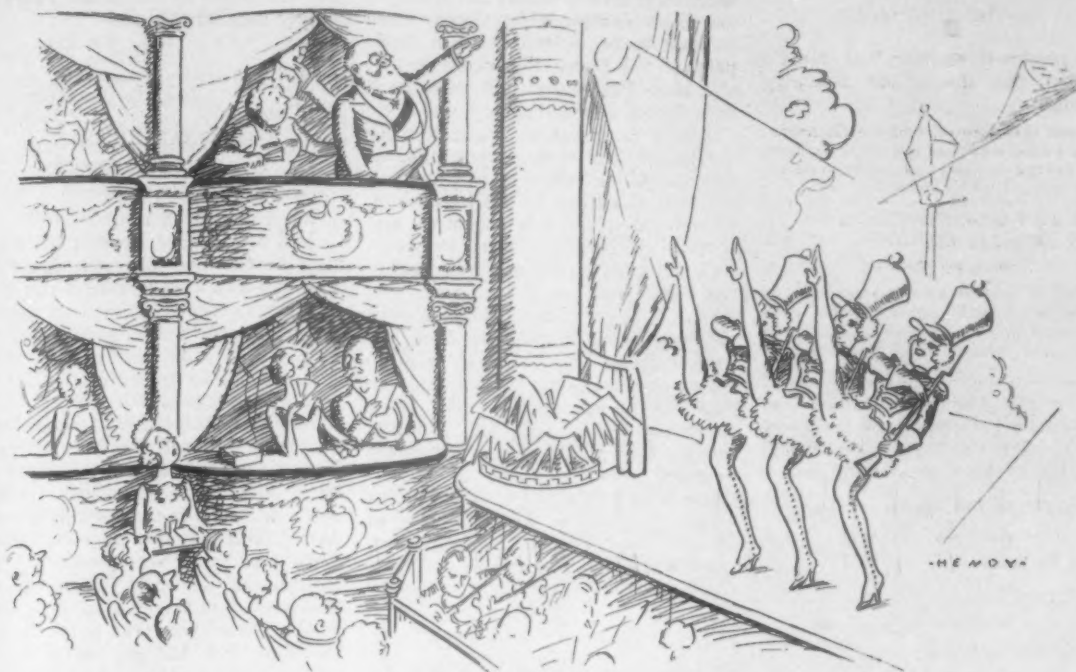
THE Manager sat all alone
Pleading down the dictaphone
In his most persuasive tone,
His fruitiest and ripest.
This was no sales drive he had planned,
No contract that he hoped to land,
But he was offering his hand
And heart to Jane, his typist.
Alas! the blow to managerial pride,
That very afternoon the girl replied:

"DEAR SIR,—Re yours of even date
To hand, while I appreciate
Your offer, I would beg to state
Already a first preference
Has been extended.

I remain,
With compliments,
Yours truly,
JANE.

P.S.—If raising this again
In future, please quote reference."

* * * * *
What use was it for him to persevere?
She hooked the Chairman later in the year.
M. H.



THE SHORTSIGHTED DIPLOMAT.

The Form.

An air of gloom hung over the bar-parlour of the "Black Boar." Colonel Hogg's moustache drooped sadly over his tankard, Johnson-Clitheroe looked as though he had just lost a favourite aunt or his pet pair of plus-fours, and my own face, reflected in a bottle of Scotch, gazed back at me with a sort of fragile wistfulness.

"I got a nasty note from the income-tax man this morning," I said, "reminding me that he hasn't yet received back the form he sent me last month."

"I got *my* reminder this morning," said the Colonel, "and Johnson-Clitheroe got his. Evidently the fellow has made a mass-attack on Little Wobbley. Several times I have taken my form out of the envelope and started to fill it in, but I just haven't had the strength to finish. I wish we could think of some way of paying the fellow out."

Johnson-Clitheroe's eyes gleamed.

"Couldn't we all send *him* a form?" he said.

"What sort of a form?" asked the Colonel.

"A form which he would have to fill in before we could fill in *his* form," said Johnson-Clitheroe. "A form asking him questions about his form."

So we borrowed a large piece of paper from the landlord and devised the following:—

To Samuel Bloggs, Esq., Inspector of Taxes.

I have received your form dated April 5 and will deal with it if you will be good enough to supply the following information:—

(a) Is your name really Samuel Bloggs? If so, what are you going to do about it?

(b) If a lady, please state Mrs. or Miss.

(c) How long have you been inspecting taxes, and what does it feel like? (see Note 3 of Appendix).

(d) With reference to the form you want me to fill in, would you prefer me to use (i.) blue ink, (ii.) red ink, (iii.) black ink or (iv.) real turtle soup?

(e) See (f).

(f) See (e).

(g) Are there any little Bloggses? If so, have they been vaccinated?

(h) In case I decide not to pay, please send me a brochure (illustrated if possible) of all the prisons within easy cycling distance.

(i) This should be read very carefully in conjunction with (j), taking into consideration any relevant factors covered by (e) and (f).

(j) If a negative answer to (i) has been given this section must be com-

pleted in detail and witnessed by two policemen, the President of the Board of Trade and a trained seal. If, however, full details have been given under (i) (taking into consideration any *ipso facto* jurisprudences enumerated in (e) (see (f) and Appendix Z (green))) the whole thing may be filleted and served with a light dressing of mayonnaise and basic slag.

(k) I notice that on your form there is about an inch of space at the bottom of page 1 without any writing on it. Please state whether you would prefer me to fill up this space with—

(i.) A limerick about a young lady of Goole.

(ii.) A portrait of HITLER.

(iii.) An ode to Spring.

(l) to (z) See Appendix.

"It's not bad," said Colonel Hogg, "but you keep on saying 'see Appendix' and there isn't any appendix."

"He can use his own," said Johnson-Clitheroe. "I'm sure there's enough of it for both of us."

"Good fashion points this week have been ... the Duchess of —'s plastically set curls and black woolly suit trimmed with the tag ends of a hundred bootlaces."

Social Gossip.

So that's where the tags of our bootlaces have gone!

It is proposed, we hear, "on an early day" to put down the following Question:—

"To ask the Chancellor of the Exchequer whether he has observed the use of unnecessary full-stops in titles and headings on the Order Paper, of which examples are

AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF PUBLIC BUSINESS.

NOTICE OF MOTION.

and whether, for the sake of economy and good printing, he will request His Majesty's Stationery Office to give attention to the diminution of redundancies."

There can be no ill-feeling about this, for His Majesty's Printer and Mr. Punch's Printer follow the same practice. But the latter is relenting. At the top of this page you will read—

PUNCH, or The London Charivari
April 29, 1936

It used to be—

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.
April 24, 1869.

But you will still read—

CHARIVARIA.

The *Observer's* Printer is on the same side:—

ITALY'S SWEEP.

TRANSFORMATION OF THE WAR.

AN ASTONISHING CAMPAIGN.

END OF THE ETHIOPIAN EMPIRE.

SANCTIONS AND RUIN.

(By J. L. GARVIN.)

I do not know of any other paper which has the same habit. *The Times* headings and titles are austere stopless—

THE TIMES MONDAY APRIL 20 1936

even where the title of a leading article is a complete sentence—

THE COUNCIL MEETS

and even *Punch* and the *Observer* permit PRICE SIXPENCE and TWOPENCE to stand alone; but *Punch* is

PRINTED ON WEDNESDAY.

and the *Observer* is enjoying its

145TH YEAR.

What these two great organs do is not my business. But the King's Printer is spending my money; and every day in his voluminous and excellent labours he must be spending

much of it on redundant full-stops. I can count nineteen which appear to me at least to be redundant on a single page of the Order Paper before me; and since Parliament met there have been fifteen hundred such pages.

I have too great an admiration for the King's Printer to suppose that he does anything without a plan and purpose, and I should like to ask him, with respect, what is the plan and purpose behind all this full-stoppery. Full-stops and colons and commas are not ornaments but instruments. (At least, I never knew anyone who obtained æsthetic pleasure from the contemplation of a full-stop or semicolon; and not even the most modern poet has offered to the public a lyric consisting of nothing but commas, though that may come.) They are intended surely to assist the understanding of written words by indicating what words should be connected or divided; and where a word cannot possibly be connected with any other word, as

TWOPENCE

OR

NOTICE OF MOTION

there is surely no need for a punctuation-mark.

The full-stops therefore in

and ORDERS OF THE DAY.

MIDWIVES BILL;—SECOND READING.

are mere superfluous adornment (and I am not hotly in favour of the semicolon). But if we are to have superfluous ornaments on the great Order Paper of the House of Commons cannot we do better than the rather drab and unexciting full-stop? Why not

AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF
PUBLIC BUSINESS!!!

Notice of Motion? . .

ORDERS OF THE DAY %

MIDWIVES BILL;:@—SECOND READING

This at least might stimulate interest in a dull programme of business.

And His Majesty's Printer is strangely inconsistent. When he is printing the Order Paper he is all spotty, like the *Observer*—

21st APRIL, 1936.

But when he is printing *Hansard* he is, at the top of the page, as austere as *The Times*—

8 APRIL 1936

—though on the cover he slips back to

WEDNESDAY, 8TH APRIL, 1936.

The volume is numbered thus—

VOL. 310. No. 67.

But the pages of the Order Paper are simply numbered thus—

1471

Why not—

1471.

Why not—

OFFICIAL REPORT.

PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

What does it all mean?

And you, reader, do you put a full-stop at the end of your signature? You will find that you do if you write a letter to most of the daily papers, though in the same papers there is no full-stop after the names of the contributors—a queer distinction. I find that about a third of my correspondents do this thing. I wonder why. I often do it myself, but that is because I have a special signature to show the bank that my cheques are genuine, and a full-stop is part of this cunning device. But have you the same excuse? Look into your heart, reader. And look about the world. You will find that once you have given your mind to this affair the world is much more exciting; for though, as so often happens, "there is nothing in the paper," the hunt for odd spots will still furnish interest. And do not say that this is an unimportant matter. A spot on the Order Paper is, as it were, a spot on the sun. A PH*

[*Merely to show that by exercise of our supreme authority we can always cut out full-stops when we please.—ED. "Punch."]

As Others Hear Us.

The Honest Opinion.

"I WANT your honest opinion."

"Well, it's very nice of you to say so. I don't really know that I'm qualified—"

"Yes, yes, you are. I don't know anybody whose opinion I'd rather have. Only you must be absolutely honest and completely straightforward. Never mind about hurting my feelings."

"If you really want an honest opinion—"

"Yes, yes, I do. Mind you, I think myself it's the best piece of work I've ever done in my life. What I mean to say is, that I can't help feeling it's a marvellous theme, and I think I've treated it in the only way one could treat it—I mean, it's thoroughly powerful without being exaggerated, and although you may think it's painful in places, at the same time it's got plenty of light relief, and that terrific sort of inevitability that the Greek tragedies

always have. If you know what I mean."

"Oh, yes. Though——"

"Ah! I know exactly what you're going to say. The ending. You think the ending unsatisfactory. But actually, artistically speaking, it was the only possible thing to do."

"No, I didn't exactly think the ending unsatisfactory. I was only rather wondering whether——"

"The public would understand it? Well, I dare say they won't. That can't be helped. I don't suppose that in SHAKESPEARE'S day the public understood *Hamlet* for one single minute. But do tell me, what did you really feel about the dialogue? I suppose you noticed that I employed a completely new device for the dialogue?"

"I'm inclined to think——"

"Stop! I know what you're going to say. Don't say it. The whole thing is simply a question of convention. If you make up your mind quite firmly to fling every literary convention in the world overboard before you begin to read at all, I'm sure you'll realise that my technique for dialogue is actually almost exactly similar to the one employed by the very greatest writers all through the ages."

"Yes?"

"Oh, yes. Definitely. You'll see it is, if you just think it over. Now, tell me what you felt about the characterisation. Quite candidly, mind."

"Well, let me see. Your central figure, who comes in about the middle, the Patagonian scavenger——"

"I knew everyone would make exactly that mistake! I knew they'd say he was the hero of the book. Do you mean to say you didn't realise that the real hero is the epileptic half-wit who only comes into the last chapter?"

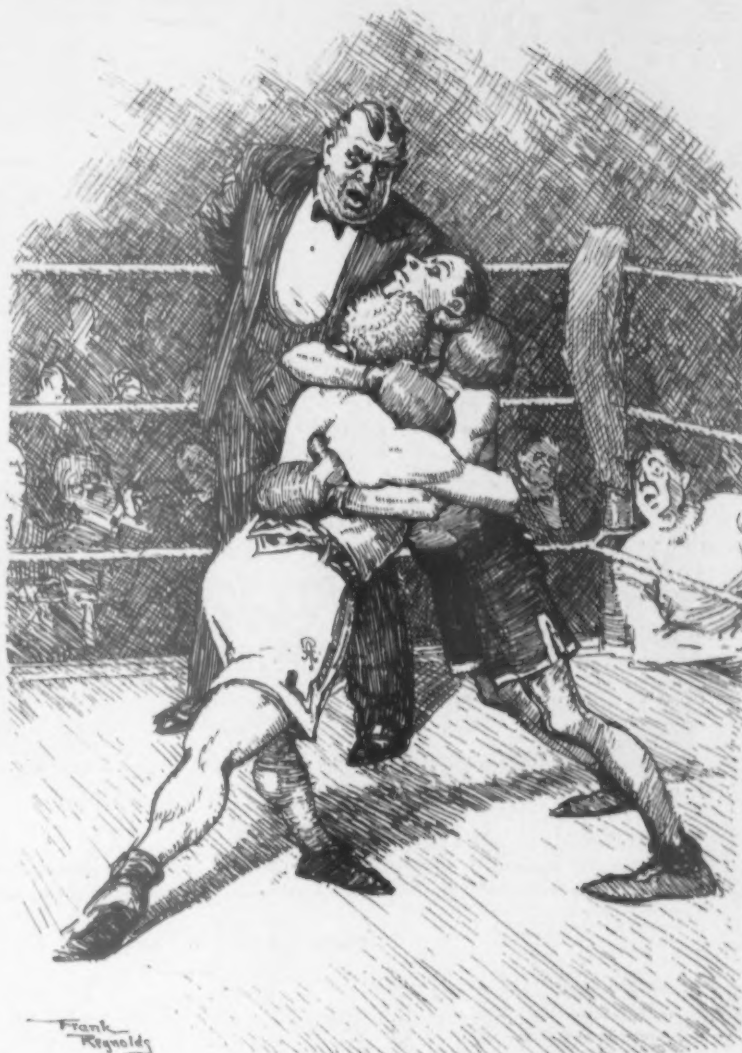
"I'm afraid not."

"Ah! I know exactly how that happened. You didn't bring a really open mind to your reading of the book. I'm sure you quite meant to, but it's so difficult to get out of one's little rut, isn't it? Next time you read it, you'll probably get the whole thing into much better proportion. Tell me, did you feel the plot was logically worked out?"

"To be quite honest——"

"You're wrong. Utterly, completely, entirely wrong. Don't mind my saying so. But it's really laughable. Because, of course, as a matter of absolute fact, that plot was worked out to the last inch. There wasn't a loose thread anywhere. I satisfied myself as to that all right."

"Still, I'm afraid I didn't quite follow all the intricacies of the triple murder at the bottom of the flooded coal-cellar."



East-End Referee. "OI! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU ARE? GENEVA?"

"Really? Well, of course I want you to be absolutely candid—as I've said all along—and if you feel the whole thing is complete rubbish you'd better say so. I shall quite understand. Naturally, having spent the best part of three years toiling and moiling over the thing, denying myself sleep and rest and recreation and practically everything else in the world so as to get it done, I can't help feeling rather—but it doesn't matter. I'd much rather you told me the truth. If you feel it's all been so much waste of time, please just say so. I want you to. I'd rather you did."

"No, no. You quite misunderstand me."

"Now, please don't try to soften it. I asked you for your honest opinion and I wanted your honest opinion. I'm not at all the kind of person who minds criticism, however severe. On the contrary, I welcome it. I may have my faults—I don't say I haven't—but if there's one thing that nobody can say about me, it is that I can't take unfavourable criticism in a thoroughly sporting spirit."

"Really, I——"

"Not another word! Don't speak! Don't move!! Don't breathe!!! I know exactly what you mean. You want me to throw the whole thing into the fire. I knew that was what you'd say, all along."

E. M. D.



"MANNERS, PLEASE! SAY 'THANK YOU.'"

"REALLY, MOTHER, I'M MUCH TOO FAGGED TO GO MONKEYING ABOUT WITH 'PLEASES' AND 'THANK-YOUs.'"

On First Hitting a Boundary in Spring.

Now let all Nature join
In triumph jubilant this day with me—
Beasts of the field, fowls of the air,
The finny tribe, and whatsoe'er
Walks in the paths of the sea—
Yea, flowers, bushes, shrubs and trees
(All willow-trees!)—
All that has life and breath
Come, gather round and shout yourselves to death,
For I have hit a four—
A genuine boundary, and added to the score!

It fell upon a day
When April had withheld his showers sweet;
The wind was still, the skies were blue,
The pitch was newly rolled and true,
The creases trim and neat,
The bowling left-arm, round and slow
(Yes, very slow!),
The screens were large and white—
In short, I felt like staying there all night.
And so I hit a four—
My first for half-a-dozen seasons past or more.

The time was half-past three,
The telegraph showed 42 for 9;
The tigers they had come and gone,
The fieldsmen had their sweaters on,
The ball retained its shine;
So no one dreamed the last man in
(Yes, last man in!),
A rabbit plain to see,
Whose average to date was 1·3,
Would dare to hit a four!
And yet he did. But how? Endure one stanza more.

The bowler ambled up.
A fast full-toss, he thought, would be enough.
No need for guile, for swerve or spin,
For good-length shooters, breaking in,
Or any funny stuff.
But at the crease he tripped somehow
(I care not how!),
The ball came dropping slow;
My whirling blade despatched it hard and low,
And I had hit a four—
A genuine boundary, and added to the score!



THE NOBLE ART OF SELF-DEFENCE.

THE PUNCHING-BALL. "DON'T MIND ME, SO LONG AS THIS HELPS TO GET YOU IN TRAINING FOR MORE IMPORTANT EVENTS."

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Impressions of Parliament.

Tuesday, April 21st.—It was a Budget without many frills, but slightly



SAMSON AGONISTES.

["The disappointing thing to him about the Chancellor of the Exchequer's statement was that it revealed an altogether unpleasant healthiness about the Capitalist system."]

Mr. Maxton on the Budget.]

sterner than had been expected.

Clearly the expansion of the Services would prove costly, but talk of loans was in the air and it was generally thought that growing industrial prosperity would benefit the Treasury enough to make increase in taxation unnecessary. Kindly but very firmly Mr. CHAMBERLAIN dissipated this optimism when he announced that in order to balance his deficit of £21,000,000 he would have to impose another 3d. on the income-tax payer and another 2d. a pound on the tea-drinker; adding that since defence benefited all classes all classes must contribute.

His review of the last year showed that it was studded with satisfactory surpluses, an unusual number of rich persons having died, payers of income-tax having been peculiarly conscientious about their arrears, and Customs and Excise having gone with a swing.

For the current year, times being hard, he proposed no extra allowance for debt redemption, but he was deter-

mined, he said, to make this generation pay for its additional defences, which would be covered for the time being by the increases in taxation. Loans would come later.

The Treasury is at last taking notice of the ingenious evaders. These gentlemen have dodged their last, for Mr. CHAMBERLAIN announced that he was about to put an end by legislation to such devices as one-man companies (for surtax evasion), the transference of capital abroad, and educational trusts. From the last alone he hoped to gain two-and-a-half millions, which he proposed to distribute amongst the hardest-hit by raising the income-tax allowance for children to £60 and that for married couples to £180.

His only other benefactions were the formation of a Company with a capital of a million pounds to assist in financing small businesses in the Special Areas, and a tax on imported lager beer to help the British producers of this vital commodity; and the remaining points of the Budget were the renewal of the present duties on key industries for ten years, and the abolition of the Road Fund, whose surplus of over £5,000,000 the Treasury are pocketing.

For to-day comment was formal. Mr. ATTLEE made out that the Government had only themselves to blame for the vast sums they were spending on armaments, and hated the tea-tax; Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR spoke of a Budget of shattered hopes, and Mr.

MAXTON, admitting that tea was his one gigantic vice, bemoaned the unpleasant healthiness of the Capitalist system.



HIS MAGNUM OPUS.

(Etruscan Ware.)

COLONEL WEDGWOOD.

On the motion for the adjournment Mr. WISE raised the question of the mandated territories, and asked for a clear Government statement. The extreme views on either side having been aired by Mr. AMERY and Mr. GRENFELL, Mr. THOMAS assured the House of the safety of the Colonies and said that the mandated territories could not properly be discussed until and unless the point was raised by some other Government; and he denied that other nations had not the same access as we to raw materials in these territories.

As for Mr. CHURCHILL, he took the line that the door should be either open or shut, but not left flapping to and fro.

Wednesday, April 22nd.—In the resumed debate on the Budget the bigger guns of the Parliamentary artillery reserved their fire, and although a number of the smaller calibred pieces made interesting reports, the bombardment became desultory towards evening.

Mr. PETHICK-LAWRENCE's attack was not particularly impressive. Although anyone who knows will say that the shares of aircraft companies are absurdly over-valued, he



A DISMAL DUET.

DIRECTED BY MR. PETHICK-LAWRENCE AND SIR ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR.

"He could not remember so depressing a Budget."

Mr. Pethick-Lawrence.

"He shared the gloomy apprehensions expressed by Mr. Pethick-Lawrence."—Sir Archibald Sinclair.



SPRINGTIME IN OLD FAN-TANG.

COURT POETS RECITING VERSES IN PRAISE OF THE GRAND SLAMM'S FAVOURITE FLOWER.

insisted that the vertiginous rise in these shares was a proof that armament profits were in no danger of strict limitation; and he repeated the old tag that the new expenditure on defence was the outcome of a shilly-shallying foreign policy which, in its failure to checkmate the aggression of Japan, was responsible for the later European complications, but he omitted of course to explain how the Japanese affair could have been better handled without the precipitation of a major war. On the financial side he blamed the Government for the fact that the revenue was growing so insufficient that additional burdens would soon have to be met by borrowing.

To Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR the CHANCELLOR seemed like a man wandering round in a circle in a financial Sahara, and he reminded the House that, although Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was now pleading abnormal conditions, the world slump had not saved Lord SNOWDEN from his criticisms. In his view a crushing level of taxation had been reached, and the risks of war could only be extinguished by economic as well as military disarmament. Why had the CHANCELLOR not mentioned the fact that if the revised unemployment assistance regulations, now overdue, modified the Means Test—as they should

—additional expenditure would be involved? And why no reference to our American debt?

One of the most thoughtful maiden speeches to which the House has listened for some time came from



OUR BACK BENCH WHO'S WHO.

Mr. BOOTHBY dotes
On herrings and oats.
These often mean a lot
To a Scot.

Mr. MINTO RUSSELL, the Conservative Member for Darwen. There were only 3,000,000 direct taxpayers out of 31,000,000 electors, he said, and he would welcome a broadening of direct taxation, counterbalanced perhaps by the remission of equivalent indirect taxation, in order to bring about a more general responsibility. Many will agree with him.

Points from other speeches were: Sir WILLIAM DAVISON, regret that the CHANCELLOR was financing his special needs by taxation instead of by Treasury Bills or 1% Bonds followed by a National Defence Loan at $1\frac{1}{2}\%$ or 2% ; and Mr. ANSTRUTHER-GRAY, criticism of the showmanship of the CHANCELLOR, who should have prepared the country for increased taxation, so that it might now enjoy a feeling of relief at getting off lightly.

For the Government Mr. W. S. MORRISON replied that to blame it for not having stopped the Abyssinian war was only in effect to blame the League, on which the Government founded its foreign policy, and commented on the slightness of the criticism to which the CHANCELLOR had been subjected. As for the American Debt, the Labour Party forgot too easily that when it was paying the Debt it was receiving from other countries more than it was paying out.



"WE ALWAYS WINK AT PARKER'S ECCENTRICITIES."

The Hell of It.

*Two men talked in a clattering train, and I was a silent third ;
I closed my eyes in the name of peace, for nothing of sense I
heard ;
But on my ear as I passed to sleep th' important statement fell :
There are over a hundred million billion saxophones in hell.*

SAINT PETER sat at the entrance-gate, and a new-made
ghost came by ;
"And what were you on the earth, my friend ?" "A maker
of music I."
"And was it the flute or the violin, the harp or the hoarse
trombone ?"
"No, I," said the new-made ghost with hauteur, "I was a
saxophone."

Saint Peter laughed with a loud Ha, Ha ; he laughed with
a full Ho, Ho ;
"This isn't the place for you," he said, "you'd better get
down below ;
They've special arrangements there, I'm told ; you'll find
it will suit you well ;
There are over a hundred million billion saxophones in hell."

Down, down, the keen ghost went ; the great doors clanged
behind ;
He found good greeting and hearty cheer, and everyone
seemed most kind ;

They led him off to a noble space where, far as the eye could
pierce,
Was a riotous glory of saxophones, goodly and bright and
fierce.

His mouth watered, his eye flashed ; he asked in a trembling
voice
"Can this be true ?" And a courteous imp replied "You can
take your choice ;
We make no charge." And the well-pleased ghost with a
proud yet reverent air
Took up the largest in easy reach and tootled it full and fair.

Never a bray came out of its gape ; he tackled it once again,
No bleat ; a second, a third, a tenth, a dozen he tried ; in vain ;
Scores and scores he blew and he blew, and flung in a rage
aside ;
And "What's all this ?" he bellowed at last, and the
courteous imp replied :

"We've noises here that shatter the nerve and shrivel an
inmate's pores ;
But even here we must draw the line, and the line is drawn
at yours ;
There are over a hundred million billion saxophones, it's
true ;
But never a sound in the whole blamed lot ; and that's
what's hell for you."

DUM-DUM.

More Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club.

From Barnabas Hackett, Member of Roughover Golf Club.

6th April, 1936.

DEAR SIR,—I do hope you will not mind my writing and suggesting that the Club should start a small museum. After all, time is jogging on, and, although many of us remember the early days of golf only too well, generations to come would, I am sure, be interested in such relics as old clubs, gutty balls, etc.

As I feel sure my suggestion will appeal to you I am sending herewith one of the original socket-headed drivers.

Yours faithfully,
B. HACKETT.

P.S.—I would suggest that the big glass case in the Reading Room be used for this purpose and the cups at present there be transferred to the long top-shelf in the Bar.

P.S. 2.—Why not circularise members about it? I am sure there must be quite a few who could send you something.

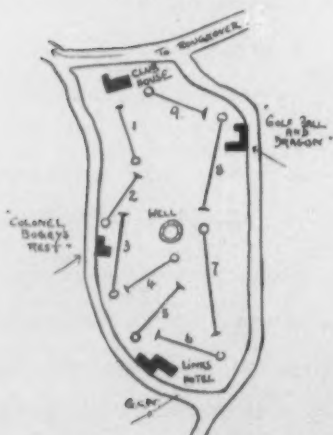
From Ignatius Thudd, Roughover.

9th April, 1936.

DEAR SIR,—With reference to your circular about the Museum I enclose herewith a plan of the layout of the Old Course which used to be situated at the back of the town. I hope it may be acceptable. There was a great outcry from the older members when the course was shifted to its present site in 1895. I never realised until I studied the plan recently why this was.

Yours faithfully,
IGNATIUS THUDD.

[ENCLOSURE]



From Lionel Nutmeg, Malayan Civil Service (Retd.), Old Bucks Cottage, Roughover.

9/4/36.

Museum.

DEAR SIR,—I enclose some hairs from the Aberdeen Angus bull which I hit with my drive at the second hole on May 1st, 1921. I discovered them adhering to my ball and I have kept them in the back of my watch-cover ever since.

As a matter of historic interest I may say that for a time they brought me the most amazing good fortune, but for the last four years they have been worse than useless.

I suggest that in showing them you have them tied up with a small piece of blue ribbon and laid out on white satin in a black pill-box.

Yours faithfully,
L. NUTMEG.

P.S.—I am leaving to the Club in my will the cornet which I played at the last Annual Dinner.

From Rupert Bindweed, Fig Tree Villa, Roughover.

Saturday.

DEAR SIR,—I enclose for the Museum the sketch of a coat-of-arms which my brother blazoned for the Club in 1905. It comprises: "Argent on a fess of gules between 3 rabbits at gaze vert, as many golf-balls argent"; or at least that's what I think he told me it was.

The Committee at that time were an extremely ignorant set of men, and they turned it down.

Yours faithfully,
R. BINDWEED.

[ENCLOSURE]



From Mrs. Wobblegoose, Stewardess, Roughover Golf Club.

DEAR SIR,—I have been hearing from the Steward all about the Museum and Sir I felt that you would be interested to have the chop-bone on which Admiral Sneyring-Stymie's brother-in-law broke his eye-tooth in 1929.

It has always been one of my treasured possessions, but if you would like it I should be most welcome to give it up.

Yours faithfully,
LOTTIE WOBLEGOOSE.

From Doctor Edwin Sockett, Medical Practitioner, Roughover.

14/4/36.

Club Museum.

DEAR WHELK,—In reply to your circular I enclose herewith the score-card pencil I extracted from George Humpitt's abdomen last June.

I am also sending along the salmon-gaff with which General Sir Armstrong Forscure won the fourth hole in his match with Prince Suva Ibrahim bin Mackintosh Abdulla on 10/7/34. Please find as well the stuffed mongoose which the latter left on my hall-table by way of a fee when I patched him up.

Yours sincerely,
E. SOCKETT.

From John Baggs, Caddiemaster, Roughover.

Tuesday.

MR. WHILK, SIR,—Hearing about the museum I enclose herewith the autograph of the late House-Steward that went off with the case of liquor brandy and afterwards got jailed for stealing the Town Clerks signature ring.

Although Jos. Stewart was a Club Servant I never got my one and six.

Yours Sir,
JOHN BAGGS.

[ENCLOSURE]

J.O.U.
one and six pence
Jos. Stewart.

From Admiral Charles Sneyring-Stymie, C.B., The Bents, Roughover.

14/4/36.

DEAR SIR,—I am sending by Special Messenger for the Museum the stuffed trout which I killed with my second at the fifth (stream hole) in 1923. You may have heard that there was some difference of opinion at the time as to whether it was my trophy or not, some maintaining that it had been killed by an otter, others that it had died of old age.

The fact, however, remains that when I came upon the fish it was lying in shallow water with my golf-ball close beside it. To me the evidence was quite conclusive and I felt more than justified in having it mounted.

Yours faithfully,
CHARLES SNEYRING-STYMIE.

P.S.—The skin of the fish was not very well preserved before it was stuffed

and in hot weather it is apt to become slightly offensive. I have found that if the body is rubbed with a solution of arsenious acid, white soap, carbonate of potash and camphor and then fumigated this will help.

From Mrs. Whelk, 103, Southward Street, London.

14th April.

MY DARLING BOY,—How very interesting about the Museum! I enclose the letter you wrote me when you were originally appointed Secretary of the Club. There is a lot in it about what you thought of the members. I am sure it will be most acceptable and, in the light of events since then, most interesting.

Your loving
MOTHER.

P.S.—I am also sending one of the old red golf-coats. It belonged to your father. I'm afraid I ought to have had it cleaned, but I dare say it won't matter in a men's club.

From Miss Gwendoline Makepeace,
Love-in-the-Mist Cottage, Roughover.

DEAR MR. WHELK,—I enclose a sketch of Sir Henry Pluke Straddon, who was Captain of the Club in 1903. Sir Henry—and I knew him very well—could never putt in the ordinary manner, and this drawing was of one of the many odd stances he adopted. Do note the looking-glass.

At one time he putted by lying on his side and using only one hand.

Yours sincerely,
G. M.

[ENCLOSURE]



From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue,
K.B.E., C.S.I., Captain Roughover Golf Club.

17/4/36.

SIR,—The smell in the Reading Room since you started that dam museum is intolerable. This morning I had to read my paper in the Locker Room. Unless you do something about



"I THINK THE EDITOR IS EXPECTING ME. I'M MISS RIDGEWAY."
"PLEASED TO MEET YOU, MISS."

this immediately there will be trouble.
Yours faithfully,
ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

From Ephraim Wobblegoose, House
Steward, Roughover Golf Club.

DEAR SIR,—I have tried moth-balls, disinfectant sprays and even the new floor-polish which the traveller said would rout the beetles but Sir it was all no good, so I did as you bid and burnt everything, General Forcursue and Club Members helping.

Hope the chill is mending and you will be back soon.

Yours Sir,
E. WOBLEGOOSE.
G. C. N.

Bad News for Old Swingers.

"BIGGER ARMY LEAD."
Newspaper Headline.

S. O. S.

"Advertiser wants to get (a) a Siamese Cat. (b) Someone to play chess."
From a Chinese Paper.

"WHY PAINT STAYS ON WOOD."

Daily Paper.

Why paint them at all for that matter?

"SPURS' NEW MOVE.

ALBERT HALL AT OUTSIDE RIGHT.
BIG PROBLEM."

Evening Paper Headlines.

Gigantic, even.

At the Play.

"WHITEOAKS" (LITTLE).

It is perhaps somewhat remarkable, seeing how very large the Dominions are, that they do not manage to take up more space on the English stage. Miss NANCY PRICE, at the Little Theatre, makes a powerful effort to redress this injustice, and *Whiteoaks* will give a new and very vivid idea of home life in Canada to those who do not already know the delightful *Whiteoaks* family in the pages of MAZO DE LA ROCHE.

The play is one of those always successful plays which centre round wills. In the first two Acts we wonder who is going to get the grandmother's money, and in the Third Act we sit with all the virtuous large-mindedness of people not personally interested and see how very badly most of the *Whiteoaks* behave.

As the grandmother, Miss NANCY PRICE has a grand part, in which she has to dominate the stage whenever she is on it. This is not one of those parts in which the needs of the play call for a restraint and a self-elimination on the part of the actress. On the contrary, she has to be as overpowering as she knows how. She holds her little court and bestows rings or raps, plays games, indulges in broad reminiscence, yet the production very skilfully makes it plain that it is only when she is present that she compels the attention of her family.

The grandchildren live their own busy outdoor life. The four grandsons between them show every type of character, and the three brothers of *Finch* (Mr. STEPHEN HAGGARD) are much more than mere foils to him. The oldest, *Renny*, the finest character in the play, is acted by Mr. ROBERT NEWTON in a way that gains the complete sympathy of the audience for all that he has to bear. The second brother, *Piers* (Mr. ELLIS IRVING), is meant to be rather unpleasant, the tormentor of *Finch*. The youngest, *Wakefield*, provides a delightful part for a young actor who has to be interested in everything, as Mr. TONY WICKHAM easily contrives to be.

It is the older generation, *Uncle Ernest* (Mr. FRANK BIRCH) and

Uncle Nicholas (Mr. AUBREY DEXTER), who carry the play at times into very broad comedy. They are characters more of the type one would expect to meet in a play about an English boarding-house. One is driven to speculate on



SOLILOQUY BY BONEY THE PARROT.

what manner of life it can have been that has made them develop as they have. Their sister makes perhaps the best remark in the play, in a fury of



RICKETY PROPS.

<i>Uncle Nicholas</i>	MR. AUBREY DEXTER.
<i>Adeline</i>	MISS NANCY PRICE.
<i>Uncle Ernest</i>	MR. FRANK BIRCH.

mortification after the will has been read out, when *Renny* assures his uncles and aunts that he has not grudged them their board and lodging during the many years they have all made their home with him: "I only wish we could return the food!" she exclaims before setting out in a dudgeon for England.

As *Finch* Mr. STEPHEN HAGGARD has to act a part of the *Young Woodley* type, showing the struggles of adolescence and the loneliness of a misunderstood boy. *Finch* has great musical talent, but the *Whiteoaks* family, which lives mainly for horses, cannot be expected to appreciate so exotic a growth. He is forbidden to use the piano and has to creep out at night to play the organ in the church nearby. It is these nocturnal visits which draw upon him the eagle eye of his old grandmother, who makes the amusement of her later years the problem what to do with her considerable fortune.

Miss PRICE and Mr. HAGGARD play capitally opposite one another in scenes which are swift and dramatic and yet always natural and true to life. There is nothing in which people are more incalculable than their final testamentary bequests, and the subject is at once rich in human interest and dramatic possibilities.

This play concentrates on this one portion of the *Whiteoaks* Saga, but readers of the admirable work of MAZO DE LA ROCHE will hope that the great success of this experiment in dramatisation will lead to us seeing more of the whole of a very interesting family. D. W.

"THE FROG" (PRINCES).

London seems to be in for a season of successful adaptations of the work of one author by another. This latest, based on EDGAR WALLACE's *The Fellowship of the Frog*, should gladden many hearts, for it brings proof that Mr. IAN HAY can handle brilliantly the peculiar WALLACE formula of humour hand-in-hand with thrills, a formula which was a great and individual contribution in the field of light entertainment and one which has been sadly missed. There are plenty more of WALLACE's stories waiting to be dramatised, and it is to be hoped that Mr. HAY will lose no time in getting on with the good work.

I think the first thing to be said about the play is that it gives a rich part in the old tradition to Mr. GORDON HARKER, who invests *Detective-Sergeant Elk* with a pompous splendour which irradiates the whole piece. Mr. HARKER's sardonic Cockneys are works of art. This one, baulked of promotion by an irreparable weakness in English History and particularly by an inability to recall under stress of examination which of the four GEORGES came first, views life with the sagacious independence of a bachelor who considers that he knows it through and through. He is the best sort of wag, and I am glad to report that before the end he has become *Inspector Elk*. When Richard Gordon of the Yard, a charming young officer of the Hendon School whom Mr. JACK HAWKINS easily plays, is put in charge of the drive to exterminate the *Frogs*, he selects *Elk* as his second. These two go very well together.

The identity of the arch-*Frog* is baffling all attempts to discover it, but there is no doubt that he is personally responsible for the brilliant organisation behind a widespread outbreak of murder, theft and blackmail which is terrorising the country. He has his spies everywhere. Confidential news leaks even from the Yard itself. He maintains an iron discipline, and *Frogs* who bungle their work croak quickly. Sufficient clues are at hand to enable Gordon and *Elk* to narrow the hunt, but time and again the unexpected throws them off the scent. Shoals of red herrings are drawn by the adroit authors across the path of the *Frog*, and, although we are pretty certain that we are meeting him frequently amongst the characters, we have to abandon suspicion after suspicion and mentally beg the pardon of numbers of virtuous persons.

There are no fewer than seventeen scenes, and the rapid cuts from one situation to another, often on "curtains" furiously exciting, are made possible by an ingenious mechanical stage which slips prepared scenes into position in a few seconds. Trick stages can become a positive bore

when they encourage spectacularly-minded managers to wallow in the wonders of nature, but intelligently used as here they introduce some of

done the job conspicuously well. EDGAR WALLACE's plays were so vivid partly because he had the price-less knack of giving even his minor characters round individualities of their own, and Mr. HAY's work is marked by a similarly sympathetic quality. And for the smoothness of the production Mr. HERBERT BRYAN deserves every praise. In brief, for I shall say no more about it lest I give the tiniest fraction of the show away, you should visit the Princes if your fancy favours a well-made "spot-the-crook" play in which the processes of logical deduction are put second to the importance of making you laugh and grip your chair by turns.

Mr. HERBERT LOMAS, Mr. CYRIL SMITH, Mr. FRANK PETTINGELL, Mr. PERCY PARSONS, Mr. HAROLD FRANKLIN and Mr. HUGH BURDEN frog-marched mysteriously and effectively through the serried shoals of the red herrings; by reason of their sex Miss CHRISTINE BARRY and Miss JANET MEGREW were exempt from suspicion and carried this distinction with credit. ERIC.

Meal of the Moment.

A FEW days ago Mr. Punch's tame Gastronomer had a dream in which he found himself at a banquet given by an unknown host to a number of oil magnates. The banquet took place in the Palace of the League of Nations at Geneva in a replica (built at enormous expense, of which Great Britain bore a proportion of 92 per cent.) of one of the rooms used for this purpose in the Quai D'Orsay. The menu was:—

Hors d'œuvre Gènevoise
Soupe Sans-Espoir
Medaillons Mussolini
Langue à la Française
Sauce Italienne
Canards Société des Nations
Maïs de villages sautés
Soufflé aux grenades
Bombe Croix-Rouge

Awaking, he could not recall what wines were served with this momentous meal, but he remembered that both Negus and Lagrima Cristi were conspicuous by their absence.



RECORD EVIDENCE.

Stella Bennett Miss CHRISTINE BARRY.
 Richard Gordon of Scotland Yard . Mr. JACK HAWKINS.
 Detective-Sergeant Elk Mr. GORDON HARKER.



DETECTIVE-SERGEANT ARRAYED FOR A RAID.

Ezra Maitland Mr. HENRY THOMPSON.
 Detective-Sergeant Elk . Mr. GORDON HARKER.

the slickness of the cinema to a theme of action. Even the catastrophic effects of an infernal machine can be shown us and quickly cleared away; but in which scene this outrage occurs I should be the last to tell you.

Let me repeat that Mr. HAY has



House-Warming.

By the time you read this it will be hard (I hope) to remember what the very cold weather was like. In the last (I hope) spell of it, Mr. and Mrs. Mohican went without enthusiasm to spend the evening at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Bimber. If the weather had not been so cold they would have gone cheerfully—they liked the Bimbers—but the house was one in which they could never get properly warm, and that was apt to unsettle such social accomplishments as they possessed. Therefore when Mrs. Mohican received the invitation on the telephone she accepted at once only because she had forgotten for the moment what the weather was like.

"And anyway," she said later in an attempt to cheer up her husband, "surely it will have got warmer by then. This can't last."

But it could last, as don't we all know?

They set out for the Bimbers' house in a biting wind. The taxi-driver, after driving for a moment or two, gloomily slid back the glass partition and inquired whether he had heard correctly. When told he had he said, "That's on the 'eights, that is. All right livin' up there in the summer. But in the winter there's some folks ought to do like the Eskimos, change their abby-tats."

Mr. Mohican said between chattering teeth that it was news to him that the Eskimos changed their habitat in the winter, and the taxi-man admitted that possibly he was thinking of some other animals. "But I got a brother knows the Antarticker like a house afire," he declared.

Mrs. Mohican, who was sometimes willing to go to extreme lengths to keep a promising conversation going once it had started, and who besides felt that warmth even in a simile was something, asked what the brother's name was; but by that time the taxi-driver had misanthropically slid his window shut again.

"An interest in taxi-men's brothers," Mr. Mohican warned his wife solemnly, "is the first step on the downward path."

"I was merely en—*atchoo!*—couraging family life."

"The road to hell," said Mr. Mohican sombrely pulling out his handkerchief, "is paved with taxi-drivers' brothers."

Oppressed with similar gloomy thoughts and recalling other occasions when, after visiting the Bimbers, they had rattled their icy feet on the floor of the taxi all the way back, they were silent for most of the remainder of the journey.

When they arrived the taxi-man made no further remark, contenting himself, just before he drove away, with breathing heavily several times and making a few sinister passes in the air, apparently to convince himself his breath was not as solid as it looked.

The Mohicans knew better than to be reassured by the

warmth that greeted them as they entered the Bimbers' house. An open cab-shelter, they knew very well, would have seemed warm at that moment. The house was in an exposed position, and the Bimbers gave it no help. It was not that they grudged the provision of fires; simply they were constitutionally unfitted to feel the cold and it never struck them that anyone else felt it.

But as the evening wore on Mr. Mohican found to his astonishment that all was well. He was perfectly comfortable. He did not remember ever having been so warm in this house except during one of the 1934 heat-waves. Indeed the room was so uniformly and efficiently warmed that he was inclined to feel drowsy; he could see that his wife, who was sitting by the fire, would have preferred not to be so close to it; and as for the Bimbers, the warmth was so pronounced as positively to worry them. Mr. Bimber would turn from time to time and inspect the fire with a look of bewilderment, and twice Mr. Mohican noticed him mopping his brow. Mrs. Bimber went round opening windows a little wider, which made, Mr. Mohican was happy to perceive, no difference at all. The maid's face was always somewhat red and shiny, but its appearances that evening reminded the Mohicans of some beacon shining from afar, or even anear.

A warm occasion, take it for all in all. In the taxi on the way back Mr. Mohican told his wife of all the considerations that had in the end prevented him from asking the Bimbers whether they had installed central-heating. Mrs. Mohican heard him patiently to the end and then told him of the answer she had received when she had asked: No. Both agreed that even a trifle too much warmth, such as they had been given this evening, was preferable at the moment to a great deal too little, such as they usually got.

"If there were special circumstances this evening," Mr. Mohican said, "let's hope they'll be repeated."

"I doubt it," said his wife. "The Bimbers won't rest now till they discover the reason. When they do they'll guard against it grimly, even if it means changing their abby-tat."

"I wish something like this, whatever it was, had happened when we went in February," Mr. Mohican said. "I wasn't properly warm after that until five A.M. and I had to get up at seven."

Later he said: "But I'll bet there was a catch in this."

He was right there. They heard the next morning that the Bimbers' house had burnt down in the night; it had been quietly smouldering the whole evening. R. M.

Homage to the Vine.

(Correspondence in a Sunday paper has recalled the interesting fact that ever since a French General in the Napoleonic Wars ordered his men, on the march to join the armies of the Rhine, to stop and salute the vineyard of Clos-Vougeot, that practice has been observed by every body of French soldiers passing its gates.)

WE celebrate our beer in song as "glorious"

And cherish the inveterate belief

That it has helped to make our arms victorious

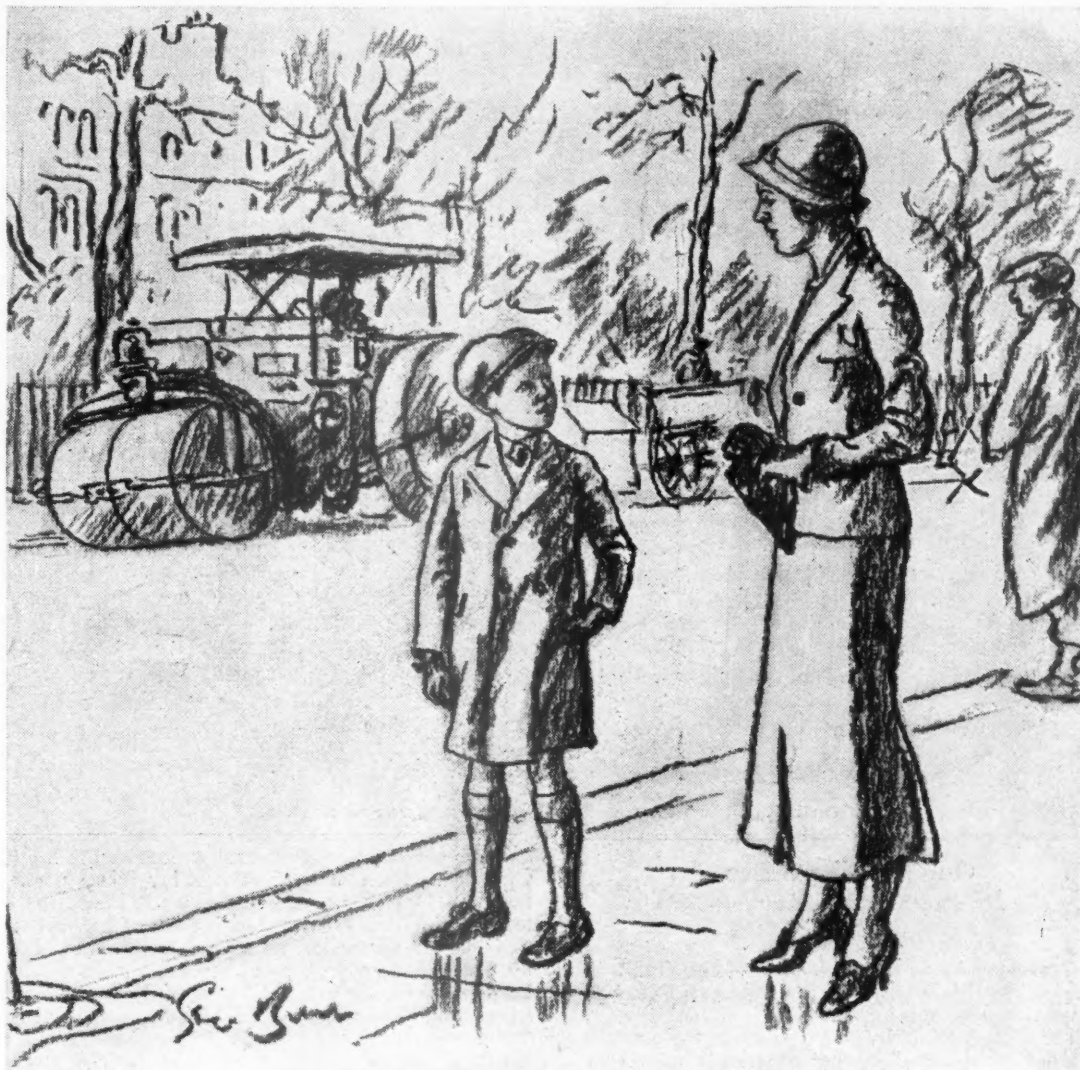
When backed and fortified with British beef;

Yet while we claim that beer a great care-killer is

And wax quite lyrical on whisky vats,

Neither to breweries nor to distilleries

Do we, on passing, ever raise our hats.



"WHO DO ALL THE STEAM-ROLLERS BELONG TO, MISS SMITH?"
 "THE MAYOR AND CORPORATION."
 "LUCKY BEGGARS!"

Cider allays the thirsty English throttle,
 And gin, with It or tonic, has its use;
 But all that's best in jar or flask or bottle
 Comes from the grape's exhilarating juice;
 And, though some cricketers you still may meet with
 Content with shandygaff and nothing more,
 That homely beverage can not compete with
 The produce of the wonderful Côte-d'Or.

In home-made drinks our native nomenclature
 Is mostly short and commonplace, if terse,
 And seldom does it tend to elevate your
 Aspiring bard to the high peaks of verse;
 Nor are our placid hearts disturbed from keeping
 Their normal course when ginger gaily pops,
 Or moved to an ecstatic upleaping
 Whenever we behold a field of hops.

Let those who will stay on the water-waggon;
 The epicure who exquisitely dines
 Finds in good Burgundy his favourite flagon
 And honours France as the true queen of wines,
 Since she of all the highly-cultured nations
 Stands in a category quite alone
 By offering military salutations
 To vineyards where the choicest *crus* are grown.

C. L. G.

Without Comment.

"The anthem 'Shout Alleluia,' by Caleb Simper, was rendered at the morning and evening services, Mrs. Dora Screech (contralto) taking the solo."—*Newspaper Report.*

"GREY FLANNEL TROUSERS CLEANED. BACK LIKE NEW IN FOUR DAYS."—*Advt.*

Yes, but what about the front?



"DEAR KATE! WE HAVE NOT SEEN EACH OTHER FOR MANY YEARS!"

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Credo of an Artist.

AQUINAS may be at the back of Mr. ERIC GILL's little volume on *The Necessity of Belief* (FABER AND FABER, 7/6), but CARLYLE at his most apocalyptic is stylistically to the fore. The book is primarily a recognition of the paramount importance of personality and personality's rights and duties; secondarily an indictment of a world which affords few facilities for either. Belief is essentially religious. The writer believes in God as a sound builder believes in stone; and his book does not concern itself with theological proofs, only with "an impressive body of convergences." These, which undoubtedly abound, are mingled with characteristic attempts to justify the ways of Omnipotence in their less popular manifestations—the problem of evil, for instance, and the doctrine of rewards and punishments—apologetic, always ingenious and sincere, but perhaps not so invariably convincing. Our Catholic *Teufelsdröckh* is naturally at his best on the incongruous conditions in which the human soul, made for God, finds itself in London, Paris, Berlin or Rome; and in maintaining, as he rightly does, that the fruit of the Christian law was social justice, "though I do not say that the law never failed or that the fruit was always plentiful."

Liberalism in Lavender.

The Victorian Liberals strike one as having fulfilled their obligations to party and mankind with notable sangfroid: witness Lady ABERDEEN's harmonious pictures of public

and private life, *The Musings of a Scottish Granny* (CRANTON, 6/-). Born of a great banking house particularly favoured by the QUEEN—who actually kissed the seventeen-year-old Lady ISHBEL arising out of her presentation curtsey—the writer married a peer converted to Liberalism by his ardour for peace, and became a great Gladstonian hostess. As a débutante she enjoyed the dinner-parties where you might sit for an hour-and-a-half next to a Cabinet Minister, and the country-house visits where policy could be quietly determined in the absence of reporters. Subsequently she and her husband found themselves "in for" Ireland, and she describes their campaigns for Irish industries and against tuberculosis, together with the less arduous days of his Governorship of Canada. Mr. GLADSTONE figures among the strawberry-beds of Dollis Hill; Mr. CHOATE provides the better of the book's two best stories. Naturally Lady ABERDEEN regrets her spacious age; and even those who do not wish it back will be very willing to let their present be informed with the generosity of her past.

Mr. Nichols among the Prophets.

In the first part of *The Fool Hath Said* (CAPE, 7/6) we are taken on a conducted tour from doubt to faith. It is a stimulating journey, for Mr. BEVERLEY NICHOLS is a guide with an admirable enthusiasm for his subject. His method of imparting his information (of the truth and importance of which he is so obviously convinced) is not, however, altogether a wise one. His party may reasonably resent the doubts which are continuously being cast on their staying-power and the arguments, not seldom rather

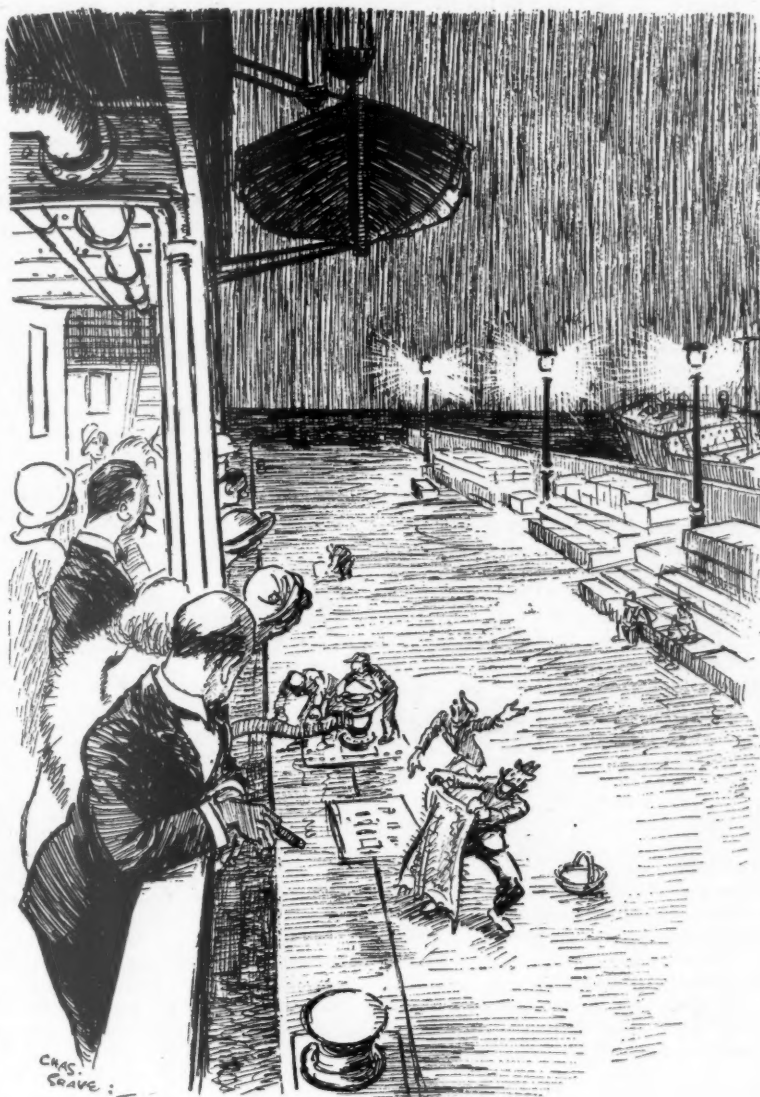
fatuous, which are put into their mouths, that their cicerone may triumphantly refute them. The second part of Mr. NICHOLS's book, beginning with a not unimpressive account of the Group movement, consists of a series of discussions of Christianity in relation to sex, war and money. Here too, since for Mr. NICHOLS Christianity means the pure milk of the Gospel, there is much to admire; but here too there are grounds both for criticism and for irritation. Mr. NICHOLS begs too many questions and shirks too many of the difficulties in the way of the brave new world of his ideal; and, although "changed," he has not altogether put off either the bright young journalist or the sentimentalist of the garden path. His passionate conviction is to be respected, but he might have written a more valuable and acceptable book if, forgoing his sallies and his Aunt Sallies, he had given us a plain account of the spiritual experiences which led him to his present position.

A Poet-Revolutionary in Prison.

It is good that there should have been publication, and now translation, of the letters written by ERNST TOLLER during the five years of confinement which he suffered for his part in the Bavarian revolution of 1919. For to read these *Letters from Prison* (LANE, 12/6) and the poems given with them is to dwell with the revolutionary spirit at its finest and to contemplate the progressive enlargement of a nature originally generous. TOLLER more than once expresses his terror of the mental and moral deterioration which menaces the prisoner; but for himself that fear was groundless. His moods of bitterness are but momentary, his angers sanctified by their occasions—the petty tyrannies and spites of his gaolers and the crimes committed in the name of an ill-found republic; while his uncannily accurate prescience of the more hideous "shape of things to come" gives ground enough for pessimism. But his preoccupations are not exclusively political or revolutionary, nor ever narrowly so. If his plays, the performance of which he might not witness, are part of his politics he is an artist above all things and, as these letters abundantly show, a doctinaire neither in politics nor in art. There is tenderness with his trenchancy, sweetness with his strength, and he is exquisitely responsive to such poor evidences of the process of the seasons as come to him through the iron bars. The story of the swallows that nested in his cell runs like a silver thread through the fabric of prison-grey, culminating in the poignant and lovely series of poems which they inspired.

Speaking of Conrad. . . .

If readers as a rule inclined to avoid a book on the art of the novel are attracted to Mr. EDWARD CRANKSHAW'S



"HA! HA!! LOOK. DA SHIP 'E SAIL IN ONE MINUTE. LAST CHANCE. VERY DIRT CHEAP. ONLY THREE POUND. ALL RRIGHT, ONE SHILLIN'-AN'-SIGGSPENCE. AND EVEN DEN I DO NOT GET MANY PROFIT."

by its title, *Joseph Conrad* (LANE, 8/6), they will not, I think, have reason to complain of what they find. Mr. CRANKSHAW says it is impossible to examine CONRAD "for his own sake, which is our main purpose in these pages, without generalising about the novel, *qua* novel." CONRAD, unlike most writers in English, took the novel seriously as an art-form and studied his effects; he did not write in that state of semi-consciousness (often strangely considered laudable) which allows any character at any moment to take the story out of the author's hands. The best review of this book would probably be a transcript of the list of chapters, in which Mr. CRANKSHAW has followed the admirable method of enumerating not a succession of vague

titles but sentences, mostly from CONRAD's work, each summarising a part of his thesis. Everyone capable of reading CONRAD, or any other author, for something more than the bare story, the "yarn," the "what-happened-then"—everyone in fact who has passed the elementary stage in reading, should enjoy and profit by this book.

Chaps will be Chaps.

"When I tell you that not once but on three separate occasions he sent his man Meadows out into the Park with instructions to carve his, Archibald's, initials and those of Miss Cammarleigh on the nearest convenient tree with a heart round them, you will understand something of the depths of his feelings." From whose pen but that of Mr. P. G. WODEHOUSE could a sentence of this kind have come? It is embedded, with other jewels, in his new collection of short stories, *Young Men in Spats* (JENKINS, 7/6), and to many connoisseurs it is likely to be the Koh-i-noor amongst the many rival brilliants on exhibition. Eight of the stories are adventures which befell members of that singular focus of nitwitters, the Drones Club, and are described in its smoking-room; the medium for the other three is our old wassail-comrade, Mr. Mulliner, most amber of mouth-pieces. By far the funniest, "Uncle Fred Flits By," is the account of how Pongo Twistleton was forced by financial pressure to accompany his nobly imbecile uncle in an after-luncheon foray upon the suburbs. I rank this story as one of Mr. WODEHOUSE's very best. Of the others here, "Good-bye to All Cats," telling of Freddie Widgeon's ghastly experience at Matcham Scratchings, is at the top. To be honest, apart from these two the batch is not quite up to the usual standard, but this is not to say that most humorists would not have been well content to have written them.

Marie Lloyd.

Miss NAOMI JACOBS, setting out to pay a debt of friendship, presents in *Our Marie: A Biography* (HUTCHINSON, 18/-) what is in effect rather an apologia sharpened by indignations that do her heart credit than an informative biography of that large-hearted, tempestuous, imprudent, candid, witty and audacious woman of genius that was MARIE LLOYD. But which of us that knew her as the supreme adored comédienne of her time, laughed till we ached at her Rabelaisian innuendoes and learned through her to see something splendid and vivid in the common life of simple, obscure, naughty, kindly, courageous people, cares what trivial or malicious gossip had to say of her? She was an artist—that is all we need to remember. And it seems a pity that for the generation that did not know her the author should not have attempted that critical appreciation of her work for which her lively mind and her stage experience eminently fit her and which would have gone some way to explain our seemingly exaggerated enthusiasms. One thing indeed we praisers of past time are told

which the artist herself never let us see—that ill-health and a profound unhappiness clouded her last years. "She died of a broken heart" was her doctor's unprofessional opinion.

Former German Colony.

Those who seek to obtain a genuine knowledge of the Colonial Services cannot do better than study *Tanganyika Memories*, by GILCHRIST ALEXANDER (BLACKIE, 10/6). The author was formerly High Court Judge in the mandated territory, having previously served in Fiji. He begins by describing in some detail the daily life and work of officials. In this section, I think, a little more selective power should have been exercised, for the anecdotes and particulars are not all of equal interest. Later, when he comes to discuss Colonial problems, he deals with them in a judicial and judicious manner. He is inclined to favour legal practitioners, but for the most part his comments are just and pointed, as when he observes that "in official life the spectacle of a junior betraying brain-power in excess of a senior is an indecency amounting almost to outrage." He reveals too in all unconsciousness his own delightful personality. A charming book for steady or random reading.

Revenge.

In *A Close Call* (HUTCHINSON, 7/6) the policeman's lot is most assuredly not a happy one. I cannot explain this statement without diminishing the pleasure of reading Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS' story, but I can say that *Inspector Huntsman*, who apart from one act of indiscretion was an estimable man, found himself in a thoroughly unenviable position. So convincing indeed was the evidence against him that even those who had worked

with and under him for years were forced to believe that he had committed a cold-blooded murder. Devourers of detective fiction will for once have the strange experience of finding the police completely baffled, and Mr. PHILLPOTTS performs a feat of ingenuity in finding a suitable climax to his well-written tale.

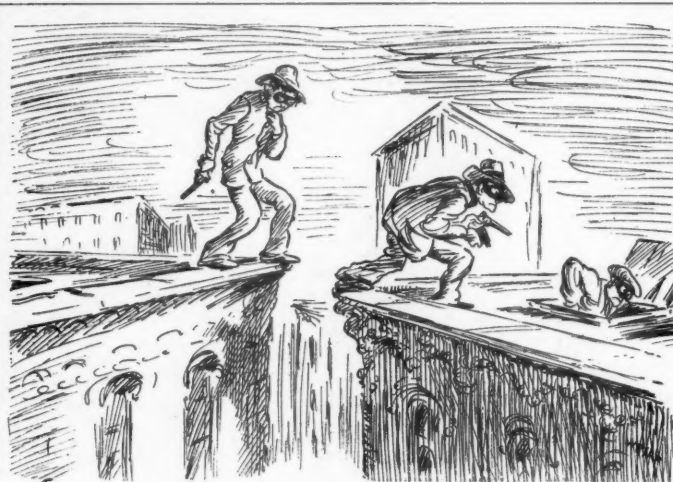
Sense and Nonsense.

In *Written Humour* (A. AND C. BLACK, 3/6) Mr. A. A. THOMSON has given sensible advice to budding humorists. Neither Mr. THOMSON nor anyone else can teach people to be humorous, but he certainly does help those who are blessed with a sense of the ridiculous to put this enviable possession to practical use. One rule, he says, will never go off the gold standard: "Take your work seriously, but not yourself." Apart from the value of this book to "aspirants," Mr. THOMSON has some amusing stories to tell, and he has also shown a real appreciation of writers who in various ways have added to the gaiety and laughter of the world.

Smith Minor Gives It Up.

"The action of Sulphuric Acid on Zinc causes an effervescence of effervescence to take place."

From a Schoolboy's Examination Paper.



"I WISH I'D NEVER GOT INTO THIS UNDERWORLD STUFF."



"YES, ZUR, OI BE ALL FOR PEACE. YE ZEE, IF WAR DID BREAK OUT IT 'UD BE MY JOB TO PUT A GAS-MASK ON T'OWD BULL."

Charivaria.

A BURGLAR who broke into an Oxford Street shop over-looked £1,800 in a safe. He should deduct that amount when making out his next income-tax return.

★ ★ ★

A pleasant feature of the recent strike of waiters in a London restaurant was that several regular diners were not informed of what had happened until the next day.

★ ★ ★

A county cricketer's grandmother has just celebrated her hundredth birthday. Is this a record for county cricket?

★ ★ ★

Efforts are to be made to induce farmers to regard the buzzard as a benefactor. Difficulty, however, has been experienced in persuading them to take this view of the Milk Board.

★ ★ ★

Divorced people in Soviet Russia are to be specially taxed, with an increase for each subsequent divorce. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN didn't think of this.

★ ★ ★

"The mosquito has several feminine traits," says a naturalist. No. 1: Stinging you for its supper.

★ ★ ★

A scientist says that reindeer develop horns to save their heads from bumps. This rather shakes the theory that reindeer developed horns to make hatstands.

★ ★ ★

"There are certain professions in which it is disastrous

to wander from the straight and narrow path," observes a writer. Such as tight-rope walking, for instance.

★ ★ ★

Last week a horse which had collapsed was restored by artificial respiration. Nothing, however, could be done for the man who had backed it.

★ ★ ★

Wedgwood pottery, we are told, has an unbroken tradition. "Unbroken" is good.

★ ★ ★

"It surely upsets the holiday-maker to feel that Britain's cliffs are disappearing," says a beauty-lover. Especially if he happens to be standing on one of them at the time.

★ ★ ★

Somebody suggests that the honeymoon is a survival of marriage by capture. Others associate it with capture by marriage.

★ ★ ★

A fire recently broke out in a Derbyshire village railway-station waiting-room. But very fortunately it did not spread to the waiting-room fireplace.

★ ★ ★

An Army doctor says that some old soldiers have a genius for malingering. Or, to put it otherwise, an infinite capacity for faking pains.

★ ★ ★

A certain South American tribe calls the month of March Rarmorrooroo. It must be an excellent time for oysters.

The British Rabbit.

WHEN I was reading *The Times* one day last week my eye caught the unspeakably beautiful headline, *ANTIQUITY OF THE BRITISH RABBIT*, and I could not very well allow the occasion to pass without trying to write a sad little song about it.

THE British rabbit is old
And his heart is filled with tears,
He is covered with moss and mould
And the dust of the years.
No longer he loves to play
In the woods and fields and chases,
He is old and worn and grey
And his fur comes out in places.

The British rabbit is tired,
The strength of his limbs relaxes,
He follows the route required
And he pays his rates and taxes;
He sits in his small abode
And fills up the list of voters,
And he cannot get over the road
Because of the blasted motors.

He can hear the owls at night—
The native kinds and foreign,
And his spirit is torn with fright;
He goes back into his warren.
Slowly his eyelids blink,
And he spends his days in dozing,
And whenever he wants a drink
He finds that the pubs are closing.

He clothes himself and he feeds
As the Masters of Earth compel him,
And he never gets what he needs
But just what the papers tell him.
The British rabbit is old
And his heart is filled with tears;
He is covered with moth and mould
And the dust of the years.

EVOR.

Purple Bits of Hemingway.

(A sort of reminiscence of that eminent writer's
"Green Hills of Africa.")

So it was then, the sentence finished, I there with the pen still dripping in my hand, the others there too, watching, pleased that I had finished the sentence, I pleased too that I had finished the sentence, knowing that the way to write a sentence is as long as there is you and the sentence, just as the way to write a book is as long as there is you and the book, and the way to peel an apple is as long as there is you and the apple. Pop came up.

"That's four hundred words, easy," he said.

"Fine."

"You finally made it."

"Sure I made it."

Looking at the sentence, watching it there the way you would watch a column of print in a phone-book. The way you would watch a page in a dictionary. The way you would watch anything.

I asked her how it looked.

"Swell," she said.

"She's all right," I said to Pop.

"She's swell."

"Sure she's swell. She's damn swell."

"Sure she's damn swell."

"She's fine."

"She's all right," Pop said.

The wind blew in from the west, we there and feeling it, Will not there and not feeling it. In fact, nobody who was not there feeling it. Pretty soon we saw Will coming back. He was walking with his head down, coming fast, so you could not see his face, it hidden and down so you could not see it. You could not see how he looked. I mean it was hard to see what he looked like with his head down that way. I don't know how I got this you stuff mixed in with the we stuff I began this paragraph with. I can generally keep them apart. That's technique.

"He don't look so good," Pop said.

"He looks all right. He looks swell."

"He has bad luck."

"Sure he has bad luck. I have bad luck too. Everybody has bad luck. Only once in a while I turn in a four-hundred-word sentence." I could feel I was beginning to brag and I didn't give a damn.

Pop looked at me. "He'll feel bad."

"I feel bad myself."

I moved the sentence so Will wouldn't see it as he came up. It's tough on Will, I thought. He came up and put his pen down.

"Hello. Hello," I said.

"Hello."

"Did you do one?"

"Sure. Sure, I did one."

He threw down some paper with his sentence on it. It was a hell of a sentence. I looked at Pop. Pop looked at me. The back of my head moved.

"Hell," I said to Pop. "Count it." My voice was dry the way your voice is when you want something to drink.

Pop counted it. It was five-hundred-and-two words long. Will looked all burned up. "I nearly had a better one," he said. "Five-hundred-and-seventy words and not a semicolon in the whole damn string."

"———" I said. I took a drink. The others were quiet, looking at me, knowing the way I felt. She poured me another drink, it hissing into the tumbler the way anything hisses into any tumbler, it hissing and bubbling up and around, it bubbling . . . I did mean to carry on this sentence quite a while but I can't think of anything else to put in it.

"Darling," she said, "never mind. You'll get a better one. There's lots of paper left."

"Oh, sure. Sure," I said.

"Wait till we get the typewriter," Pop said.

"Sure, the typewriter will fix it." I began to feel better. "Congratulations, Will."

"Thanks."

"Congratulations, everybody." The drinks were getting to work. "Say, I've got millions of congratulations. Help yourself. Have some more congratulations, Will."

"What for?"

"Hell," I said. "Anything. You were in the war."

"Sure I was in the war. I was in the front line. I was the brains of the front line."

"I was the brains of the back line," Pop said. "What line were you the brains of?" he said to me.

"There weren't any brains where I was," I said.

"You're telling us."

"Wise guy. Pop, he's a wise guy."

"Sure he's wise. He's tough too."

"We're all tough. Look at Tolstoi. Look at the advantages of abnormality."

I guess I was wrong there. I only write that kind of stuff, I never say it. It never comes in dialogue. It's too



FOILED!

[In a White Paper issued on the 28th April it is stated that His Majesty's Government are "convinced that the time has not yet arrived when women could be employed in the Consular Service or in the Diplomatic Service with advantage to the State or with profit to women."]



"I RANG, MRS. BRACEGIRDLE, BECAUSE I KNOW YOU WOULD BE HAPPIER IF YOU DID SOMETHING ABOUT THIS."

subtle for dialogue. It comes in the middle of a paragraph, quiet, after the first few lines, you reading, it sneaking up on you the way the period sneaks up on you when you are writing a sentence, you not expecting the period, it sneaking up on you, you writing, remembering I said you were reading only three lines above, thinking how complicated this sentence is getting and wondering how I am going to get us all out, forgetting that in this kind of sentence you don't try to get out, you stop in your tracks, it getting longer and longer, just to show you the way I can write a sentence even though there is no room here for a full-sized one, knowing that I can stop at almost any comma, maybe a little out of breath but not worrying about how I began.

Pretty soon I got cheerful again. "By —," I said, "you should see me handle my participles." R. M.

As Others Hear Us.

The Good Story.

"Oh, that reminds me of Robert's adventure with the woman we met in the hotel at Marseilles. You *must* hear all about that. Robert, you *must* tell the General your funny story about Marseilles."

"There's nothing really very much to tell, dear."

"Oh, but there is. Don't you remember how *thrilled* the Browns were when you told it at dinner that night? You'd love it, General."

"Well, well, come along, Robert, old man; let's hear it."

"Robert really tells it terribly well too. *However* many times I hear it I always enjoy it."

"Nonsense, dear."

"No, no, Robert—it's really a marvellous story and you tell it beautifully. I shall never forget one afternoon at the Robinsons. They *loved* it. So did the Admiral last week. And don't you remember how I *made* you tell it to those people we met at the races?"

"Really, dear, you'll make the General think it's something wonderful, and it's simply nothing—nothing at all."

"Well, out with it, old man."

"Really, there's nothing very much to tell. It was only—"

"Now, dear, you must tell it *properly*. Begin at the very beginning and go right on to the end, you know. Tell it the way you told it at the Smiths' cocktail-party. (He had the whole room in a roar—honestly, General.) Go on, dear."

"It was simply that we stayed the night at Marseilles on the way home last month, in one of those hotels—"

"It called itself 'Hôtel Splendide' or something. You know the way they do."

"Yes, and our room happened to be on the third floor—"

"It was number ninety-nine. Not that it makes any difference, but that was the number. I remember quite well. Ninety-nine. Rather funny, wasn't it? Still, it hasn't anything whatever to do with the story. Go on, dear."

"Well, naturally one used the lift to go up and down—"

"And the lift stuck. Just about halfway, you know. So that Robert, who was in it, couldn't get out. And this French lady was in the lift too. Go on, dear."

"She was a Frenchwoman whom—"

"We'd noticed downstairs in the dining-room. Tell the General, dear, how we used to see her sitting at her little

table in the window with her child. She had a small child with her, General, so like her that we knew it must be her little boy. We'd often noticed them. Go on, Robert."

"This woman was in the lift when it——"

"But not the little boy. She hadn't got the little boy with her."

"No, she hadn't got the little boy with her. So, as we were stuck there, we started a conversation."

"Robert's French isn't his strong point, General. I must tell you that or you won't really get the point of the story. But I mustn't interrupt. Go on, dear. You and the French lady were stuck in the lift and you began a conversation. At least, *she* began it, talking French, and Robert could only make out about half what she said. Go on, Robert."

"She began to tell me something about the child, and that he was going to school or something——"

"No, no, Robert. It couldn't have been school—he was much too little. He was being sent on a visit to some cousins. Or was it an aunt? I believe it was an aunt."

"Still, dear, it doesn't really matter."

"Oh dear no, not in the least. It doesn't make any difference. Besides, I'm almost sure it was an aunt. His father's sister, you know. Anyway, we'll say it was his father's sister. So you said, Robert, didn't you, something about something or other, and *she* said something about missing the child—*le cœur d'une mère*—you know the way they talk, General. And go on, dear; what happened next?"

"Well, it was just that I——"

"You see, you must remember that Robert doesn't understand French very well."

"So I rather misunderstood what she was saying, and I thought she meant——"

"Yes, but, dear, you're not telling it right. You told it much better that night at the Harveys. Don't you remember? The time that Jane Harvey had on her black-and-white striped frock—not that that has anything to do with it. At least I *think* it was that night. Though it might not have been. She might have been wearing her yellow. Still, it doesn't matter."

"Well, the point is that I quite misunderstood what this woman said, and——"

"And he thought she was talking about *sea-sickness* all the time. You see? *Cœur d'une mère*—and *mal de mer* and *mal au cœur*! Wasn't it marvellous? And I must say I always do love the way Robert tells the story." E. M. D.

Our Hard-Working Councillors.

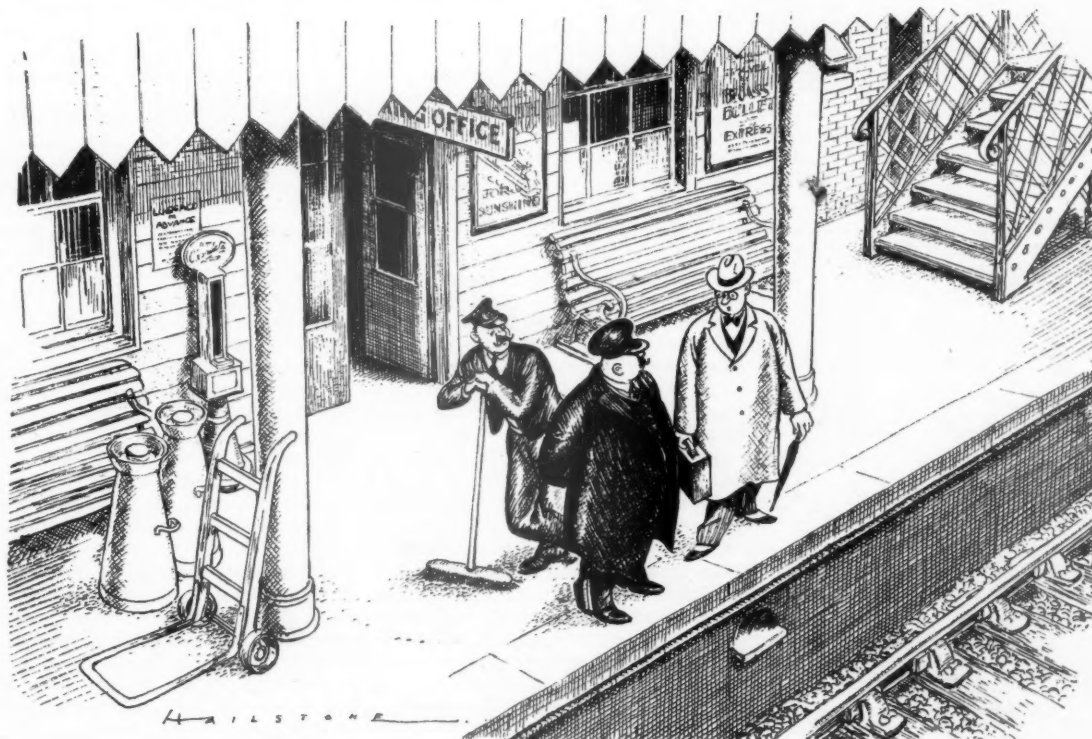
"... The Manchester Corporation, he said, employed about 34,000 people, and last year there were no fewer than 1,574 meetings of committees and sub-committees. The Gas Department produced 6,000,000,000 cubic feet of gas last year."—*Daily Paper*.

"Yesterday M.P.'s were saying frankly in the lobbies at Westminster that the leakage should be probed."—*Daily Paper*.

Far better, surely, to get a Committee to sit on it.

"To tell the story of Blackpool since the turn of the century would be a kind of impertinence. It emerged from the age of beards and knick-knacks to express itself in smooth-shaven concrete sweeps."—*Newspaper Article*.

This is real progress. We have always held that beards are no advantage to a sweep.



"YES, SIR, SOMETIMES I MUST CONFESS WE DO FEEL A BIT LEFT OUT OF THINGS. WHY, IT MUST BE TWO YEARS OR MORE SINCE THEY CAME TO FILL UP OUR CHOCOLATE-MACHINE."

Tea.

WHAT is tea, the tax on which is causing so much oratory and indignation? The tea-tree, I learn for the first time to-day, is "closely related to the well-known ornamental shrub the Camellia," and its Latin name is *Camellia Thea* (Linn.). This attempt of the lowly tea-plant to climb into high society is touching, and it is surprising that tea's publicity-men have not made more use of its aristocratic connection. "Camellia Wine" might bring in many who scorn the simple tea.

But many things are surprising about tea. The hold it has upon the Island Race, for example. Look in your *Encyclopædia Britannica* at the figures of "Importation and Consumption." "Great Britain and Northern Ireland," it is there asserted, "consume more tea than all the other countries combined." In 1927 we imported for home consumption

416,152,552 lbs.

The United States, generally supposed to be fair tea-tippers, was second on the roll, but imported only

88,518,696 lbs.

And the total figure for all countries was

792,348,500 lbs.

So that G.B. and N.I. swilled more than half the world's supply.

And this habit follows the flag. Australia and Canada, with their tiny populations, were third and fourth in the list.

The figures for "Tea consumption per head" are rather thrilling too:—

Great Britain and Northern lbs.	
Ireland	9.4
New Zealand	9
Australia	8.3
Irish Free State	7.6
Canada	4
Holland	3.2
South Africa	1.7
United States84
European Russia27
Germany18
France07

Staggering figures, fellows! Is it not strange that the Island Race, scorning the horrid habits of foreign lands, should make such surrender to a heathen product and extract its principal beverage from a shrub which cannot even be grown within its own borders?

The tax, now raised to 4d. (Imperial) and 6d. (foreign) has been even higher. In the bad days of WILLIAM and MARY

it was five shillings a pound. In 1852 it was 2s. 2½d. In 1900 it was 6d., in 1904 8d. and in 1914 (how did we endure it?) a shilling.

One important mathematical problem which arises in the present discussion is: *How many cups of tea go to a pound?*

Experiments I have made gave me the answer: "About 200." But I allowed one for the pot, and my spoonfuls may have been too generous. For another encyclopædia I possess, published many years ago, says: "Ts. costing up to 1/8d. per lb., should make about 220 cups to the lb., while more expensive Ts. make about 280 cups. A gargle of T. is strongly recommended for sore throat."

It is a sum to which every citizen should try to find an answer. Miss ELLEN WILKINSON, M.P., in an earnest assault upon the gargle-tax the other day, spoke of a factory canteen which proposed now to raise the price of a cup of tea from a penny to a penny-farthing, "because a farthing is the smallest amount that can be put on to the cost." "That," as she rightly said, "represents an increase of 25 per cent." But 2d. is very far from being 25 per cent. of two shillings; and the answer is, surely, that the canteen is profiteering, though it may be that they are being compelled to profiteer by our queer coinage. For, supposing that there are 200 cups to a lb., 200 farthings make 4/2d. (do they not?); so that the canteen is making a profit of 4/- on a tax of 2d.! The proper person to abuse, therefore, is not the CHANCELLOR but the canteen. It will then be said, "But how are they to get the tax back?" Well, it remains to be proved that they are not getting too much for their cup of T. already. For they are charging 200 pennies, or 16/8, for serving a pound of tea which cost, perhaps, 2/-; and 200 cubes of sugar can be bought for 6d. I do not know about 200 dollops of milk, or the "over-heads," but I suspect that there should be a margin there.

Nevertheless, I sympathise with the poor tea-drinkers, provided that they do not paint too brightly either their own virtues or the merits of their delightful beverage. I agree that all "the little comforts of the poor" (Mr. ATTLEE's moving description of T) are taxed too highly. But T. will still be the most-favoured comfort. A pound of tea, they say, lasts our dear friend the Average Man nearly six weeks, since he consumes only nine pounds a year; and on a pound of Empire tea at, say, 2/-, he will now pay a tax of 16 per cent. But if he buys a sixpenny packet of ten cigarettes he pays a tax

of 50-60 per cent.; and if he buys a glass of the best bitter he pays a tax of 45 per cent., and these comforts will not last so long. He cannot, if he is poor, buy whisky at all (though beer may be bad for his rheumatics) since the tax on that is 200 per cent.!

And the staggering fact remains that the Naughty Comforts (Tobacco, Beer, Wine, etc.) are to contribute to the revenue this year the sum of £185,000,000 (enough to pay for all the Defence Forces and, I think, Education as well) and the Good Comforts (Tea, Coffee, Cocoa, Sugar, etc.) only £20,000,000.

The Average Teetotaler and Non-Smoker, therefore, pays at least nine times less in indirect taxation than the Average Low Fellow like you and me. But he has the same voting power and the same claims on the Defence Forces. So vast a discrepancy in a democratic State could only be justified by some outstanding virtue in the favoured citizen. But where is this? Those who avoid tobacco and beer do not do so as a rule because they are good but because they do not like tobacco and beer. They choose their own diet and "comforts," as others do; and, though they may be congratulated on choosing those least heavily taxed, they have no obvious claim to be regarded as specially good citizens. Indeed, if it could be shown that they shunned tobacco and beer in order to avoid taxation, we all know what should be said against them.

And where is the particular virtue in T. (apart from its undoubted fitness for use as a gargle)? It is a mild stimulant, like coffee; but my medical dictionary asserts that coffee is more wholesome. It is a comforting habit, like the cigarette or pipe, and, as those, it may be used to excess. It is a convenient way of making milk and hot water palatable. It is delightful. If there were no more T. we should all suffer inconvenience and regret. But the health of nobody, I think, would suffer. It cannot, strictly, therefore, be described as a "food" or even a "necessity." Indeed, there is a good deal of evidence that as used to-day, in many quarters, it comes near to being a vice and a clog on the wheels of the nation's work.

The world may well connect this huge national habit with that increase of softness which most of the world perceives or suspects in our nation to-day. But everybody likes T.; and so do I. And if the T.-fans would leave it at that I should sympathise more warmly still. But they will put on this insufferable air of virtue. And so, with some reluctance, I record the hard truth about T. A. P. H.

Unknown London Celebrities.

The Bus Partner.

ALLOW me to introduce myself. I am one of London's most successful Bus Partners. My talents do not extend to the Underground or District Railway, but in the realm of the London Passenger Transport omnibus I am practically unrivalled.

My technique is simple but effective. The other passengers do the rest. Upon boarding a bus I merely select an empty seat facing the way we are going, and sit down. This is a signal for everyone to be seized with a sudden desire to sit next to me. It may be someone already in the bus, or the next passenger who enters—but the result is the same. Before I have time to settle myself comfortably I have a partner sitting beside me.

I once thought my speciality was nervous old ladies, who apparently saw in my proximity some measure of security, but now my field of popularity has widened, and I cater for all sexes and ages. The old ladies, however, were my first introduction into successful bus partnering, and I have an affection for them. They may be classed roughly under two headings:—

(a) THIN OLD LADIES, with umbrellas and bulky parcels, with a tendency to chat; and

(b) FAT OLD LADIES, who spread all over me, with a tendency to go to sleep.

The first have unmanageable umbrellas which either fall continually to the floor, or jab me down the side of my shoe; and the second, though peaceful, are rather overwhelming and difficult to dislodge when I wish to alight. Allied to these are my OLD GENTLEMEN partners. They usually have large and cumbersome newspapers, the holding of which necessitates their elbows being well squared into my person. On the top of the bus they usually smoke pipes. But whether from the innate honesty of my countenance or the fact that I take up little room, the truth remains that my old gentlemen partners are steadily mounting.

Of the younger members of both sexes I have a pretty regular assortment of supporters. The knitting girl—typist returning from work has every confidence in my not disturbing her knitting; engaged couples, unable to get a whole seat to themselves, will fly to me as a haven of refuge, the other sitting behind me or on the opposite side of the bus. I admit these are more quickly changed for other



"EXCUSE ME, BUT DIDN'T I ACT NEXT TO YOU IN THE CROWD SCENE OF THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL?"

partners, but while they last the separated swain behind will engage his beloved in animated conversation, with the result that I get a share of the general breathing of hot air on the back of the neck.

Finally my sphere of popularity ends with two especially successful lines—that of the CHILD being seen off by its parent, who indicates my highly desirable vacant seat, and the MOTHER AND BABY. The latter may be said to be the crowning point of the really experienced bus partner. I am the Mecca and goal of all mothers with babies travelling by bus. If they cannot sit beside me they will sit in front of me or behind me—anywhere near me, so that little Henry will be able to

poke me when I am not expecting it. It gives me a fright, but don't the little darlings love it, and isn't mother pleased at their friendly advances?

These partners also need smiling at from time to time, but I do not grudge them their pleasure. The mother with baby has a fatal fascination for my company, and I admit my obligations. Though I have lollipops thrust into my face and Teddy Bears thrown at my head I maintain my reputation and am proud of it.

Who wants a perfect BUS PARTNER?

History Without Tears.

"Morton's Fork was a method by which Henry VII. stung people at both ends."

Indian Matriculation Paper.

The Joneses

(Being a masque in a judiciously mixed style, designed to demonstrate to a generation blinded by the glamour of the cinema that even the screen's most lucrative themes would find richer and more moving expression in the methods of the authentic drama).

SCENE—The exterior of the Jones's house in Ditchwater Alley.
Enter from within Mrs. Jones, a cloth cap on her head and a hatchet in her hand.

Mrs. J. Forth from the portals of this gloomy seat
I, Sarah Jones, with vengeful purpose dire
Gravely emerge, awaiting that dread hour
(Sweet hour to other wives but dread to me)
By men named closing-time; when to these halls
Blindly will wheel his weird circuitous course
My husband, flown with insolence and stout:
His last offence. For this incisive axe,
Versed heretofore but in the ingenuous craft
Of hacking coal, now newly consecrate
To grislier uses, shall unseam his scalp
And stretch his bibulous carcase on the floor
Inanimate, nor more susceptible
To healing herb or Æsculapian cup
Than that rotund one whom (so poets feign)
A royal legion failed to recompose.

Enter Chorus of Charwomen.

Semich. 1. The valleys are wrapped in a shroud of mist
And the mountains are touched with snow,

Semich. 2. And the chilling lips of the East have kissed
The fields where the roses blow.

Chor. Why, Mrs. Jones! What dost thou at thy door?

Mrs. J. I patiently await my lord's return.

Chor. Thy expectation owns no distant term,
For in good time here comes thy noble lord.

Enter Jones.

Jones. Back from the tavern with fallacious tread
And voice upraised in loud and obscene mirth
I reel inebriate. Hail, sweet consort, hail!
What rich repast, what mess of savoury meats
And curious herbs have those fair hands prepared
To glad the heart and sate the appetite?

Mrs. J. One that shall prove the measure of my love.
Rare is the dish, and never by thy lips
Yet tasted, but methinks it passing sweet.

Jones. Come, then; let me attempt this succulence.

Chor. (aside). What meant our Sarah by that last remark?
[Exeunt Jones and Mrs. J. within.]

CHORUS:

Semich. 1. O Drink, unconquered in fight,
Thou loosest the warrior's might
And dimmest the eyes of kings.

Semich. 2. We're often inclined to think
'Tis a terrible thing, the drink—
Port wine and shandy and things.

[The door opens to reveal Jones and Mrs. J. seated together in a loving attitude on a couch.
Behind them stands a child of singular beauty.]

Semich. 1. But see, what wonders greet our anxious view!

Semich. 2. Why, if it is not little William!

Will. O innocence! what canst thou not achieve?
No sooner had I laid my curly head

(A pillowed gem) upon its wonted couch
Than loud uprose from out the inferior gloom
A horrid din, as Centaurs there rejoined
With Lapiths fierce their vinous discord old.
Whereat descending I beheld this man
And this his consort in ambiguous strife
Grimly opposed: she with a hatchet armed
Urged on the war, with pots and saucepans he
And all the artillery of the kitchen store.
No rest: I straight betwixt the jarring pair
Fell, and in clear nor all un-bell-like tones
Entreated them and called their names; and they
Stood for a while astonished, then with tears
Embraced each other and copious vows professed—
She to refrain the rancours of her tongue
Henceforward, he to sign the abstemious pledge.
So may the swell of angry passions yield
Before an infant's prayers. Where force is vain,
Curls will succeed and lispings still prevail!

[The door closes.]

Chorus. These events have been somewhat depressing,
But rich is the moral they teach,
For children are ever a blessing;
We're glad we have seventeen each.

[Exeunt.]

How to Destroy Alarm Clocks.

No doubt it is due to the *laissez-faire* spirit of this jaded and disillusioned age that the problem of how to destroy alarm clocks has never hitherto been given the careful attention and study which its importance warrants.

It is true that occasionally, on having just been roused into a nerve-shattered wakefulness by the explosive matutinal cacophonies of these devilish devices, any number of people have then and there firmly resolved to work out an efficient system for destroying them; but a careful search has revealed that not one of these resolves has found actual expression in any published work.

As a result, the problem is now met with only the haphazard trial-and-error methods of each individual as the occasion arises. This condition is deplorable, for when it is realised that the problem is one that arises in millions of homes on morning after morning (on Monday mornings, anyway), it is apparent that the cumulative waste and inefficiency of such a condition must have the most grave and far-reaching social consequences.

In now laying before the public the methods and devices which I have worked out after twenty-five years of study and research devoted exclusively to this great problem, I therefore feel that I am filling a long-felt want.

(1) The first method which I here present has been designed to appeal through its clever ingenuity to those of a more scientific turn of mind. I call this my "Automatic Self-Starting Pile-Driver Method." Its principle is illustrated in the diagram below. (FIG. 1.)

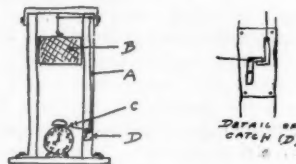


FIG. 1.

The cord (A) which supports the heavy weight (B) is connected with the catch (D), which in turn is connected



THE CULTURED CRUISERS.

"SO THAT'S REALLY THE ACROPOLIS? HOW TERRIBLY THRILLING! AND THERE SEEMS TO BE SOME SORT OF BUILDING ON THE TOP OF IT."

with the clapper of the alarm (c). Thus, when the alarm commences to strike, the catch (D) is pulled apart, causing the heavy weight (B) to fall upon the clock, destroying same. If this method is used it has been found advisable to hide beneath the bed-covers at the first stroke of the alarm.

(2) The second method is a more simple one, but it has the advantage of providing a very satisfying medium for the expression—and consequent healthy elimination—of one's anger-impulses on being awakened by the alarm. The diagram below (FIG. 2) is self-explanatory:—

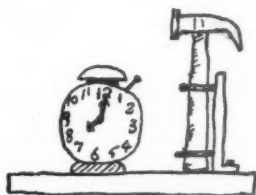


FIG. 2.

(3) My third method has been designed for those of a literal and straightforward nature, and indeed in many ways is the most satisfying of all. I call this my "Pot of Boiling Oil Method," and it is what its name indicates. (See FIG. 3.)

The alarm clock (A) is quelled by being hurled into the

pot of boiling oil (B). A criticism that might possibly be levelled against this method, however, is that the pot of oil must of course be kept boiling all night, with the result that its fumes have sometimes been known to cause the



FIG. 3.

suffocation of its devotees, thus making it immaterial whether the alarm goes off or not.

Space does not permit the inclusion here of the many more equally scientific devices which I have worked out, but I would be glad to forward my booklet on the subject, which describes these in full, to any reader requesting same if he will remit with his letter of request the small sum of £5 3s. 6d. to cover the cost of printing, postage, etc.

In the meantime, should none of the devices described in this article appeal to your own temperament, I suggest the adoption of either of the following as temporary and makeshift methods pending the receipt of my work:—

- (a) Throw your alarm-clock away; or
- (b) Don't set the alarm.

The Everyday Week-End.

"Did you notice on your way up the body of a bald man slightly above the middle height lying on the half-landing?" Geoffrey asked as he greeted me in his study.

"Yes," I replied, "I noticed it, but I didn't look closely enough to see who it belonged to."

"It was no one you knew," he told me; "Osterbitzen, his name was. I happen to be his sole heir. He was a trader in the Levant, but no one quite knew what he traded in. Rather a mysterious fellow. He had a sphinx tattooed on each elbow. Cigar?"

"Thanks," I said. "How was it done?"

Geoffrey put a glove on his right hand and took a Venetian stiletto from his pocket.

"This," he said, "right between the shoulder-blades."

"Are you calling in the police?"

He shook his head. "No, not yet. It's hardly necessary. Osterbitzen's private detective is on the job—Osterbitzen had an idea this would happen and he brought his man along with him. And then there's my own man; it's his job to look into this sort of thing. Besides, when you've got a house-party of old friends, all the most delightful people, you don't want policemen crashing about. They'd almost certainly imagine that one of my guests was responsible for poor old Oster's fade-out, and everyone would be questioned."

"By the way, who is here this week?" I asked.

"Oh, the usual crowd, more or less. Jimmy Grierfish—"

"Did he know Osterbitzen?"

"Well, yes and no. They met years ago in Port Said. There was a scandal of some kind, and I've heard it said that Osterbitzen had been blackmailing him ever since, but there's probably no truth in that. Then there's Conchita la Beriopleeka, the woman Oster was engaged to before he married Julianne Reutemann—that was a long time ago, of course—and her present husband, Hambar Stupordasch. He was the accountant Oster dismissed shortly before he sold his heroin business in '29. Then—let me see—there's Bertie van Ogthrush; he had no connection with Oster that I know of, though he has lived in the Levant all his life. He's a collector of Venetian stilettoes. I thought this one might belong to him, as it has his initials on the blade, but Bertie tells me he's never even seen it. Who else? Well, there's Jack McStendhal—he's the

man, you know, that Conchita was first engaged to—and Miriam de Stutz-Bentley (you know Miriam, of course; she's Grierfish's girl), and the Countess von Ochbedov—you know, the woman who was suing Osterbitzen for breach of promise in '27. I think that's the whole crowd. They're all people who constantly stay here, and straight as a die, every one of them."

I was baffled.

"So that only leaves the servants?" I said.

"I would rather you accused my guests than my staff," Geoffrey said, with a flash of the hauteur that has gained him the soubriquet of "Gentleman Jeff" throughout the shires. "Every one of my servants has been with me for years. I've had Joe Bogg since he came out of Broadmoor in '32; Duggins came to me when Osterbitzen sacked him in '28, and Alice Apple was one of the best girls they ever had at Holloway, so the Governor told me. As for Hi Yu, my little Chinese pantry-boy, I never had a more trustworthy servant."

"Then what is your own theory?" I asked.

"The simple and obvious one," Geoffrey answered—"suicide."

I was not altogether satisfied, and my suspicions increased after dinner that night when Grierfish and Miriam de Stutz-Bentley were found stretched beside Osterbitzen, each skewered with a stiletto precisely similar to the one Geoffrey had shown me. Nor was I in any way reassured next morning when the Countess von Ochbedov, screaming, "The snake, the snake! Cairo in the nineties! How it brings it all back!" rushed down the main stairway and collapsed, crumpled and lifeless, on the mat in the hall. But I kept my fears to myself. Geoffrey, I could see, was worried, and I was afraid lest anything I said should hurt him.

"Charles," he said to me after church on Sunday, "you've heard, I suppose, that Ogthrush has just been found on the billiard-table strangled with his own suspenders?"

I squeezed his hand sympathetically. "I know how that sort of thing hurts," was all that I could say.

"And has Bogg told you that McStendhal's gone?"

"Gone? Gone where?"

Geoffrey raised his hat reverently. "Some poison unknown to Western science," he said quietly. There was a lump in his throat. "You must forgive me," he said. "You know how it is when old friends go—go out yonder."

I thought of those words next morn-

ing when Geoffrey was found in the kitchen-garden with five bullet-holes in his dinner-jacket and a sphinx roughly sketched on his shirt-front with the words: "*Enfin, mon ami!*"—(Signed) THE OLD BRIGADE in violet crayon. It was then that I telephoned for the police.

I listened entranced while Divisional-Inspector Bewley, one of the most brilliant minds of the C.I.D., told me, clue by clue, how he had solved the mystery.

"But surely it was a most extraordinary thing," I said—"seven separate suicides!"

"Seven is nothing," the Inspector said, "for an English week-end party."

A Visit to Robotsville.

I'VE never dwelt in marble halls
Or visited "stately homes";
My scant exchequer can't rise, à la
FLECKER,

To lapis-lazuli domes;
But my outlook has gained expansion
Of late in a long week-end
At the ferro-concrete mansion
Of a prosperous City friend.

Outside the house was bleak and white,
But, once you stepped inside,
The methods of lighting were most
inviting

And thoroughly justified.
To call it romantic or scenic
Would be to exaggerate;
It was horribly hygienic
And terribly up-to-date.

Resort to manual labour
Was kept at a minimum;
There wasn't a corner for any Jack
Horner

To sit and extract a plum.
There were no odorous stables,
No sound of a horse's hoof;
There were no triangular gables
Or chimney-pots on the roof.

When I sat I had to balance
Myself on a steel-tubed chair;
All coal was banished and dust had
vanished,

And I breathed "conditioned" air;
The kitchen shone with a chromium
sheen;

There was wireless on every floor,
And a neat little television screen
On the back of the kitchen door.

I returned with mingled feelings,
For, while I was forced to own
That in Robotsville amazing skill
By the architects is shown,
A house that lacks an open fire
Can never be cosy or snug,
And it made me long with a deep desire
For the old Victorian fug. C. L. G.

Fongasee



"THIS IS SIR OG JONES'S SECRETARY. WHO IS THAT, PLEASE?"



"SIR BASHAN SMITH'S SECRETARY SPEAKING. . . . SIR BASHAN WOULD LIKE TO SPEAK TO SIR OG JONES AT ONCE, PLEASE—URGENT."



"CERTAINLY. PUT HIM THROUGH."



"THANK YOU. HULLO."



"HULLO."



"HULLO."



"HULLO."



"HULLO."



"HULLO."



"WELL, WHERE IS SIR OG?"



"WELL, WHERE IS SIR BASHAN?"



"OH, BUT I DAREN'T DISTURB SIR BASHAN TILL SIR OG'S ON THE LINE."



"AND I DAREN'T DISTURB SIR OG TILL SIR BASHAN'S ON THE LINE."



"SO THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO FOR THEM?"



"NO, NOTHING. GOOD-BYE, DEAR."



"GOOD-BYE, DEAR."



"HAVE YOU GOT ANYTHING SINISTER?"

The Zoo Last Year.

No one can deny that there are too many books: even some of those that our Learned Clerks have to review. But in spite of such an output of the real thing, bound in cloth, I have been reading yet another publication, a slender thing in paper, and have found it extremely interesting; indeed, much more so than certain of the pompous. I refer to the *Report of the Zoological Society of London* for 1935, which has just been issued and is continuously informative, from its record at the beginning of the achievements of Sir PETER CHALMERS MITCHELL, now retired, and the description of the Okapi which, in 1935, the KING OF THE BELGIANS gave to the PRINCE OF WALES and the PRINCE OF WALES gave to the Gardens (where, alas! parasites killed it), to the concluding List of Donors to Whipsnade Park, which comprises twelve Mountain Hares from Mr. A. C. GLADSTONE and four Mountain Hares from Mr. H. S. GLADSTONE, a Sika Deer from the Duke of BEDFORD (the President), and two Common Herons from Mr. J. COWLING.

But fancy calling those infrequent, lonely, long-legged things "common"!

Between these extremes the *Report* contains a vast amount of information, including details of the first four Vampire Bats that have been acquired, which—and this will disappoint students of the macabre—are fed entirely on the blood of horses "defibrinated"; and of Captain H. W. GIBBINGS, who, in recognition of his care of the Vampire Bats, was presented by the Society with a gold cigarette-case; and of the two Manatees from the West Indies, who, unlike the Vampire Bats, are vegetarians and eat lettuces in a temperature of 80° F.—a degree of heat which, during the past Easter holidays, must have made them feel very superior; of the birth, on February 17th, of the first baby Chimpanzee, who was christened Jubilee and is doing very well, thank you; and of the vast and curious supply of food that the inmates of the Zoo need, for not all, I can assure, want either blood or lettuces. Of shrimps, for example, in 1935, there was a consumption of 1,095 pints; 226,943 bananas; 3 tons 13 hundredweight of grapes; 50 pineapples (very moderate); 488 pounds of cherries

(who wouldn't be inside a cage?); 25 tons 16½ hundredweight of potatoes; 835 cucumbers; 533 pounds of dried flies; 223 pounds of golden syrup; 470 pounds of ant-eggs; 27,810 eggs; 45 tons 9½ hundredweight of herrings and whiting, and of course buns in huge numbers; but they, being extra, are not specified.

One of the novelties is Pets' Corner, where certain safe animals may be handled and caressed—a derivation, I rather fancy, from a similar enclosure at the Jardin d'Acclimatation. Here you may (if you like) get on terms with a Chimpanzee, a Lion-cub, a small Python, a Giant Tortoise and a litter of young Pigs, and be photographed with whatever ally you choose, the Chimpanzee being, in 1935, the favourite. Meanwhile plans for a separate Children's Zoo in Regent's Park are in preparation; but whether they really want it—whether all the Zoo is not the Children's Zoo—is a question. To return to our friend and camera companion, the Chimpanzee, while he is every day treated in Regent's Park to a tea-party, at Whipsnade he has had a special island prepared for him, and, since he refuses to cross water, this

island is without bars. As the Gibbon also dislikes to cross water, an island is being constructed for him.

The greatest number of visitors to the Gardens in recent times was 2,225,662 in 1928. Last year there were 1,962,136, and, since every year the Zoo is better, I wonder about the decrease. The popularity of the Aquarium is, however, rising.

It is when we come to the List of Donors to the London Gardens that I begin to be nervous, because I too in my time have tried to give things away, but I never gave away anything zoological, not even, like Mr. A. C. BANFIELD, a Slow-worm, and perhaps I ought to begin. The generosity of people all over the world depresses and startles me. From the List, which is very lengthy, I choose only a few examples, largely for their odd sound; but there are hundreds more, chiefly Budgerigars and Marmosets. Miss JOAN BLACKETT gives an Agile Wallaby; Mrs. A. J. BRUMMITT, twenty Salamanders; Mr. G. J. BYRNELL, a feline Douroucouli; Mr. GODFREY CHATFIELD, a Schmidt's White-nosed Monkey; Mrs. TILSTON CRUMP, two Superb Tanagers; Mr. E. R. S. ELLIS, two Spectacled Cayman (or Caymen); Mr. EDGAR HOLDEN a Fat Dormouse, and Mr. H. STAPLES an ordinary Dormouse; Mr. A. G.

LOWNDES, thirty-six Fairy Shrimps; Professor W. ROWAN, twenty Evening Grosbeaks; the captain and crew of the *Stalingrad*, a Polar Bear; Mrs. D. TAYLOR, a Cactus Conure, and Mr. J. B. NORRIS, a Bosman's Potto.

I don't even know what a Bosman's Potto is, or indeed what many of these strangely-named creatures are. But wouldn't it be funny if one day, during a revolution, the animals got the upper hand and presented human beings to the Zoo? Then we should perhaps read in the *Report* that a Bosman's Potto had given a Mr. J. B. Norris. E. V. L.

A Modern Serenade.

OH, pray, Miss Blenkinsop, look down,
Fling wide your metal casement,
Nor let your hand-wove curtains
flout

A maidenly effacement;
For though I know the serenade
Is moribund or dying,
Yet in your praise this song I sing,
My tuneful fingers plying.

I will not name you as a rose
All freshly washed in dew,
I will not mention harebell toes,
It is not strictly true;
But in the manner of to-day
I will without cessation

Describe the inner man which you
Have raised from sublimation.

Our mutual self-consciousness,
Our egos linked shall soar,
Repressions be no more repressed,
Each self we will explore;
Oh, what diversions may be ours
What pleasures be enjoyed
In cultivated mental bowers
While we are JUNG with FREUD.

So pray, Miss Blenkinsop, to me
Extend some welcome ray,
For here, a blushing Ph.D.,
I woo you, bright B.A.,
Oh, join your intellect to mine
That through unending ages
Our names may one and splendid shine
On countless title-pages.

An Impending Apology.

"Although her hull is pierced and three of her holds are full, Mrs. — has refused to leave the barque without her husband."

North-Country Paper.

"... I am anxious that it should be finally wiped out instead of being left in the air in this manner as a kind of hidden sore between the two nations which is apt to cloud discussion between the two nations. I hope that the criticisms I have made will not seem improper."

An M.P. on the American Debt.

Only, perhaps, to purists.



THE SPRING OF 1936.

Mother Thrush. "THIS IS THE LAST TIME I HATCH OUT AN EARLY BROOD."



THE BRITISH CHARACTER.
THE ATTITUDE TOWARDS FRESH AIR.

Our Cocktail Party.

We gave a cocktail party at Little Puddleton;
We suddenly felt hearty and thought it would be fun;
"We'll ask the entire neighbourhood and gin them up," we
said,
"And if Daddy doesn't like it he can darn well go to bed."

The Partingtons were dubious, the Squire's wife refused;
The Vicar was lugubrious, Miss Rinse was not amused;
The Colonel said that kind of show was not much in his
line,
The Greens said if the Pincks were asked, alas! they *must*
decline.

But all our soul was in it and we coaxed each one to say
They would "drop in for one minute and then quietly slip
away";
And so at length the scene was set with bottles by the
score,
A wealth of Woolrich ashtrays and potato-crisps galore.

The Vicar came quite early: he said he wouldn't wait
As he loathed a hurly-burly. (He left at half-past eight.)
The Partingtons descended next and brought a shy young
niece
Who stood immovable and mute beside the mantelpiece.

The Greens were in a hurry in case they met the Pincks,
So to ease their natural worry they bolted several drinks;
Two rising old church-workers next, and then the village
bore;
And thick and fast they came at last, and more and more
and more.

The Doctor and the Colonel were full of fun and chaff,
While through the din infernal was heard Miss Rinse's
laugh;
The Squire's wife said cocktails tasted nicer than she knew
(We rang up to inquire to-day and hear she's pulling
through).

In hoarse *appassionatas* my father and the Squire
Were waving chippolatas and running down the choir;
The Curate told some limericks; the Partingtons' shy niece
Was seen to be behaving like a very brazen piece.

And thus our party ended—with a COCHRAN-worthy snap,
With loving-kindness blended and only one mishap—
The Pincks had engine-trouble which would take till half-
past nine,
But we heard the Greens *insisting* they should both go
back and dine.



AT THE ACADEMY OF NATIONS.

THE LEAGUE. "AND TO THINK THAT I ONCE POSED FOR THAT!"

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Impressions of Parliament.

Synopsis of the Week.

Monday, April 27th.—Commons: Debate on Budget Resolutions.



DIOGENES WITH A DIFFERENCE.
THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER
IN SEARCH OF A DISHONEST MAN.

Tuesday, April 28th.—Lords: Bill to Abolish Trial by Peers given Second Reading.

Commons: Debate on Budget Resolutions.

Wednesday, April 29th.—Lords: Debate on Position of Abyssinia.

Commons: Debate on Ullswater Report.

Monday, April 27th.—Unrest at the delays in League action showed itself in a number of questions this afternoon. Mr. COCKS asking Mr. EDEN to propose a Suez blockade of poison-gas supplies and to threaten to leave the League unless immediate and effective action were taken, and Miss RATHBONE urging him to persuade the League, or, failing that, the Government, to grant a loan to Abyssinia. In reply Mr. EDEN was guarded; but to a question from Captain CAZALET he admitted that British Red Cross units had flown the Union Jack as well as the Red Cross without deterrent effect on the gallant Italian bombers.

After an assurance from Mr. BALDWIN that the Government had no intention of handing over any of the mandated

territories to the control of other nations, and after Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had announced that the Chairman of Lloyds was engaged in a searching inquiry into the alleged leakage of Budget secrets, the House turned to the details of the Budget and the public's cup of tea.

Ignoring the CHANCELLOR's statement that he had purposely increased the tea-tax because he felt that the burden of extra defence should be borne by every class, the Labour Party sought to show that the tax was a cruel imposition on the poorer people. Miss WILKINSON insisted that the preference granted to Empire tea had only handed over a large proportion of the trade to Dutch growers. Mr. SILVERMAN contributed a pleasant little speech in praise of tea, which he said produced a calm and equable spirit and enabled its consumers to think widely and deeply about things. And Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who knows a mountain from a molehill, put it to the House that 9s. per year per household, a fair estimate of what the tax would cost, could hardly be described as crushing.

When the question of educational trusts was reached various Members made clear their feeling that there should be discrimination between revocable and irrevocable trusts, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN promised to deal sympathetically with this point in the Finance Bill.

Tuesday, April 28th.—Lord SAN-

KEY's very sensible Bill to abolish the trial of peers by peers has stirred the Upper House almost, but not quite, as much as the suggestion made last year to abolish rabbit-gins, which



SPRING-CLEANING IN THE LORDS.
CHARLADY-IN-CHIEF: LORD SANKEY.

brought most of the peerage hurrying up to Westminster, their pockets bulging with snares and nooses.

As Lord SANKEY pointed out, no real criticism had been directed at the

Bill because none could be made, seeing that this so-called privilege involved such personal disadvantages as liability to a second trial at the Central Criminal Court or at one of the assizes, no right of appeal and no right of challenge to peers sitting in judgment, and such public disadvantages as waste of money and dislocation of the Courts of Justice.

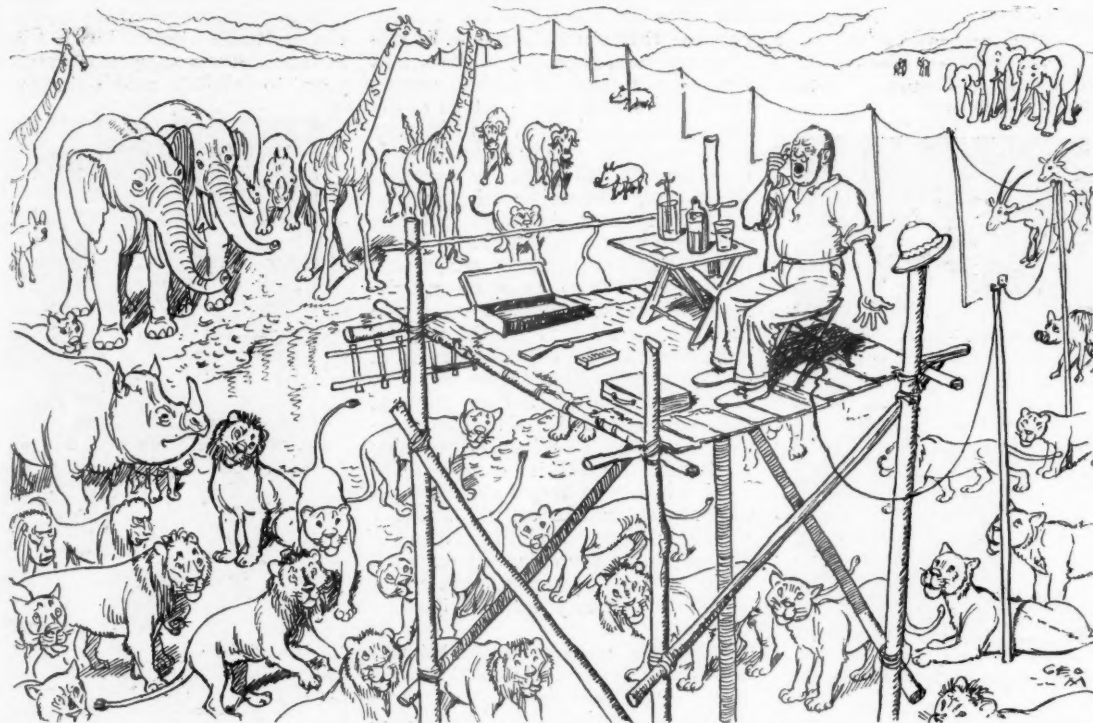
In spite of these unanswerable arguments several peers, in particular Lord CORNWALLIS and Lord LIVERPOOL, spoke with great earnestness of the Bill as if it were designed to uproot the entire structure of the Upper House and rob them of their dearest possession. Lord CORK seemed best to sum up the matter when he said that the trial of Lord DE CLIFFORD seemed to him to detract from the dignity of their lordships' House, being an exhibition of a steam-hammer taken to crush a walnut. The motion to



"KEEPING WATCH FOR THE UNION JACK."

(After the painting by BARTOLOZZI.)

[A Committee has been formed, under the Chairmanship of Mr. L. AMERY, to watch the question of mandated territories.]



"THAT YOU, CHIPPENDALE? YOU BLITHERING ASS! YOU'VE PACKED MY AIR-GUN INSTEAD OF THE WINCHESTER!"

reject the Bill was defeated by 62 votes to 35.

Many people will sympathise with Mr. MANDERS' suggestion this afternoon that the German Government should be invited to say what it thought about the passages in *Mein Kampf* on foreign policy, but no one will be surprised that Lord CRANBORNE saw no useful purpose in it. Best-selling authors can be very touchy about their work.

To-day's debate on the Budget was dull.

Wednesday, April 29th. — Lord DAVIES' motion in the Lords that a Commission on the lines of the Lytton Commission should be set up by the League of Nations to go into the whole business of the Abyssinian dispute met with small encouragement from the Government, and his censure of the postponement of more effective sanctions drew from Lord STANHOPE the rebuke that his policy would plunge this country into war. The Lytton Commission was not a practical parallel, said the UNDER-SECRETARY, for it took over a year to report; and it was far too early to talk of the League's failure when the stranglehold of the present sanctions was already having its effect.

In the Commons' debate on the

Ullswater Report on Broadcasting the House seemed to be pretty generally agreed that the B.B.C. should be kept free of advertising, needed more money, was inclined to treat its staff in too autocratic a manner, and on the



OUR BACK-BENCH WHO'S WHO.

Big game
Brought Lord CLYDESDALE fame,
For he never could rest
Till he'd had a shot at Everest.

whole had very well earned an extension of its charter; as Major ASTOR said, in other countries it was regarded as a model.

Mr. LEES-SMITH emphasised the Government's responsibility to see that the enormous power of the microphone was not abused for political purposes, as it had been, he thought, in 1931; Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS strongly criticised the position of the B.B.C.'s staff, whose private lives seemed to be subject to a dictatorial control and who suffered from restrictions far more stringent than those applied to Civil Servants while not enjoying the Civil Servants' advantages of security of tenure and definite system of promotion; Major ASTOR believed that the relay exchanges should be entrusted to the B.B.C., who should be responsible for their policy, and condemned the broadcasting of advertisements; Mr. E. C. DAVIES spoke of broadcasting as the greatest instrument invented for the peace of the world; Mr. AMMON asked that the working-classes and the younger generation should be represented on the governing body of the B.B.C., and the P.M.G. in reply said he hoped that very soon a further debate on the subject would be held at which the Government would announce their proposals.

FROM MAY 4TH UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE IS EXTENDED TO INCLUDE AGRICULTURAL WORKERS



RUS IN WHITEHALL

"It will mean that we must adapt our machinery to the Rural Background"

(Mr Ernest Brown: Minister of Labour, in a Broadcast address)

At the Play.

"RETURN TO YESTERDAY" (EMBASSY).

Return to Yesterday at the Embassy Theatre is an adaptation from the French. It is not an adaptation in the sense that *The Late Christopher Bean* or *Storm in a Teacup* are adaptations. It is much more clearly a rendering in English of a French story in its French setting.

Albert Molinier (Mr. CAMPBELL GULLAN) is a very complete French politician of a rather engaging type who gives Stock Exchange tips with a more graceful air than it is easy to associate with English politicians. He is a single easy-going man of the world who does not let his troubles oppress him, and so we see him meet and surmount a quite serious threat to his private comfort.

Marie Bruyere (Miss GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES) is a successful actress in her own right, but she relies none the less on his protection, and with his help she lives in luxury. It was not always so, and there reappears in *Pierre Mouranoff* (Mr. LOUIS BORELL) the lover of her early days, an ardent young Communist who had been deported ten years before. He seeks to take up the threads of their old life, and *Marie* is anxious to do so too.

The theme of the play is the extent to which women take the colour of their surroundings and are impressionable, and it depends for its success on very fine and sensitive acting by Miss FFRANGCON-DAVIES. She has to show that the fidelity, the treasured memory of *Pierre*, is all quite genuine; only it does not fit in with the new way of life to which *Marie Bruyere* has grown accustomed. The dramatist pitches the note rather high. He makes *Pierre Mouranoff* completely unchanged after ten years' absence, with all the simple wholeheartedness of an adolescent agitator and a romantic. We are left feeling that ten years of rather hard experience have made wonderfully little mark, but this enables the audience to contrast *Marie Bruyere* as she is with the environment from which she came. *Pierre* has not changed, and so he takes her back to the same surroundings. There she meets a Communist comrade of the old days, *Perillard* (Mr. STANLEY LATHBURY).

Those who saw Mr. LATHBURY last summer in *Our Own Lives* will have another chance to see him in the rôle, which he plays with such perfection, of the faithful friend and stand-by, the elderly bachelor, verging on mild

entirely forget that there is a beautiful and fashionable actress in the room is one of the best in the play.

Miss FFRANGCON-DAVIES is an actress of great subtlety, and she brings out with many delicate touches the mingled emotions that *Marie* goes through. There is mortified vanity, there is bitter annoyance with herself that she should have forgotten her Communist past and be quite unable to repeat the famous speech by JAURÈS on "Youth." There is a keen love of the comforts and luxuries which she now commands, the presents that prevent her from recovering her past. In the last scene she has hysterics when *Pierre* again gets into trouble with the French police, and we watch the struggle when she has to determine whether to abandon everything and join him or whether to face the fact that his return was a mistake and came too late.

It is part of the excellence of the play that the final arguments of the astute politician, fresh from talking idealism at a London Conference, turn on *Marie's* duty to the other members of the company. The part of *Marie Bruyere* is one which very few actresses now to be seen on the London stage could have portrayed in all its mixed emotions and alternations, but it proves well within the large compass of Miss FFRANGCON-DAVIES' talent.

D. W.



THE PRESENT THAT INTERFERED WITH THE PAST.

Marie Bruyere. MISS GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES.

eccentricity but full of kindness and friendship. The scene in which *Perillard* and *Pierre* talk about the American Federation of Labour and



PARLOUR BOLSHEVISM.

Pierre Mouranoff . . . MR. LOUIS BORELL.
Marie Bruyere . . . MISS GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES.

"THE SHADOW" (PLAYHOUSE).

When the notorious *Lady Schofield* was found murdered in the bedroom of the London hotel where she had been staying under an assumed name the police immediately arrested the hotel-porter, who had some of her jewellery in his pocket, and sent out an S.O.S. for the couple who had been staying in the next bedroom and who had left before the murder was discovered.

The British public, acutely intuitive in these matters through its graduation in the school of the Sunday Press, was not slow to arrive at the reason why these two failed to come forward; and we, having spent the first scene in their bedroom, were able to appreciate the full horror of their hideous situation. Far from being a married couple hailing from Edinburgh, as recorded in the hotel's

register, they both came from that most efficient filter for the detection of particles of scandal, a cathedral city, where *Ralph Dexter* (Mr. CECIL PARKER) was the leading solicitor, married twenty unhappy years before to an inhuman dragon, and *Marjorie Austin* (Miss EILEEN PEEL) was the young wife of an elderly vulgarian. For their little jaunt to London they had covered their tracks with immense care, travelling separately halfway round England, and they were not particularly concerned during their last night at the Hotel Axminster, knowing that *Lady Schofield* was next-door, when the shadow of a man, whom they were certain they had seen in the hall, was suddenly thrown, crossing their balcony towards the next room, on their blind. It was not until they had returned to Linchester and safely settled down again into their respective niches that the bomb burst in the newspapers and they realised that their evidence was probably the only thing which stood between the unfortunate porter and execution for a crime which had almost certainly been committed by the man with the shadow.

Their dilemma was essentially dramatic. Neither was a coward, but *Ralph*, who knew that his wife would never divorce him and that his practice would fall to pieces at the first puff of rumour, had very much at heart the happiness of his only daughter, about to marry a young Linchester doctor. For her sake he decided to await the verdict on the accused porter. Six weeks went by, six ghastly weeks in which he and *Marjorie* could only exchange covert and miserable sentences. At the end of that time the porter was condemned to death, *Ralph* decided to go and tell the police what he knew, and Mr. H. F. MALTBY pulled out a trump which gave an unexpected twist to the story and a new tension to the Third Act.

Clearly there are two ways in which a dramatist can make use of this main situation. He can either throw the emphasis on to the behaviour of his characters in moral emergency, on to the resilience of their integrity against temptation, or else he can go out for a lighter entertainment depending on the easier thrill of whether they will be found out. Mr. MALTBY has chosen

the second course, and after his neatly made First Act he was hard put to it to carry over the interest to the dénouement, falling back on reserves as unsubstantial as a clerical figure-of-fun and a rather silly quarrel between

grew upon us as the play proceeded; Miss MARGARET DAMER as *Ralph's* wife made abundantly clear the reasons for his infidelity; both Miss MARJORIE TAYLOR and Mr. JOHN ROBINSON, as *Angela Dexter* and her fiancé, were better than their parts; Miss RUBY MILLER's brief appearance as poor *Lady Schofield* was a clever impression; and Mr. CECIL HUMPHREYS made a neat job of the *Borough Surveyor*, except that he was surely dressed in far too stylish a manner. Or do Borough Surveyors really look as diplomats should but don't?

I was delighted to note that in the *Dexters'* garden the producer, Mr. HOWARD LESLIE, used steel-shafted flowers, whose merits I urged some years ago in these pages. Those who, like myself, rebel against the feeble jokes which Nature cracks at the expense of us gardeners will realise the delight of saying, "Ah, Simmons, it's time you screwed the blue begonias into the north bed." ERIC.

"The beauty of a car," says a writer, "is that you can drive away and forget everything." Including the luncheon-basket.

* * *

One of the cleverest police theories about the fourteen-year-old Southend boy who was missing from home for three days, was that he had run away to sea.

* * *

A Welsh tinplate worker can whistle continuously for four hours. Errand-boys wonder what stops him.

* * *

"I'm afraid girl-cricketers who wear flannel trousers do not appeal to me," declares an author. Then he has never umpired in one of their matches.

* * *

It has been found impossible to take a census of monkeys. They simply tear up the forms.

* * *

A feature of the annual garden-party held in a Sussex village is a stone-throwing competition. Seaside landladies and estate-agents who enter are always given a suitable handicap.

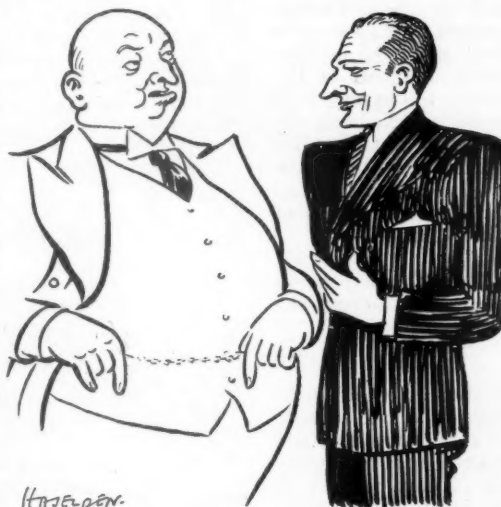
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"Biting in all-in wrestling matches is deplorable," declares a sports-writer. It is certainly bad taste.



A SHADOW IN SHADY CIRCUMSTANCES.

Ralph Dexter Mr. CECIL PARKER.
Marjorie Austin Miss EILEEN PEEL.
The Shadow Mr. CECIL HUMPHREYS.



SUBSTANCE AND MATERIALIZED SHADOW.

Ronald Austin, J.P. . . . Mr. H. F. MALTBY.
Andrew Latham Mr. CECIL HUMPHREYS.

rather silly young lovers; but the Third Act picked up considerably.

After the First Act, in which she was excellent, Miss PEEL had little to do except faint; Mr. PARKER gave a very creditable and well-observed performance; the author himself played with unselfish skill the part of *Marjorie's* coarse old husband, whose personality

Plain Words at Potterham.

SPEAKING on behalf of the National Candidate in the Potterham By-Election I said:—

"We are standing on the edge of a precipice. One step forward, a single movement in the wrong direction—I had almost said in any direction—may, nay rather most assuredly *will* plunge us if not into destruction at any rate into circumstances to extricate ourselves from which would call for a combination of skill, judgment and good fortune such as can hardly be looked for at a time when not only we ourselves but every nation in the civilised world is hard put to it to extricate itself—I would rather say rehabilitate themselves after the period of unparalleled misfortunes into which we—that is, it were, or was, through no fault of our own some few years ago most unhappily—er—plunged. The National Government may be relied on not to take that step."

(A Voice. "What step?")

"The step over the precipice to which I had occasion to allude just now. Believing, as I do and as, in spite of the most persistent and ill-mannered opposition I shall continue to believe"—(Cheers)—"in the integrity of the British Empire—"

(Another Voice. "What about Nova Scotia?")

"—Believing, as I say, in the integrity of the Empire—"

(Several Voices. "Does the Government intend to give up Nova Scotia to Chile?")

"The Government has already expressed itself in no uncertain terms on the subject of Nova Scotia. The Government takes a strong, I may say a typically British line on this matter. The Government is not considering Nova Scotia. So far from having any intention of transferring Nova Scotia to any other country whatsoever, the Government has not yet heard of Nova Scotia. Should the Government be at any time officially informed of the existence of Nova Scotia the Government will at once take all necessary steps to ascertain the position of Nova Scotia, its extent and all other information relative to the matter in hand, so far, that is, as it may affect the safety, the security and, in a word, the preservation of our glorious Empire. Turning to the question of the restrictions of Imported Glue under the Glue (Imports) Act of—"

(First Voice. "Answer the question.")

"I have not yet stated the question. The imposition of a duty on glue, as the gluemakers of this country are the first to admit—"

(About Fifty Voices. "Answer the question about Nova Scotia.")

"That question has already been answered. For the benefit of those of you who may have arrived too late to hear my earlier remarks"—(Laughter)—"I will, however, add this. No suggestion has yet reached the ears of the Government that any alteration in the status of Nova Scotia is or has been in contemplation, whether in this country or, and I use the term in its vaguest possible sense, elsewhere. Should any such suggestion be ultimately made by a responsible Power, the Government would of course immediately give its most careful consideration as to what problems, if any, were raised by the suggestion and whether the situation contingent thereupon were such as to call, in their opinion, for a review of the whole question or, in point of fact, not. In the meantime the Government is reserving its attitude."

"As regards the plight of gluemakers, more particularly in the eastern districts of England during the years—"

(A Voice. "Is the speaker aware that a British goat has been maltreated in Valparaiso?")

"I am not interested in goats."—(Cries of "Oh!" and "Ah!")—"We have more important matters to discuss to-night than the treatment of goats in Valparaiso."

(A Voice. "PALMERSTON—" and general hubbub.)

"My friend may rest assured that if the reports of this alleged incident prove to have any foundation, the Government will make full inquiry into the facts of the case and take what further action seems to them to be necessary. Nothing is to be gained at the present moment by scare-mongering. The sanctity of British subjects and British possessions is and will continue to be the first care of the present Government. But to demand compensation for an injury, without first ascertaining that that injury has in fact been received, would be the action not of a responsible government but of an autocratic and tyrannous despotism. What proof have we that a British goat has been mishandled in Valparaiso? None. It is not even certain whether any animals of British extraction were present in Valparaiso at the time of the alleged incident. What is certain is that at the end of 1931 British gluemakers were faced with immediate ruin owing to the dumping of enormous stocks of foreign glue on these shores. There is no need for me to tell the people of Potterham, whose glue-making traditions go back for hundreds of years and whose 'Stick-to-it' policy has long won for them the admiration and respect, I will not say of their countrymen, but of the whole civilised world—there is no need, I repeat, for me to tell them that it was the bold and fearless action of the National Government which in that dark hour brought new hope to the hopeless and drove the wolf of poverty from the doors of the stricken gluemakers of East Anglia. Nor does that action represent the sum of the Government's achievements. Potterham will remember—"

(A Voice. "Is it not a fact that the surrender of Nova Scotia to Chile would expose every goat on the island to the risk of maltreatment similar to that suffered by the ill-starred animal in Valparaiso? And in view of that fact does the Government still propose to continue its cowardly policy of partitioning the Empire?")

There was no reply.

H. F. E.

Beauty and the Beast.

How very kind is Nature!

She takes the greatest care

Of every sort of creature:

She clothes the polar bear

With lovely fur upon its back

So that it shall not feel the lack

Of winter underwear.

She forms a pleasant delta

At the opening of the Nile

To be an all-night shelter

For the weary crocodile,

Where it can lie and stretch its legs

Or shed its tears or lay its eggs

In most commodious style.

Wiser than other creatures,

Man wished to take a hand,

And added various features

To those which Nature planned:

The cinema, the modern store,

The factory and many more;

And what on earth he did it for

It's hard to understand.

M. H.

"Absent Subscribers, Please!"

To live within earshot of a house or flat which has been temporarily left empty and to hear the telephone-bell ringing its heart and soul out in a monotonous, intermittent, piercing, relentless soprano is to plumb the bitterest depths of agony and impotence. You can do nothing to relieve the pathos, the hopelessness of the situation. You can do nothing to put a stop to the wasted effort. Least of all can you do anything to shut the sound out of your ears. You can only wait until the perseverance of some distant and unknown human being is finally thwarted by the words, "Surry, there's no replay."

It seems a pity, therefore, that the Postmaster-General does not revive and pursue with more vigour than before an experiment which he tried some time ago—the Absent Subscribers' Service. It worked like this: supposing you lived alone in a servantless flat, or supposing you ran a one-man office and felt, about twelve o'clock, the need for a quick one, you could, by paying a fee of sixpence, tell the Exchange what time you were going to be back, and also ("if it is desired that such information be given") the reason for your absence and the telephone number where you could be found in the meantime. All this the Exchange contracted to pass on to anybody who might chance to ring you up.

It was a brilliant idea, but it failed to catch on and the experiment had to be abandoned. I cannot help feeling that this was only due to lack of imagination. The possibilities of the scheme were never properly developed. It was all too cut-and-dried. Facts are crude unappetising things and should seldom be served up raw; moreover, their preparation and garnishing should be varied for each recipient. What we need—and it would be worth paying far more than sixpence for—is to be able to say something like this:—

"Mrs. Wotherspoon speaking. Brompton double-nine-double-nine. Will you tell anyone who rings up that I shall be out until six o'clock, please? Anyone ordinary, that is. But if it seems to be a frightfully deaf old lady who speaks very slowly, will you please say that I've gone out for tea and dinner, and don't know what time I shall be back? And if it's that woman at Belgravia four-three-two-one—the one with such an unpleasant voice—



Jarge. "NOW US BE PLIGHTED, MARY, 'EE'LL SEND THAT THERE CLARK GABLE 'IS PHOTO BACK, WON'T 'EE?"

please tell her that I'm sorry to miss her, but the Duchess positively insisted on my going to tea this afternoon. No, don't say *what* Duchess, because then she might try to ring me up there to see if it was true. Some women are so underhand.

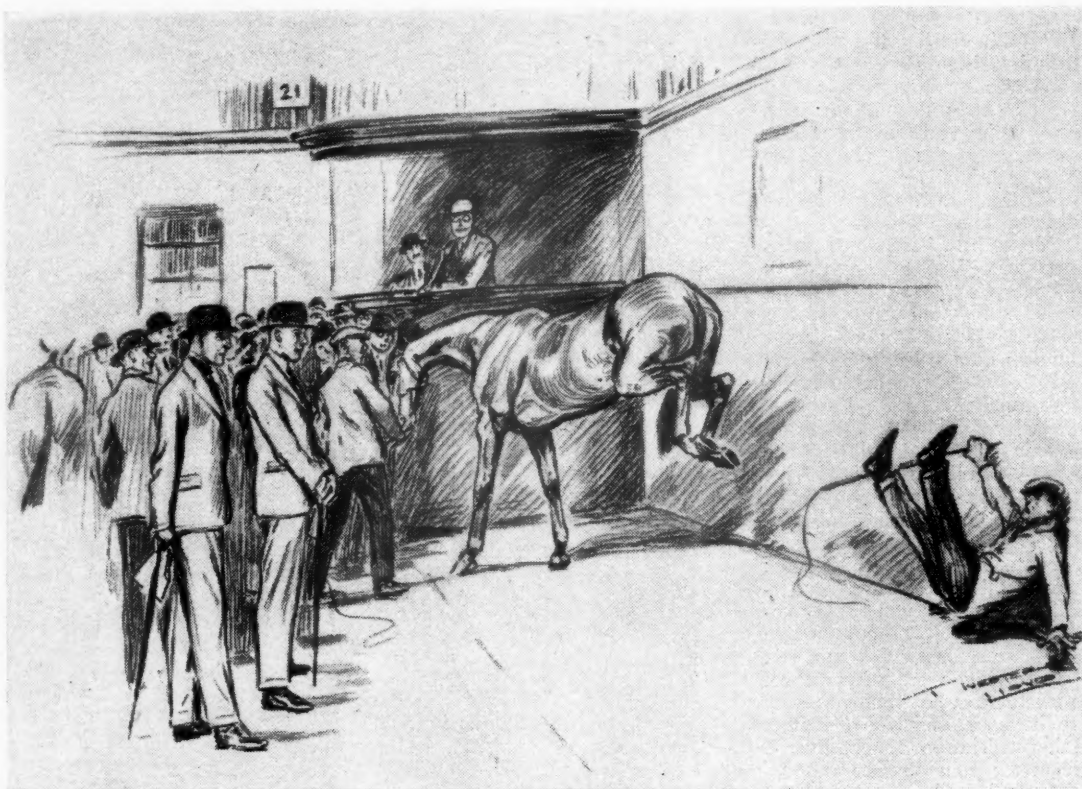
"I don't suppose my husband will telephone; but if he does you can say that I've gone to the National Gallery and shall be there the whole afternoon. And—and if that young man rings up again—you know, the one with the nice voice and the slight French accent—you might tell him that I'm at the Maison Vague having my hair waved, and he can come and pick me up there if he likes; but that if he doesn't turn up I'll meet him at Toselli's for tea at half-past four. Now, are you quite

sure you've got all that right? Thank you so much.

"Oh, by the way, there's one other thing. Romanetta's may ring up—the dressmakers, you know, in Hanover Square. If they seem to be getting at all tiresome would you mind telling them that I've just gone abroad and I shan't be coming back for a very long time—if ever. What? No, I've left no address. . . ."

Thus humanised and extended the Absent Subscribers' Service would be certain of success; our neighbours' ears would be spared, their nerves allowed to relax; and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER would be able to rely upon a new, rich and unfailing source of income.

JAN.



"How 's THAT?"
"BOUNDARY, I THINK."

Strange Orchestra.

ANYONE who has ever heard a furnace sighing would have recognised at once that the long-haired little man in the black soft hat was sighing like a furnace. Under the influence of a half of mild-and-bitter he cheered up sufficiently to talk.

"Times aren't what they were," he said.

I agreed that No, they weren't.

"Take me," he invited. "I'm a musician. I've played with all the best symphony orchestras in the country."

I asked him what instrument he played.

"It's a long story," said the little man, and sighed again as the bottom began to show through his beer.

Encouraged as before he went on.

"When I was a kid they wanted me to learn the piano. But no, I wouldn't take the trouble. Then they tried me with the violin and it was the same story. Same with the cornet and the saxophone and even the tympani. Just lazy, I was.

"Well, then, when I was about twenty I began to get what you might call the music fever. Fair crazy I was to play in an orchestra. And then of course there wasn't anything I could play.

"But one day I was passing a second-hand music-shop and I saw something in the window that seemed to me as if it had been put there on purpose by Providence. It was a wind-and-rain machine. Believe me, Sir, I took out all my little savings and I bought that machine, and I practised on it until I was well-nigh perfect.

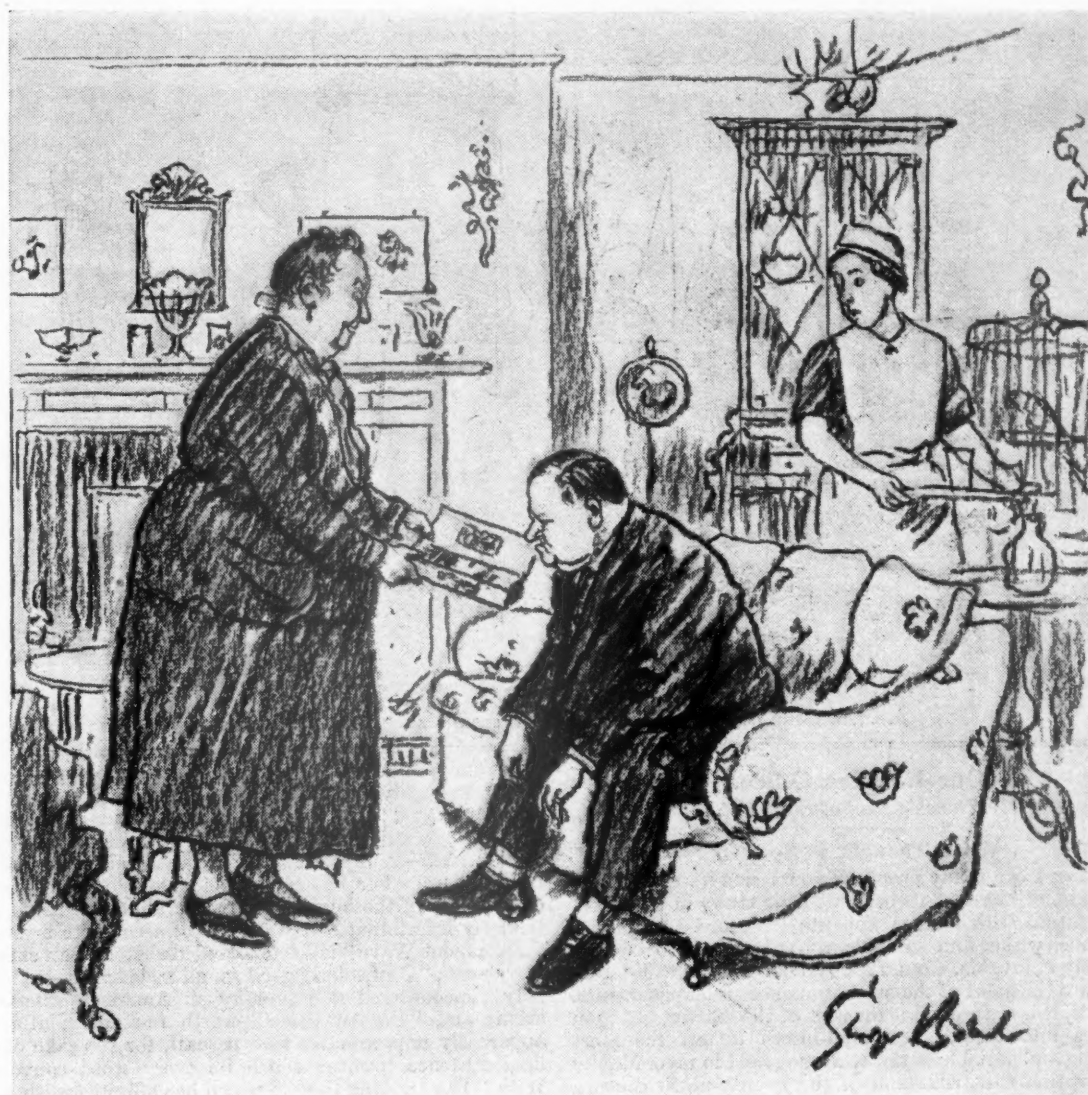
"But then the trouble was that there was only one piece of music scored for a wind-and-rain machine, and that was STRAUSS's *Don Quixote*. So I travelled up and down the country for years, just playing that one part. Do you know, Sir, in time I got so well-known that they used to feature me with a red spot-light, and on one occasion I was hailed by the Press as 'the only great virtuoso among living wind-and-rain machinists.'

"However, I soon decided that there was not enough scope for me as a one-instrument man. Now, before I took

up a musical career, I was a typist in an office. So what did I do then, Sir? Why, I went over to Germany, and I learnt to play the typewriter part in HINDEMITH's opera *Neues vom Tage*. See, Sir? I had to expand.

"And it wasn't half a bad job either, because during the course of the opera I could rattle off the whole of my week's correspondence. Course, sometimes I hadn't any to do, and then I had to content myself with 'Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party.' But it all sounded the same; and after a time I became so good at it that the conductor allowed me to double the three electric bells in the same composition. I tell you, Sir, I was fair versatile.

"From there, Sir, I went from strength to strength. I rattled the chains in SCHÖNBERG's *Gurrelieder*, and I worked the motor-cycle engine in HINDEMITH's *Der Lindberghflug*. I fired off the guns in a gala performance of TCHAIKOVSKY's *1812 Overture*. On one never-to-be-forgotten occasion I was allowed to play a group of solos—ALFREDO CASSELLA's *Three Pieces for Pianola*."



"THESE ARE SOME OF MY LATE HUSBAND'S CIGARS. I DO HOPE YOU'LL FIND THEM ALL RIGHT. I'VE PUT SOME MOTH-BALLS WITH THEM."

He broke off, overcome by the memory of his former greatness.

"There's nothing I couldn't have done, Sir," he went on after a while. "I used to look in my Musical Dictionary of an evening and find out what to do next. Treasures there are, Sir, waiting for the right man to come along and play 'em. MOZART'S *Andante in F major* for the barrel-organ, and *Fantasia in F minor* for clockwork. I never found out what a clockwork was; but give me one and I'll play it.

"Well, Sir, all that's a thing of the past." He felt in his breast-pocket

and produced a bedraggled press-cutting. "Rationalization, I suppose they call it," he sneered as he handed it to me. It was a paragraph about a new cinema-organ for which it was claimed that it could imitate anything from a mosquito buzzing to a lion roaring.

"This is the age of machinery," I commiserated.

"It is. But I am not beaten yet."

He poured the last half-inch down his throat defiantly and stepped out into the street as if he were walking on to a concert-platform. He wheeled his

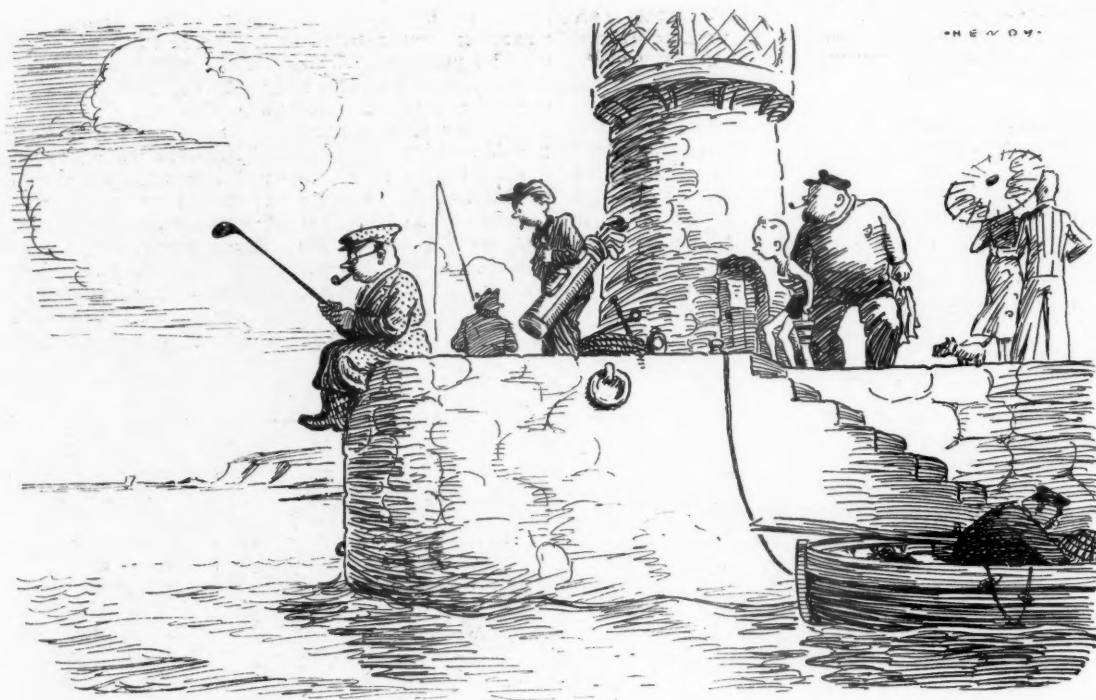
newest instrument a hundred yards up the street and began to play *Red Sails in the Sunset*. You could see by the way he turned the handle that he was a real virtuoso.

"Traveller with sound connections for bathing, swim, and beach suits. State area covered."—"Wanted" Advt.

Modesty forbids.

"She flashed a grateful smile, and with a rustle, and a faint squeak of a hinge, she was gone."—*Short Story*.

Evidently she was not well oiled.



STRANGE LAPSE BY A MAN WHO COMBINED A FISHING AND A GOLFING HOLIDAY.

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

When Thought is Speech.

I THINK I can safely prophesy your rising from Mr. ESMÉ WINGFIELD-STRATFORD's brilliant little study of the art of conversation with a keen appetite for more. Scholarly, vivacious, witty, and so evidently enjoyed as to be contagiously enjoyable, *Good Talk* (LOVAT DICKSON, 6/-) goes gaily into the heart of the most human of accomplishments. Animals, it is true, exhibit the root of the matter, but man emerges into history as a full-blown talker, the most civilising and sociable of the arts being held in reverence by an Egyptian CHESTERFIELD of the twenty-ninth century B.C. Talk among men and women is, our author believes, the most fruitful. Apart, the sexes tend towards tap-room or tea-cups; and in a society where natural differences are discounted conversation is apt to assume a hermaphrodite sterility. We have now so many escapes from life that we have ceased to cultivate life itself—and, with it, conversation. Note too our savage reversion to slogans. But these things go in cycles; and we may yet attain, if not to the perfection of the salons, at least to such sound native performance as that of Dr. JOHNSON—in many respects the finest performance of all.

Here, There and Everywhere.

Widely representative of that wide range of hers but somewhat unequal in handling, Mrs. WHARTON's latest cluster of short stories exhibits her only once at her incomparable best. "Charm Incorporated"—originally and more befittingly called "Bread Upon the Waters"—portrays the exceeding great reward of an American business man

who finances with inimitable American long-suffering consignment after consignment of his noble Russian wife's poor relations. Deft characterisation and genial irony render this short tragi-comedy as memorable in its way as *The Children*—always, to my mind, the peak of its writer's achievement. For the rest, "Pomegranate Seed" peters out into one of those vague supernatural dénouements particularly infuriating to the tracker of a concrete mystery; "Permanent Wave" is a light-handed sketch of an embryo elopement; "Confession" good sound melodrama—a "dark lady" encountered in Egypt by an American valetudinarian; and "Roman Fever" worth re-reading, after an apparently unproductive first perusal, for the sake of the final sentence towards which its every word converges. With "The Looking Glass," which has affinities with *Villa Rose*, and "Duration," which somewhat farcically opposes two Boston centenarians, *The World Over* (APPLETON-CENTURY, 7/6) closes an unequal but interesting series.

Miss Vicki Baum is Monotonous.

For one who thought *Results of an Accident* amongst the most important novels since the War, it is sad to have to report *Career* (BLES, 7/6) disappointing and vexatious. In its theme, as it is treated, there is material for a long short story; the beginning is good, and the end, though it is easy, satisfies; but between these two, like the row of books between two book-rests, lie a long series of dismally squalid episodes so little varied in character that one feels they might have been indefinitely extended. When her artist-lover goes to prison for punishing with a bullet her unfaithfulness the heroine sets herself to become a great *prima donna* in order to acquire wealth and influence with which to get him free; and the men who help her towards this end she rewards with the only means at her disposal. That

she does so out of an enduring love for *Basil* scarcely mitigates the wearisome repetition in fulsome detail of her *affaires*, and that she reaches her goal is somehow, by the time it is reached, not a matter of much interest. Now and then there are flashes of Miss BAUM's extraordinary power of showing objectively the subjective effects of deep emotion. There are some vivid character-sketches and one brilliant description of the impact of prison-life on a sensitive character; but there are too many passages which belong to the August deck-chair novel.

"Lonsdale" Library.

The volume now confronting
The reader's gaze is this—
Deer, Hare and Otter-Hunting
Of SEELEY SERVICE'S
So famous sportsman series,
Called "Lonsdale," and I'd claim
That the newcomer here is
Well worthy of the same.

Nine authors do the telling
And, like the Muses nine,
Each author is excelling
In one beloved line;
When every pen inveigles
I'm loth to pick and choose
Yet where the theme is Beagles
A bay I can't refuse.

But surely here one has it—
Each knowledge he'd like best
Of Otter Hound or Basset
Or Stag-Hound's stately quest;
Or *how* the photographs too
In which our book abounds
Show Masters and their staffs too
And all their mottled hounds!

Queen of Blackmailers.

There was something rather engaging, let us admit, in the character of Miss HARRIETTE WILSON, who may be said to have ruled the *demi-monde* in the later days of the Regency. Her *Memoirs*, republished more than once, are something long for the general reader, so Mrs. ANGELA THIRKELL has skimmed the cream of them in *The Fortunes of Harriette* (HAMISH HAMILTON, 10/6), adding an account of the erring lady's later years, gathered from her own two novels and other contemporary sources. Certainly the fair HARRIETTE (her real name was HARRIOT DUBOCHET) had a sufficiently surprising career. She was the sixth of fifteen children, born of impecunious parents, and it soon became clear to her that the only path open to a girl of spirit was to find a "protector." Lord CRAVEN was the first of a long line of noblemen who assumed the rôle. Among her visitors, by her own account, were most of the great men of that epoch, including the Duke of WELLINGTON, of whom, in her *Memoirs*, she tells an amusing but highly improbable story. The fact is HARRIETTE was an inveterate liar, and few of her stories will bear investigation. But she was an amusing liar, and she had plenty of pluck and go. Even in



STOWAWAYS.

Serang. "SAHIB, COME SEE! EBBERY ONE FROM HABANA. SIX SAHIB. I COUNT DE EYES."

her blackmailing she preserved a sort of honour. For when she found her charms beginning to wane she used her *Memoirs* as a means of raising money from those of her former friends and lovers who shrank from the glare of publicity. Those who paid up were generally handled with more delicacy than the rest—which was something. I have my doubts whether it was worth while to bring HARRIETTE to the front once more, but Mrs. THIRKELL has made a fairly readable book out of her material.

Machiavelli.

Machiavelli and His Times (HEINEMANN, 10/6), ably described by Mr. D. ERSKINE MUIR, are perhaps nearer to us to-day than at any time since the great Florentine's

death. His famous manual of political precepts styled *The Prince* has been so often misunderstood and misquoted that Mr. ERSKINE MUIR has rendered a very necessary service to MACHIAVELLI's memory by revealing its true nature. His portrait of MACHIAVELLI as a wise man who realised that the prosperity of states and their rulers depends in the last resort upon the common weal is convincing. Moreover he shows clearly that MACHIAVELLI did not believe in duplicity and force either as ends in themselves or as secure foundations upon which to build up national any more than international peace and prosperity. Instead MACHIAVELLI taught that a state must "be strengthened with good laws and good arms, with faithful friends and good deeds" if it were to be truly great. A book indeed for the present times.

Will Rogers.

It was one of the chief characteristics of the late WILL ROGERS' humour that it was spontaneous and exactly fitted to the occasion. But beyond this there was a personal quality in its delivery which endowed it with something more than the meaning of the words he used. Thus a biography of him can give only an echo of what he was. Mr. P. J. O'BRIEN'S *Will Rogers, Ambassador of Good Will* (HUTCHINSON, 12/6) has preserved many of his happy comments and articles, and with nearly all of them even the necessary acquaintance with minute facts of American political doings must fail to give them their full value. Sometimes indeed to the ordinary reader they mean very little, but throughout there is a go-as-you-please jauntiness which is undeniably entertaining. There must be few people who have never heard of WILL ROGERS. These, possibly, if they meet him for the first time in this book, will be only mildly appreciative. But those who knew him as he appeared on the screen or was heard in wireless talks will be continually looking up from the page with the remark, "I can just imagine him saying that."

A Courageous Trip.

Armchair travellers will enjoy journeying *Through Forbidden Tibet* (JARROLD, 18/-) with Mr. HARRISON FORMAN, a young American who is prepared to take more than an ordinary number of chances. He saw many marvels on his way and encountered many unpleasant but not always hostile characters. He had severe tussles with the local weather and diet. He was forced continually to accept discomfort amounting to agony, and he was often in acute personal danger. His greatest feat was to secure the friendship and assistance of ALAKH JAMV JAPA, the Grand Living Buddha of Lhabrang Gomba. There is a wealth of valuable material in this book, and the illustrations are of exceptional interest. To my mind the narrative note is pitched a trifle high. A more austere style would have

dignified this account of a really remarkable adventure. As it is, one is occasionally taken aback by some misplaced facetiousness or some florid hyperbole.

Sea Salt.

If the *Koala*, a British coaster, gets rather a slow start from Antwerp to Lough Swilly she has no sooner begun her *Rough Passage* (COLLINS, 7/6) than it is clear that she is embarking upon an exciting voyage. This is, I am told, Mr. GAVIN DOUGLAS'S first book, and unhesitatingly I include him among the small and select band of novelists who write of the sea with the assurance derived from experience. It may conceivably be said that his blustering captain, the *Koala's* crew and stowaway are types; but even if this is granted they are well-chosen types and endowed with individuality. What, however, seems to me of more importance is that Mr. DOUGLAS brings the *Koala* to life and that he handles the complex situation which arises in her with firmness and ability. A really promising yarn of sea-adventure in which it is easy enough to swallow one or two improbabilities.

Another Cautionary Tale.

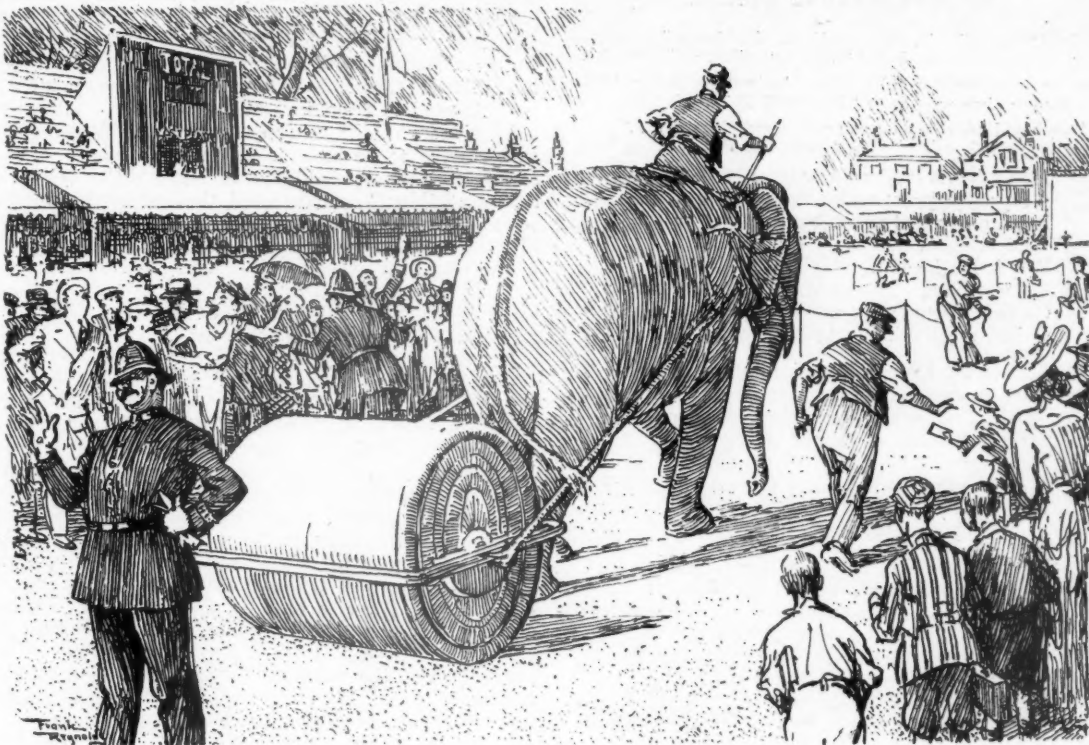
Plain persons have good excuse for being disconcerted by Mr. ALAN MELVILLE'S facetiousness in his foreword to *Warning to Critics* (SKEFFINGTON, 7/6). But after this discouraging start he settles down to tell a story that certainly avoids the beaten track of lethal fiction. A novelist who considers himself vindictively treated by a popular critic decides to end this vendetta by murdering his persecutor. Then follows the arrest of the murderer, his trial, and the climax which in fairness I will not reveal. As patterns of morality I am not extolling the majority of the actors in this drama, but I must give an especial word of praise to the defending barrister in the trial, for he was both brief and extremely effective. A tale that can confidently be offered to lowbrows.

A Novelist's Soliloquy.

I refuse to call *Monogram* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 12/6) a book, and I think that Miss G. B. STERN will agree that it is much nearer a soliloquy. Perhaps it is really a transcription of thinking, for Miss STERN lets the reins fall on the neck of memory and away it trots and carries her, and us with her, to the recollection of all sorts of scenes and sensations, opinions and encounters. It has not the bones of autobiography, but it has some of its other characteristics: it tells of her experiences, tastes and interests, and conducts a psychological experiment which proves that the DREYFUS case, and the pity and terror it roused in her as a child, has been the *leit motif* of her thought ever since. Occasionally Miss STERN writes carelessly, occasionally she flashes at us such jewels as this of ZOLA: "He was a lay-brother serving Justice." Anyone who enjoys the company of a good talker will enjoy this book and bid its author discourse again.



"AFTER ALL, DARLING, HE'S GOT TO MASTER A GRAPEFRUIT SOONER OR LATER."



PLEASING INCIDENT BEFORE THE MATCH—ALL INDIA v. LOAMSHIRE.

Charivaria.

The Daily Mail, so it claims, has restored good relations with Italy. It now only remains for England to restore good relations with *The Daily Mail*.

★ ★ ★

A suggested Academy reform is that in future certain paintings might be admitted only on condition that they are more suitably re-framed. Another bright idea is that certain frames might be hung only on condition that more suitable paintings are put into them.

★ ★ ★

Descendants of goats that supplied THOMAS CARLYLE with milk are still kept at a Chelsea dairy, it seems. Literary pilgrims should visit them.

★ ★ ★

The offer of a trip to the stratosphere for twenty thousand pounds has attracted more applicants than can be taken. We didn't apply. We should hate strap-hanging in the stratosphere.

★ ★ ★

The dome of the Invalides, Paris, is being regilded with gold-leaf so thin that great care has to be taken that it doesn't blow away. Especially now when Parisians are so nervous about the flight of gold.

★ ★ ★

It is believed now that Signor MUSSOLINI had either to conquer Abyssinia or abdicate.

"Unless you are very careful where you pitch your tent the landowner will come down on you," says a camping expert. And so will the tent.

★ ★ ★

"Some cricketers," says a writer, "laugh when bowled first ball." Of course it means nothing to them.

★ ★ ★

"How is it that SHAKESPEARE's works are being read after three hundred years?" asks a critic. The principal reason seems to be that there's no chance of reading them any sooner.

★ ★ ★

A prison warden says that university men are always well-behaved convicts. This makes one more argument in favour of higher education.

★ ★ ★

A retired detective says that there are more travellers swindled while they are crossing the Atlantic than at any other time. It seems to be a case of "Rooked in the cradle of the deep."

★ ★ ★

"What can one say with certainty of a woman who has celebrated her hundredth birthday?" asks a writer. That she is an orphan.

★ ★ ★

War memoirs are liable to break out in Italy at any moment now.

The Man and the Mount.

["Badoglio rides into Addis on white horse,"
Headline in "The Daily Express," May 6th.

"Four hours earlier Marshal Badoglio had entered Addis Ababa, riding a chestnut horse."—From "The Daily Telegraph," May 6th.

"Marshal Badoglio, mounted on a sorrel charger . . ."
From "The Times," May 7th.]

I MAY be as mad as a hatter,
I probably am so indeed,
But I do want to clear up this matter
Of Marshal BADOGLIO's steed.
Was it bright as the daylight or duller?
Some dangerous doubts have been thrown
On this animal's actual colour,
And the truth should be known.

For it may have been pink as the clover
Or green as the hedgerows in May,
Or chestnut and whitewashed all over,
Or piebald or skewbald or bay;
It was probably loaded with laurel
As the legions went into the town,
But was it a roan or a sorrel,
A black or a brown?

There is growing unrest in the nation,
The facts should at once be released;
I demand a precise explanation
Of the tint of BADOGLIO's beast:
Was it mustard perhaps—out of pity
For the traces of poisonous gas?
Or did he ride into the city
On a mule—or an ass?

EVOE.

Uncle Joe and the World of Mechanics.

LATE in life my Uncle Joe, a robust sceptic, seems to have begun looking with approval on ideas of a certain philosophical and even mystical subtlety. I noticed this first in the episode of the Repairs.

Uncle Joe was never any good at repairs. Aunt Susannah used to say that he was one of the least handy men it was possible to have about a house, and he would cheerfully agree. He saw no reason to be more ashamed of his lack of interest in mechanics than of the fact that he couldn't understand the square root of minus one, and if something went wrong with one of the machines on which he depended his immediate reaction was to get a man to see to it.

If something went hopelessly wrong, that is. When the radio set was stubborn Uncle Joe never called in help without first trying his own methods, which did not bring him under any suspicion of being a handy man or knowing what he was up to, but sometimes worked. He had found that this 1928 portable model would often inexplicably wake up when hit smartly on the back, or when pressed firmly in certain spots with the thumb. He also knew that when it whistled it needed a new high-tension battery and that when the sounds gradually faded away the accumulator probably wanted charging. When the set didn't respond to any of these blandishments something was hopelessly wrong and an expert was consulted.

Uncle Joe was quite content to leave it all to the expert, but Aunt Susannah watched like a hawk and was distressed when she saw how little the expert seemed to have to do. She would report to Uncle Joe that the man had only joined two wires, or scraped something, or screwed something up.

After this particular occasion Uncle Joe admitted to me that if that was really all the man had done it did sound pretty simple. "Next time I'll have a go myself," he said.

These were merely extra devices to add to his list of things to try. They were still shots in the dark and did not imperil his amateur status. So the next time the set went wrong he extracted it from its mahogany case, darted several brisk glances within, and mended a thin silk-covered wire that seemed to be broken. Then he switched on; it was seven minutes past six in the evening, and the loud-speaker said smoothly: "... declared that to-day's celebreshns were an inspireshn impossible of exaggereshn. The making of representeshns in any similar situeshn in which the neshns of the world might succumb to over-officialiseshn . . ."

Uncle Joe switched off again and proudly told Aunt Susannah that he had done the trick. Aunt Susannah did not seem to be very much impressed.

"Now they'll charge out of all proportion for doing the door-bell," she said discontentedly. "I was going to ask the man to do the bell when he came to do the wireless. It will be silly to get him here just for the bell."

Telling me about this afterwards Uncle Joe declared that her lack of enthusiasm had driven him at once to go and unscrew the bell-push from beside the front-door with his penknife. For a fortnight or more something had been wrong with it. He meant to take it apart with his knife and glare at each piece; but it seemed to be in one lump, soldered together. He tugged angrily at its tethering wire and pressed the button. There was a faint rattle from the bell in the hall. He kept on pressing, in a spirit of inquiry, and in due course the bell began to ring.

He screwed the bell-push in place again and told Aunt Susannah about that too. This time the reception of his news was more gratifying.

It was after this that the ideas I spoke of began to burgeon (shall I say?) in his hitherto practical mind. He would talk to me about the possibility of a metaphysical concord—that was his phrase—between certain persons and inanimate mechanical things.

"I don't know a thing about 'em, but I made 'em work first go," he said. "Now you can say that's luck—coincidence. I like to put it down to a metaphysical concord."

"Between you and the world of electricity?"

"Exactly," said Uncle Joe solemnly. "The things were doing me a favour."

I asked whether he remembered the time when he got a shock from the vacuum-cleaner. Uncle Joe looked at me with an unfathomable expression and said: "It didn't know me then. It was new."

His metaphysical concord soon proved not to be confined to the world of electricity. He had branches of it everywhere. Shortly after this he was telling me of an old battered nickel watch he had found in a cupboard. It had been dead for more than seven years, but as soon as he took the back off and stirred its inwards with a pin it had begun to tick, and had been keeping time ever since.

There was no holding him. He found himself in metaphysical concord with a couple of derelict wrist-watches and the marble dining-room clock, all of which had been despaired of. The house soon resounded with ticking.

It was natural that after recovering from her first astonishment Aunt Susannah should begin to expect great things of Uncle Joe; but she took too materialistic a view of his gifts. One day I found him ringing up the ironmonger's man to come and put a washer on a tap.

"As I said to her," he observed, hanging up, "I see no point in being in metaphysical concord with a tap." He brooded for a few moments and then said darkly: "As for her little gold watch, she won't let me touch it." R. M.



SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE SYSTERN.

NEVILLE THE PLUMBER (to Old Lady of Leadenhall Street). "I BELIEVE YOU'RE RIGHT, MRS. LLOYD. I SHALL HAVE TO SEND BACK FOR A COMMITTEE TO INQUIRE INTO IT."

The Bogchester Chronicles.

The Old-World Village.

As we approach the village of Stagnant Percy Mrs. Gloop explains to me her reasons for introducing the important social experiment into her village. The old English spirit of peace and contentment, she points out, is gradually disappearing. Countrymen have not enough nowadays to occupy them in their spare time, and what is the result? They climb on to a bus and spend their evenings in the undesirable cinema and dance-hall of Bogchester.

And so she has conceived the idea of reviving in one small corner of the county the old village life of England. The scheme has been enthusiastically received in the village not only because the villagers themselves realise the demoralising conditions of the present day, but also because Mrs. Gloop has let it be clearly understood that no blackleg will be allowed for one instant to occupy any cottage of hers. It is her intention to transform Stagnant Percy into a quiet backwater, an old-fashioned rural retreat, and she has decided to offer for sale several building sites on which



"SEVERAL VILLAGERS HAVE ALREADY AVAILED THEMSELVES OF HER GENEROSITY."

approved purchasers may erect suitably antique buildings far from the mad rush of twentieth-century life.

REMARKABLE SCENES.

On this Saturday afternoon the public are to be admitted for the first time to see the transformed village. The actual arrangements are all in the hands of Mrs. Gloop's agent, Mr. Todd, a man of tireless energy, who has spared no pains to see that the experiment is widely known throughout the county.

Nevertheless I cannot help feeling that some of his energy

is misplaced. Every cross-road as we approach Stagnant Percy bears a notice saying "To Ye Olde Village"; further down the road rows of ice-cream barrows are selling "Olde-Worlde Ices," and from every direction cars and charabancs are pouring into Stagnant Percy.

Consequently there is already a dense crowd in the village when we arrive. We pay our first visit to the village inn, which has now been rechristened "Ye Gloop Arms," and Mrs. Gloop explains to me her method of recapturing the old-world spirit there. With a characteristically generous



"THE VILLAGE ELEVEN CONTINUE THEIR FOLK-DANCING PRACTICE AS INSTRUCTED."

gesture she has arranged that ale will be supplied at half-price to all villagers wearing smocks—obtainable free of charge from the Hall.

Several villagers have already availed themselves of her generosity and are seated in a row on a bench outside the inn. Owing to the crowds the space in front of them has had to be roped off and a long procession of sightseers is filing past, greatly interested in this happy touch of authenticity.

AN UNAPPRECIATIVE MINORITY.

On the village green Mr. Todd has arrived just in time to stop the cricket-match between Stagnant Percy and the Bogchester Second Eleven. He is now seeing that the members of the village Eleven continue their folk-dancing practice, as they have been instructed to do. Unfortunately the Bogchester players seem to feel that they have some sort of a grievance. Half of them have gathered in a group to criticise and embarrass the dancers, and the other half are performing a ridiculous and offensive travesty of folk-dancing in the near vicinity. But a word from Mrs. Gloop to Sergeant Tomkins, who has arrived with a large detach-

ment of the police, soon sees these unappreciative visitors being shepherded back into the crowd.

From here we pass on to the arts-and-crafts section of the village. In a small cottage by the church hand-made pottery is being produced at a surprising rate from clay taken out of the river-bed. Small pot vessels and jugs are being sold for five or six shillings each—an astonishingly low price in view of the superb workmanship.

INTERESTING HANDCRAFTS.

The method employed is of great interest to a student of art-and-craft work like myself. The vessels are roughly shaped in the front room and are then taken away to the back. In a very short space of time they reappear, finished off, baked, glazed and beautifully decorated, and I suggest to Mrs. Gloop that the most interesting part of the process is that which goes on in the back room.

For some reason the artists are extremely reluctant for us to visit this room, explaining that the process is a trade secret. However, Mrs. Gloop insists, and we pass through to find no sign whatever of any art-and-craft activity. All we can see is a pile of large crates, bearing the name of a world-wide organisation of cheap stores and containing crockery packed in straw.

It is explained to us that the high finish of Stagnant Percy ware is obtained by thus packing it in crates surrounded by straw, according to a complicated formula. And as the results are far superior to most art-and-craft pottery we can only suppose that an important discovery has already been made in the Stagnant Percy industry.



"SIR GEORGE GORGE CARRYING ONE OF THE SLEEVES OVER HIS ARM."

Next-door to this cottage is a long shed where hand-woven cloth of a beautiful texture is being made. Here we meet Sir George Gorge, who has taken a particular interest in this enterprise. To mark her appreciation Mrs. Gloop has presented him with a tweed suit made entirely out of Stagnant Percy cloth, and he is of course wearing it for the occasion. Owing to a minor defect in workmanship one of the sleeves has come off and he is carrying it over his arm.

But, as Mrs. Gloop points out, any competent tailor will be able to sew it on again in a few minutes.

A SLIGHT MISCHANCE.

We are bending over one of the looms and Sir George is explaining to us how the peculiar toughness of Stagnant Percy cloth is obtained, when a sharp rending sound is heard. Sir George continues his explanations, but Mrs. Gloop has already turned delicately away to examine another loom, while I explain to him that, most unfortunately, his trousers have split completely across the back.

It is, however, the work of a moment to lead Sir George to a dark corner of the building, where he seats himself on a pile of wool while I arrange that his chauffeur shall go at once to Bogge Hall and bring back another pair of trousers. As I point out, the inconvenience is merely temporary, and in any case it is quite possible that any pair of trousers would have given way in like circumstances.

BEYOND ALL EXPECTATIONS.

I return to escort Mrs. Gloop from the building, and at the door we are met by Mr. Todd, who is in a state of the greatest excitement. The scheme for turning Stagnant Percy into a quiet rural backwater has been successful beyond his wildest dreams, and he congratulates Mrs. Gloop on being the originator of so brilliant an idea. More people, he tells us, have visited Stagnant Percy to-day than in the whole of the last five years. "Ye Gloop Arms" has already exceeded its last year's takings, and every one of the building sites has been sold as a result of the day's publicity.

Two of them, Mr. Todd tells us, have been bought by a firm which intends to build an antique cinema and dance-hall. A private syndicate is to erect "Ye Olde Countrie Clubbe" on a third. A mammoth garage and petrol filling-station and the "Arts-and-Crafts Snacke Barre" for charabanc visitors will occupy the rest.

If it has done nothing else, says Mr. Todd, the day has proved that the British public still has a deep love and reverence for the unspoilt English village. H. W. M.

A Cat May Look at a Kin.

I SAW two catkin-trees at Overhaddon
Where the broken signpost stands,
Leaning intertwined at the meeting of the roads
And talking with their hands.

They both wore long mustard-coloured gauntlets
Which they slapped against the wall,
And whenever either of them over-emphasised a word
A finger would split and fall.

They argued on and on into the twilight
Till I thought they would come to blows;
For one shook his fists in a fury of despair
And one put his thumbs to his nose.

But just as I ran out to separate them
The wind died down in the lane,
And they threw their yellow fingers round each
other's stubborn necks
And made it up again.

Progress.

"Soon blocks of new flats will arise on the site of the old village. They will represent the last word in luxury and convenience. Some of them will even be equipped with special bomb-proof shelters."—*Daily Paper*.

AT THE R.A.



PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII.



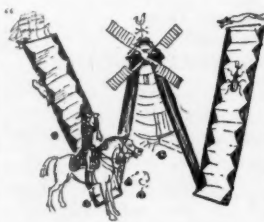
"MOTHER! MOTHER! COME AND SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING TO JANE AND LUCY!"



SELF-EFFACING CONDUCT OF A COCKER.



UPROARIOUS SCENE IN CALEDONIAN MARKET WHEN A CUSTOMER OFFERS SIXPENCE FOR AN AMBER NECKLACE.



ELL, what's your impression of the Academy?"

This question always stumps me. I should like to be able to reply that I thought the art of portraiture was on the decline or that the landscapes showed a truer appreciation of the value of depth than in 1935, but I never seem to get impressions like that. Sometimes I feel that the rooms were perhaps a

little more crowded than last year, and sometimes I feel that artists are a queer lot of eggs, take them for all in all, but I don't know that I can pin it down to anything much more definite than that. Unless of course you count the impression (which I always get) of simply hundreds and hundreds of pictures.

I should like to say a few words about this last point. There are 776 oil-paintings in the present Exhibition. Does anyone seriously contend that nearly eight hundred pictures worthy of being hung in a public place from May to August are painted in this country in a single year?

like that. Sometimes I feel that the rooms were perhaps a



"No, DARLING, YOU ARE TOO YOUNG TO EAT BAGPIPES."



SCENE IN ROTTEN ROW. OUTRAGE ON SIR WALTER GILBEY'S FEELINGS.



ORPHEUS ASSISTS AT A MANNEQUIN PARADE AT WHIPSNADE.

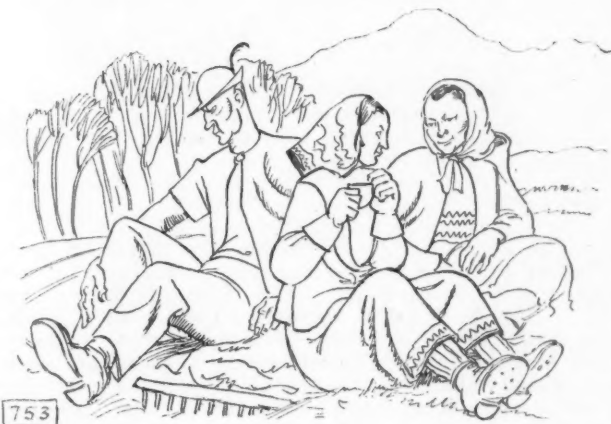


INVENTOR OF NEW METHOD OF SMOKE ABATEMENT JEALOUSLY GUARDS HIS SECRET.



"GEMINI."

FIRST PRIZE FOR MOST APPROPRIATE TITLE.



"OF COURSE, JOHN SHOULD NEVER HAVE TAKEN UP FARMING—HE'S SO OPTIMISTIC."

I am a simple soul, but even if I had never been near the Academy I should be inclined to doubt the proposition. Wouldn't three or four hundred of the better ones be enough so that one could have a reasonable hope of seeing all the good things there were to see before the legs gave out and the eyes became atrophied from over-use? Or if the public insists on getting full value for its one-and-sixpence, might not all the undesirables be crowded together in one gallery, a kind of Chamber of Horrors, leaving the rest of the building free for the proper display of the really worthy? As it is, I find I spend most of my time shying away from inconceivably dull portraits of the illustrious obscure.

However, I suppose the Academy has suffered enough from would-be reformers without this kind of impertinence.

SIR EDWIN LUTYENS (45) dominates the first Gallery. One's attention is immediately attracted by the four matches lying on the table at his elbow. To the student of crime four spent matches can mean only one thing—a pipe-smoker. Contributory evidence is afforded by the absence of cigarette-stubs, and when I tell you that a pipe is actually clutched in the victim's—I mean the sitter's hand, I think you will agree that the case is complete. Sir EDWIN smokes a pipe.

All the same his waistcoat is buttoned up wrongly.

Gallery No. 1 is also remarkable for the first episode in the Bathing Machine Saga. I take No. 42 to represent the father of all bathing-machines. It is very old. External evidence shows it to date from after the time of the invention of the Wheel, but it is impossible to be more precise than that. It has two openings at each end (which should be ample) and one is thus enabled to see clean through the insides of the thing. Through one of the tunnels thus formed—I hope this is clear—may be seen the figure of a bather with large moustaches emerging from the sea. The whole is by Mrs. M. FITTON and is called, quite simply, "Bathing Machine."

I wish I had space to describe in similar detail all the bathing machines in the Academy, but that, alas! is impossible. Machines to note are those in "Esplanade" (754) by Mr. J. FITTON; in "Beside the Seaside" (712), by the same artist (they are here seen, by a fine flight of fancy, through a sitting-room window), in "St. Leonards; Bank Holiday" (751), by Mr. H. C. DEYKIN, and in "Sea-side" (348), by Mr. STEVEN SPURRIER. There is also a picture by Mrs. M. FITTON, which I unfortunately failed to see, called "The Machinist." I wonder.

While I was looking at No. 415 in Gallery VII. an Uncouth Stranger came up and the following conversation ensued:—

Uncouth Stranger. "Ullo, oo's 'is Lordship?"

Myself (coldly). "Sir Richard Sykes, Seventh Baronet of Sledmere, in hunting costume."

U.S. "An' the old buster in black, 'oldin' a tray—oo might 'e be?"

M. "That, I take it, would be Sir Richard's butler, offering the Baronet refreshment."

U.S. "What the 'ell did they want to put 'im in for?"

M. "Symmetry, my good man, balance—you wouldn't understand."

U.S. "Ho! Then wot about the flunkey in the doorway with the 'orsecloth an' wotall? Is 'e in for balance too?"

M. (somewhat at a loss). "Possibly, possibly. He may just have happened to be there when the portrait was being done; it is no concern of mine."



[415]

"YES, SIR, THE GENTLEMAN HAS NEARLY FINISHED; JUST PUTTING THE HIGH LIGHT ON YOUR NOSE, SIR, IF I MAY SAY SO."

LAURA KNIGHT'S beautiful "Spring in Cornwall" (539).

Mr. GEORGE BELCHER'S "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls" (264) is of course a triumph. It has all the force and character of last year's "Mourner" without the almost uncomfortable satire of that picture. This is, I think, the only oil-painting in the Exhibition which is intentionally humorous—but it is far from being the only one at which you will be inclined to laugh.

The artist retained (at enormous expense) to record his Academy depressions for Mr. Punch has, it will be seen, decided on his award for the most appropriate title. My own special prize for the most original title goes naturally to No. 441, "Far from the Madding Crowd." H. F. E.

"New Microphones Pick Up Sounds Which Nobody Can Hear."
Evening Paper.

From this, of course, it is only a step to television broadcasts which nobody can see.

I do not wish to record the further remarks of this uncouth man; but after he had left me in peace I fell to wondering whether this picture might not eventually set a new fashion in portrait-painting. I hope to lead the way next year with a picture of myself with fifteen liveried menservants in close attendance. It will be called "Portrait of a Guest leaving the Hôtel Splendide."

For the benefit of those who, like myself, know nothing of art but would like to have something to aim at in their peregrinations through the galleries, may I recommend a glance at Sir JOHN LAVERY's portrait of Cyril McCormack, Esq. (293), two river-studies by LAMORNA BIRCH (34 and 136), "Commotion in the Cattle Ring" (191), "Chelsea Conversation" (383), and AUGUSTUS JOHN's portrait of Thomas Barclay, Esq. (168)? It can hardly be necessary to mention "The Princes' Vigil" (378) and "The Heart of the Empire" (163), and the same applies to Dame



"BUT, AUNTIE, I CAREFULLY EXPLAINED WHICH CORD YOU HAD TO PULL."

At the Pictures.

ENGLAND OLD AND NEW.

If the gallant effort at the reconstruction of history, *Tudor Rose*, fails to convince, the fault lies, I fear, more with NOVA PILBEAM than with any of the seasoned performers gathered about



DADDY-IN-LAW.

Lady Jane Grey . . . NOVA PILBEAM.
Earl of Warwick . . . CEDRIC HARDWICKE.

her, for as *Lady Jane Grey*, the dupe of schemers, this too mechanical young player neither looks nor is the part. Nor does the scene with her tutor, when she is immersed in the classics and other deep stuff, convince us, so early does it come and so lightly is it taken. In fact we forget it completely, and none of the girl's later efforts, untrammelled by learning, to capture our sympathy, ever cause us to recall it. The *Lady Jane* of the rest of the story is merely perplexed; and I very much doubt if it is she herself who, in her one joyful moment, rides a race for breakfast with her young husband. I very much fear that it is a deputy that we see galloping towards the goal.

Horses, indeed, play a prominent part in this series of episodes. Kings cannot die—and in *Tudor Rose* they are continually dying and their successors are continually being hailed—without the arrival and departure of foaming steeds, from whose reeking backs riders fling themselves: riders who, after momentary disappearance, turn out to be actors whom we have long known well but never suspected of equitation. They certainly add to verisimilitude; but it is doubtful if the strident tones in which both of the dying kings—*Henry VIII.* and his son, *Edward VI.*—express their last wishes do so. And I ask myself if in those days,

even in high places, the accused allowed themselves to be taken prisoner quite so readily and lost their heads with so little aversion. *Thomas Seymour*, for example, "the peacock," who began the trouble with *Lady Jane*, seems throughout his debonair life to have desired nothing so much as the axe.

The odd thing is that among all the practised hands—CEDRIC HARDWICKE, plotting away as the *Earl of Warwick*; and FELIX AYLMER, plotting away as *Edward Seymour*, "the fox" (with a voice strangely like Sir WILLIAM LEWELLYN'S); and SYBIL THORNDIKE, as a blend of nurse and pythoness; and GWEN FRANGCON DAVIES as the conquering Papist, *Mary Tudor*; and JOHN MILLS as *Lord Guildford Dudley*, the husband whom *Jane* would never marry and marries; and someone else, unnamed in the programme, who as *John Knox* fulminates punctually in a very curious kind of church—the odd thing is that among all these performers the only one who persuades us of his reality is the boy who plays *Edward VI.* and so soon dies. Whether or not EDWARD VI. was like DESMOND TESTER no one can say; but that is how we shall think of him, and he is never better than in the banquet scene (a mischievous perversion of *The Private Life of Henry VIII.*, even to the gnawing of the bone) when he admires the acrobats. But, with the best wish in the world, we cannot believe in NOVA PILBEAM as *Lady Jane Grey*: a

leroy and SHIRLEY TEMPLE as *The Littlest Rebel*, this is the children's day. For if DESMOND TESTER's *Edward VI.* is the memorable part in *Tudor Rose*, so is the acting of BONITA GRANVILLE as *Mary* and of MARCIA MAE JONES as *Rosalie* the best thing in *These Three*. I don't say I like either, for they are unpleasant girls in an unpleasant and



ROW-BROWS.

Mary Tilford . . . BONITA GRANVILLE.
Mrs. Mortar . . . CATHERINE DOUCET.

indeed incredible school, but one cannot withhold admiration. Plays or pictures based on the hysteria and mendacity of scholars who ought to be at a Reformatory can be very distasteful, and *These Three*, which starts gaily enough, becomes almost wantonly depressing as we see each of the principals, and the young doctor who loves one and is loved by the other, dragged down by slander. But, if I except the box-on-the-ears delivered by *Mary's* vengeful nurse, nothing is done by anyone except *Mary* and *Rosalie* that we can believe.

Who it was that provided the money to convert the ruined farmhouse into a high-class educational establishment for the daughters of New England gentlemen, was never made clear to me, and I doubt if it could have been done; but a place had to be provided for MERLE OBERON (who gets more like ANNA MAY WONG every day) to be engaged in, and for MIRIAM HOPKINS (who is really an interloper in this piece) to be jealous in, and for JOEL MCCREA (who is already knocking at GARY COOPER'S and CLARK GABLE'S



HIGH-BROWS.

Karen Wright . . . MERLE OBERON.
Martha Dobie . . . MIRIAM HOPKINS.

good part deserving a real actress for the making of what might have been a very successful film.

Apart altogether from FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW as *Little Lord Faunt-*

door) to be long and handsome and "rangy" in, and for *Mary* to spread the poison of her false witness.

The result is a concoction as American as *Tudor Rose* is English; but not a good sample of the American brand. It has been done, I thought, a little too cheaply; the background has been cramped and the "shots" are not too clear, so that people and furniture are sometimes hardly to be distinguished; and of the leading trio one can get very tired. It was therefore a relief when JOEL MCCREA, having retired from his New England hospital ward to a *Klinik* in Vienna, was at last identified through an eating-house window by a forgiving and understanding—oh, so beautifully understanding—MERLE OBERON, and the curtain kiss (seen in reflection on the faces of other Viennese diners) set in with its more than usual intensity. E. V. L.

The Big Shot.

Leo Carmelli was huge and bronzed, and Blesser was squat and flabby, which made it all the funnier.

"You're rotten," said Blesser. "Did you hear that? Rotten all through. You've never done a decent thing in your life, and you wouldn't know how if you wanted to. You're the nastiest, slimiest bit of work that ever trod the earth. You can face up to anything except yourself, and then you're beat. And why? 'Cos you stink; 'cos you're a yellow, squirming snake in the grass and you can't take it. Did you hear that? You can't take it. That's why."

Blesser paused and regarded Leo through half-closed eyes.

"But you're tough," he continued. "You're wanted for everything from murder downwards in every country under the sun. You're so tough you think you can get away with anything you like. You don't know what it means to fear anyone or anything. You know there isn't a man alive that could stand up to you, that you couldn't lay flat on his back. You know that everything you do is crooked, and you don't give a damn, 'cos there's nobody who can put you where you belong. So you just go ahead and do as you please, 'cos nobody's darn fool enough to argue with you. If any man crossed your path it'd be the last thing he ever did. You're so tough you killed Tony, the best pal you ever had, just because he tried to put you wise to yourself. You don't take orders from anybody. You'd twist a man round your little finger for looking at you sideways. You're



"YOUR HYACINTHS DON'T SEEM QUITE SO GOOD AS USUAL, MARY."
"NO, THEY FORGOT TO BE WATERED."

not just a big shot: you're the biggest shot there ever was. Nobody has ever crossed you before and got away with it—not even Tony.

"And now," said Blesser, "what's happened now? You've had your face pushed in the mud. Someone's telling you just what they think of you—and some. Telling you you're rotten, scaly, lousy; that you haven't got the guts to face up to yourself. Telling you where you get off—you, the wise guy, the big shot.

"You're tough," said Blesser. "You've smashed a man's head in for batting an eyelid. Scarface and Benson, the biggest guys in town before

you came—what happened to them? They had to scrape them off a brick wall. So what? So you're standing there like a castigated lily while someone gives you the works, eh? You're the kind of guy to take the frozen mitt and like it, are you?"

"No," said Leo.

"No," echoed Blesser passionately, "you're not! You said it! I'll tell the world you're not!"

Blesser mopped his brow and looked round wildly.

"O.K.," he said, "and again. Let it go."

"Four-sixty-one," said a tired voice.

"Camer-a," said Mr. Blesser.

Down With the Air!

THE invasion—or shall I say the forcible inspection?—of the Cup-Tie Final at Wembley by piratical aircraft seemed to me to be about the most insolent deed of modern times. The Courts, it appears, could do nothing to prevent it; the Air Ministry would (or could?) not prohibit it, and have no intention of promoting an alteration in the law. The pirates, for all I know, were well within the law; but if that is so the law needs attention. For the cold fact is that, having been expressly requested to keep away from private property, they did not do so; and that, in other days, was called trespass.

It is a pity perhaps that we abandoned the good old rule of trespass in the air. The good old principle was that every man's rights of property in land belonging to him extended as far as the sky in the upward direction and down to the centre of the earth in the other. In order to permit the noisy aeroplane to make noises where it would we weakly passed the Air Navigation Acts, by which the flight of aircraft "at a reasonable height" above the ground is not actionable at the suit of the owner or occupier below; and, apparently, if there is no danger there is no remedy.

By the German Civil Code the owner of land owns the space above it but has no right to prohibit acts so remote from the surface that they in no way affect his interests. If we had had such a provision the bumptious bird-men could have been repelled.

This football match was a "public" event in the sense that members of the public who paid to enter were admitted. But the rights of those who owned the ground were the ordinary rights of private property, and that people who have not merely not paid to enter but have been forbidden to be present should be able to insist on being there and on taking photographs of a private place by means of the rude aeroplane is an intolerable thing.

For where is it to stop? Many interesting things happen in private houses of which news-reel agencies would gladly make a visual record for exhibition to the people. Suppose that some old-fashioned peer declines to allow himself to be "news-reeled" cutting his grandchild's christening cake, or breakfasting in bed with his wife, or interviewing the Prime Minister, or entertaining Royalty, are the disgusting "autogiros" going to hover outside or opposite to his windows, with telescopic lenses, till he surrenders? If auto-pirates can hover

with impunity over or near a private stadium they may hover, I suppose, near a private garden or a private swimming-bath. The telescopic camera, like every other enemy of privacy, will be improved, and so long as its height is not dangerous or "unreasonable" will be monarch of all it surveys.

Let us go back to the good old law, or nearly. If it is necessary for aeroplanes to go about at all (which I for one entirely deny), we cannot perhaps prevent the beastly things from passing over us. But this "hovering" brings in a whole new world of horror; and surely it should be possible for any citizen to hang out a flag or some sort of sign upon his property by which he could say, "NO HOVERERS HERE," and expose all unlicensed hoverers to heavy penalties. The next thing, no doubt, will be mammoth hoverers, grand-stand hoverers, which will hang over the Coronation Procession and the Derby and every other pleasant affair, darken the sky with their ungainly shapes and drown the music with their unlovely din.

Din. It may be that this event will do good by recalling our attention to the general arrogance of the Air. I forget how long it is since we Conquered the Air; but we still make as much noise up there as if we had laid the egg yesterday. Cannot the buzzing bores be silenced yet? I am told they could be. Then why not do it? Which of the great and noble purposes of Man is being served by all that noise? If a silencer will diminish speed by a few miles an hour, what matter? Better that five or six should have an hour less for shopping in Paris than that the multitude they fly over should be bombarded and badgered with endless noise.

Still, the bird-fellow who flies straight over you on his way to Paris doing a job has something to be said for him. The one who makes me call for my rook-rifle is the one who goes round and round in the same area on a calm summer day, doing absurd though doubtless heroic stunts, taking passengers round the town, advertising an exhibition or face-cream, or simply trying to wave to his wife. If it is feasible to silence that fellow, let him be silenced; there can be no good reason against it. We all at times make noises which annoy a few folk near us. But has there ever in the world's history been anything to equal the tyranny of that lone bird-brute circling about up there, a single man thrusting his din down the ears of thousands and not caring twopence whether they like it or not? Concerning the activities of our gallant Services a

patriot will not judge hastily; but what of all those Service machines which on summer days ceaselessly buzz and bellow and drone to and fro over the Beaulieu River and the Hamble River and all the delightful waters of that part, so that it is no longer possible, even there, to lie at anchor or walk in the woods or sit beside a stream and say, "Well, here at least is peace"? Is all that noise truly necessary? If not, let it cease.

Indeed, as we said long ago, and greater men are now beginning to say, we should shed no tears if aeroplanes ceased altogether. "But you can't put the clock back!" "Oh, can't we? Then what is the point of signing pacts against poison-gas and limiting the size of guns?" No doubt the dear bird-men have brought one or two benefits to a deplorably slow-moving world; but they could be recorded on a postage-stamp. The trouble and terror they have brought, and look like bringing, will need a tablet the size of the Atlantic. So, though it may be impossible to eliminate the pests, let us at least abandon the foolish pretence that we have done something grand and glorious in inventing them; and when, without any warlike excuse, they begin to defy civilization in the Wembley manner, let us tread on them well and truly. At the next Cup Tie, maybe, they will *gas* the directors and turn machine-guns on the Football Association.

A. P. H.

Comparisons.

An impartial observer who looks at an ape
Must notice it is not attractive in shape,
The cast of its features needs some
adjusting
And some of its habits are frankly disgusting;
Yet DARWIN and other wise men have contrived
To prove this is the source from which man is derived.
There's nothing to show that they've wasted their labours
While we think of our friends or relations or neighbours,
But it's scarcely sufficient for you or for me
Or the Carnival Queen of St. Leonards-on-Sea.

M. H.

Another New Charity?

"HOME FOR EXOTIC FISH."
Headline in Daily Paper.

"Major Charter has under him three white officers and 150 Silks of the 5/14 Punjabis."
Daily Paper.

The famous King's Own Counsel.



If they were wicked enough, Ex-Naval Ratings, with the skill gained at Window Ladder and Rope Climbing could easily augment their pensions by a bit of cat-burgling.



It's no use trying to "gong" the lads of the Royal Corps of Signals. They can jump over anything.



All done without bridles.



"Pikemen, point your pikes at it, and hope".



Perhaps it's just as well that no aircraft appeared over Mousehold Heath in the year 1588.

CHAS. GRAVE:



A realistic display by the London Units of the 1st Anti-Aircraft Division [T.A.]. The only thing missing was protection from imaginary gas.

THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT AT OLYMPIA—TREATED SOMEWHAT FRIVOLOUSLY.



THE CULTURED CRUISERS.

"AREN'T YOU COMING ASHORE? WE'RE ALL GOING TO THE PARTHENON."
 "OH! IS THERE SOMETHING GOOD ON THERE?"

Pay It With Flowers.

(The rent of an estate in Peebles-shire is a red rose. An extension of this sort of currency opens up entrancing possibilities.)

I GAMBOLED gaily down the street
 To pay my butcher's bill
 And handed to the man of meat
 A lovely daffodil,
 Then turned with blithesomeness imbued
 Into the road at speed
 Ere he could voice the gratitude
 For which I felt no need.
 And I looked back again to see
 A really touching sight,
 That butcher, radiant with glee,
 Was dancing with delight.
 Good man, his heart with pleasure fills,
 He dances with the daffodils.
 And as I heard his happy trills
 I speeded up my flight.

I lured a taxi from its lair
 As day drew to a close,
 And offered him, instead of fare,
 A beautiful primrose.
 Somehow I seemed to touch a spring
 That opened up his heart,
 He bent and kissed my offering,
 From which he would not part,

And talked about it and about
 As I stood by his door,
 And, though obscure at times, no doubt,
 I got his meaning's core.
 Though it might seem a foolish whim,
 He said, a rose, however prim,
 A simple primrose was to him
 And it was nothing more.

The man of Inland Revenue
 I guided by the hand,
 And showed him where my flowers grew;
 He did not understand,
 But stood dry-eyed and answered nought
 When I brought him the shears;
 It seemed my flowers gave him thought
 That lay too deep for tears.
 To every bloom I offered he
 Would give his head a shake,
 But when I brought him rosemary
 I thought his heart would break.
 I filled his bowl to the brim
 And saw his eyes grow moist and dim.
 "That's rosemary," I said to him,
 "Just for remembrance' sake." J. B. E.



KING OF KINGS.

KING VICTOR EMANUEL. "I SUPPOSE, MASTER, THERE'S ROOM FOR ANOTHER ONE."

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Impressions of Parliament.

Synopsis of the Week.

Monday, May 4th.—Commons: Debate on Navy Supplementary Estimate.

Tuesday, May 5th.—Lords: Debate on Constitution of Malta.
Commons: Debate on Budget Leakage and Civil List.



THE ST. STEPHEN'S CUTTY-STOOL.

[“Cutty-stool: the stool of repentance in old Scottish church discipline.”—*Dictionary*.]

MR. MACNEILL WEIR.

Wednesday, May 6th.—Lords: Trial of Peers considered in Committee.
Commons: Debate on Foreign Affairs.

Monday, May 4th.—Atmosphere, like trousers, can now be sponged and pressed, and as the hot weather approaches Members are beginning to wonder why they should be denied the advantages of air-conditioning which cinema-goers enjoy. The decoration and lighting of the Chamber are unrelievedly gloomy; when in addition it becomes unrelievedly stuffy there is some excuse for the inanimate impression it so often gives. Mr. ORMSBY-GORE told Mr. DAY this afternoon that a brigade of scientists are at the moment considering its ventilation, but that the age and character of the building complicated the problem. Mr. HICKS's Utopian suggestion that the place should be reconstructed was less practical than that of Captain ARTHUR EVANS, who simply asked if the windows could be opened.

After the CHANCELLOR had announced that the Government were setting up a Judicial Tribunal to investigate the alleged leakage of Budget secrets, Mr. WEIR had apologised to the House for an article of his in which he had seemed to suggest that Members had put the leakage to good account, and the P.M. had paid graceful tribute to KING FUAD, the House turned to the Supplementary Naval Estimates.

Accelerated production of anti-aircraft guns, bigger reserves of oil-fuel, modern machines for the Air Arm, more sailors, and the creation of a special mother-ship for the Queen Bees (target-aeroplanes controlled by wireless) were described by Lord STANLEY. Mr. ALEXANDER took the opportunity of asking that Naval officers should be more democratically recruited and that welfare conferences in their original form should be revived. Strong exception to the inclusion in this Vote of the initial cost of the two new battleships, seeing that the Committee which is sitting on the Bomb *v.* Battleship controversy has not yet reported, was taken by a number of Members, and particularly by Mr. CHURCHILL, who thought that destroyers should come first, and who went on to a powerful assault on the present dual control of the Fleet Air Arm.

On this point Sir THOMAS INSKIP declined to commit himself, and as for the battleships, he assured the House that the Committee's Report would at the most only affect their design.

Tuesday, May 5th.—Malta is to be given a breathing-space from political troubles, and the Second Reading of a Bill to give the Crown full right to legislate for it was moved in the Upper House by Lord PLYMOUTH to-day.

The coal-owners, who are still naturally opposed in principle to compulsory State purchase of their royal-

ties, have gone so far as to suggest the neat round sum of £150,000,000 as a fair price. What the Government thought of this figure Captain CROOKSHANK refused to tell the Commons, but the Opposition derisively put their view of it beyond doubt.

In moving an Address praying for a public monument to Lord BEATTY the



POACHER TURNED KEEPER.

LORD WINTERTON.

P.M. was in his best form, and Mr. ATTLEE and Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR followed him eloquently, Sir ARCHIBALD saying that Lord BEATTY's true memorial would be part of the traditions of the Navy.

Discussion of the Tribunal to be set up to investigate the Budget affair showed a feeling on the part of the Opposition, strongly expressed by Mr. ATTLEE and Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS, that a Select Committee of the House would have been the proper judge of a matter which so closely involved its honour. Lord WINTERTON, however, recalled the degree of personal animosity which had been aroused in the House by the Report of the Select Committee on the Marconi case, and the CHANCELLOR's motion to set up the Tribunal was agreed to.

Going into Committee on the Civil List, the House heard with approval the CHANCELLOR's appreciation of the KING's spontaneous economies; but although Mr. PETHICK-LAWRENCE spoke generously for the official Opposition, the Left



“ABOUT TURN!”

SERGEANT-MAJOR SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN AND PRIVATE EDEN.

Wing seized the opportunity to flap, ignoring the fact (put by Mr. LEWIS) that monarchy is easily the cheapest form of government.

Wednesday, May 6th.—When the Labour Party seized the chance offered by the Foreign Office Vote this afternoon to censure the Government's policy in regard to Abyssinia, Mr. DALTON pitched his attack in so violent a key that his speech would have been funny if it had not been dangerous and unfair. He charged the Government not only with responsibility for the outbreak of the war, but with having left the Abyssinians to their fate and with having made a profit on the oil used by the Italian gasmen.

Mr. EDEN ironically congratulated him on such a gross mis-statement of historical events, and once again went over the earlier part of the dispute. Last year, he said, Italy drew only about 4% of her oil from British sources, so that part of the charge was absurd; even *The Daily Herald* had agreed that further sanctions were too difficult; as for the suggested closing of the Suez Canal, that could only have been done by a unanimous League Resolution, which was out of the

question; from the very beginning the Government had been prominent in attempts at conciliation. In conclusion



OUR BACK-BENCH WHO'S WHO.

Mr. KIRKWOOD (above)
Is gentle as a dove.
His pride
Is the Clyde.

he insisted that a League—a revised League—was indispensable, and asked for restraint from purely partisan criticism which would be misunderstood in those countries where it was not allowed.

In the view of Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR, Mr. EDEN had not disposed of Mr. DALTON's charges. He deplored the neglect of oil sanctions and urged the Government to stick close to the League at this vital moment when France was swinging towards it. Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, on the other hand, declared that the sanctions which the Opposition had called for would have meant conscription in any other country.

This point was put even more strongly by Mr. BERNAYS, who rated the Socialists for their hypocrisy in demanding the most dangerous sanctions while going into the Lobbies against rearmament, and remarked that "a dictator who was not afraid of losing his head would always win against politicians who were afraid of losing their seats."

The tail of the debate contained a waspish sting in the shape of a ferocious attack on the P.M. by Mr. CHURCHILL for what he described as lamentable leadership.



"MY POOR MAN, I WOULD LIKE TO HELP YOU, BUT UNFORTUNATELY I HAVE LEFT MY PURSE AT HOME."
"THAT'S ALL RIGHT, LADY; I ALWAYS CARRY BLANK CHEQUE FORMS."



"WHAT PAGE HAD I GOT TO YESTERDAY?"

Taxation, 2036.

IN his *Reflections on Taxation in 2036* (Button and Button, 12/-) Sir Benjamin Bott carefully examines the difficult task of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

"Since the State," he says, "became something for people to lean on instead of, as in the past, something to support, it has been obvious that sooner or later some limit would have to be put on the number of leaners. At first only the very poorest classes assumed that it was the function of the State to provide them with their every need, but such an attractive theory could not be expected to remain the monopoly of a favoured few.

"People began to see a new meaning in DISRAELI'S theory of Two Englands. The Two Englands were the England that earned and the England that leaned. First the lower-middle classes joined the lower classes in the ranks of the leaners. The leaners received from the State free education for their children, free milk, free food, free houses, free hospitals, free clubs and eventually free beer and free cigarettes. Then the middle classes, getting tired

of paying for the upkeep of leaners with large families when they could afford no children for themselves, joined the ranks of the leaners and only the upper-middle and upper classes were left to be leaned against.

"When things arrived at this stage the Cabinet met to consider what could be done. One Cabinet Minister said that unless drastic steps were taken fairly soon he would be obliged to give up earning, which he could no longer really afford with income-tax at twenty-one shillings in the pound. Then the Chancellor of the Exchequer suggested that taxation on a class basis had failed owing to the law of diminishing returns, and that in future only bachelors should be taxed.

"It was one of those brilliant ideas that when thought of make everybody wonder why it hasn't occurred to them before. Of course bachelors must be taxed! They had been taxed in a mild way for years by the system of marriage allowances and child allowances, but as the Cabinet at that time consisted entirely of married men it was unanimously decided that in future bachelors should bear the whole brunt of taxation.

"Bachelors being by nature a meek

and diffident race, did nothing but utter a grumble or two, and had the State been satisfied with a mere pecuniary penalty all might have been well; but once having started, the Government with true British thoroughness went on.

"Why, it was argued, should married couples push their own perambulators? It did not seem right that bachelors should sit at home while married men toiled along with pram-loads of heavy babies. So the Perambulator-Pushing by Bachelors Act (2011) was passed. Under this Act every bachelor had to do at least half-an-hour's pram-pushing every day. Further Acts were passed to make bachelors take their fair share of other household jobs. There was the Lawn-Mowing Act (2013), the Taking the Dog for a Run Act (2014), the Washing-Up Act (2015) and the Taking the Children to the Cinema Act (2016).

"It was felt that, by thus finding a taxpayer who was too much of a worm to turn, the Government had finally solved the financial problems of the country; but unfortunately in 2036 the last bachelor joined the ranks of the leaners by the simple expedient of getting married."

Rural Drama.

"WITH the object," said Mrs. Willoughby-Bigham, "of doing everything possible to foster the Drama among the local inhabitants, I propose to present a prize for the best-constructed and most thoughtful one-Act play written in Bilkham and the surrounding villages."

There were murmurs of astonishment at the boldness of this project.

"Do you really think there is anyone in Bilkham and the surrounding villages," inquired Bode, "capable of writing anything more thoughtful than a milk-bill?"

"Who knows?" said Mrs. Willoughby-Bigham. "There may be mute inglorious MILTONS among the tillers of the soil."

"That's what I'm afraid of," said Bode. "I can imagine the sort of mute stuff they'll send in, and we shall have to read their inglorious handwriting."

"We have a proposition," said our President. "Will anybody second it?"

There was silence for a moment, then Bode said dramatically, "Yes, I will. It's a fine scheme."

He had had time to reflect that if Mrs. Willoughby-Bigham was really going to present us with a small hall as our permanent quarters it would be unkind to oppose any project of hers now.

"Snoopwhistle," he said, turning to me, "have an announcement put in *The Bilkham Gazette* inviting entries for the Willoughby-Bigham prize. After you've read them—and rewritten them where necessary so as to make them legible—hand them on to Mrs. Willoughby-Bigham. And when I've read them we'll meet and select the three best. So that we won't be biased the names of the authors had better not be disclosed at this stage. After that we'll cast them and perform them in the Assembly Rooms. Terrible place to have to do them," he added diplomatically, "but until we get a hall of our own . . ."

"Isn't it asking rather a lot of our members," I murmured, "to expect them to act in plays by the local rubes? Some of them won't even play in Shakespeare."

"Nonsense!" said Bode. "There's only one reason they don't like Shakespeare and that's because they don't like tights. Add a note to the effect that no plays should be submitted that have to be done in tights."

"Those in favour . . .?" said our President—quite unnecessarily, because when Bode utters a few impromptu

words like the above they have all the force of a dictatorial decree.

In due course we met to consider the works of the local NOEL COWARDS. Seven plays had been submitted—not a bad entry for the first year of the competition (as things have turned out it is also likely to be the last), and they ranged from extremely thick-ear drama to perfectly drawing-room comedy.

"Personally," said Bode, "I'm astounded. These yokels seem to have quite a strong sense of the theatre. With one exception their stuff reaches a very high standard. We can rule *High Diplomacy* out straightaway, of course—pure pig-swill—but the others—"

"I don't agree with you about *High Diplomacy*," said Mrs. Willoughby-Bigham; "I don't think it's at all bad. It certainly ought to be put in the first three. Incidentally there's quite a good part for my daughter Mary in it."

The three pieces performed on the big night were *The Farmer Hates the Soil*, *Red Cabbages* and *High Diplomacy*.

Somewhere doubtless among the densely-packed audience were the nameless dramatists themselves, and speculation was—as you can guess—rife as to their identity. Agnes Doe, the baker's daughter, was known to have bought a box of paper-clips at Pibley's. And ever since he won that ten-shilling prize for a three-word "Snippet" Horace Byre the milkman has been looked upon as a literary gent. Also it was whispered that George Smook, who works up at Mash's poultry farm, had been seen looking rather intense on more than one recent occasion as he cleaned out the fowl-houses.

When the curtain had fallen on the last play and the clapping had died away, Bode stepped on to the stage to act as adjudicator. He awarded the first prize to *The Farmer Hates the Soil*, which he described as "definitely good agricultural theatre." He liked, he said, the relentless way in which the story moved towards the climax where, after the alluvial nature of the soil in question had been demonstrated to the farmer, he promised to take up a very different attitude towards it in future. And he placed *Red Cabbages* a good second. In dealing with *High Diplomacy*, while he refrained from referring to it as "pig-swill," he nevertheless thought it only fair to the actors (particularly as one of them was Mary Willoughby-Bigham) to say that it was not their fault. If Miss Mary Willoughby-Bigham—who would one day be a great actress—had been made to look a little foolish to-night, he explained to the audience, she was in no

way to blame. He wished, he said, to make it clear that the only fault was with the playwright. It was not to be expected that an agricultural worker, who doubtless had an unrivalled knowledge of the manuring of turnip-fields, should be equally well versed in the manners of diplomats. And if his ideas about the technique of play-construction, the rules of English grammar and the behaviour of polite society were a little hazy, that was perfectly understandable. But it would have been better if he had dealt with a subject he knew something about. As for the actors, they had striven valiantly under great difficulties.

Their difficulties had not been lightened, he added, by their having to perform under such cramped and awkward conditions as those which prevailed in the Assembly Rooms, but he hoped shortly to have a very interesting announcement to make in this connection. . . .

"What sort of announcement?" inquired Mrs. Willoughby-Bigham, much interested, afterwards. "I wrote *High Diplomacy*."

Inexpert Opinion.

If there is one feature more than another that marks the present as an age of discretion it is our habit of going for a critical judgment not to the professional or the expert, but to an amateur, or even to someone completely lacking experience of the subject which he is asked to criticise. Here, for example, is a typical instance selected almost at random from the daily Press:—

"Our reporter asked the diminutive drummer for his opinion of Henry Hall's band.

'The band is all right,' he said, 'but I do not care for Hall's attempts to put on shows.'"

The person who gave this well-weighed judgment is a boy of about seven years. He is just big enough to see over the top of his drum. His experience of orchestral work dates back about six weeks. Obviously the opinion of such a one will have a freshness and impartiality that it would be hopeless to look for in a man who has been playing the drum in orchestras all his life. The fact is, of course, that a drummer has too many fingers in the orchestral pie. From his exalted seat in the middle of the back row he sees too much of the game. In a word, when he has been years in the business he *knows* too much. To the professional drummer of long experience these youngsters, like HENRY HALL, JACK



"WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"
 "GOLDERS GREEN."
 "THAT'S STRANGE; WE'RE GOING TO THE DEPÔT."

PAYNE and company, are simply childish figures used to decorate the front of the stage. He doesn't need them, he doesn't notice them, would be quite happy without them. In fact I remember when I once asked the drummer in HENRY HALL's band for his opinion of Mr. HALL as a conductor he looked puzzled.

"HALL?" he said. "HALL?" He shook his head. "I don't think I've ever worked with anyone of that name."

That is why the wise inquirer goes to a child of seven with six weeks' experience for criticisms of our great band-leaders. His mind is not befogged with too much knowledge. He would recognise HENRY HALL if he saw him. He has seen his picture on cigarette-cards. But otherwise his opinion is quite fresh and unspoilt.

For the same reason the inquirer in search of a critical judgment on opera would not dream of going to Sir THOMAS BEECHAM for it. Sir THOMAS has spent most of his life in and about opera. He can hardly have avoided forming very decided opinions about it. In fact he must be prejudiced. The wise inquirer therefore seeks elsewhere for an opinion on opera—amongst the prize-fighters perhaps, or the poultry-fanciers. To Sir THOMAS

he goes only for information about sewage disposal or the average English audience. Hence the constant appearance of this little item in the daily Press:—

"Having disposed of Birmingham's drainage system, I asked Sir THOMAS for his opinion of the average English audience.

"But I thought we had finished with sewage?" he replied, wrinkling his nose, and with an urbane gesture held his handkerchief to his face."

The interviewer of course asks Sir THOMAS about the average English audience obviously because Sir THOMAS can know nothing about it. He has never even seen it. He spends all his time with his back to it. All that has reached him from it is a faint effluvium.

There is, I think, a reaction against professionalism. The traditional English attitude is that of the gifted amateur. Unfortunately the nasty habit of professionalism ingrained in some of our competitors knocked all the stuffing out of that idea. The professors were too successful. So of recent years we have not been quite so dilettante.

But now, it seems, we are seeing the reaction. In Parliament the other day a Member stood up and said: "Mr.

Speaker, I have been referred to as a *professional statesman*. I resent that imputation."

A famous headmaster recently said in public:—

"We have heard a lot in the last few years of so-called *scientific* methods of teaching. I am happy to say that I know nothing about them"—(applause)—"I remember when I was being interviewed for my first job as an assistant master, the headmaster said as soon as he saw me: 'I hope you haven't got your head full of *ideas* about teaching?' 'No, Sir,' I replied honestly, 'I have not.' 'Good,' he said—'splendid; that's the type of man we are looking for.' And that, gentlemen, is the type of man I look for now when I am faced with the task of filling a vacancy in my staff. . . ."

In fact the principle of amateurism has gone so far now that it has reached the editorial offices of our magazines. Editors no longer read the articles that are submitted to them. They pass them on.

So now, if you are displeased, you know whom to blame. But don't write to the Editor about it. He is probably busy giving out advice on how to swim the Channel. Write to the liftman.

At the Play.

"BEES ON THE BOAT DECK" (LYRIC).

FOR all that it is called a farcical tragedy, *Bees on the Boat Deck* at the Lyric Theatre has an obvious and serious pedigree. It arises out of Mr. PRIESTLEY's *English Journey*. He has seen the ships of the mercantile marine laid up in estuaries and creeks, and the sad sight has set him thinking hard. If good use is made of the formula which has served him so well from the *Good Companions* onwards, the formula of surprise coming into the most humdrum lives, of romantic adventure waiting just round the corner, or even prepared to come of its own accord to those who wait, this theme is overlaid by the serious discussion of "Whither England?"

The characters who one by one climb up on to the deck of the *Gloriana* are all types. There is *Mr. Slivers*, the grocer (Mr. RAYMOND HUNTLEY), the embodiment of the great mass of the newspaper-reading public. It is to provide *Slivers* and his like with ceaseless sensation that newspaper reporters grow more and more merciless so that *Hilda Jackson* (Miss RÉNE RAY) has to flee and hide on the ship because she is the chief witness in a notorious lawsuit. But the plot centres in the conjunction of a scientist, a financier and a Communist on the ship. For their different reasons they all want to blow it up. The financier sees money in an apparently accidental explosion; the Communist likes the idea of an explosion as a political demonstration, and the chemist, charmingly played by Mr. RICHARD GOOLDEN, is quite remote and detached and has an artistic love of explosions for their own sake. Against them stands the strength of England impersonated by Mr. RALPH RICHARDSON as *Sam Gridley* and Mr. LAURENCE OLIVIER as *Robert Patch*.

These men, the engineer and the mate of the *Gloriana* in her old and busy days, have to pit their wits against this unforeseen and mad conspiracy. Here is something, says Mr. PRIESTLEY, the English mercantile marine, that has a great tradition and has played a great part. It is being sacrificed to-day for not good reasons by people who are either foolish or knavish or both. At times the satire becomes fierce. The financier's daughter, the

Hon. Ursula Maddings (Miss KAY HAMMOND) is made the butt of denunciation which is almost of the soap-box in its lack of subtlety. The Fascist (Mr. S. J. WARMINGTON) is also crudely drawn and as crudely denounced, and

the same is true of the police, personified in *Sergeant Wilks* (Mr. ARTHUR HAMBLING).

The play keeps trembling on the edge of long Shavian disquisitions, but the action is lively and vigorous throughout. Mr. PRIESTLEY delights to show what rich possibilities for hide-and-seek, for imprisonments and escapes a cargo steamer presents. It is a bold stroke which makes him produce his explosive so early in the play, for explosive has a way of dominating the stage. People who are expecting an enormous bang only attend with one ear to shrewd thrusts at the political incoherence of modern England.

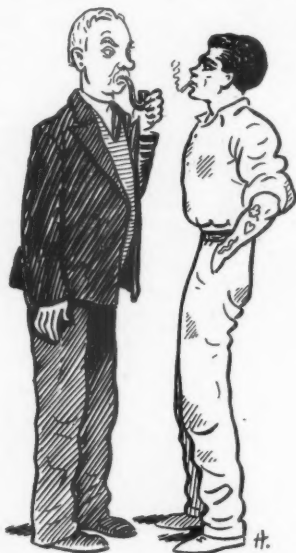
Mr. RICHARDSON, as a middle-aged Englishman whose hobby is SCHOPENHAUER, was the outstanding figure the whole time and received a great ovation at the close. If he was the mouthpiece for much that Mr. PRIESTLEY feels strongly, he delivered his homilies without any trace of preaching, and preserved an imperturbable good temper, through the unwonted excitements of a long and hectic day.

There are plenty of admirable little surprises, and Mr. PRIESTLEY is a successful craftsman, all the time devising incidents which have a general significance and serve further to ram home his point. The play suggests a transitional stage in his work as a dramatist. In one sense it is in the tradition of *Cornelius* and *Angel Pavement*, but it also shows him as feeling that exposition, however devastating, is not enough. He looks as though he is about to feel his way towards the important but dangerous paths of constructive social criticism. But he has, fortunately, a singularly robust and engaging zest for every-day life which keeps his feet firmly on the common ground we know.

D. W.

"AH, WILDERNESS!"
(WESTMINSTER).

There is nothing strange about this interlude by Mr. EUGÈNE O'NEILL, whom one can see sitting comfortably in a deck-chair while he wrote it, out in the sun. None of its people has a tattered psyche or a driving urge to be beyond his fellows. They are all straightforward customers whose spoken word accords pretty closely with their inward thought, and the simple joys are theirs. Even *Aunt Lilly*, who has the hardest deal, gets a sort



A.B.'s ON THE BOAT-DECK.

Sam Gridley . Mr. RALPH RICHARDSON.
Robert Patch . Mr. LAURENCE OLIVIER.



EXPERIMENTAL CHEMISTRY—A "STINKS" MASTER.

Hon. Ursula Maddings . . Miss KAY HAMMOND.
Francis Fletherington . . . Mr. RICHARD GOOLDEN.

of kick, as someone remarked, out of mothering the bottle-scarred clown she newly married.

Mr. O'NEILL calls the play "a comedy of recollection," and might have added "and of adolescence," for within the bounds of comedy he has caught brilliantly the egotism, the self-pity and the intellectual flutterings of a boy of seventeen and treated them with a gentle sympathetic satire. *Richard Miller* was a simpleton to whom life was unfolding its possibilities very slowly and in a backwater in Connecticut, but his problems were universal. It would be the easiest matter to transpose their scene to Dieppe or Hartlepool or wherever boys fall heavily for the blonde round the corner and privily absorb the more erotic poets.

SWINBURNE and Lord BYRON were the trouble here. Their sentiments, echoed with no lack of anatomical feeling but with the purest intentions in a letter to the lovely *Muriel McComber*, were grossly misinterpreted by her respectable parent, who forced her to reply harshly and demanded summary punishment for a youth so far gone in profligacy. *Richard's* father was fortunately a pillar of common-sense, but he owned the local paper and therefore had to be a little careful; and his mother, excellent woman but no student of IBSEN or the other prophets of the revolution, already suspected her son of an attachment with a certain light-living, sharp-shooting young woman named *Hedda*, of whom he sometimes spoke darkly.

And so *Richard*, having drunk deeply of his SHAW and imagining himself, as we have all imagined ourselves, to be fighting the first major battle in the history of the world against the forces of repression, was forced into the paths of rebellion, where he drank deeply at other heady springs and returned to his family in a thoroughly disreputable condition, from which he awoke next morning a bilious but a wiser lad. His family took the matter more lightly than they would otherwise have done owing to their being conditioned, as it were, by *Uncle Sid's* variations from the sober; and as for *Muriel*, though an incorrigible stickler for the proprieties, she permitted herself to be lightly kissed, sitting in the moonlight on an upturned dinghy. I doubt all

the same if she would ever have been educated quite up to SWINBURNE.

One of the best scenes was at the saloon where *Richard* got drunk and first made up his mind about ladies with painted faces. And that where his usually commanding father, trem-



"PARADISE ENOW."

Sid Davis . . . Mr. EDWARD LEXY.

bling with fright, endeavoured, but failed, to enlighten him about the natural laws was delicious comedy. But I felt that the whole play would have been the better for judicious cutting; it went on just a little too long, and some of the sentimental notes outlasted their effect. In particular the *rapproche-*



ALL SWINBURNE'S FAULT.

David McComber . . . Mr. HARRY HUTCHINSON.
Nat Miller . . . Mr. FRED JOHNSON.

ment with *Muriel*, here remotely staged, would be more effective if shortened.

The cast were from the Dublin Gate and Abbey Theatres, and they showed a directness and simplicity of feeling which lent a persuasive reality to the play and largely made up for a certain absence of elasticity. They spoke well, and the fact that the accents of Dublin and Connecticut were often curiously fused mattered hardly at all.

Mr. CYRIL CUSACK's *Richard* was a very understanding piece of work; Miss ANN PENHALLOW's sensible bustling *Mother* was good and admirably complementary to Mr. FRED JOHNSON's decent spirited *Father*; Miss EILEEN ASHE's little portrait of unselfish *Aunt Lilly* was very delicately done; and Mr. EDWARD LEXY's *Uncle Sid* must be elected forthwith to the exclusive company of the lovable, the really improving, drunks of the stage.

Not to be pedantic, surely "low-brow" wasn't used as a substantive, as Mr. O'NEILL uses it, in 1906, the date of the play? ERIC.

"The street-corner bookmaker is seldom found with his clients," remarks a sporting writer. It would appear that they just give him the slip.

* * *
Kangaroos at Whipsnade are observed to assume their winter coats in the English summer. They are wise.

* * *
"What is your conception of a crooked trick?" asks a correspondent. A barber putting hair-restorer in the shaving-water.

* * *
First-aid at lawn tennis: Grass stains can be removed from clothes, we are advised, by smearing them with treacle or golden syrup.

* * *
"Hiking," says a health note, "brings well-developed calves." And bulls.

* * *
"How you can earn twice the money you are getting," runs an advertisement. Most of us are doing that already.

—
"Dr. E. L. Burgin, M.P., speaking at Hull last night, said the Government intended to maintain the Empire shipping routes in the Pacific."

Daily Paper.

What fun for the Hula-Hula Girls!



The Regeneration of Lieutenant Swordfrog.

WE have had to speak before about our Lieutenant Swordfrog's penchant for the fair sex, and just lately things have been going a little too far. Now that the dancing and party season has set in locally we rarely see him about the place at all. He is at breakfast of course with his mail—an assortment of scented envelopes addressed in girlish handwriting. He is observed on early-morning parade standing about with a dreamy reminiscent smile on his lips; indeed rumour has it that he once approached Captain Bayonet to hand over the Company with the words, "Our dance, I think." He is occasionally in Mess at nights, for, according to rules, he has to dine in so many times a week, but he always wears a pre-occupied air, looks at his watch and jumps up the moment the port has been round; and on other days he signs the dining-out book so regularly that Lieutenant James, Mess Secretary, bought him a rubber stamp for it and suggested that a few of the signatures thus saved might be pleasantly employed on chits for a round of drinks to celebrate the rare occasions when he met his brother-officers in the—to him—unexplored wilds of the Mess ante-room.

But latterly he has suddenly turned over a new leaf. We thought at first he'd merely turned it over to a new address till we realised that Swordfrog kept so much of the local damselry in tow at once that he'd hardly know one from t'other.

It came about, apparently, like this. Swordfrog's chief trouble in all this poodle-faking, dancing, picnicking and whatnot put up by the local mothers (local fathers concurring) was the question of return of hospitality. The Mess gives one or two dances a year, but not nearly enough to cope with what Swordfrog owed, unless he wanted to flood the place with unattached maidens, all expecting to dance with him alone and few realising how well he knew the others. And hospitality round our part is hospitality—I mean

at some dances they do everything but fill the radiator of your car with champagne when you leave—and as such cannot be completely ignored. Unfortunately Swordfrog's free evenings were few, and when he did get one he made it do the work of three by inviting out first of all those girls whom he knew couldn't come, then those who were unlikely, and so on, till he landed one at last, and by taking her out to dinner got credit, in effect, for having taken out three or four.

Now last week a good touring company fetched up at Havvershot, so Swordfrog promptly rang up String No. 1, whom he knew was booked to drive her father up to Town for a day or so, on Wednesday and asked her to dinner and see the show on that date. String No. 1, a black-haired lovely named Pamela, refused with squeals of regret—"What *too* foul luck! I promised to whizz Dad up to the Metrop. in the crate. Do ask me another time!"

Swordfrog put the receiver down in a broken-hearted manner and picked it up briskly again to ring String No. 2. His luck here was out; String No. 2, a blonde named Betty, accepted promptly. Swordfrog, who generally got further down the list than that, told her he'd get the seats if she'd be at the Queen's Hotel, Havvershot, at 7.15.

That night he was rung up by an excited String No. 1, who, before he could speak, said she hoped it wasn't too late Dad had got a cold hooray she wasn't wanted to drive would love to accept and where should they meet what about the Queen's at 7.15? As this had never happened to Swordfrog before he was so taken aback that he agreed feebly and she rang off. He then sat down to wonder gloomily what disease he could have sudden enough to send two telegrams at the last minute.

With the help of a sherry in the Mess, where Captain Bayonet affected to think he was a newly-joined officer and kept asking to be introduced, he felt better. After musing on the honours won by the battalion for bravery throughout a glorious existence, and incidentally after another sherry, he came to the conclusion he couldn't let the regiment down. He squared his shoulders, rang up String No. 1 (Pamela) again and told her to make it 7 P.M. instead and to be at the King's (Havvershot's other hotel), as the Queen's had gone off badly and—truthfully this—a lot of people went there he wouldn't like her to meet. Then he booked two more stalls on the other side of the theatre and had a third sherry.

At 7 P.M. on Wednesday he lushed Pamela up to cocktails at the King's for ten minutes, explained that he was Orderly Officer, that for her sake he hadn't cancelled the do, but that he had to nip back to barracks occasionally on duty. Would she excuse him now? He'd be back at 7.30. By 7.20, thanking Heaven he had a fast car, he had poured a cocktail into Betty at the Queen's, told her the same tale and soon dashed off on urgent duty, telling her to get ahead with the soup. He started dinner with Pamela, had the fish course with Betty, *entrée* with Pamela—well, you get the idea. Over coffee and liqueurs with Betty he gave her her ticket and said he'd join her in the stalls after signing some important papers in barracks. He then collected Pamela and took her to the theatre, escorted her to her seat, saw half the First Act and then duty called him away—to join Betty. He saw the Second Act with Pamela and the Third with Betty. He was ageing visibly, we gather, and the only time he wasn't with one or the other of them was when he was having a hurried tissue-restorer in the bar.

His car having "unfortunately broken down," he had to send Betty home by taxi—but, after all, Pamela was the First String and so it was she who was taken home in his car. But he rang up Betty from barracks to know if she'd got back safe.

He slept the sleep of utter exhaustion, and the final seal was put on his regeneration next morning when one Claire, String No. 3, rang up to know why he hadn't been at her dance last night. Rapidly verifying this horrible lapse in his engagement-book, Swordfrog answered that he was devastated and hadn't she got his wire? Feeling a little truth was now needed, he added that at the last minute there'd been a bit of a mix-up and he'd literally had to do two men's work.

Swordfrog may be seen in the Mess nearly every day now, and they say he's given all his white waistcoats away to charity. A. A.

Lyra Leguminosa.

[Lines inspired by a recent article in *The Times* on the cultivation of the Soya bean in this country. The writer, while expressing doubt as to its value as an economic seed crop, holds out hopes of improvement of its "oil content" and the possibilities of its extended use for fodder.]

OVERAWED by PYTHAGORAS' warning,
Unwarranted, cryptic and crude,
Too long I persisted in scorning
The best vegetarian food;



"THERE'S NO PLEASIN' SOME PEOPLE. ONE DAY SHE SEZ I WORKS TOO 'ARD, AN' THE NEXT THERE'S 'ER OLD FINGER ALONG EVERYTHINK."

But, healed of this strange
paranoia
And wholly enamoured of greens,
I avow my allegiance to Soya,
The king of all beans.

Let others in ecstasy lyric
Attune their mellifluous lutes
To verses in high panegyric
Of various delectable fruits;
Let them sing of Peru's cherimoya
Or honour Malay mangosteens,
I cling to the succulent Soya,
The best of "old beans."

For solid leguminous matter
One cannot too highly applaud
The sight of a bountiful platter
Heaped high with the beans that are
broad;

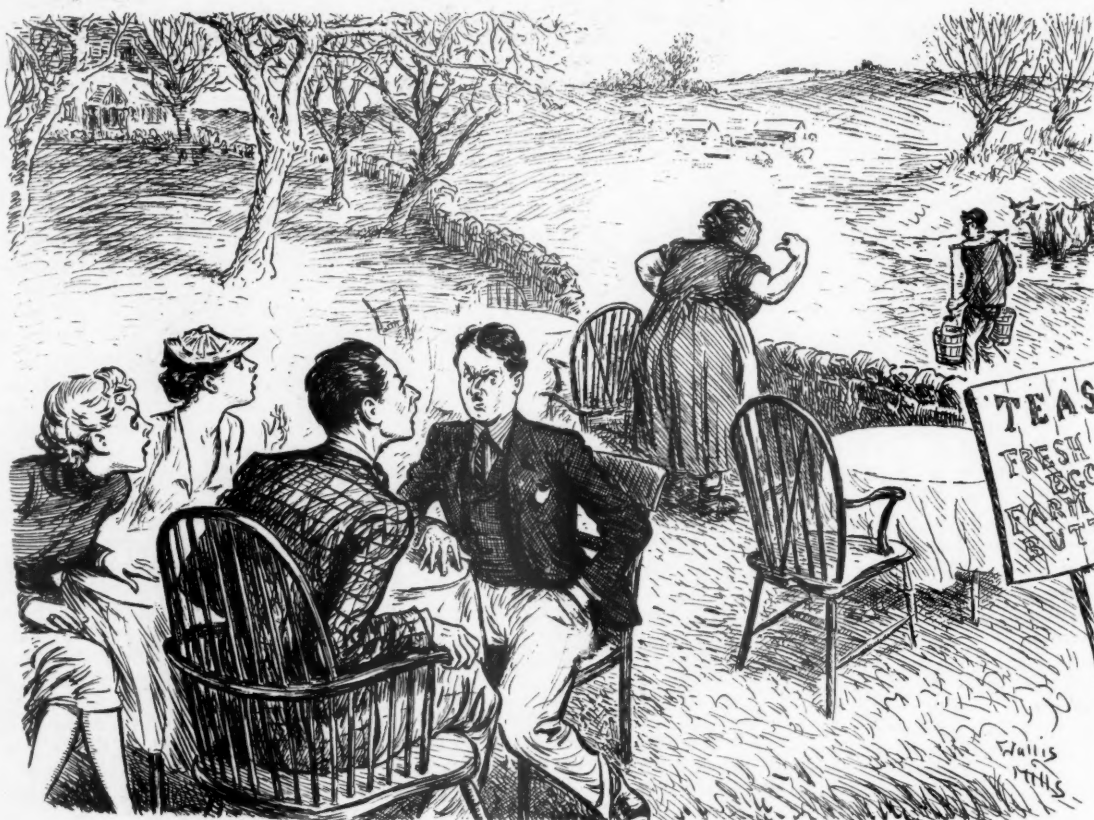
But for the exuberant *gioia*,
Denied to dyspeptical deans,
No plant can compare with the Soya,
The brightest of beans.

To the heart of the weariest plodder
They bring oleaginous balm;
And in the provision of fodder
Excel both the olive and palm;

And only the brush of a GOYA
Allied to the uplift of JEANS
Can render due homage to Soya,
The richest of beans.

The man who is *plenus fabarum*
Is sure to be good at a pinch;
He may be at times harum-
scarum

But never will falter or flinch;
For he is the broth of a boy, a
Description that obviously means
One addicted to soup-making Soya
And similar beans. C. L. G.



"JARGE! ON YER WAY BACK FROM FEEDING THEY PIGS, FILL THEM BUCKETS WI' WATER FROM THE POND. 'ERE'S A PARTY BE WANTIN' THEIR TEA."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Novel: Craft or Religion?

ONE's notion of the novel depends, I feel, on whether it is to be written for the purveyor, the consumer, or both. Probably the last device—as in every art—is the best. The prophet comes halfway down the mountain, the crowd comes halfway up, and on the common ground thus attained inspiration pastures its flocks. The question is explicitly or implicitly in debate throughout the entertaining transactions of the synod Mr. DEREK VERSCHOYLE has convened to discuss *The English Novelists* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 8/6), twenty novelist-critics giving their more or less considered verdicts on eight-and-twenty English novelists. Mr. PROKOSCH's admirable study of a CHAUCER exquisitely conscious of what is due to his readers and to himself, who "started off English fiction along the right lines," leads relentlessly to the "stream-of-consciousness" experimenters who have temporarily derailed it. Between these, practitioners and advocates of both schools utter their benedictions or curses on their predecessors. Some are as masterly as Mr. V. S. PRITCHETT's "Defoe," some as inadequate as Mr. H. E. BATES's "Hardy." But since RALEIGH's lively little text-book there has been nothing more apt and stimulating on the English novel.

John Citizen at Sixty.

MR. R. C. SHERRIFF, author of the most famous of War plays, has lately given the stage a brilliant portrait of one of history's colossi. As a novelist he is content to chronicle the modest and unsensational days of Mr. Everyman, whom others call John Citizen. In *The Month in September* the good man was on holiday; now he is in retirement, with a pension and a presentation clock to show for forty years of conscientious clerkship. He does not find adjustment to the uses of leisure as easy as he had anticipated. For a while he is at the loosest of ends, bickering with his wife and growing less and less contented with a sooty suburban garden as a pleasure for life's evening. Then he rediscovers Welden Valley (somewhere in Middlesex) and discovers the Welden Valley Estate, and in the building and furnishing and eventual inhabiting of *Greengates* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6) his destiny moves to its fulfilment in comfort, content and a gratifying local importance. It is true that there are storms by the way, but a tea-cup will easily contain them; and moments of financial anxiety, but Carey Street is always well below the horizon. And if it be questioned whether it was worth while to tell so very ordinary a story of so very ordinary a mortal, the answer is that Mr. SHERRIFF has so pleasant a humour and so kindly a sympathy that long ere the end his unimportant but not altogether unheroic Mr. Baldwin has not only provoked us to amusement but engaged our affection.

The Stormy Pacific.

The scene of *Hurricane* is not,
If I have any sort of say,
The kind of rest-promoting spot
In which to spend a holiday,
For while at certain times it seems
A Polynesian paradise,
At other times it fairly teems
With horrors which your grimmest
dreams
Could hardly realise.

The worst is that catastrophe
Named in the title of the tome;
Before you know such things can be
It's ripped you out of hearth and
home;
It's laid its hand on every soul
Alive in that abode of bliss,
Drowned them or maimed, and taken
toll
Of all they own; so on the whole
I'd give the place a miss.

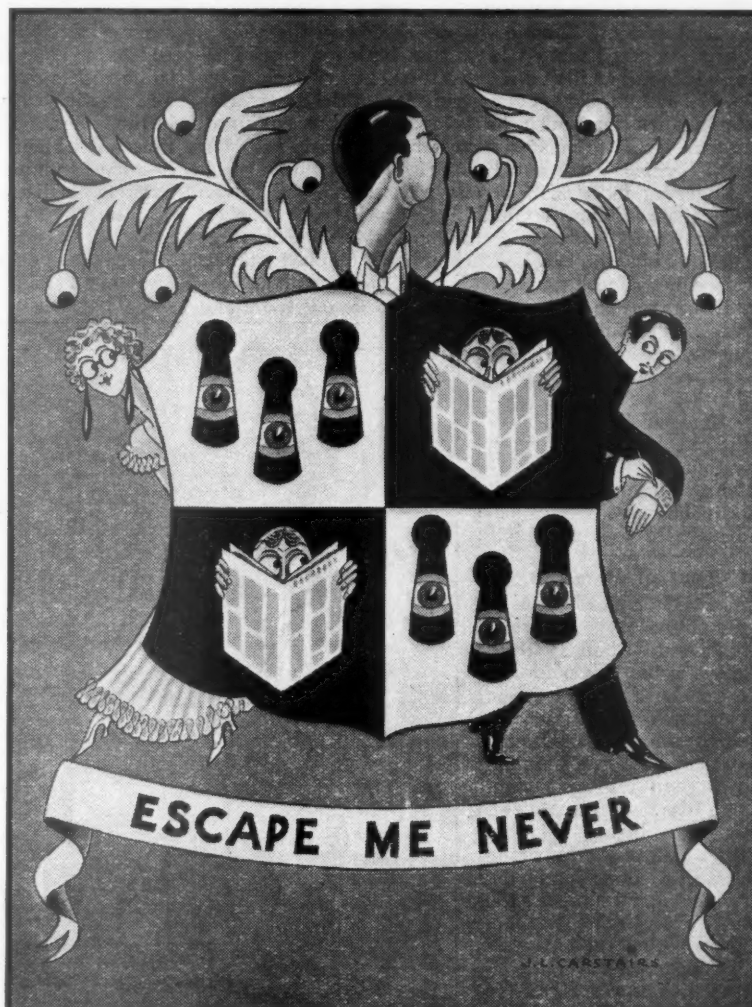
But not to read of; thus its grip
Has got me properly in thrall
By reason of the partnership
CHARLES NORDHOFF and JAMES
NORMAN HALL;
They have been there, this dauntless
pair,
And they're alive to tell the tale—
Deliberate but with a rare
Capacity to raise your hair—
Which CHAPMAN has for sale.

The Leader's Record.

Earl HAIG was a student of war and a judge of men; he was gifted with intuitive judgment for a strategical opening and an enemy's intentions; he was conspicuous for loyalty to colleagues, patience with allies and faith in God, and would seem indeed to have lacked nothing but the politician's faculty for doing himself justice in words. Mr. DUFF COOPER'S Second Volume—*Haig* (FABER AND FABER, 25/-)—founded on the long-withheld War diaries, adds little or nothing to the case for his hero's generalship, simply because that case was already complete. In supplying the missing links and explaining the concealed implications he adopts too much the tone of one pleading a cause, yet his work is far more readable than the diary extracts themselves, for a more inadequate account of great events by one who was at the heart of them than HAIG's own record can seldom have been penned. This man, on whose judgment rested the fate of the world and whose judgment was equal to the strain, was content if he confided to his diary little of greater interest than that the attack was going well and that he had "lunched out of the lunch-box." Fortunately for England it was the man, not his gift of speech, that mattered.

Sauce for the Geese.

Miss STELLA GIBBONS, having already amused herself and us twice since her skit on the earth-for-earth's sake novel, has now been very funny and ironical about the Intellectuals. In *Miss Linsey and Pa* (LONGMANS, 7/6) it



THE LESS FAMOUS BUT VERY LIVELY COMPANIES OF LONDON.
THE OMNISCIENT COMPANY OF GOSSIP-WRITERS.

is *Miss Linsey* with her large heart and great capacity for interference who counts most. She has never heard of Sappho but she knows how to deal with a gruff-voiced and dominating woman-employer. She knows too how to manage a small child whose mother has ideas on education, provides featureless dolls to stimulate the infant imagination, and objects to the word "bow-wow" but not to less attractive words also beginning with "b." Luckily *Miss Linsey* was not present when the child's parents and another couple (one "desperately brave and elfin") decided in the usual Bloomsbury would-be-but-dare-not manner to change partners, for her comments might have been too brisk. She was concerned with more important matters—her poor little *Pa*, her cousin *Len* and with making ends meet. Let us be thankful to Miss GIBBONS for providing *Miss Linsey* as antidote to this mad world.

Winters of Discontent.

An acutely developed sense of unnecessary suffering inflicted on the helpless—children, animals, the poor—

does not necessarily render the novelist a useful critic of the social system. Most of us are agreed on the abuses, and one suggested remedy is worth a bushel of recrimination. It is not as if Mr. HENRY WILLIAMSON could leave the social system alone and concentrate on the captivating nature-studies for which he is so admirably equipped. The four *Willie Maddison* novels he republishes as *The Flax of Dream* (FABER AND FABER, 8/6) constitute a somewhat carping indictment of a world wicked and foolish enough to need more formidable prosecution. It does not seem to strike *Maddison's* creator that the sadly mis-handled urchin who heroically champions trapped animals develops into something not unlike a beast-of-prey himself—a philanderer with the wanton wife of a decent friend, an evader of the sound demands of society no less than of its exorbitant ones. Destitute of humour and of the self-criticism which might have winnowed grain from chaff, these four novels are probably better read piecemeal for their graces of observation than consecutively for their doctrine.

Scapegoat of an Emperor.

There is much to be said in favour of CHARLES of Bourbon who, devout Catholic, faithful husband, would-be connoisseur and gallant soldier, led the Emperor's Teutonic mercenaries to the sack of Rome. His period, however, is not an easy one to rekindle; and, though Miss MARJORIE BOWEN opens with highly coloured pictures of RAPHAEL's patron the Medici Pope and the Pope's rival, FRANCIS I., the embers hardly begin to respond to her afflatus till CHARLES returns from the Italian campaign which he so successfully devilled for FRANCIS. At home in the Bourbonnais both he and the novelist are at their best, with his mother-in-law, a French VOLUMINA, and the delicate wife on whose survival and motherhood depend her husband's chances of defying his jealous sovereign. These stakes played and lost, CHARLES becomes the Emperor's pawn; yet the shock of his conduct is tempered by the thought that the vileness and cupidity at the back of Renaissance culture were distinctly asking for the chastisement they got. Miss BOWEN does not see very subtly into the moral issues she invokes, but *Trumpets at Rome* (HUTCHINSON, 7/6) finds her sense of the picturesque as moving and memorable as ever.

Double and Quit.

Polycarp's Progress was an amusing extravaganza, but I have to admit that *Fly Away, Paul* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) has jolted my confidence in Mr. VICTOR CANNING's future as an entertaining writer. The trouble lies mainly in the theme. A young American, *Paul Morison*, and a famous film-star come to England in the same boat. Then for reasons plausible enough *Paul* consents temporarily

to impersonate the popular idol, and no sooner has he assumed the rôle than he discovers that troubles are looming. In fact the police are most anxious to make his acquaintance, so he rushes over the country, pursued by various people and meeting with adventures by land, air and occasionally in the water. Mr. CANNING writes uncommonly well, and isolated incidents in his story are diverting, but for the rest it seems to me that he has allowed his exuberance to outstrip his discretion.

Flying High.

LORD CLYDESDALE, who with Flight-Lieutenant D. F. McINTYRE has written *The Pilots' Book of Everest* (HODGE, 10/6), begins with a chapter called "Apologia Nostra," but

no apology was needed; for, although opportunities have been given to us to read about the last Everest Expedition, an account of it from the pilots' point of view cannot fail to be welcome. "There were," Lord CLYDESDALE says, "two aspects of the scheme. There was the scientific side and then there was an element of romance." I quote these words because readers of this most interesting book will discover how precisely true they are. Neither of the authors is in the least grandiloquent, but it is impossible to study the story of their two flights without being impressed by the endurance of the pilots and photographers and by the value of the scientific results obtained. This beautifully illustrated volume contains a wise and a jolly record of great adventure.

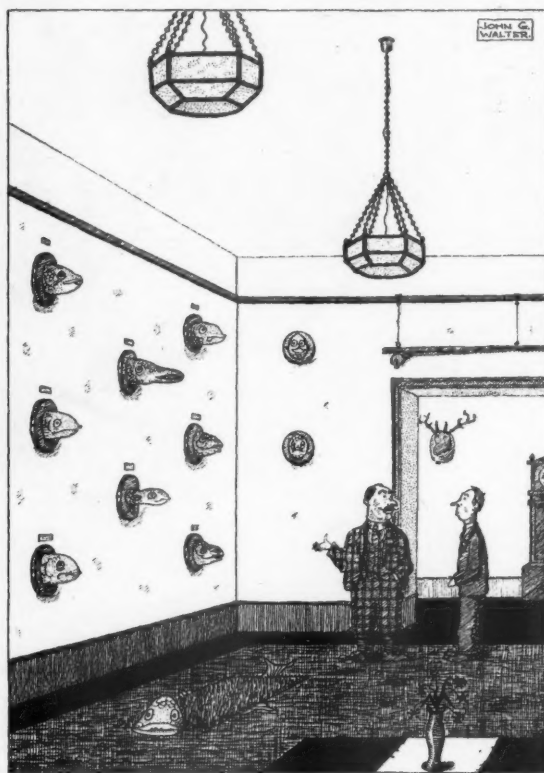
A Great Left-Hander.

Of Mr. FRANK WOOLLEY's prowess as a batsman we are still happily aware, but some of us with short memories may need to be reminded that, in his time, he was a very fine bowler. In *The King of Games* (STANLEY PAUL, 6/-) you will find that this most graceful

cricketer in no fewer than thirteen years made over a thousand runs (often over two thousand) and took more than a hundred wickets. When the present cricket season began he had also made nine hundred and ninety-four catches, so yet another thousand is due to fall into his capacious hands. Mr. WOOLLEY has definite views to express—for instance, on the new l.b.w. rule—but his book is delightfully free from controversy and is essentially the work of a man who loves the game. And it is pleasant to note that he does not forget to pay tribute to those who helped him in his earlier years with encouragement and advice. A modest and welcome addition to the literature of cricket.

A Present for a Good Boy.

"The resignation of Fireman T. — was accepted, after 39 years' service, and he was allowed to retain his fire boots."—*Halifax Paper*.



THE BIG GAME HUNTER WHO TOOK UP ANGLING.



THE END OF A PERFECT RHAPSODY.

"WHAT A CHARMING FINISH, THAT LITTLE TRILL ON THE PICCOLO!"
 "SORRY, AUNTIE, I'M AFRAID THAT WAS MY PIPE."

Charivaria.

IN order to commemorate Mrs. MOLLISON's fine flight to the Cape, one Chinaman in Limehouse has named his baby "Wun Long Hop." (Official.)

★ ★ ★

More than twenty boys have taken cookery lessons in Wimbledon schools. It is said their omelettes cut into slices make excellent hinges for rabbit-hutches.

★ ★ ★

"What man doesn't like to see a horse plodding drowsily along on a quiet summer's day?" asks a poet. The poor beggar who has backed it.

★ ★ ★

"Go swimming as often as you can and drink plenty of cold water," advises a doctor. But not of course at the same time.

★ ★ ★

Signor MUSSOLINI has received a decoration which is usually conferred only upon leaders of armies in the field. He is believed to have declined the title of Duke of Plaza Toro.

★ ★ ★

The last new night-club is so exclusive, we believe, that the management have asked that only public-school police shall be sent to raid it.

★ ★ ★

"The person who stands idly by while another thought-

lessly despoils Britain's greenery is nothing short of a traitor," declares a beauty-lover. Caddies don't care.

★ ★ ★

Rehearsals of weddings are becoming the rule. A suggestion is that they should be attended by understudies in case either of the principals decides to throw up the part.

★ ★ ★

A famous county wicket-keeper has taken a seaside hotel. It will be an awful effort for him not to keep down the extras.

★ ★ ★

"Lose contact with the world in an old-world cottage," runs an advertisement. The easiest way is to forget to duck when entering.

★ ★ ★

There is now, it seems, a "white list" of plays to which any daughter could take her mother.

★ ★ ★

A gossip-writer complains that in one restaurant he was given a tough steak and a blunt knife. He should have stropped the knife on the steak.

★ ★ ★

"With the advent of summer," says a writer, "thousands of men get off the chain for a few weeks." But they just go on the links.

Addis Ababa, 1940.

UNDOUBTEDLY the biggest social event of 1940 was the Unveiling Week at Addis Ababa, the splendid capital city of Mussolinia. Along the fine new roads built by the Liberator sped cars of every nation, packed tightly with all the beauty and chivalry of five continents. All Addis Ababa's fine new hotels were booked up months in advance—the Hotel Freedom, the Hotel Justice, the Hotel League of Nations.

It was estimated that only eighty-one people of any importance failed to accept President MUSSOLINI's invitation to the unveiling ceremony. These eighty-one were busy at Geneva—the Committee of Eleven (investigating Italy's alleged use of poison gas in 1936), the Committee of Twelve (investigating Italy's alleged bombing of Red Cross units), the Committee of Thirteen (investigating the possibility of setting up a Committee to consider an investigation into the possibility of imposing Oil Sanctions), the Committee of Fourteen (investigating a rumour that the war was over and the Emperor dead), the Committee of Fifteen (investigating the possibility of providing the Abyssinians with knitted bed-socks) and the Committee of Sixteen, composed of all the British Foreign Ministers who had been deposed since 1935 (investigating the mentality of the British public).

President MUSSOLINI himself condescended to be present at the eve-of-unveiling banquet, and the room resounded with cheers as he took his seat between the Foreign Minister of Britain and the Premier of France.

When the eating was finished the British Foreign Minister rose to his feet and said:—

"I am not going to bore you with a long speech, but I cannot let this occasion—may I say this auspicious occasion?—pass without paying my humble tribute and my country's tribute to a truly great man and noble Christian gentleman. My old friend Benny (I'm sure he won't mind me calling him Benny) was not always given his due. There was a time when we in England thought he was a liar and a murderer; there was a time when we thought that he had behaved not perhaps very well in torturing with poison gas unarmed and helpless civilians. There was a time when we felt it a disgrace to be associated in any way with such a man. But of course that was before he explained that he was doing these things in the name of Freedom, in the name of Justice, in the name of Peace. And as we look around this wonderful city of Addis Ababa, with its modern transport system, its drains and its fine streets, and its trains running so punctually, we see how mistaken we were and how *right* MUSSOLINI was to carry on with his work—his noble work in the face of criticism. It was for the benefit of the Abyssinians themselves that my friend Benny created this new land. And it isn't *his* fault that he killed the entire Abyssinian population in doing it."

His speech was received with enormous applause, and after the French Premier had said a few words, stating that France had always trusted and believed in MUSSOLINI, the President's health was drunk.

In reply MUSSOLINI aroused enormous enthusiasm by saying that he had accepted the invitation of the other Powers to become President of the League of Nations for 1941-42. "I bear no malice," he said in conclusion.

The unveiling ceremony next day was marred only by one trifling incident. When the flag was removed from the great statue of Liberty a man in filthy rags was found to be

clinging to its feet. A soldier saw that it was only a wretched Abyssinian, and stuck his bayonet through him.

"I believe in the League of Nations," he said as he died, and even MUSSOLINI's stern face relaxed in a smile.

The Trooping of the Wicket.

LIGHT

As the flight
Of a bird on the wing
Our hearts when King Willow
Returns in the Spring:

Sing Willow,

King Willow,

Sing Willow the King!

For the sight-screens are white
And the green pitch rolled flat
And we listen again
To the crack
Of the bat—
To the full-sounding
Dull sounding
Smack

Of the bat!

(A sweet sound is that

In Maytime,

The gay time,

The put-work-away time,

The lazy days,

Daisy days,

Saturday playtime,

When long days are coming

And June nights

And haytime!)

So Willow, King Willow

We hail with delight

Your gold-stumps-in-waiting,

Your courtiers in white;

Your umpires, those stolid

And ponderous Pucks;

The scorer who marshals

Your Majesty's "ducks";

Your chariot, the roller,

Slow, dumpy and squat;

Your orb, leather-seamed,

And your sceptre

The bat;

Your Captains of Cricket,

Your Lords of the Wicket,

And Sol with your Majesty's

Panama

Hat!

These things, as we troop

To the wicket, we sing

In honour of Willow—sing Willow

The King!

Cars of Yesterday: The Rocket Reviewed.

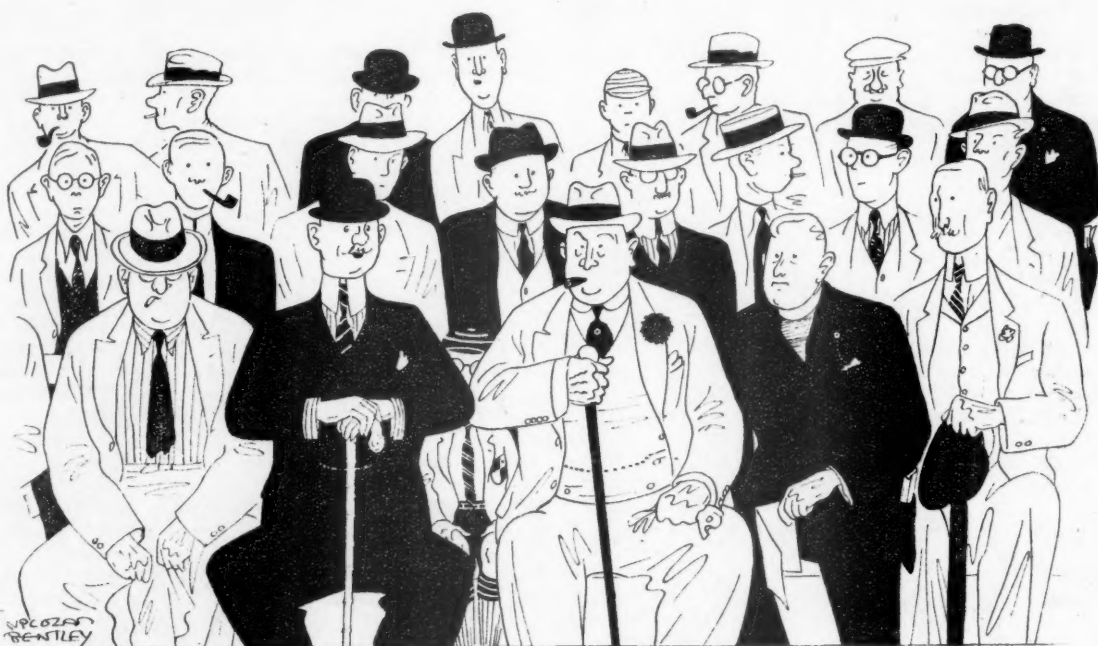
(With acknowledgments to various motoring correspondents.)

Mr. Robinson's Rocket 14 (1927) has many unique features and should appeal to a buyer of individual taste. It is an open car with folding and detachable hood, now permanently detached, and, in contrast with the more usual design of to-day, is downswept at the front, the cap of the radiator being several inches lower than the luggage grid; this is partly due to a novel arrangement of the front wheels,



THE GREAT FLOWER SHOW;
OR, GARDENERS' GRIEF.

MR. DUFF COOPER. "I WISH I COULD GET MINE TO LOOK LIKE SOME OF THE
FOREIGN EXHIBITS."



"MY BOY LOVES TO SEE A GOOD GAME—DON'T YOU, DEREK?"

both front tyres being only half-inflated. The original two-piece windscreen is now in four large and three small pieces. In front, the off-wing is secured with good manilla cord, the near-wing by a strong brown bootlace. The off rear-wing is also detachable. The near-rear wing has been removed altogether, affording easy access from the hub to the rear seats; the handle of the rear door has been permanently locked by Mr. Robinson's small son, and this gives extra stability to the frame.

Power is from three cylinders, and for a buyer who may require extra power a fourth cylinder is fitted which could be put in order when needed. Valves were formerly overhead, but are now towards the rear.

Ignition is by coil, the leads going round and round the cylinders and being knotted underneath the carburettor. The engine is mounted on a strong frame, cross-braced with a pair of Perry Flute braces. A slight tendency for the engine to spring too far from the frame and lie down on its side has been largely corrected by counter-bracing on the near side with the cord of a dressing-gown. There is a generous tool equipment, including a screwdriver from Messrs. Parkinson's garage at Kingston and a spare handle for the jack, replacing the one which broke in 1929.

The seating is of the scientific body-form type and has been gradually adjusted to fit precisely the forms of Mr. and Mrs. Robinson. The upholstery allows easy access to the springs for inspection.

The car showed well when I gave it my usual tests on the road. It is very easy to handle, the best position for the hands being against the brackets which formerly supported the hood. In this way it was handled by two persons from Golders Green Station to Tally Ho Corner, where the engine started, without any fatigue to the driver. The steering-wheel can be moved quite easily with one finger until the steering-mechanism comes into play, when a slightly firmer grip is desirable. To test the braking-

power the hand-brake was taken off at Whetstone and the running was at once noticeably smoother. Acceleration is remarkable: if the engine is run at full throttle and the clutch sharply engaged, the car jumps forward in a way that would surprise the owners of many more expensive models.

I gave my customary climbing test on Barnet Hill. From a standing start half-way up the hill the bottom was reached in 28½ seconds, the gear being in neutral, and the car was still running without any effort when the luggage-grid reached the radiator of an Ifley Jones. At the next attempt second gear was engaged without any appreciable difficulty near the top of the hill. The car was then brought effortlessly to a standstill, the engine was restarted, bottom gear engaged again, and the summit reached just after four-thirty.

While the engine was cooling I checked the petrol and oil consumption and was agreeably surprised to find that the Rocket, which I had expected to be heavy on petrol, actually consumes far less petrol than oil. Petrol consumption might be further reduced if a small cork were inserted, flush with the number-plate, in the hole in the rear tank; this adjustment would not, I think, be incompatible with modern engineering practice.

£7 10s. is the price asked for this very interesting model, including the bulb-horn fitted last year, and twelve feet of tow-ropes. A portion of Mr. Robinson's garage-door goes with the car, and at this figure it should have no difficulty in finding a discriminating purchaser.

Brass Calls to Brass.

"YOUNG HEIRESS WEDS TRUMPETER."—*Newspaper Headline.*

"Walking is the fool-proof exercise. You can hardly go wrong with it."—*Newspaper Article.*

So pedestrians seem to think.

The Smallholder.

MANY of us who successfully grew geraniums in pots last summer are wondering if we could widen our scope this year. As the evenings lengthen our thoughts turn more and more to window-boxes. Not that there isn't much to be said for a geranium in a pot. There is. Standing in a saucer, it covers the stain where we spilt whisky on the polished table, and its cultivation enjoins no digging, weeding or stooping. There is also much to be said for a window-box.

We must consider the whole question from the beginning.

The beginning of every horticultural enterprise is planning. Gardening books devote a chapter to it. The position of the summer-house in relation to the sun-dial must be thought out. The lawn must be here, the crazy paving there. These matters have only academic interest for window-box gardeners. What we must plan is whether we want our window-box to benefit the people in the flat opposite when they look out of their window or whether we want it to benefit us when we look out of ours. It is an important distinction because, very wonderfully, nature has provided a type of flower for each kind of window-box, and the decision must affect our choice of plants.

Take daffodils. Their appearance varies very considerably according to whether they are viewed from the front or from the back. If we grow any flowers with this characteristic we shall find that they always face outwards. This is because nature has designed them for the pleasure of the people in the flat opposite. And nature won't be gainsaid. No matter how many times we dig up the plants and turn them round, the flowers always go back.

Take a tulip. Walk round it and you will see that it looks the same from every angle. Nature has designed this flower for the second type of window-box—the one we can look at from within.

Now pause and notice that whereas the flowers which face outwards are valueless to us, those which are circular are equally effective from the flat opposite. Nature seems unfairly biased in favour of these people; but read on, because the pillar-box is on our side of the road, and there are compensations.

When we plant our window-box we must make holes by removing earth with a table-spoon. We make one hole at a time, heaping the earth beside the hole and replacing it when we have



"CAN YOU SEE IF THAT'S A CAR ON TOP OF THE HILL?"

"YES, DARLING, BUT MUST WE OVERTAKE IT?"

inserted the plant. As we progress, the box becomes full of plants and complications occur. Making the last hole, we find nowhere to put the earth unless we put it on top of the next plant. Good gardeners abhor this practice, and there are objections to putting the earth on the piano. What happens is that we put the earth on the extreme outer edge of the window-box and it falls on to the heads of the passers-by, who may be the people from the flat opposite posting a letter. This is nature's way of restoring the balance (*see last para.*).

There is also watering.

Watering is done with a saucepan or kettle. When we have watered the

window-box—and we must do this every day—the water drips through on to the heads of the passers-by, who may be the people from the flat opposite posting another letter.

Now we must make our decision. Shall we have a window-box this year or shall we have a geranium in a pot? In our mind's eye we see a window-box full of flowers. In our wife's mind's eye we see a certain amount of earth on our carpet, a good deal of earth in our food, and lots and lots of earth in our table-spoon.

Outside in the street there is a man with a barrow selling geraniums in pots.

There is much to be said for a geranium in a pot.

The Visible World, if Any.

(A small chunk of the work I began to write after reading about a quarter of Mr. C. E. M. JOAD's "Guide to Philosophy.")

CHAPTER I. THE TABLE SITUATION.

Introductory: Prevalence of Tables.—Few things are more striking to the student beginning in any field of mental activity than the prevalence of tables. The tyro in philosophy is always encouraged to exercise his rudimentary faculty of doubt on a table; and to take only one other example, it is upon a table that the attention of the student of Latin is always first directed. In this chapter we will consider the reasons, if such they may be called, for what may at first sight seem to be an undeserved and inexplicable prominence of tables in intellectual life, and also the problem of the existence, if any, of what may at first sight seem to be tables.

I. REASONS FOR TABLES.

Why Tables?—Philosophers have put forward several explanations of the choice of tables. The great Viennese philosopher Doppel (1791-1858), was the first to suggest that it was all a question of the shape of the table. His follower and subsequently acrimonious critic, Gänger, declared that this could not be so because tables had no shape. Opinion in America and this country to-day inclines to the view that tables have some shape but not much. The subject will be dealt with more fully in Part II. of this chapter; meanwhile let us examine the ideas of Doppel and Gänger.

The Doppel Shape-Philosophy.—Doppel was the son of a joiner and cabinet-maker and spent all his youth among tables, which determined his entire philosophy. Starting from the assumption that some influence was exerted by tables which caused them to be chosen instead of other objects, Doppel set himself to discover what this influence was. He came to the conclusion that since the only quality possessed by a table and not also possessed by certain other wooden, shiny, solid objects was the shape of a table, it must be by means of its shape that the table exerted its influence.

Gänger's Objections.—Gänger's first act in shaking off the influence of Doppel was naturally to question the validity of his conclusions, and he struck at the very root of these, or even lower, by asserting that tables had no shape. His reasoning may be summarised as follows:—

- (a) It is impossible to hear, smell or taste the shape of a table.
- (b) What is known as the shape of a table is thus perceptible only by a minority—two out of five—of the senses.
- (c) Therefore the senses of hearing, smell and taste take points for first-innings lead and there is no shape in a table.

As has been said, however, the present-day view is that any table, even a folding card-table, may be said to have a certain amount of shape; not so much perhaps as was postulated by Doppel, but indubitably more than was allowed by Gänger.

II. EXISTENCE OF TABLES.

The Sense-Majority System.—Gänger's system of reasoning, variously known as the "Sense-Majority System," "Austria's Gift to the Bench and Bar," and "Good-Night, Vienna," was soon applied with even greater effect. A

school of thought arose which argued that tables did not exist at all. Thus: It is impossible to hear, smell, touch or taste the appearance of a table. It is impossible to hear any quality of a table. It is impossible to touch, smell, hear or see the taste of a table; to hear, touch, see or taste the smell of a table; or to hear, see, taste or smell the sensation of a table. Therefore, according to the sense-majority system, no appearance, sound, taste, smell or sensation of a table exists, and hence no table exists. All tables subsequently attempting to exist are disqualified.

Modifications.—This view is still widely held, but is more popular in one or another of its modifications. Certain active minorities, full of fun, assert the possibility of hearing smells and tasting sights, but on the whole the thought of most philosophers to-day may be summed up in one of the following propositions:—

No tables ever exist.
Tables exist partially, in a relative way.
Certain kinds of tables exist now and then.
All tables exist, but without justification.
Some tables might be justified in existing.
Only a very few tiny little tables exist.

The first of these propositions we have dealt with above, and we will now turn to the others.

Theory of Partial Existence.—The philosopher who first succumbed to and propounded the notion that some tables, in a relative way, partially, exist, did so as a result of odd and disturbing experiences in restaurants, which need not concern us here. It will suffice to quote his proof of the theory, which depends on another distinctive and highly personal method of reasoning. Tables, he began by saying, exist either completely or partially. If they exist completely I have had all my trouble for nothing, which is absurd. Therefore they exist partially. This system of thought, with its somewhat unorthodox mingling of logic and emotion, is sometimes called the Philosophical Willies, and its inventor afterwards rather weakened his serious reputation by publishing a manual of "Logic for Women" under the title *Think, Pretty Creature, Think*.

[This is as much of the chapter as we have room for at the moment. I may add that Mr. JOAD puts an asterisk at the head of those chapters in his book that he suggests might be omitted on a first reading. In my book I am putting six asterisks at the head of this chapter to indicate that the reader should ignore it six times and then, if it seems to be still there, take a couple of aspirins and go to bed.]

R. M.

Lex Nugarum.

"DENOUNCING drink, you yet partake
Of this rum-sodden tipsy-cake:
Pray, Sir, what sophistry your conscience stifles?"
"No qualms that tender organ vex,
De minimis non curat lex—
The law does not concern itself with trifles."

In a Good Cause.

THE Annual Ball in aid of "The Friends of the Poor" is being held this Thursday, May 21st, at 53, Prince's Gate. Dancing will continue from 10 till 3, and tickets (2 guineas each, including Buffet and Champagne Supper) may be obtained from the Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1 (Sloane 8263).



Nurse. "AT WHAT TIME DO YOU WISH FOR THE USE OF THE CHILDREN, M'LADY?"

The Grace of a Day That is Dead.

To My Hostess.

NOT for an afternoon of biffs and bashes,
Of breathless strife on more than perfect courts,
Of furious driving and ferocious smashes
By bare-legged Amazons in briefest shorts
I voice a gratitude profuse and hearty,
But for the memories of a long-dead past
Evoked by that delightful tennis-party
You gave on Thursday last.

How pleasingly appropriate the setting—
The chequered shade, the run-back's meagre span,
The wet worm-haunted English lawn, the netting
That scarce a hand's-breadth from the side-lines ran
But failed to check the balls' erratic courses
As, wildly smitten, through the heavens they sped,
To be sought out by our united forces
In the potato-bed!

Yet ball by ball, despite our patient scrutiny,
They permanently disappeared from view,
Till I was forced, though on the verge of mutiny,
To start a set equipped with only two.

And, when but one was left us, with what brilliant
Aplomb you dished out half-a-dozen more,
Moth-eaten, black, completely unresilient,
Stamped 1934!

The guests too, that remarkable assortment—
The damsels who so seldom hit the ball,
The General, whose collar and deportment
Spoke of an age I deemed beyond recall,
Who, when I ventured on the mildest volley,
Was heard to mutter, "Underbred young pup!"
The youths, polite but paralytic—golly!
Where did you dig them up?

Let others seek to satisfy the clamour
For ever speedier, still more brutal play;
Be yours a nobler task—to catch the glamour
That clothed the pat-ball of a gentler day.
Yet, much as I admire the necromancy
That called the ghosts of good KING EDWARD'S reign
Up for a while, somehow I rather fancy
I shall not come again.



YOU talks o' picture-palaces an' music-'alls an' such,
I goes to 'em occasional an' do not like 'em much;
But when I'm fed up to the teeth with men an' things that be

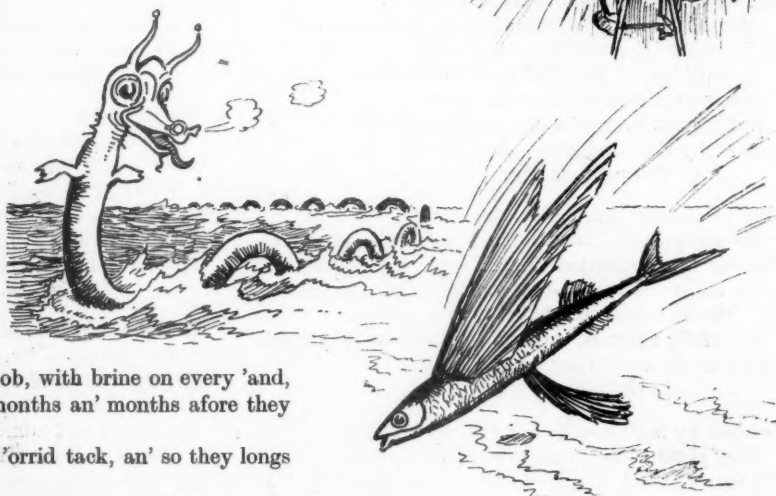
I takes a trip to the "Old Ship" where seamen rest from sea.

An' there I meets Two-Fingered Dick, an' Jock without an eye,

An' Thirsty Brown from 'Frisco Town, who's always 'igh an' dry.

The words they use is technical, misunderstood by me,

But, lor, I learns a awful lot from men wot use the sea!



I s'pose it is a firsty job, with brine on every 'and,
An' they may go for months an' months afore they
smells the land;
Salt pork an' peas is 'orrid tack, an' so they longs
to be
'Avin' a sip at the "Old Ship," a-restin' from the sea.



Fink of the dangers they must face when
you are sleepin' sound,
The 'orrors of the awful deep, the chance o'
bein' drownd,



They ain't a very truthful
crowd, an' 'alf the things
they say
Would make a sergeant-major
blush an' turn a corporal
grey;
But at the 'eart they're simple
chaps, the same as you
an' me,
An' so I takes me 'at orf to
the men wot use the sea.

They tells of whales an' walruses an' other curious
things,
Sea-sarpants more than ten miles long, an' fishes
wot 'as wings,
Ghost-ships with dead men 'oistin' yards—a miracle
it be,
An' very strange an' wonderful to men wot use the
sea.



The sharks an' shoals an' pirate men; your dinner,
breakfast, tea
Is snatched from jaws o' jeopardy by men wot use
the sea.



CHAS.
GRAVE:

A Danger.

EVERYONE must have experienced those occasions when the whole world seems to be ugly. There is no rain, but a cold grey sky, with an east wind making it more dreary; letters which should be genial turn out, on being opened, to be bills; people are disappointing; girls who ought to be pretty are plain; clothes, not excepting one's own, fit badly; and it is more than likely that while shaving you cut yourself.

It can also be one of those days when by some ordinance of fate we allow only a two minutes' margin to catch a train which is certain to be full. Why we should ever make train-catching a breathless business, I cannot understand. In fact in the ordinary way we don't. But on days such as the one I am describing there is always a rush.

It was so on the Saturday morning that I have miserably in mind. I was going on a week-end visit in the country, although I disliked intensely the idea of the visit at all and was indeed too busy to be going away. And, I thought forlornly in the cab, I was going to be so late at the station as to have to scramble. I would have sent a telegram, but that would mean merely postponement, and it seemed better to get it over. Like the dentist.

In the ordinary way I can protect myself against all these troubles; but there are certain days when outside forces are too strong.

You probably only too easily can recognise the kind of day I mean; but I can describe it in a phrase by saying that it was the kind of day on which, just as you approach, the green light goes red. It was also a day on which the driver had no change.

One of the bores about leaving too little time for a train, is that you cannot loiter at the book-stall, and you cannot carefully choose a place. I was so late that I was bundled into a compartment with only one free seat and that was on my wrong side—the side facing the engine—and the luggage-rack was full. Directly we started I investigated the other compartments; but they were full too, as they usually are on Saturday mornings, and as I

knew they would be; and I therefore had to return and arrange my suitcase and overcoat and other property as comfortably as possible. As I couldn't inconvenience my neighbours by rummaging in the suitcase for a book, and as I had no newspaper or magazine, I had to beguile the journey by studying the other passengers, wondering who they were and what they did, and looking out of the window. They were a dull lot, with the exception of the man by the far window on the other side, who, I thought, was brighter but had a poisonously self-contented air—supercilious, rich: in fact, loathsome.

"At any rate," I was thinking, "there is no draught," when this man, remarking cheerfully, "What about a

one, and the majority, I fear, carries these cases;" and settled down again to his many daily and weekly papers, none of which he had offered to me. All I could do was to assure him that no doubt I could manage, to turn up my collar, and to endeavour to concentrate on the situation, having long ago been told that it is the unconscious rather than the conscious who catch cold.

And so we journeyed on, while the man at the window actually did not put it up when we went through tunnels. You know the sort of man—supercilious, rich, inconsiderate, self-centred, living contentedly in the best possible of worlds. How I detested him!

The story is nearly over. We came

in time to my station, and, stiff and angular, I got out and was driven to my host. "A City man named Blank," he said, "whom I had to ask, was also coming by your train, but he had to go on farther. He'll be here this afternoon." And in the afternoon he came, and, as I had half expected, was the man by the far window, the self-satisfied, complaisant offensive man, the man who had said "spot."

There are two morals to this faithful narrative. One is that unless one knows all, for certain, week-end invitations should never be accepted. The other is that all persons encountered on

the way to the place of hospitality should be treated with studied courtesy, no matter how they behave.

E. V. L.

Oh! Oh!

"A man of outstanding organizing ability, strong personality, with drive, initiative and practical creative ideas is required to assist the Promoters of the Women's National Exhibition at Olympia."

Newspaper Advt.

"The B.B.C. is giving a buffet luncheon to the 500 delegates at Queen's Hall. Half an hour will be devoted to each subject."

News Item.

"Dish" is the more usual term.

"If I leave something in my dressing room I never go back to fetch it," she said. "It is very bad luck to open a closed door."

Interview in Daily Paper.

We shall remind ourselves of this, next time we lose our latchkey.



"I CAN'T HELP FEELING A BIT WORRIED, ALBERT. THE DOCTOR SAYS THAT I AM SUFFERING FROM 'DAY STARVATION.'"

spot of fresh air, eh, what?" smiled at us all round and let down the glass. Now this is a deed I abominate. To me, fresh air, indoors, is a mistake. Let there be plenty of it out of doors; but indoors is indoors, and should be respected as such.

After enduring for a while the cold current which had begun to chill my neck, I asked as ingratiatingly as I could of the row of travellers opposite, if any of them would care to change seats with me. No doubt they would prefer to face the engine, whereas (I smiled, or tried to) I was so eccentric as always to like to be back, and particularly so when a window was open. But none of them responded.

"Of course," said the man, sadly and resignedly, "if this little puff of fresh air really incommodes you; but, you see"—he nodded masterfully to the rest of the carriage—"we are seven to

More Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club.

From Lionel Nutmeg, Malayan Civil Service (Retired), Old Bucks Cottage, Roughover.

Saturday, 9th May, 1936.

DEAR WHELK,—For some time now it has seemed to me that golfers ought to have a universally recognised system of signalling to one another—the match in front, the match behind, and so on. For as things stand at present they are left with little more than the following alternatives: (a) The use of the rather curt word "Fore" and (b) a haphazard arm-waving business, which is frequently misconstrued as fist-shaking.

In order, therefore, to get some sort of scheme which is definitely workable I have recently developed the *Nutmeg Improved System for the Better Inter-communication of Golfers* (the N.I.S.B.I.G.), this being based on "Traffic Signals every Road User should Know" (see Appendix to the *Highway Code*) and the Method of Controlling Troops while in Extended Order.

And frankly, without any undue bragging, I may say that I have made quite a decent job of the N.I.S.B.I.G., one point well worthy of notice being its simplicity; for the only thing one need carry, over and above the ordinary golfing impedimenta, is a police-whistle. This whistle is blown *twice* to attract the attention of the match in front, *three times* for the match behind, and *four times* for everyone within ear- (and/or eye-) shot. Once you have, as it were, got on to the other man's wavelength you will be able to use such of the following positions as you require. The relative code phrase is appended:—



(a)



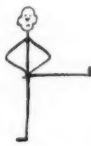
(b)

(a) You may NOT go through. If you drive into me again I shall report you.

(b) Don't dawdle so; you are holding up the entire course.



(c)



(d)



(e)

(c) Where is my ball? It pitched close beside you. Did you play it by mistake? (If the word "*deliberately*" is desired instead of "*by mistake*," fully extend the arms *directly* above the head.)

(d) It is the duty of every golfer to replace the turf.

(e) Do not try over your putts on the green. If you do this again I shall not wait before playing.



(f)



(g)

(f) I have found something belonging to you (say pipe, teeth, club, etc.). Please send caddie back for same.

(g) Should only be used after four

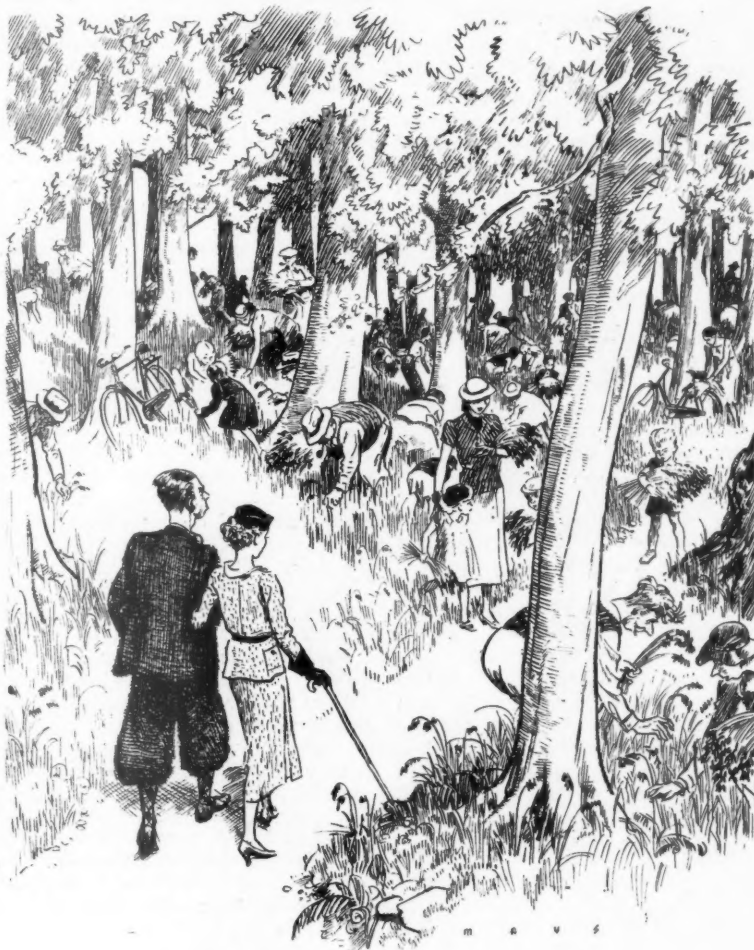
blasts of the whistle for the general relief of feelings. Would normally follow missed putt or lost match, etc.

So now that you realise the immense possibilities of the N.I.S.B.I.G. (the foregoing being only the nucleus of what may one day be a fair-sized volume rivalling *Bentley's* and the *A.B.C. Code*), I do hope you will be able to interest the Committee and have the thing given a fair trial.

I showed it to the Captain, General Sir Armstrong Forscure, yesterday, but it was just after he had been beaten by the Reverend Cyril Brassie, and all he would say was, Had I been drinking?

Yours faithfully,
LIONEL NUTMEG.

P.S.—Kindly report the Captain to the Committee for insulting a Club Member (me).
G. C. N.



"HANG IT! NOW WE SHALL HAVE TO PICK BLUEBELLS."

Up, the Music-Makers!

TIME is short and the B.B.C. is enormous. It was not surprising that in a brief debate the faithful Commons did not cover the whole of that vast business. But there was one set of figures which surprisingly escaped mention. No doubt in one of the numerous undelivered orations it would have been remarked that, according to the Broadcasting Committee, no less than

65½ per cent.

of the total broadcasting time is occupied with

Music.

All the other good things, the Talks and political addresses, the plays and poetry-readings, the news and fat-stock prices, the debates and sermons and Sunday schools, occupy together only one-third of the wireless day. For these benefits the listener, out of his ten shillings fee, pays only

3s. 4d.

But for Music (of many kinds) he pays

6s. 8d.

One would expect, even in this queer world, to find some relation between these figures and the rewards of those who create all this music. But in fact the composers, out of the same ten shillings, receive less than

4d.

The total expenditure of the B.B.C. in 1934 was

£2,058,983.

But on "Performing rights, copyright fees and news royalties" the sum expended was only

£148,886

or about 7 per cent. And this figure includes both "authors' and news royalties"—an odd concatenation, by the way.

The "Artists, speakers, etc." and "Orchestras" did well enough—and rightly. Together they cost

£499,094.

And on "salaries and wages" (the B.B.C. staff) there were spent, in all,

£483,887.

But the musical composer, who contributes 65½ per cent. of the raw material of the programme, received something like 5 per cent. of the outgoings and a figure representing 3 per cent. of the incomings.

To be plain and prompt, he should receive at least a shilling (instead of fourpence) on every licence fee, or about £300,000 in all. It is not perhaps the fault of the B.B.C. that he does not get this now, since the State appro-

priates nearly half the Corporation's income. But if, as the Committee wisely suggested, the Corporation are permitted in future to retain at least 75 per cent. of the receipts from licence fees, there will no longer be any excuse for starving the poor music-merchant.

There was never so much music in the world. It can be argued that there is too much, and that much of it is poor in quality. But maybe that is because we do not pay enough for the best; and, good or bad, if we call for tunes we should pay the pipers. The Briton to-day can call for tunes all day and most of the night; but, as we turn on the inexhaustible music tap, we think, I fear, as little of the composer's bread and butter as we think of the miner's when we turn on the gas.

Let us, then, think about the composer, the silly long-haired fellow. For many years he has been pursued by one mechanical enemy after another. In the good old days he won sufficient bread by the sale of "sheet-music." Those were the days when men bought "The Trumpeter" and "King Charles," and bellowed them in drawing-rooms; and young ladies bought sonatas and "pieces" and obliged with them on the home piano. But now the domestic tenor is heard no more, and even the grandest piano is more often used as a sideboard for cocktails than as a musical instrument. The gramophone was at first a new friend to the composer (though even there he was subjected to the unique imposition of a statutory maximum wage or royalty); and while the bands still played in the cinemas sheet-music still brought in a little bread. But the talkies and the wireless sprang up like great mechanical mushrooms; and soon sheet-music was almost dead and even the gramophone not what it was. The last, or best, hope of the music-maker is his "performing rights," and there are those who are jealous even of these. The infamous Twopenny Bill was thrown out (it proposed that on payment of 2d. any person should have the right to perform any piece of music in perpetuity without further charge!), but its spirit survives among some of the "music-users"—the old English notion that composers and authors have not got ordinary stomachs and can exist on air and ideals. In a recent year a certain group of hotels is said to have paid £96,000 in fees to bands; for the same period the composers of the music played received £6,000. The B.B.C., which owes even more to music, should be enabled to be more generous. For, wide and various though the B.B.C.'s activities are, we do not think that all

those millions would continue to pay for licences if they got no music for their money; and in that event all the fine fabric of political addresses and uplifting talks and Sunday sermons—yea, the great Panjandrum himself, would crumble and fall. Let us, therefore, think kindly of the long-haired fellows, however fiercely we switch them off. For what the poet wrote is true at least in Langham Place:—

"We are the music-makers

And we are the dreamers of dreams. . . .
But we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems."

A. P. H.

Mice and Men.

[The report of the Yale Institute of Human Relations, quoted by an evening paper, describes how Professor LEE R. DICE has been working on the vocal abilities of a mouse kept in a cage since 1928. Several descendants of this animal are now in his laboratory. The Professor points out that a singing mouse has several advantages over a singing canary.]

UNLIKE the shrill canary

With his unending trill,

Unlike the cassowary

Who plies a murderous bill,

The mouse's voice is tender,

Although its power is slender;

He is no fierce offender,

He is not out to kill.

The mouse's flying cousin

Emits a higher sound,

Though not one in a dozen

To hear it can be found;

While for their skill appalling

As queens of caterwauling

And high-explosive squalling,

Cats long have been renowned.

The West's "gigantic daughter"

Was glorified by BRYCE,

And yet he never brought her

Down to the days of DICE,

Who by his demonstrations

Has taught all other nations

To humanize relations

Between mankind and mice.

In Michigan mice hear not

The threats of farmer's wives,

In placid ease they fear not

Their cruel carving-knives;

But, housed in cosy cages,

Treated like saints or sages,

They reach colossal ages

And lead melodious lives.

O kindly Michiganders,

Your noble work I hail,

Who never raise your danders

Against the weak and frail,

But aid in educating

The mouse and elevating

Instead of amputating

His little head or tail. C. L. G.



"WHAT THE DEVIL YOU DOING HERE?"

"I—I DUNNO, SIR. I WERE RECOMMENDED TO COME 'ERE BY A FRIEND."



The Actor and the Dramatic Critic.

A Fable.

AN Actor having the Misfortune to be drawn out of his Depth by the Suction of the Breakers, was Unable to regain the Shore by reason of an Adverse tide. Close at Hand, in a like Predicament, he noticed a Dramatic Critic, who was slating the Fates as the collaborators in a Tragedy whereby, quite Arbitrarily, he seemed to be Destined to drown within a Short stone's-throw of the Strand.

Presently the Actor proposed that for the Time being they should co-operate Harmoniously to remedy their Common misadventure, each contributing according to his Special ability. "Obviously," said the Actor, "my Part is to keep Shouting 'Help, Oh, Help!' while your Part, having Regard to your Literary skill, is to Throw off an extemporary yet Irresistible appeal for Succour to the Goddess Melpomene, Patroness of Tragedy."

The Dramatic Critic, after demurring a Little out of Habit, applied himself to his Task with such Effect that his Moving and Polished prayer Evoked an immediate response from Melpomene: "I would Willingly help you in your Extremity, but Unfortunately you yourself in your Writings have Laid it Down that the Hoary device of the God or Goddess from the Machine is an Inartistic and Outworn Convention. I am reluctant Therefore to save your life by Divine Interposition, because in a Calmer mood I know you would not thank me for providing such an Artificial Solution of the

Dreadful situation in which you find yourself."

All this Time the Piteous cries of the Actor, who was an Adherent of the Realistic School, had been completely Inaudible to the careless Throng on the Shore; so that they Both perished miserably.

Moral: In the Drama of Life, as on the Stage, Mistakes in Casting may make All the Difference.

Caveat Emptor!

"TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Any person or persons buying property owned by me will do so at their own risk."
Notice in Newfoundland Paper.

"This is a great day for the Blackshire revolutionists."—*Daily Paper.*

Loamshire, on the contrary, has always been the home of reaction.

"The breed of horses and their special training were originally designed for war; soon, however, it became out of date."
Daily Paper.

Does Italy know this?



THE CULTURED CRUISERS.

"WHERE ARE WE GOING NEXT?"
 "YOU'RE ASKING ME. BUT IF THERE'S A DURN HIGH MOUNTAIN WITH A DURNED OLD RUIN ON TOP, I GUESS THAT'S WHERE WE'RE GOING."

Barbara.

["Barbara—in logic, a mnemonic term designating the first mood of the first figure of syllogisms."
Companion of English Literature.]

I LOVED the name of Barbara.
 Some secret hidden flame
 Has burned within to make me harbour a
 Curious passion for that name;
 I felt that for a girl so called
 I should infallibly go bald—
 Headed as one enrapt, enthralled;
 The terms are much the same.

Full many an airy Phyllis
 Has cast no spell on me;
 The same applies to Amaryllis
 And, in some measure, Rosalie;
 In Barbara was all my care;
 With "Barbara" I filled the air;
 It was astonishing how rare
 Barbaras seemed to be.

At last a life's devotion
 Had issue, and we met;
 The depth and height of my emotion
 I cannot, even now, forget;
 Our views appeared to coincide,
 And when she vowed to be my bride
 My satisfaction—nay, my pride—
 Lingers about me yet.

Strange, is it not, and tragic,
 How gain can turn to loss
 When sober truth has chilled the magic,
 And seeming gold is naught but dross?
 The vase is cracked, the mirror flawed;
 The Barbara I cried abroad
 Is, I regret, as big a fraud
 As e'er I came across.

Pent in a black abysm,
 I stretch vain hands, and clutch
 The fabric of a syllogism,
 Which doesn't seem to help one much;
 Men point at me as one who wooed
 A mere mnemonic term, or mood
 (And they have cause, though cad and rude)
 Vestured in Double Dutch.

I cannot wed with Barbara;
 She has my leave to go
 To Timbuctoo or maybe Scarborough;
 I am compelled to tell her so.
 Henceforth I shift to something plain
 Like Kate or Mary, Anne or Jane;
 The commonplace will be a gain
 Though one will miss the glow. DUM-DUM.



Bernard Partridge.

THE BURGLAR'S DREAM;
OR, THE LEAGUE AS SOME WOULD LIKE TO SEE IT.

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Impressions of Parliament.



AT THE RICH MAN'S TABLE.

The Dog. "CRUMBS 'OFF'! I CALL THAT DISGUSTING!!"

MR. A. P. HERBERT.

Synopsis of the Week.

Monday, May 11th.—Commons: Debate on the Civil List.

Tuesday, May 12th.—Lords: Debate on the Position of the League.

Commons: Debate on Employment of Women and Young Persons.

Wednesday, May 13th.—Lords: Discussions on Malta and Trial of Peers.

Commons: Debate on Tithe Bill.

Monday, May 11th.—Between them the Home Office and the Post Office appear to have got into a pretty muddle over the application of the Betting Bill to the Irish Sweepstake.

In 1935, as Sir WILLIAM DAVISON (now, as always, unwilling to allow this eccentric measure to be forgotten) pointed out, the HOME SECRETARY admitted that a man could legally send ten shillings to Dublin for a ticket for himself; and now the P.M.G. has refused to convey such a letter. In his reply Major TRYON only hedged. Has Sir WILLIAM really caught his adversaries sitting on the toast? Mr. P.'s R. piously hopes so.

So long as every care is taken to make sure that lookers-in shall never be subjected to the briefest glimpse of that Caliban of architecture the Alexandra Palace, television has the public's blessing. The transmission of a full programme, said the P.M.G. to-day, may be expected in the autumn.

When the Civil List came to be considered Mr. A. P. HERBERT made an eloquent but unavailing plea that the sum annually allotted to new pensions for writers, artists and men of science should be increased from £1,200 to £4,000. He reminded the House that the present miserable sum had been fixed a hundred years ago, and urged that it was time we gave a little more recognition to people who had done much for their country but little for themselves. The CHANCELLOR's refusal to accept the amendment led Mr. HERBERT to describe his attitude as disgusting.

Tuesday, May 12th.—In recognition of Lord MOTTISTONE's unhappy efforts to make the Italian adventure appear more gallant and less abominable, it would be a becoming gesture if in future the final letter of his title were sounded in the high Roman manner. There is a lovely mountain

behind Stresa called the Mottarone, and MOTTISTONE would sound equally well.



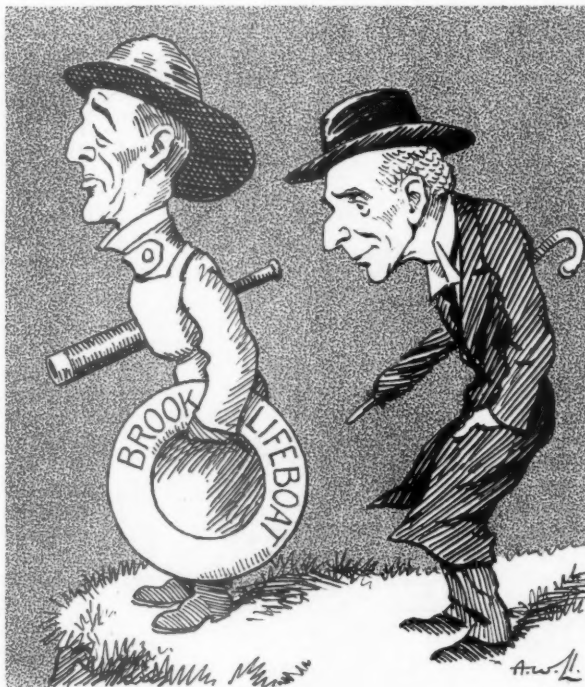
LORD HUGH CECIL DELIVERS A SERMON DENOUNCING THE SINS OF THE GOVERNMENT.

[After DAVID WILKIE's picture of KNOX preaching before the Lords.]

This afternoon in the Upper House Lord CECIL attacked Lord PONSONBY's suggestion that Article 16, the sanctions clause in the Covenant, should be ruled out, and pleaded that what he described as the fairest hope that had ever been open to mankind should not be abandoned. Was it not unreasonable, he asked, to expect unbroken success from such an immense experiment, which had initially to revoke the history of many centuries?

On the other hand, Lord MOTTISTONE compared the League to an ill-constructed ship, manned by landmen, which had struck a rock and was sinking, and complained that it had shown itself lacking in men of judicial mind. He remarked that the choice in Abyssinia was between Italy and chaos, but he did not mention that the chaos was of Italian creation.

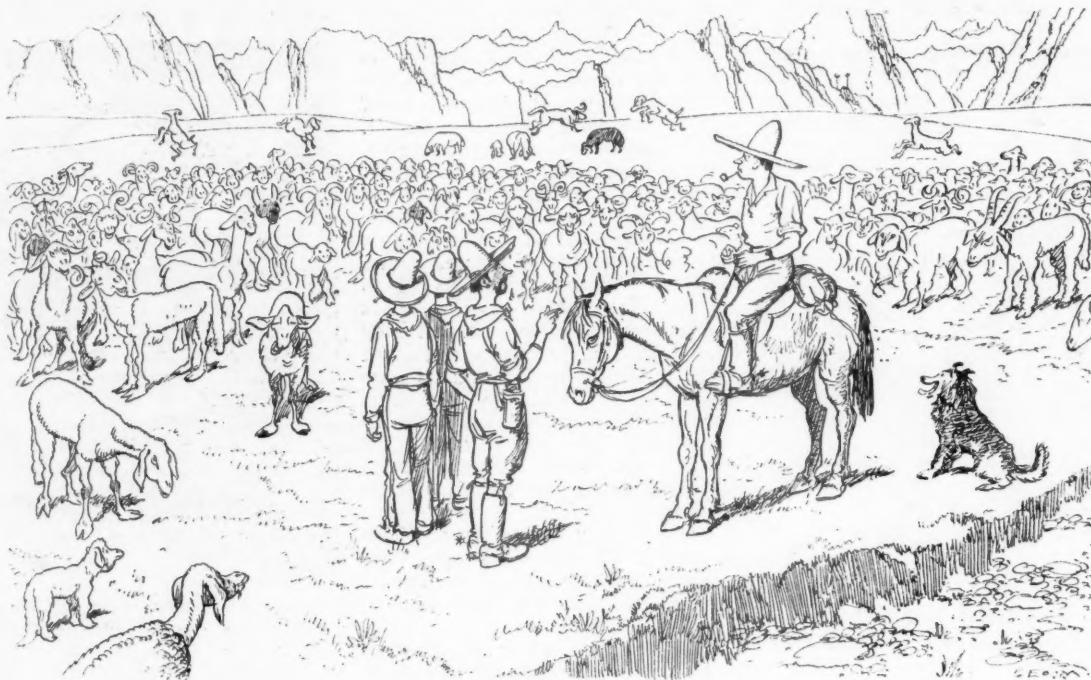
The public is so accustomed to picture the CHANCELLOR in a funny hat, wielding a salmon-rod, that it will be surprised to learn that he is also a gardener, as he told the Commons to-day, when he compared the



S.S. GENEVA.

Coxswain Lord Mottistone. "SHE'S ON THE ROCKS! SHE'S SINKING!"

Lord Cecil of Chelwood. "TUT, TUT, MY DEAR FELLOW! SHE HAS MERELY MET WITH A TEMPORARY SETBACK."



"I THINK IT MUST BE THE CLIMATE. I BEGAN WITH PURE-BRED SOUTHDOWNS."

Government's scheme for lending money to small businesses in the Special Areas to giving young plants a start in a greenhouse. The Bill authorising the scheme was given a Third Reading, and so was the Civil List Bill.

Wednesday, May 13th.—A sharp difference of opinion between Lord SWINTON and Lord STRICKLAND marked an otherwise quiet day in the Upper House. When Lord STRICKLAND complained of the appointment to the Court of Appeal of Malta of a junior Judge over the heads of others, Lord SWINTON interpreted this as suggesting that the late Governor had hoped by this appointment to get judgment in favour of the Government of Malta, an accusation which he described as monstrous. Lord STRICKLAND replied that he was making no accusation but only a statement of facts.

In the Lower House, after the P.M. had politely parried a number of inquiries about Abyssinia, Mr. ELLIOT obtained a Second Reading for the Government's Tithe Bill. It seems to be the soundest compromise which can be arrived at, and he said that he felt "a certain sense of pleasure in the fact that there were such innocent and happy beings in the world as to believe that by any Bill in that House complete agreement on the tithe question could ever be reached this side of Paradise."

The rough outlines of the Bill, which is very complicated, involve the taking-over by the State of the rights of the



OUR BACK-BENCH WHO'S WHO.

A curious case
Has arisen about the owner of this face.
We cannot recall his name,
But all the same,
We put him in
On account of the grin.

present tithe-owners by the issue of £70,000,000 of stock. Scottish and Northern Irish farmers are unaffected

by it. All tithe incomes not exceeding £500 a year will be protected at their present rates for 13½ years. Rating authorities are to be compensated, and the maximum period of redemption will be 60 years.

The Labour Party, which opposed the Bill, would have liked this period to have been shorter, Mr. ALEXANDER declaring that there was no solution to the problem until the nation was prepared to adopt the principle of the land for the people. The Liberals also criticised the length of the redemption period and the fact that it failed to recognise the unfair position of the Free Churches.

A violent attack on it came from Lord HUGH CECIL, who described it as an Act of Parliament borrowed from the morals of the American underworld, and from Mr. DENMAN, who viewed it picturesquely as a measure to provide a dole for dukes. But in the main the House approved it as a compromise, and voted for it by 258 to 132.

The Brighter Club Movement.

"FLOODLIT BORE."

News Headline.

"A senator is a creature with the body of a man and the brains of a horse."

Examination Answer.

U.S. papers please copy.

Pipes.

SEVERAL times when I was younger I tried to give up smoking. Giving up smoking, in fact, became quite a vice with me, and I found the craving to give up smoking almost as difficult to resist as the craving to smoke. But I fought manfully against it, and it is a long time since it troubled me.

But yesterday being my birthday, I foolishly decided not exactly to give up smoking but to observe certain rules and regulations which Edith and I drew up together.

"You ought to smoke more pipes and less cigarettes," said Edith, "because for you at least pipe-smoking comes much cheaper than cigarette-smoking. I have often watched you smoking a pipe and noted with pleasure what a long time you can make a single pipeful last. First of all you spend about a quarter-of-an-hour scraping out the pipe and excavating with a hair-pin. Then you open the tin and spill most of the tobacco on the floor. Then you rub the tobacco round and round in your hand before putting it in the pipe. All this takes time, during which you are for all practical purposes a non-smoker. Then you light up and find it doesn't draw, knock the tobacco out and start all over again. I have known you make a single pipeful of tobacco last a whole morning."

Of course Edith's description of myself as a pipe-smoker is rather exaggerated, but I have always had a sneaking feeling that pipe-smoking is less sinful than cigarette-smoking, and so I solemnly agreed not to smoke any cigarettes before four o'clock in the afternoon.

And of course the very next day I went for a ten-mile walk with Colonel Hogg and found that I had forgotten to bring a pipe. He kept offering me cigarettes with maddening persistence, but I was firm as a rock. So when we arrived home I invited him in.

"You can now watch me smoke a pipe," I said to the Colonel. "I shall enjoy that pipe as I have not enjoyed a pipe for years. It would be much better for you if you would practise a little abstinence occasionally instead of perpetually soaking yourself with nicotine."

It was rather annoying not to find my big brown pipe on the end of the study mantel-shelf where I always keep it.

"But I have plenty more pipes," I said to the Colonel—"seven at least, not counting the one with the broken bowl in my gardening coat. I think I



"AH, WELL, IT'S GOOD TO BE BACK ON THE OLD CRICKET-PITCH AGAIN."

will smoke the black one which lives in the Chinese cabinet."

I opened the Chinese cabinet, but my black pipe was not there, and a grim foreboding of evil seized me. Could it be that Edith had seized all my pipes, trusting that I would keep the bargain about cigarettes and thus have to cut out smoking altogether until four o'clock?

"I am beginning to feel like HITLER must have felt when the Franco-Soviet Treaty was signed," I said. "If she has indeed taken all my pipes I shall have to reconsider my whole position."

Further search confirmed my suspicions of Edith's perfidy. My meerschaum, my Red Horror, my Square, my Old Faithful—all were gone. Even

the sixpenny one I bought at Brighton had disappeared from the hat-stand drawer. And the one with the broken bowl had gone from my gardening coat.

I had just lighted one of Colonel Hogg's cigarettes when Edith came in.

"You have absolutely no self-control at all," she said hopelessly. "And after all the trouble I took to get the village carpenter to make a special pipe-rack for all your eight pipes."

She pointed, and I turned to see the whole gang looking reproachfully at me from the wall.

Machiavelli Minor.

"Reprisals are allowable in war and the great thing is to get in first with them."

Schoolboy's Essay.

At the Play.

"BITTER HARVEST" (ST. MARTIN'S).

IN old plays there was no more established figure in the programme than one "Charles, his friend." *Byron*, in *Bitter Harvest* at the St. Martin's Theatre, has a great wealth of such Charleses. *Thomas Moore*, *Walter Scott*, *John Cam Hobhouse* all delight to play the rôle, advising *Byron* candidly and for his own good. It is the loss of modern playgoers that they have little knowledge of men like *MOORE* and *HOBHOUSE*, who cut a great figure in their day, but *Bitter Harvest* has no ambitions to give a sense of the literary life of the Regency. It is a study of *BYRON* and his marriage.

Flanking the faithful friends, the cast includes a group of faithless females between whom *Byron's* distracted soul is torn. The gayest of them, gay with a sophisticated exuberance, is *Lady Oxford* (Miss JOYCE KENNEDY), but, more at the centre of the storm, *Augusta Leigh* (Miss MARY GLYNNE) and *Annabella Millbanke* (Miss NORAH ROBINSON) stand in an increasingly impossible relationship to each other. *Mrs. Leigh*, *Byron's* half-sister, is portrayed as a cheerful volatile woman, quite unconscious of the sort of charges that are being levelled at her sustained connection with *Byron*. *Miss Millbanke* is made into such a foolish blue-stocking that her first appearance, when she comes back to make *Byron* propose to her again, alienates our sympathies, which are so fully needed in the later intensity of her sufferings.

Mr. ERIC PORTMAN has an exhausting evening as *Lord Byron* and does not spare himself, but his energy does not manage to convey any impression of greatness in the poet. He seems peevish and shrill, composing his verses with a fertile fluency and superficial satisfaction with any rhyme that offers

With very few changes the play could have been a play of the "debunking" order, but any such intention was far from the dramatist's mind. It would have been quite reasonable to seek to pierce through

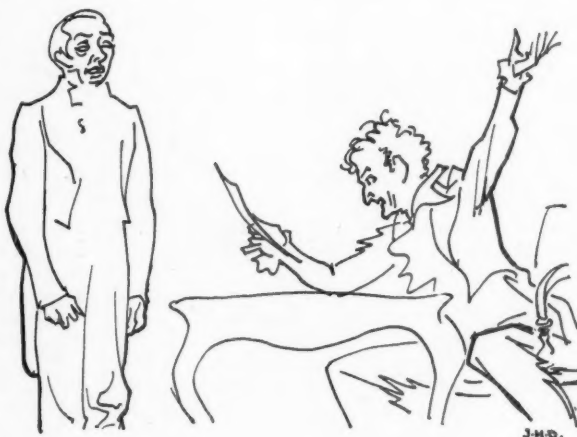
the veil of nineteenth-century romanticism which, throughout Europe, made such a figure of the lame young English peer, and to show the much smaller



THE POETRY OF APPROACH.

Lord Byron Mr. ERIC PORTMAN.
Lady Caroline Lamb Miss NADINE MARCH.

proportions of his actual life. In fact the play seeks to exploit a very deep theme—the failure of *Byron* to find all he sought in any one woman. It flies



THE POET'S PERFECT VALET.

Fletcher Mr. JOHN ABBOTT.
Lord Byron Mr. ERIC PORTMAN.

high, and if the difficulties prove too great the effort is gallant.

Miss NADINE MARCH as *Lady Caro-*

line *Lamb* has some good, simple vituperation, and Miss MABEL TERRY-LEWIS as *Lady Melbourne* has plenty to say as the wise woman of the world.

But the heart of the drama is not sound and the Byronic outbursts do not impress us with any feeling that here is a man of strange genius in the critical moment of his life. There is something small about the whole domestic scene and the Byronic foible, and vinegar and potatoes do not offset and illuminate anything heroically tragic, but are themselves the centre of the action.

French players and writers succeed much better in this type of play, which all turns on the emotions, on the feelings of the characters to one another; but the recipe is elusive and it has not, alas! been captured here. D. W.

"RISE AND SHINE" (DRURY LANE).

I wish I could understand why the theatre-going public gets such a whale of a kick out of large-scale attempts to capture reality. If a manager has got a feeble play but a big stage, he has only to drag in the wreck of the *Hesperus* and display it with waves by the Water Board, storm by the Multibreeze Co., and snow by the cartload to be sure of a year's run. The public will be thrilled. What I want to know is where the point comes where the public will cease to be thrilled and will begin to laugh heartily at the manager. Given a still bigger stage and even vaster financial resources, could he guarantee himself a two years' run by showing a life-size reconstruction of the *Queen Mary* or the *Hindenburg*?

I almost believe he could, and I should be the last to blame him for trying, since managers are in business for profit and not for health. But still I cannot see why the theatre should be considered a suitable medium for all this Gargantuan realism, when those who like it can drink it down in far more concentrated doses and about six times more cheaply in their local cinema, where you might imagine even they would get enough of it. I am not saying a word against

spectacle in the theatre, because spectacle is much less a matter of size than of colour, and up to now (and probably far into the future) the theatre can easily beat the screen at that.

Colour is not the strong point of this production. It boasts one really lovely little set, the interior of a travel bureau in the modern style; but its frequent medleys of bright peasant dresses, though gay and stimulating, are thrown against backgrounds which do nothing to help. The scene at the girls' school is an intolerable clash of unhappy tints.

On the other hand, the following phenomena are visible: the departure of a train from a station, with real smoke and real sparks; most of a garden-party; most of a ball-room; a real helicopter rising through real air with real noise and containing real human beings; most of the side of a liner whose every rivet you could count if you had time; and a generous helping of birthday-cake Alp.

To my mind the chief merit of the piece is the pitch to which Mr. RALPH READER has drilled his chorus, whose movements are perfectly timed and whose dancing has an infectious swing and rhythm. He has an extraordinary gift for welding masses of people. My only criticism of this chorus is that the men sing a little too loud for their words always to be intelligible in the stalls.

The story is no sillier than that of most musical-comedies, being concerned with the usual improbable people in the usual improbable mountain kingdom, but it needs a dominating comedian to bolster it up, and this it lacks. There are two or three good tunes.

Miss BINNIE HALE and Mr. JACK WHITING frolic together pleasantly; Miss CLARICE HARDWICKE has a finish to everything she does which makes her a delight to watch; and Miss IRENE BROWNE takes off an eccentric Queen of Society to good effect. As

the chief funny-man, Mr. SYD WALKER relies too unvaryingly on the gurgling voice and the goggling eye of the music-hall.

ERIC.



J.H.D.

THE PACE-MAKER.

Anne . . . MISS BINNIE HALE.



J.H.D.W.D.

Alec Merton (Mr. GEOFFREY SUMNER, just arrived). "SHOULDN'T I PUT ON AN OLD MORONIAN SCHOOL TIE OR SOMETHING?"

Marie (Miss CLARICE HARDWICKE). "AND WHAT ABOUT ME IN THE OLD SCHOOL SKIRT?"

Bus Behaviour.

THE evening bus has a flat white hat
Skewered with golden pins,
But it isn't till James and I get
on
That the Changing Game
begins;
Then a star is a bird and a bird
a stone
And the moon a pumpkin-rind,
And it's:
"Where, Sir?" and "Fare,
Sir,"
"I'll tell you when you're there,
Sir,"
And "Madam, would you
mind . . . ?"
And James is Lord Piptolomy
And everybody bows to us,
And when we're nearly home I
shout,
"His Lordship wishes to get
out!"
And "Come, your Lordship,
follow me;"
And so we leave the omnibus.
Now do you think the people we
Sit opposite go home and say:
"That charming Lord Piptolomy
Was on the bus again to-day"?

Every tree is a goose-grey broom.
Sweeping the dusty sky;
Bicycle-lamps are the painted
spots

On the wings of a butterfly;
A moth is a leaf and a leaf a
hand

And a bush a creeping
toad,
And it's:

"Ware, Sir! Take care,
Sir!"

And "Please to mind
the stair, Sir,"

And "Two to Darley
Road,"

And James is Duke de
Beevelteen

And I'm his friend Car-
actacus;

And when we're nearly
home I shout,

"Stop! This is where
the Duke gets out,"

And "Well, your Grace,
how nice it's been;"

And so we leave the
omnibus.

But I would like (and so
would James)

To know if people saw
descend

Two boys with rather
common names

Or—Duke de Beevel-
teen and friend.

From My Study Window.

Dreams and Disillusionment.

WHEN a man has reached not perhaps the evening of life but, in a sense, the late afternoon, he may be pardoned, I think, for a studious and reflective turn of mind. One has seen many things and, I suppose one can say without boasting, various things have occurred to one. All this is bound to count in the long run. Experience, TENNYSON tells us, is an arch where-through gleams, if memory serves, that untravell'd world whose margin—"margin" used here poetically, I often think, instead of horizon, which of course fits less well into the metrical arrangement—fades for ever and for ever as we move. This is very true, though to me experience appears rather as a road than an arch (tunnel, perhaps?), a long and, alas! sometimes a dusty road down which I must wend my way, drawing ever further and further away from my starting-point and approaching—what? That is the puzzle. Still, road or arch, experience comes to each and all of us, and it is never, believe me, without its value. That is why I am embarking upon this record of my thoughts and actions as the days speed by.

I hope no one will be misled by the title I have chosen. I do not intend to be bound in any way by its literal meaning. Just as A. C. BENSON refers in his book, *A College Window*, to scenes and events which could not possibly, even with artificial aid, be visible from the precincts of his college, so here whatever of interest comes within my purview will be set down irrespective of time or place. After all, it matters little whether one is looking through the study window or the dining-room window or even the bathroom, so long as the object seen is worthy of record. Again, has not the mind windows of its own?

I have been reading a little booklet about Dreams which has come into my possession. I took it up because of a curious dream which visited me recently. I found myself on a train attempting to sell butter to a well-dressed fellow-passenger whose face at first seemed unfamiliar. But on his removing his top-hat, to emphasise some remark, I at once recognised an old school-friend, Rupert Polson, and we agreed to play piquet together. My embarrassment when he pointed out that I had neither shoes nor socks upon my feet may be imagined. I awoke feeling baffled and disappointed. The odd thing about it was that I have never at any time been commercially interested in butter, nor have I seen or heard of Rupert Polson since leaving school. So I turned with eagerness to the dream-book, only to meet with an immediate set-back. Nothing resembling my dream appeared there. As so often with books of reference, this volume proved on trial to be hopelessly incomplete. To dream of butter indicates that I am suffering, as I have always maintained, from a severe internal complaint, and a top-hat denotes good news, but of the significance of selling the former to an old friend wearing the latter the book says not a word. Piquet is not even mentioned. Of what use is it to be told that to dream of earwigs augurs petty domestic differences? As if one would ever dream of such things! I must find out whether there are perhaps other and better books on the subject. I am no Freudian, I am thankful to say, but, after all, nothing is to be gained by denying the sub-conscious.

What an extraordinary world we live in! Yesterday a man called to see me while I was at work on my *History of Social Behaviour*. I had mislaid his card and, at a loss to

know what his business might be, I asked him what he thought of events in Abyssinia and the flight of the Emperor.

"I come from the Filtro people," he said, giving me an odd look.

"You are very fair-skinned," I replied, supposing him to refer to some Abyssinian or possibly Italian tribe. "Have you lived long in this country?"

"I was born in Balham," he said abruptly, and proceeded to show me a series of photographs illustrating the effects of chalky water on various organs of the body. Many of them were unpleasant in the extreme.

"But this is monstrous," I cried, "to go about alarming people in this way! I don't believe a word of it."

"If you would just let me make you a cup of tea—" he began, but I stopped him with what calmness I could muster.

"Thank you," I replied coldly. "My staff are fully competent to supply my simple needs in that direction at the proper place and time," and I showed him to the door.

Nevertheless after he had gone I felt uneasy and decided to ring up the Water Company.

"I have reason to fear," I told them, "that my liver is being seriously affected through drinking your water."

"Take less whisky with it then," advised a voice, adding that he was the New Utopia Repair Company and was there anything else he could do for me.

"You can oblige me by mending your manners," I replied tartly, but he had rung off. At my next attempt to communicate with the Water Company I got through, by an extraordinary coincidence, to the Filtro Company's Head Office, and ordered a water-softener, to be on the safe side.

The moral of all this is that one should be extremely careful whom one admits into one's house, or, failing that, very chary of what one drinks. So at least it seems to me.

I notice, as I write, that alarm is expressed in France because cement is being taken into the Rhineland. What realists these Frenchmen are! Italy too is attempting a *rapprochement* with Berlin, and Vienna (ah! those nights!) betrays anxiety. Still, the hawthorn is out in my garden, the sun is shining, and Rome seems very far away. It is a relief to turn for a few quiet moments to my well-thumbed *Petronius*.
H. F. E.

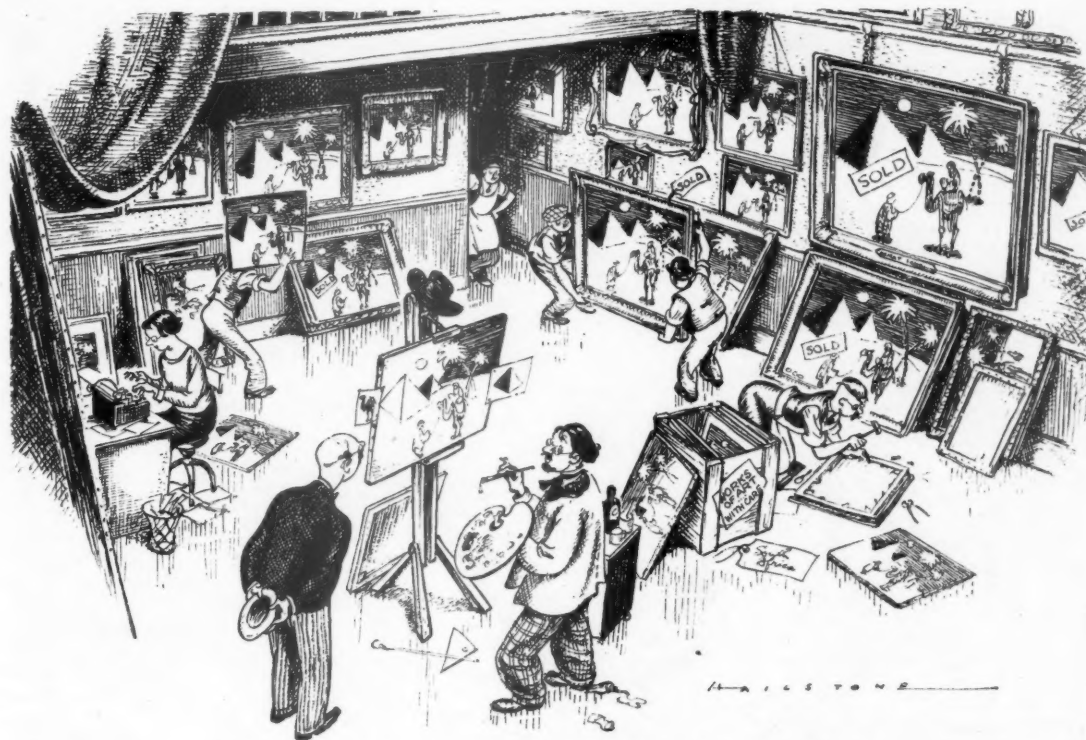
Devon and "Dosset."

SOMEHOW Devon seems to be
Only place on earth for me,
Till I come by Dorset ways;
Then 'tis "Dosset" has my praise.

"Dosset" vales were made in heaven:
So, I swear, were combs of Devon.
"Dosset" hills—I ask no more,
Save, maybe, a Devon tor.

Devon cider doth prevail
'Gainst all else—bar "Dosset" ale.
As for cream, each kind is brother
To the best, which is the other.

Love-a-duck, how I do dream
Of "Dosset" brook and Devon stream!
Devon and "Dosset"—bless their stones:
Where they meet, there lay my bones. D. C.



"THE IDEA FIRST CAME TO ME WHEN I READ AN ADVERTISEMENT CALLED 'LEARN TO BECOME A SUCCESSFUL ARTIST.'"

As Others Hear Us.

"I Remember, I Remember."

"ISN'T this too jolly for words? Isn't it a scream? You and I—or you and me, I never know which, Ha-ha-ha—anyhow, jolly old *us* meeting here of all places in the world! Honestly, I nearly *died* when I heard that you and old Jimmie of all people in the world were at Government House. Quite a step-up for you, isn't it?"

"Nelly, won't you sit down? I hope you like watching polo. This ought to be a very good match."

"Ha-ha-ha! What next, my dear? Don't tell me you're pretending to take an interest in polo nowadays! Good gracious me! why, you don't know one end of a horse from the other, unless you've *changed* a good deal since the dear old days! Never shall I forget seeing you fall off the Rectory donkey into the cow-pond, and how furious you were. Livid, my dear, simply livid. Not that I blame you."

"That was all a very long time ago. Do sit down, Nelly."

"Certainly, my dear. What's the matter with your voice? Why are you talking in a whisper? Got a cold or something?"

"No, thank you. One very seldom catches cold in the tropics."

"Well, if anybody could, *you* could, Dumps. I always say, and I always shall say, that I never knew anybody like you for colds. Do you remember how furious we used to get with you at school for *sniffing*?"

"No, I can't really say I do. Are you staying here long, or does the ship sail again to-night?"

"Not till Monday, thank goodness. We shall have plenty of time to yarn over old times. I only wish I were staying weeks and weeks."

"As a matter of fact H.E. is going up to the hills in a day or two and I'm going with him."

"H.E.!!! Do you mean old Jimmie? I *say*, we are grand nowadays, aren't we? I shall pull his leg over that all right. H.E. indeed! That's good."

"Nelly dear, *would* you mind making a tiny bit less noise? It's only that H—that Jim's private secretary is sitting just over there and—"

"You never used to call him Jim. It's quite a new idea, isn't it? I suppose you'll say next that I'm not to call you Dumps any longer?"

"Of course, Nelly dear, call me anything you like. Though as a matter of fact my friends always say Dorothy,

and have for years and years. Look, here come the ponies."

"Fancy you knowing a polo-pony when you see one! That's something new, isn't it? Well, now do tell me how you and old Jimmie enjoy doing the High Cockalorum business out here. It must have been a bit of a change for you."

"Naturally, this is the most important post Jim has held yet. Still, we've been abroad, one way and another, for a good many years, haven't we?"

"Ah, well, one forgets how time flies. I don't suppose you *feel* forty-seven any more than I feel forty-five. Though the crows'-feet and grey hairs give one away a bit, what? Still, I don't think you've put on as much weight as I have."

"My weight actually has altered very little."

"Really? I should have said you'd put on quite a lot, especially round the hips. That's where it shows, of course—Ha-ha-ha! Do you remember what a little podge you were at sixteen, and how you *would* suck lemons to try to make yourself look pale and interesting?"

"Did I?"

"Oh, rather! Don't tell me you've forgotten that. Why, you'll be saying



"WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THIS IS THERE'S NO DANGER FROM THESE BEASTLY MOTORS."

next that you don't remember how we used to rag you about that ridiculous youth—what *was* his name?—who used to compose sentimental waltzes and wouldn't cut his hair."

"Talking about waltzes, Nelly, reminds me that I have one or two tickets here for a concert they're getting up for to-night at the hotel. I wonder if you'd care to go?"

"Thanks, my dear. Is that the programme? Good heavens, they must be a bit hard up for a Patroness if they have to ask *you*! Why, you don't know one note of music from another, and never did!"

"I may not be particularly musical, Nelly, but I'm not as bad as that. I quite enjoy a concert."

"Touchy as ever, I see. Still, you and I are old friends, and I hope I know how to take you by this time—Ha-ha-ha! They *will* scream when I get home and tell them how you and old Jimmie have gone up in the world."

"Will they?"

"Oh, rather. They'll think it's a tremendous joke. Why, last time you stayed with us you were mad about acting and determined to go on the

stage—don't you remember? I shall never forget you, standing up in the dear old schoolroom, raving away at the top of your voice, pretending to be *Ophelia* or somebody, and waving your arms about till you knocked over a couple of glass vases filled with water—Ha-ha-ha! I always thought that was what really cured you of thinking you could act."

"What an extraordinary memory you must have, Nelly!"

"Oh, yes, my dear, I have. You wait till I get hold of old Jimmie and that private secretary of his, or whatever you call him. They'll simply *rock* when I tell them some of my funny stories about you in the good old days."

E. M. D.

Our Village.

(Almost any one within fifty miles of Charing Cross, and a hundred years after Miss Mitford.)

It is Friday evening. The scene is one made familiar to us by the writings of the poet GRAY and Mr. BEVERLEY NICHOLS. Except that no curfew tolls

it, the day is parting in the traditional manner. The lowing herd is winding slowly o'er the lea. The cockchafer is bustling busily off to its nest or cocoon or wherever it is cockchafers go in the night-time. The lesser ragwort is folding its silky petals in prayer (this is pure B. N.), and Bill the ploughman, having intermitted his weary plod homeward at the "Egg and Rasher," glances at the tap-room clock, finishes his pint and pushes on again.

In Tudor times, when most of the village was built, this our England, this other Eden—to quote a contemporary for a change—was a merry and musical land; and, thank heaven! it is merry and musical once more. From the latticed windows, hooded with thatch and embowered in roses, honeysuckle or nettles (according to the season), the strains of the gramophone and the wireless concuss Bill's ear-drums as he plods wearily onward. The blasts of motor-horns mingle pleasantly with rumbas and two-steps. The windows themselves blaze with electric light (on the grid system), and Bill's eyes are dazzled by the side-



"I'M SORRY I'M SO LATE FOR MY FITTING."

"WELL, MADAM, I MUST MAKE THE MOST OF YOU NOW YOU'RE HERE."

lamps of immense cars parked at almost every rustic gate. Happy youthful voices bellow to make themselves heard above the din.

"Who's got the sardines?"

"Darling, isn't it perfectly marvellous . . .?"

"Mind that bottle, old thing!"

"Try Luxembourg, someone. I'm fed up with this septic band . . ."

"I said to old Snooker, 'My dear old fish, be your age.' . . ."

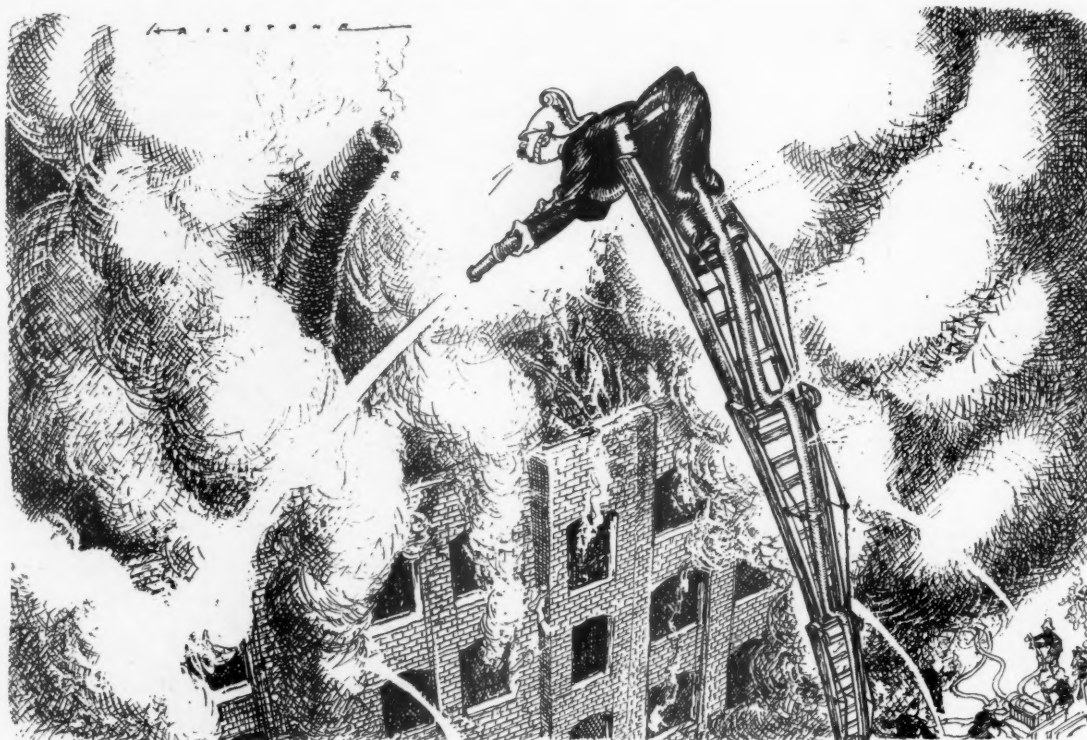
"Joan, curse you, where did you put the corkscrew?"

All this time the lowing herd is still winding itself up. The ragwort, how-

ever, has finished its prayers, and the cockchafer, muttering something very different, is ejecting a cuckoo from its cuckoon. The day, in fact, has almost parted. But Bill the ploughman has still a long way to go—if not to plod.

He pauses for a moment outside a cottage and looks at it wistfully. It is his old home. It is so old now that he hardly knows it. There is an iron grille in the oak door, which is studded like a rash with enormous bolts. An antique brass lantern (with a 40-watt bulb inside) hangs on the left of the door, a brass bell on the right. The casements are leaded so thickly that they

give little light, and what they do give is further obscured by the thatchiest of overhanging thatch; and, as every beam in the cottage has been exposed and coated with Wigwum, it is as black as pitch there at midsummer noon. On the dormer gable (so that you shan't make any mistake about it) is painted the date 1629. On the rustic gate, in old English lettering (from Bullworth's), is the name "Lyttell Thatch." Through the open window of what Bill used to call his kitchen issue piercing shrieks of merriment and the refrain of "By Heck," and the light of more antique lanterns sparkles on brass warming-



"GO OUT—DARN YOU!"

pans, blue crockery and pewter mugs. Bill cannot really see much of this, as there are apparently about forty people in the room.

"By Heck!" says Bill to himself, for even he has caught something of the modern manner.

He plods on once more, and joins a little group waiting in the dusk at the corner of the road by the grid transformer. Bats flutter overhead, pretending to be aeroplanes. Owls hoot in feeble imitation of motor-horns.

"Ullo, mate!" says Bill to a friend. He still has to shout a little to be heard.

"Ar!" says his friend.

"It'll be a good year for Brussels, likely."

"Ay."

"If them little old frosts don't nip 'em."

"Ar."

With a ferocious hooting a perfect constellation of lights comes sweeping through the village.

"Here she be," says Bill, almost with animation. "Well, there's one thing, mate."

"Ar?"

"What with these 'ere week-enders, it's a blessing we don't 'ave to live in the country no more."

And he and his fellow agricultural

labourers climb thankfully into the bus that is to carry them to their new hygienic model houses in the peace of the nearest town.

Customs of the Country.

(Salamanders may be brought into England free of duty.)

FROM foreign shores a lander
I faced the Arch-Demander,
The man on duty bent,
With list of questions risky:
"No Satins, Silks or Scent?
No Watches, Wines or Whisky?"
I said: "There, there! my record's
fair;
I am no contrabander!
I've nothing to declare
Except a Salamander."
"And why a Salamander?"
I answered him with candour:
"My Love entreated me
From foreign lands I went to
To bring her oversea
A Really Nice Memento.
I dared not bring my Love a string
Of pearls to make her grander;
I dared not bring a thing
Except a Salamander."
"But, Sir, a Salamander . . .
If one might understand her,

Will it delight your Love

And make her feelings ripier,

Or will it turn a dove—

You take me—to a viper?"

I said: "I know not if she'll glow

When I her present hand her;

But Duty's duty, so

Undo my Salamander—

My red-hot Salamander,

The fiery gift I've planned
her.

Examine at your will

Its bright and burning beauty—

Then hey for Muswell Hill

And England, Home and Duty!"

"I trust it's not *extremely* hot?"

He cackled like a gander.

"What-what? Not hot? Great
Scott!

It is a *Salamander*!"

"I see—a Salamander . . ."

His thoughts appeared to
wander.

"Pass onward," said the gent

Who many a smuggler catches

With Satins, Silks and Scent

And Whisky, Wine and Watches.

So now my girl's Parisian pearls

About her neck meander,

While on a cushion curls

Sammy our Salamander.

You couldn't have a blander
Pet than a Salamander.

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Northampton's Christian Member.

SEARCHING for new characters to introduce to the reading public, Mr. HESKETH PEARSON has now pitched upon the late HENRY LABOUCHERE, jester, reformer, journalist and politician, and produced a monograph which he calls *Labby* (HAMISH HAMILTON, 10/6). There have been few figures in the nineteenth century more prolific of good stories, and Mr. PEARSON retails most of them, beginning with that of his grandfather, the young French clerk in an Amsterdam banking house, who secured at one swoop a partnership in the firm and the hand of Sir FRANCIS BARING's daughter. "LABBY" himself began his career in the diplomatic service, where he displayed all the qualities of cool cynicism that distinguished him in later life. Constantinople saw the end of that phase. Then his father died and he came into his very considerable property and fell in love with HENRIETTA HODSON, and turned his gambling instincts towards the stage, opening the Queen's Theatre in Long Acre, where under his management IRVING and ELLEN TERRY appeared together for the first time. After that came the Franco-Prussian War, in which he made his name as a journalist by acting as Paris correspondent of *The Daily News* during the siege and incidentally assisting to treble the paper's circulation. Then EDMUND YATES invited him to write City articles for the *World*, which led to his founding *Truth*—"another and a better *World*"—in 1877. Three years later, after two false starts, he may be said to have begun his political life, becoming Member ("Christian Member," he called himself) for the Borough of Northampton. Thenceforward he was the *enfant terrible* of the Liberal Party, as well as the journalistic censor of fraudulent company-promoters and their like. Out of this varied career the author of *The Smith of Smiths* has made an eminently cheerful volume.

Trials of a Housekeeper.

Although MR. C. E. LAWRENCE has called his new novel *The Old Lady* (MURRAY, 7/6), it is not the septuagenarian *Miss Penistone* of Thurl Cottage but *Kate Marsh*, her devoted and long-suffering henchwoman, who is its proper heroine. As for *Miss Penistone*, it is only an old-fashioned prejudice against such nomenclature that prevents me from describing her as a sadist; and I think it is a weakness in MR. LAWRENCE's portrait of her that while he exhibits her malice in lively action, he only tells us, without persuading us, of her compensatory charm. For *Kate*, on the other hand, one cannot but feel a flutter of sympathy. What with her mistress's slings and arrows, an absentee



"I ASK YOU, COULD YOU SEE ME WEARING THIS COLOUR?"

husband who is so bad a penny that he is bound to turn up again, a partially absentee daughter who is weak and selfish and may at any moment be "worse," and lastly, as a work of supererogation, an inhibited clergyman who needs reclaiming from the bottle (a job which proves unusually easy)—she has a rougher time of it than her manifold virtues deserve. All comes tolerably if precariously right in the end; but I do not feel that this is one of Mr. LAWRENCE'S most convincing stories. At times it is more sentimental, at times more melodramatic than altogether accords with our modern taste; while there are idiosyncrasies in its writing to which one must get used. Yet it is touched with true humour and there is an appeal in its old-world simplicity.

The Age of Patronage.

An inquiry into the period when the man who paid the piper called the tune and, moreover, took pains to know

what sort of tune he liked and why, is a useful counterblast to an age when craftsmen pose as minor prophets and a helpless public takes or (more commonly) leaves them. Mr. JOHN STEEGMANN's estimate of *The Rule of Taste* (MACMILLAN, 10/6), as imposed by a tight little coterie of Georgian oligarchs throughout the eighteenth century, errs on the charitable side. He is not an advocate for the Augustans; but he is obviously better informed on cosmopolitan tendencies than on the subterranean trend of the English genius. He is more at home with ormolu than oak. Having said this, I have nothing but praise for the studious clarity and captivating ease of his accomplished book. His patrons travel, collect, colonise, acquire, and return home to out-build their neighbours "after" PALLADIO or the Great Mogul. The artists—from KNELLER to WILKIE, from VANBRUGH to NASH—tremble and obey. Dr. JOHNSON, you remember, coupled "the patron and the gaol" as the alternative lot of genius. But Mr. STEEGMANN does not quote Dr. JOHNSON.

Musical Memories.

MISS MATHILDE VERNE, the author of *Chords of Remembrance* (HUTCHINSON, 18/-), is one of the ten children of Bavarian parents who migrated to England in the latter half of the last century. Music was in the blood on both sides. Her ancestors were nearly all musicians, and of the five children who grew up, MARY, the eldest, won the Mendelssohn Scholarship, ADELA has toured the world with brilliant success as a pianist, and MATHILDE has for many years been a most distinguished and faithful exponent of the methods of her mistress, CLARA SCHUMANN, as performer and teacher. The number of those who have passed through her pianoforte school is indeed legion. These memoirs, rich in illuminating anecdotes of the many famous musicians whom she has known, prove her to be rooted in the classical tradition and in her loyalty to the three B's: she is no Wagnerolater, but confesses to having been "overwhelmed" by *Parsifal*. They reveal a kindly, courageous and grateful nature. She dislikes crooning, jazz and the negroid or barbaric forms so popular to-day. As to the future of music, she is somewhat despondent. Modern amateurs dislike hard work and practice. But the only really hard words that fall from her kindly pen are directed against the B.B.C., which she describes as "a colossal car of the God of Destruction, typical of the mechanical age." The preservation of the "Proms" by its intervention is admitted but passed over without a word of commendation.

Whither and Why.

Doctor AUSTIN FREEMAN is not one of our most vividly exciting writers of sensational fiction, but as regards sound workmanship and logical conclusion he is at the top of his class. The latest task allotted to Dr. Thorndike is the

solution of *The Penrose Mystery* (HODDER & STOUGHTON, 7/6), and a lot of what may accurately be called spade-work had to be done before an answer to the problem was found. For *Penrose*, an eccentric collector of both jewels and junk, disappeared and *Thorndike* required the aid of a celebrated archaeologist before he could prove that his theory about this sudden flitting was true. Perhaps Dr. FREEMAN is inclined to make *Superintendent Miller* too obviously a cock-shy, but in all other respects this is a story that runs smoothly and steadily to its fitting climax.

Stories in a Stone.

So often has the phrase, "If that stone could speak!" been used in life and literature that "EUPHAN" and "KLAXON" should have little difficulty in persuading young readers that the story of *The Touchstone* (BURNS OATES & WASHBOURNE, 3/6) really happened. Two children, John and Kathleen, are playing with a piece of strangely-shaped flint and let it touch the hearthstone of the old house in which they live. The fact that the flint is one of the tools which shaped the hearthstone gives it a voice, and it proceeds to tell the children many stories of the far past and the nearer. The *Touchstone*, a pleasant personality with a memory going back to very early days and a quite delightful fondness for quoting poetry, tells Kathleen and John where to find the buried toys of an Anglo-Saxon child, which a professor—to the Stone's amusement—assigns to the Cromwellian period; but it is as a raconteur that it principally shines.



"A RUSSIAN SALESMAN TO SEE ME? ASK HIM IF HE SPEAKS ENGLISH."
 "I DID, SIR."
 "WHAT DID HE SAY?"
 "NOT SPEAKIN' RUSSIAN, I COULDN'T SAY, SIR."

Thoughts on the Art Gallery.

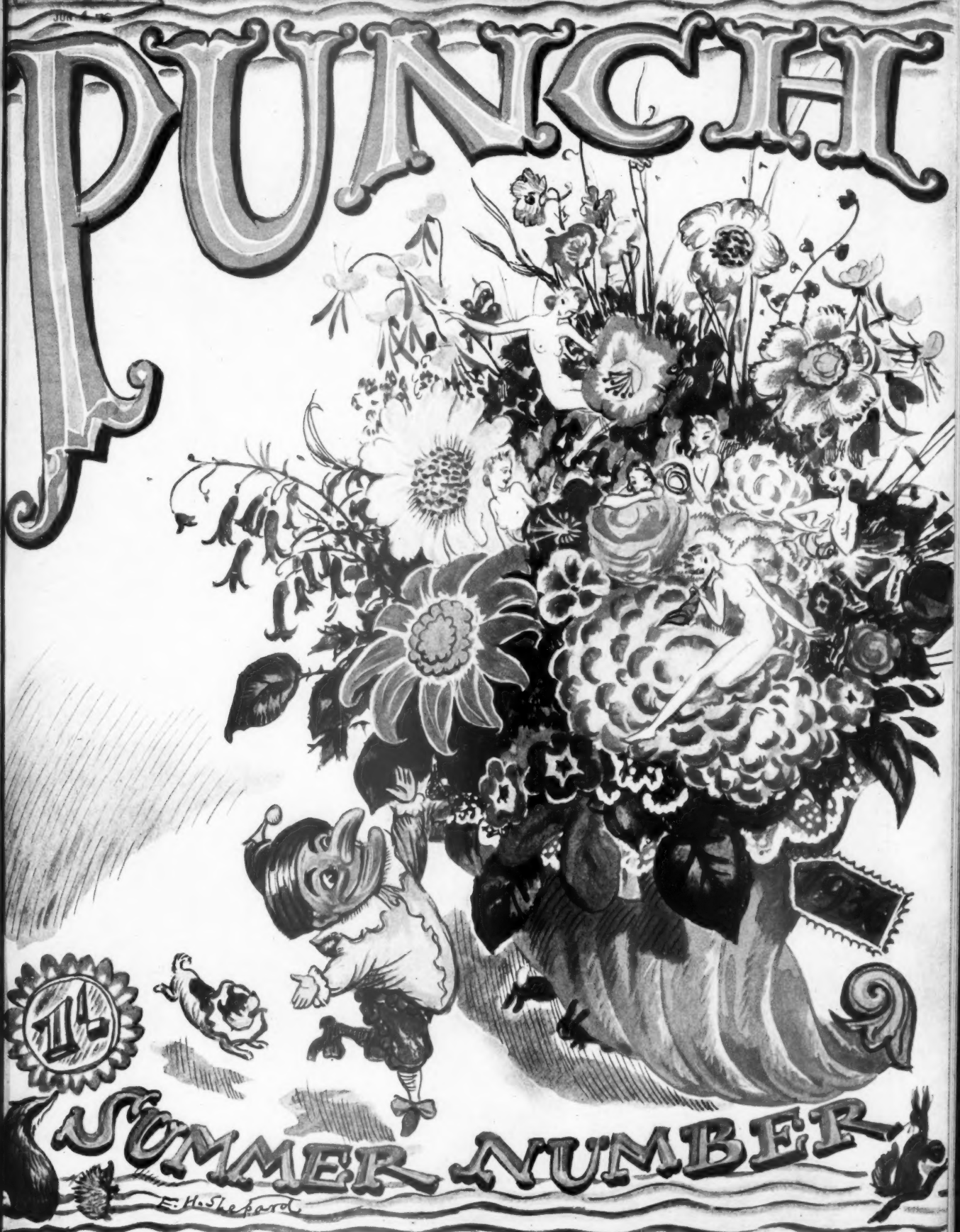
[In some quarters art galleries are looked upon as excellent excuses for municipal disputation . . . but a person who claims to have made careful inquiries asserts that the only people who go into them on wet afternoons are courting couples.]

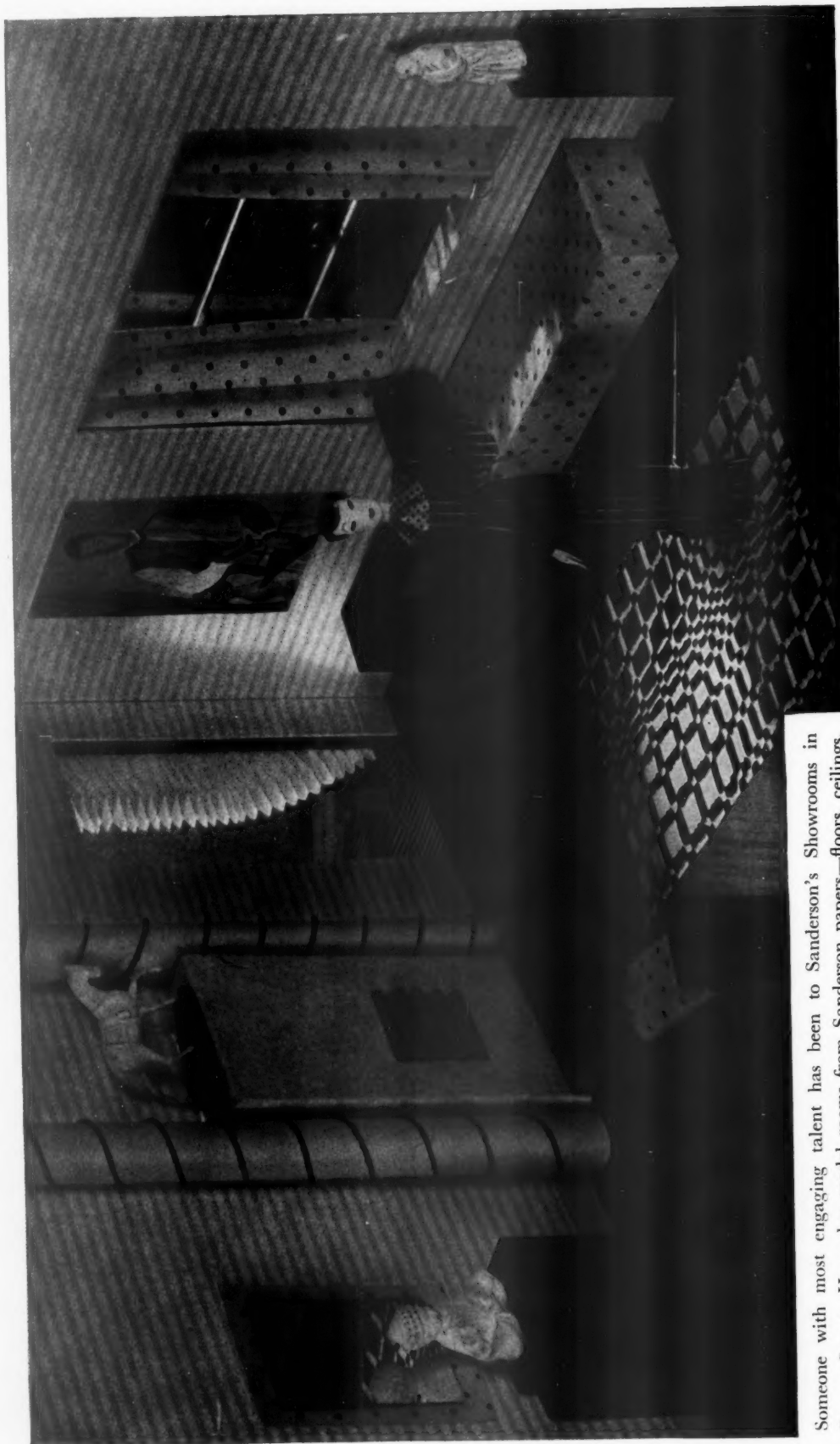
DON'T think that we mooch round this PIETER DE HOOCH

In an effort to gain erudition,
 For the works of the Dutch never interest us much
 And we don't care a hoot about TITIAN;
 But we will make this open admission:
 Though we don't like the FORD MADOX BROWN,
 We all love a meeting to alter the heating,
 So it still has its place in the town.

Don't think as we peer at this awful VERMEER
 That our knowledge or culture increases,
 For the masters of old leave us utterly cold
 And we loathe the CÉZANNES and MATISSES.
 But our praise for this place never ceases,
 For in here when the rain tipples down
 The lads of all classes make love to their lassies,
 So it still has its place in the town.



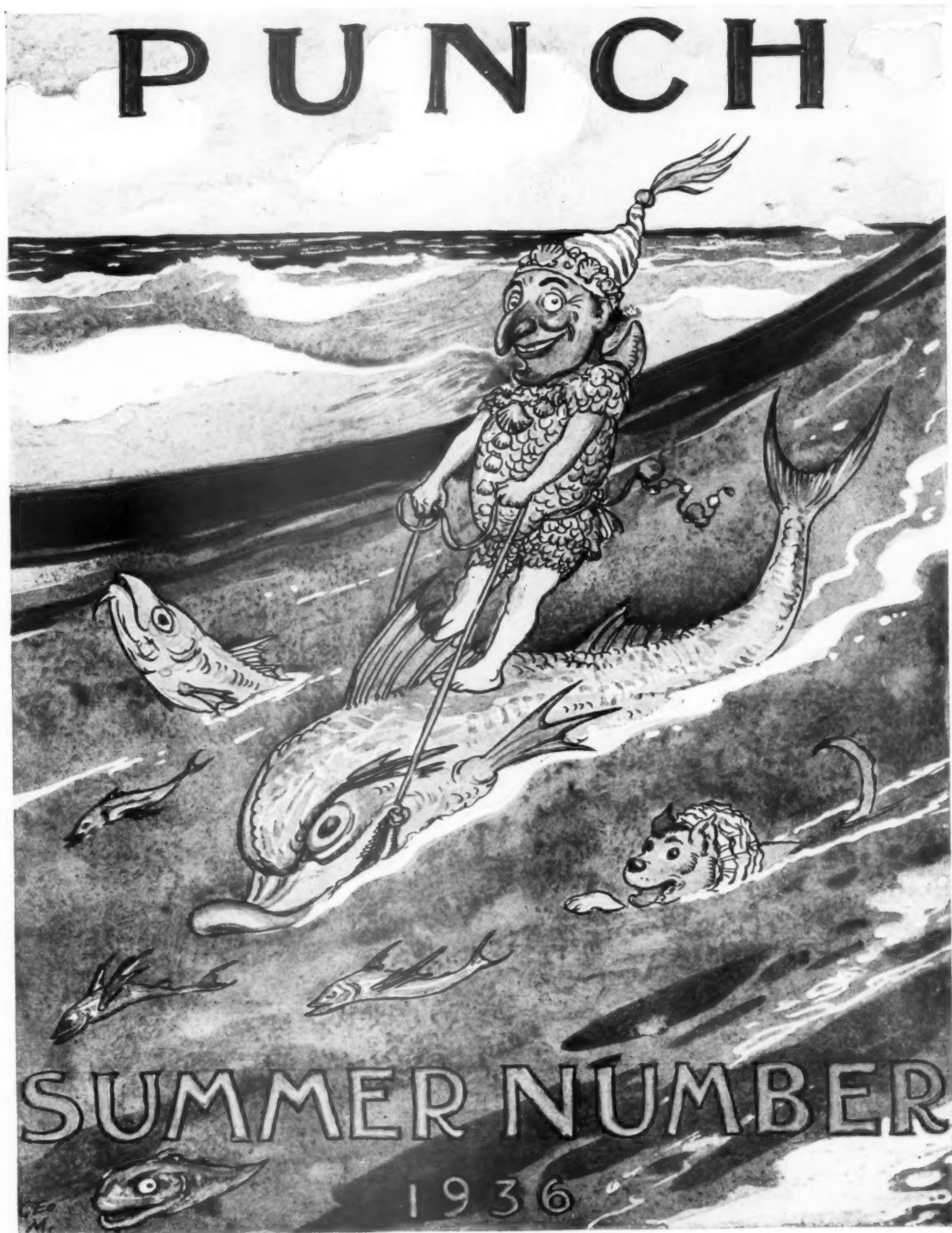




Someone with most engaging talent has been to Sanderson's Showrooms in Berners Street. He makes model rooms from Sanderson papers—floors, ceilings, furniture and even young persons in cocktail suits! Here you see, he favoured the simple 'horizontal' designs of to-day. Next time—who knows?—he may be dipping into Sanderson's collection of period wall-papers, disporting with their faithful reproductions of real Chinese patterns, choosing from their almost-never ending array of gay colours and sunny effects. We invite you to come to No. 53 Berners Street too, to see our latest ideas in decorated rooms—or ask your Decorator for the new Sanderson Wall-Paper Book for 1936.

SANDERSON WALLPAPERS

ARTHUR SANDERSON & SONS LTD
Showrooms: 52 & 54, Berners Street, London,
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TASTE IN CAMP SITES.



ISN'T IT AMAZING HOW PEOPLE FLOCK TOGETHER LIKE SHEEP IN THESE MAIN-ROAD CAMPING GROUNDS—



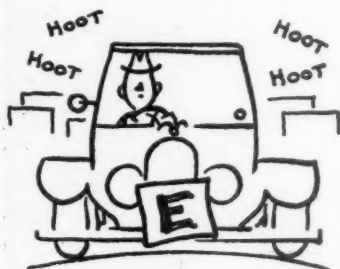
WHEN JUST A LITTLE EXPLORING ROUND THE SIDE-ROADS WOULD BRING THEM TO GLORIOUS QUIET NOOKS—



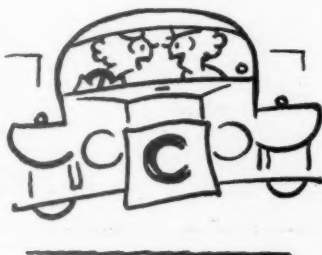
WHERE THEY COULD ENJOY THE REAL COUNTRY?

NOW THAT WE'RE ACCUSTOMED TO THE LEARNER'S BADGE, WHAT ABOUT ALL THE OTHER MENACES THAT NEED ONE VERY MUCH MORE—

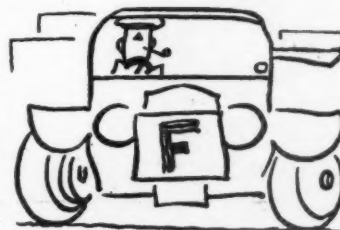
Jongnoor



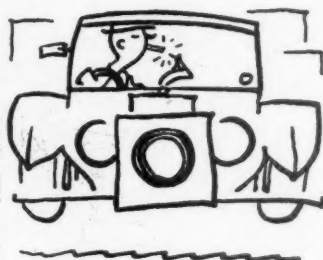
THE EGOIST—



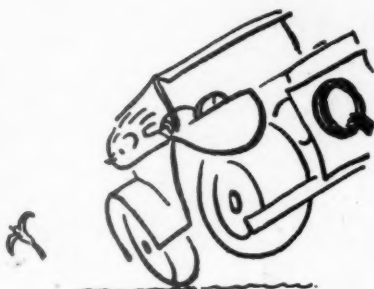
THE CHATTERER—



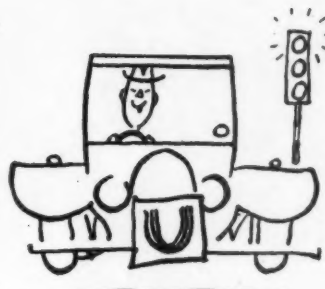
THE FORGETFUL—



THE OPTIMIST—



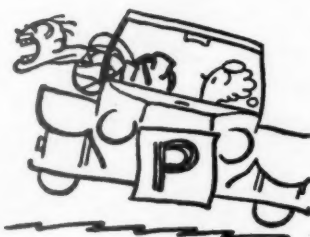
THE QUIXOTIC—



THE UNOBSERVANT—



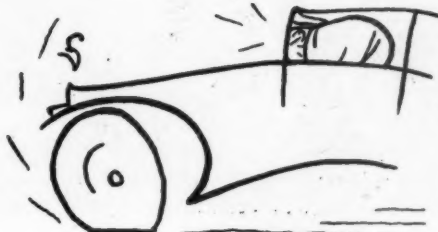
THE IMPRESSIONABLE—



THE PETULANT—



THE STARK-STARING—



AND THE BLIGHT?



THE COX WHO MISSED THE TURNING.

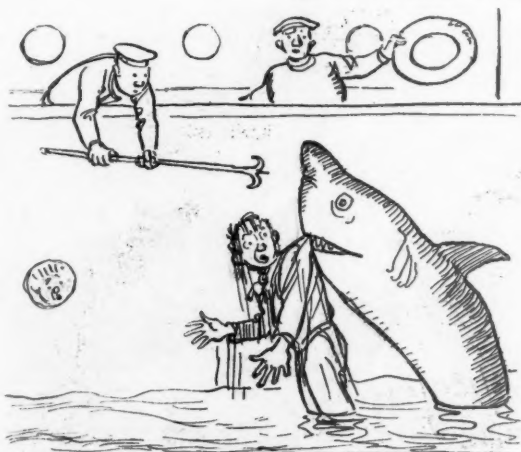


ANTICIPATION.



REALIZATION.

NEWS ITEMS FOR THE SILLY SEASON.



SHARK SAVES SAILOR FROM DROWNING IN WEST INDIES.



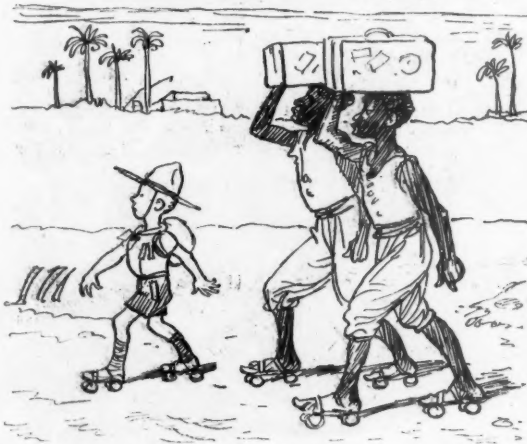
CAPTAIN OF POLO TEAM FROM LAPLAND ARRIVES AT RANELAGH.



CROATIAN CHARTERED ACCOUNTANT CLIMBS FLAGSTAFF ON CITY HALL TO CELEBRATE HIS BIRTHDAY.



DICTIONATOR OF PARAGANIA KICKED BY LLAMA.



BOY EXPLORER CROSSES SAHARA ON ROLLER-SKATES.



BOO HOO, THE FAMOUS GORILLA-CROONER, SITS FOR HIS BUST TO ACADEMICIAN.

May 25, 1936

Punch Summer Number—1936.



"LET'S SEE NOW, SAM, IS THAT THE FOURTH OR THE FIFTH TIME THAT THE MEGALOMANIAC HAS BEEN THERE AND BACK SINCE WE LEFT SOUTHAMPTON FOR NOO YORK ON THE SAME DAY?"

At the Bogchester Point-to-Point.

"COME, come, Madam, this won't do!"

"You must take charge of your horse, Madam."

"Why don't you sit on his head?"

Confused shouting greets my ears as I arrive at the scene of our annual point-to-point. I hurry forward to



"CAUSING A SERIOUS DISLOCATION OF TRAFFIC ARRANGEMENTS."

investigate and discover that an awkward incident has occurred. In preparation for the Ladies' Race Mrs. Gloop has been putting into a canter the large white horse which under her expert guidance has been one of the landmarks of the Hunt during the past season. Apparently this magnificent animal had found the unwonted exercise extremely tiring and has had to lie down for a short rest. Most unfortunately it has chosen to do so in the only entrance to the five-shilling car-park. A serious dislocation of the traffic arrangements has resulted and many of the more important members of the Hunt have gathered round the prostrate animal to discuss means for overcoming this unexpected difficulty.

AN UNPLEASANT SITUATION.

Expert horsewoman though she is, Mrs. Gloop is for the moment nonplussed. The horse is lying comfortably in a large pool of water and liquid mud, and she is naturally disinclined to descend from her place in the saddle, as some are insisting. Police-Constable John Budge, who is directing the traffic, makes further difficulties by pointing out that the hindquarters of the animal are projecting on to the highway within the meaning of the Act. He has already taken out his notebook and is talking of charging her with obstruction.

Mrs. Gloop, however, has no patience with such pettifoggery interference. She suggests, sensibly enough, that if people will only wait until her horse has recovered its

breath it will—as she knows from long experience—most certainly move off on its own initiative.

HORSEMANLIKE METHODS.

I, however, have a better way. Constant attendance at point-to-points has given me a knowledge of the finer technique of horsemanship such as is never acquired in the rough-and-tumble of the hunting-field. Taking from my pocket the carrot which I always carry on these occasions, I suspend it from my shooting-stick a few yards from the animal's nose. The effect is instantaneous; a gleam comes into its eyes, it rises slowly to its feet and moves a few paces forward. The road to the car-park is now open, and after receiving the profuse thanks of all present I move over to the Stewards' Tent, where I feel certain that my advice is being most anxiously awaited.

SUSPICIONS OF FOUL PLAY.

And it is as I had expected. In my absence one of those little difficulties from which even the best-run point-to-point is not immune, has already cropped up. The Young Farmers' Race has just been run and has been won by young William Marsden, who came in a mile-and-a-half in front of the rest of the field. Investigation showed that all the others had missed their way at the turn at the far end of the course and that this was due to the fact that a patrol of the Bogchester Boy Scouts had marked out a parade-ground there, using flags on poles exactly similar to the marking-flags of the course. What makes the matter more serious is the fact that William Marsden's young brother in known to be an extremely keen member of the Bogchester Boy Scouts.

It is of course very difficult to prove anything, but



"A SMALL TROPHY TO BE HELD FOR A YEAR."

suspicion remains; and on my advice the Stewards decide that the first prize for the Young Farmers' Race shall be a small trophy to be held for a year, and that the prizemoney shall go to the second horse.

THE LADIES' RACE STARTS.

At this point the Stewards are called away to arrange the start of the Ladies' Race and I am left to climb to

the top of the hill, where a delightfully cool wind is blowing and where a capital view may be obtained of the racing.

There are but three entries in the Ladies' Race this year—a somewhat smaller number than usual owing to the formidable nature of two of the entrants. And as they thunder by on the first part of the course it is obvious to me that Miss Stiggins is already out of the running. The race lies between Mrs. Gloop and a member of a neighbouring Hunt, Mrs. Wardlepin-Williams, who has a reputation as a horsewoman throughout the whole county.

INTERESTING TECHNIQUE.

The two ladies employ a vastly different technique. Mrs. Wardlepin-Williams, coming from a stone-wall country, evidently believes in clearing all hedges with several inches to spare. But Mrs. Gloop, with a vast experience of our own conditions and with supreme confidence in her horse, goes straight through every obstacle in her path as though it scarcely existed. Her progress, though a good deal slower than that of her rival, is very much surer, and I for one feel that the reputation of our Hunt is in safe hands.

And it is as the riders come into view for the second time now on the last part of the course that the superiority of Mrs. Gloop's methods becomes apparent. Mrs. Wardlepin-Williams' horse, visibly tiring, refuses at the high thick hedge some six hundred yards from the winning-post. Three times it refuses, and then Mrs. Gloop, cantering slowly but with irresistible inertia, crashes through the



"MISS STIGGINS IS OBVIOUSLY OUT OF THE RACE."

obstacle to take the lead, leaving her rival to follow through the gap.

AN EMBARRASSING INCIDENT.

Great excitement now prevails. There is but one obstacle before the winning-post—a low bank surmounted, except for the gap made for the race, by a tall impenetrable hedge. Mrs. Gloop's horse is now going slower and slower, while the horse behind her seems imbued with new life.

Nevertheless Mrs. Gloop is still in the lead when her

horse reaches the bank and starts to climb laboriously over. It reaches the top with a great effort, but the gallant animal is obviously spent. With an audible sigh it lowers its hindquarters and settles down to rest on the top of the bank.

There is now a pause in the progress of the race. Mrs. Wardlepin-Williams is forced to rein in abruptly and can be heard abruptly demanding to be allowed to pass. But



"SETTLES DOWN TO REST ON TOP OF THE BANK."

it is obvious to us that Mrs. Gloop, even if she were willing to comply with this unsportsmanlike request, is quite unable to do so. She is heard to reply sharply that her horse will continue the race when it has recovered its breath.

Meanwhile, perched on her eyrie and the object of all eyes, she occupies an unfortunately conspicuous position. And her embarrassment is not lessened by such cries from the rougher element as "The Cunarder's aground again."

WELL-EARNED VICTORY.

After much further unavailing argument, Mrs. Wardlepin-Williams sets off down the hedge-side to look for another gap; and at that moment Mrs. Gloop's horse rises to its feet, clears its throat and springs forward at a brisk canter to win the race by a short head from Miss Stiggins, who has been coming up unobtrusively in the rear. So overwhelming a victory over our rival from the other Hunt is as unexpected as it is welcome, and the air resounds with wild cheering.

I make my way back to the Stewards' Tent and find that Mrs. Wardlepin-Williams has already arrived to register a protest. She has produced a book of National Hunt Rules and is endeavouring to prove from it that she has been robbed of victory by unorthodox methods. Naturally I am asked for my opinion, and I unhesitatingly affirm that the highest traditions of our Hunt have been maintained throughout the race.

At the same time I emphasise that had the entrants followed my advice and equipped themselves with carrots the situation need never have arisen. H. W. M.

Lament for a Wisdom Tooth.

COME, let us mourn my wisdom tooth!

This afternoon we twain were parted
(Although I'm not, to tell the truth,
Precisely broken-hearted:

The pain of the bereavement comes
Less from the heart than from the
gums).

Nevertheless we two were one

Until the dentist's shrewd inspection
Shortly before the deed was done

That severed our connection.
Such was its friendship with my tongue
At least it shall not die unsung.

No ordinary tooth was mine,

And I shall miss it not a little;

It had a pretty taste in wine,

It chewed a pretty victual;

My only claim to fame in youth

Was for the sweetness of my tooth.

The dentist looked at it askance;

It looked at him, it looked pathetic;

Unmoved he put it in a trance

With local anæsthetic.

"Now then," he said, "hold tight; I'll
git him!"

He did; but not before it bit him.

So died this tooth of sapience;

And now I feel extremely tender

Towards the yawning cavern whence

At last it made surrender.

I never thought the little chap

Would leave behind him such a gap.

That tooth, which used to hold in
store

Wisdom more sharp than ARISTOTLE,

I shall preserve for evermore

Within a spirit-bottle;

So shall posterity inherit

My tooth alike in flesh and spirit.

Curtains.

It was while Edith was away in
Shropshire nursing a sick aunt that
I accidentally set fire to the casement
curtains in the front-room, and before
I could get to work with the soda-
siphon two of them were damaged
beyond repair. So I phoned up
Pongletons and asked them to send
a man with a tape-measure and a book
of patterns. They said a man would be
despatched right away, and he arrived
two days later.

"It's only a small job," I said. "I
just want to match those other cur-
tains. If you don't mind measuring
peacefully and quietly by yourself,
I'll get on with this poem I'm
writing."

I sat down at my typewriter and
pondered.

"I'm afraid we can't match this
colour," he said; "it's definitely gone
out. I can do you something a shade
lighter or a shade darker."

"If you really can't match it," I
said, "you will have to re-curtain the
whole window. I'll leave the job
entirely to you; my time is too valu-
able to be wasted in chit-chat about
curtains."

He started measuring and then
shook his head.

"I'm afraid I shan't be able to use
these old-fashioned rods," he said. "It
wouldn't look like a Pongleton job.
It isn't only that the rods are old-
fashioned—they are crooked. Who-
ever put them up didn't know the
first thing about putting up curtain-
rods."

"I put them up myself," I con-
fessed.

"Always a mistake," he said. "In
the long run it pays you to leave this
sort of skilled job to an expert. I've
been fitting curtains all my life and
I can see at a glance exactly what is
needed for any particular job. Think
of the time you waste, messing about.
If you'd just sent to Pongletons in
the first place when you moved in it
would have saved you any amount
of fuss. I'd suggest a 750 Slideesey
runner-rail, with a curved end. It'll
cost you one-and-three a foot, but it
will be well worth it."

"Do just as you like," I said; "but
please let me get on with my work."

He pottered about for a bit, then
said:—

"If it was my own window and I
had a bit of money to chuck about I
think after all I'd use a Glydewell
patent overhanger. It'd cost you two
shillings a foot, but of course it would
make an infinitely better job of it, and
there'd be no danger of fouling the
plate-rack at the end."

"Make it Glydewell, then," I said.

"On the other hand, the Slideesey
is a shade more silent, and you being
a literary man and probably highly
nervous—"

"I leave it absolutely to you," I
said. "The main thing is that by the
time my wife returns on Friday there
should be some sort of curtains hang-
ing up."

He went away, and next day another
man called, also from Pongletons.

"I'm the manager of the Fitting
Department," he said, "and my man
tells me that you want a Glydewell rail.
We like to do the sort of job we can be
proud of, and I don't think in this
particular case you ought to insist on
a Glydewell. A Slideesey 950 would
make a much neater job of it."

"Very well," I said, "make it a

Slideesey 950. But for heaven's sake
get on with it."

Next day the manager of the Stuffs
Department called.

"About your curtains," he said—"we
happen to be out of the demi-nigger,
but the manufacturers have promised
us a supply next month. Would you
sooner wait, or will you take the semi-
nigger? Though, to be quite frank, now
I've seen the window I think it would
pay you to have a golden sponge. But
of course if you're absolutely set on a
nigger . . ."

"So far," I told him, "the myrmidons
of Pongleton have wasted about five
guineas' worth of my time, and I seem
no nearer getting any curtains than
I was when I started. I'm going
to ring up your manager and raise
Hell."

I got through to the manager and
spoke eloquently for five minutes.

"I'm very sorry indeed the job isn't
satisfactory," he said in a soothing
voice, "but I don't think there is
much to be gained by discussing it over
the phone. Pongletons like to satisfy
their customers, and I'll drop round
myself some time this afternoon and
find out exactly what you do want."

Lines to his Love.

LITTLE fat lady, so rosy and red,
With a little fat face and a little fat
head,

As round as a dumpling and plump as
a dove—

Little fat lady, it's you whom I love!

Little fat lady, I've no use at all
For girls who are airy and slender and
tall,

But three rolling chins are a failing of
mine—

Little fat lady, I think you're divine!

Little fat lady, with little fat hands
And little fat fingers like thick rubber
bands,

With elbows like suet, so soft and so
white—

Little fat lady, you're my sweet
delight!

Little fat lady, devoid of all wiles,
With a little round mouth always
writhing in smiles,

And a nose that's exactly like that of
a pug—

Little fat lady, I worship your mug!

Little fat lady, so rosy and red,
With a little fat face and a little fat
head,

As round as a dumpling and plump
as a dove—

Little fat lady, it's you whom I
love!

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TWO ASPECTS OF TRIUMPH.



FILM STARS' "GENERAL POST."

A SUGGESTION ON READING THAT SCREEN ARTISTS COMPLAIN THAT THEY ARE "TYPED."

1
2



ROMANCE.

THE HOLIDAY THAT IS DIFFERENT.
(See Advertisements.)



HIRE YOUR FLOATING HOME. GO WHERE YOU LIKE; TWO HUNDRED MILES OF ENGLAND'S MOST BEAUTIFUL WATER-WAYS TO CHOOSE FROM—

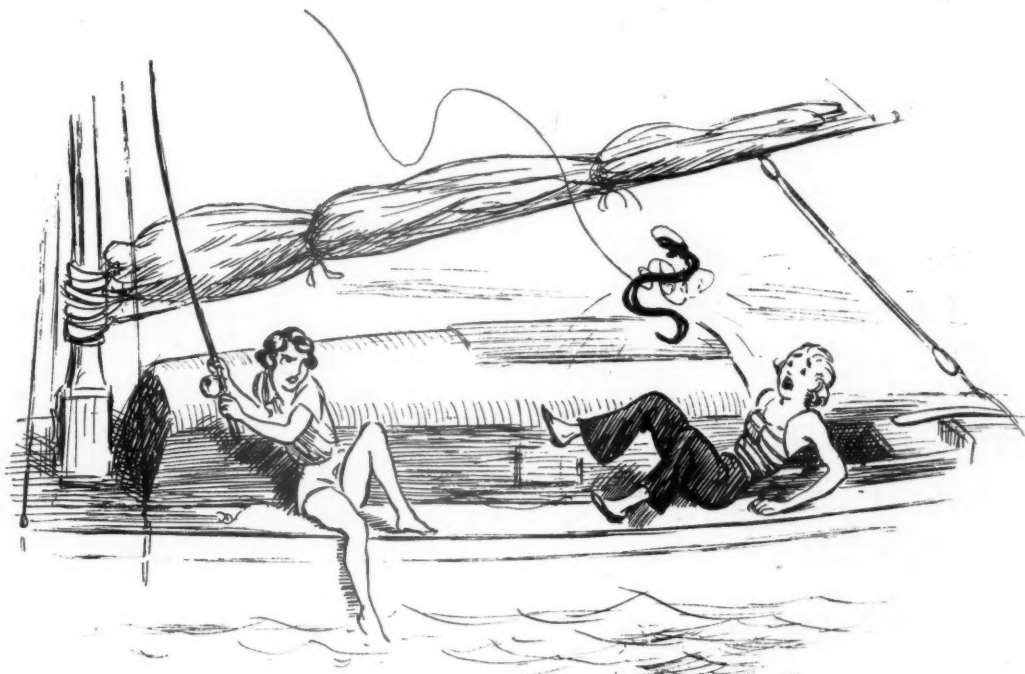


BATHING UNDER IDYLLIC CONDITIONS—

May 25, 1936

Punch Summer Number—1936.

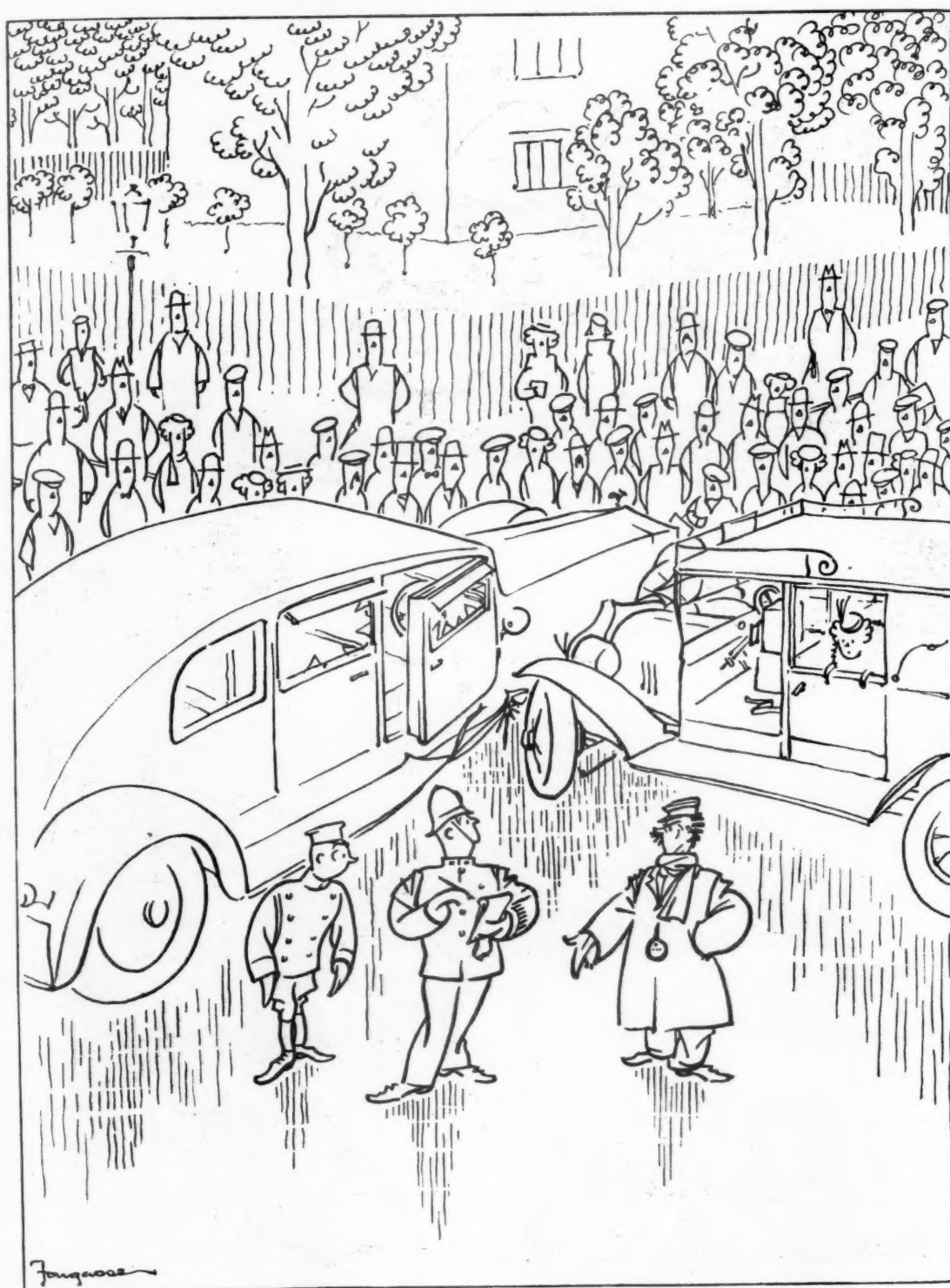
THE HOLIDAY THAT IS DIFFERENT.



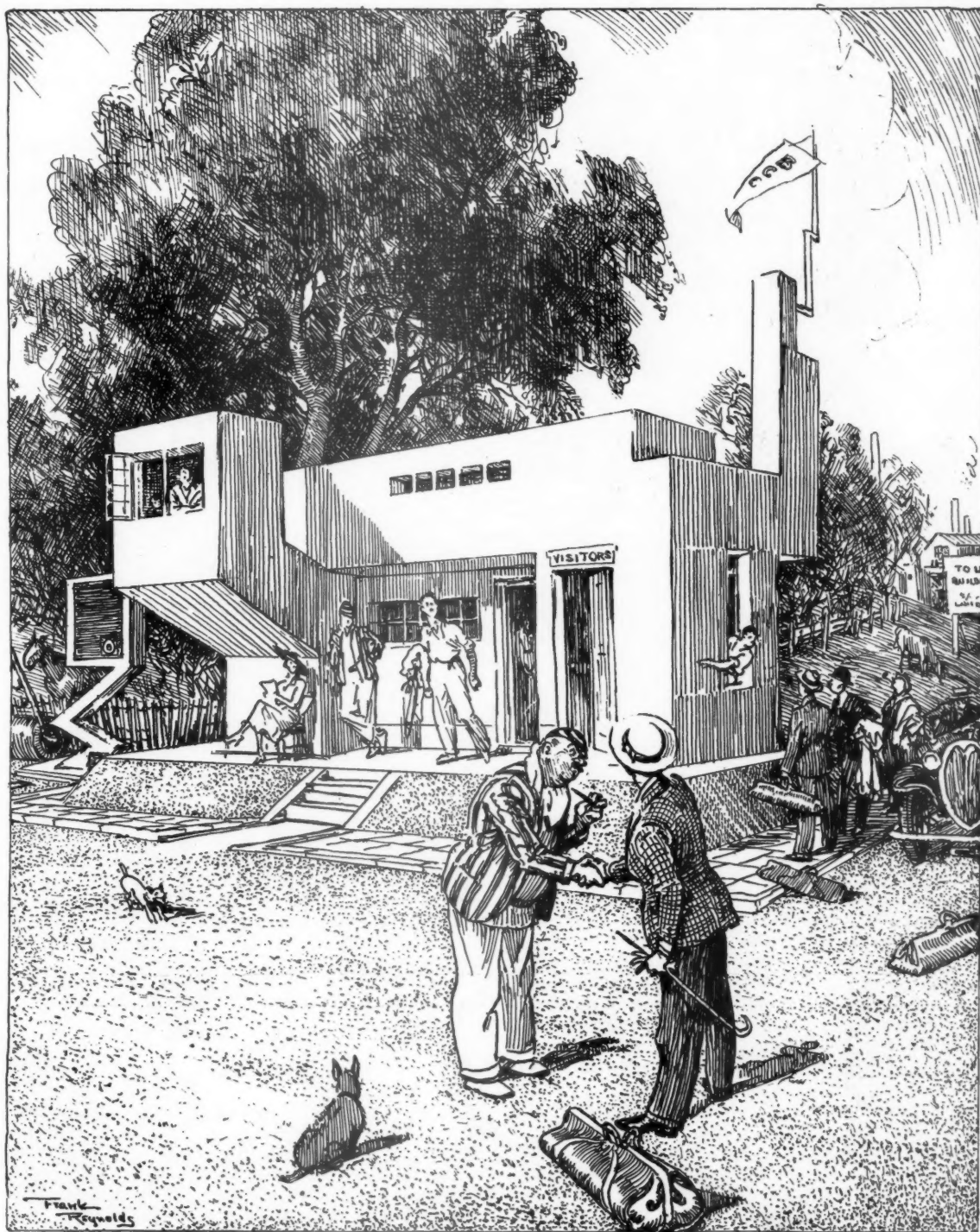
EVERY VARIETY OF FISHING—



AND THEN THE QUIET PEACEFUL MOONLIT NIGHTS!



"THAT'S RIGHT—ONE LAW FOR THE RICH AND HALF-A-DOZEN FOR THE POOR!"



Captain of Home Side. "WE JUST HAD TO HAVE A NEW PAVILION—PEOPLE WERE BEGINNING TO CHAFF US ABOUT THE OLD ONE."



"IT'S ALL A MATTER OF 'ROAD-SENSE,' OLD BOY."

It befell that a certain Poor Fisherman, when drawing his Net found naught therein save a Bottle. Nevertheless, saith he, Mercemeth it is a Wine Bottle and a Full one and may serve to wet my Whistle



So then he undid the Stopper — when forth came a large & fiendly Demon. Crikey, quoth the Fisherman. What manner of Beast art thou?



Sir, saith he, I let you wit that I am the Slave of the Bottle & must obey all thy Commands. What is thy will?



Sithen if be so, saith the Fisherman, and I am still dry, thou shalt bring me a Full Bottle and whilst I drink that —



Thou mayest fetch me another before thou gettest back in the Bottle again.



And yet More, — and More, for this is the most goodliest Wine that ever I tasted.



Anon feeling refreshed he arose to tell his Master of his good Fortune — saying



Mucht 'member take Bottle with me. May want Shlave again.

Forthwithal he showed his Friends the Bottle and then was he ware that it was Empty



Therewith he did hasten back & did make Search high & low but Never he saw the Demon no more. The Saints me help, quoth he, for mercemeth I have Stopped up the wrong Bottle.



THE TOUR OF THE WEST
BY TWO ENTHUSIASTIC AMATEUR-PHOTOGRAPHERS.



"DON'T MISS SALISBURY CATHEDRAL,



THE HOE AT PLYMOUTH,



THE QUAIN VILLAGE OF NEWLYN,



THE LIZARD LIGHTHOUSE,



ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT,



JOLLY WESTON-SUPER-MARE,



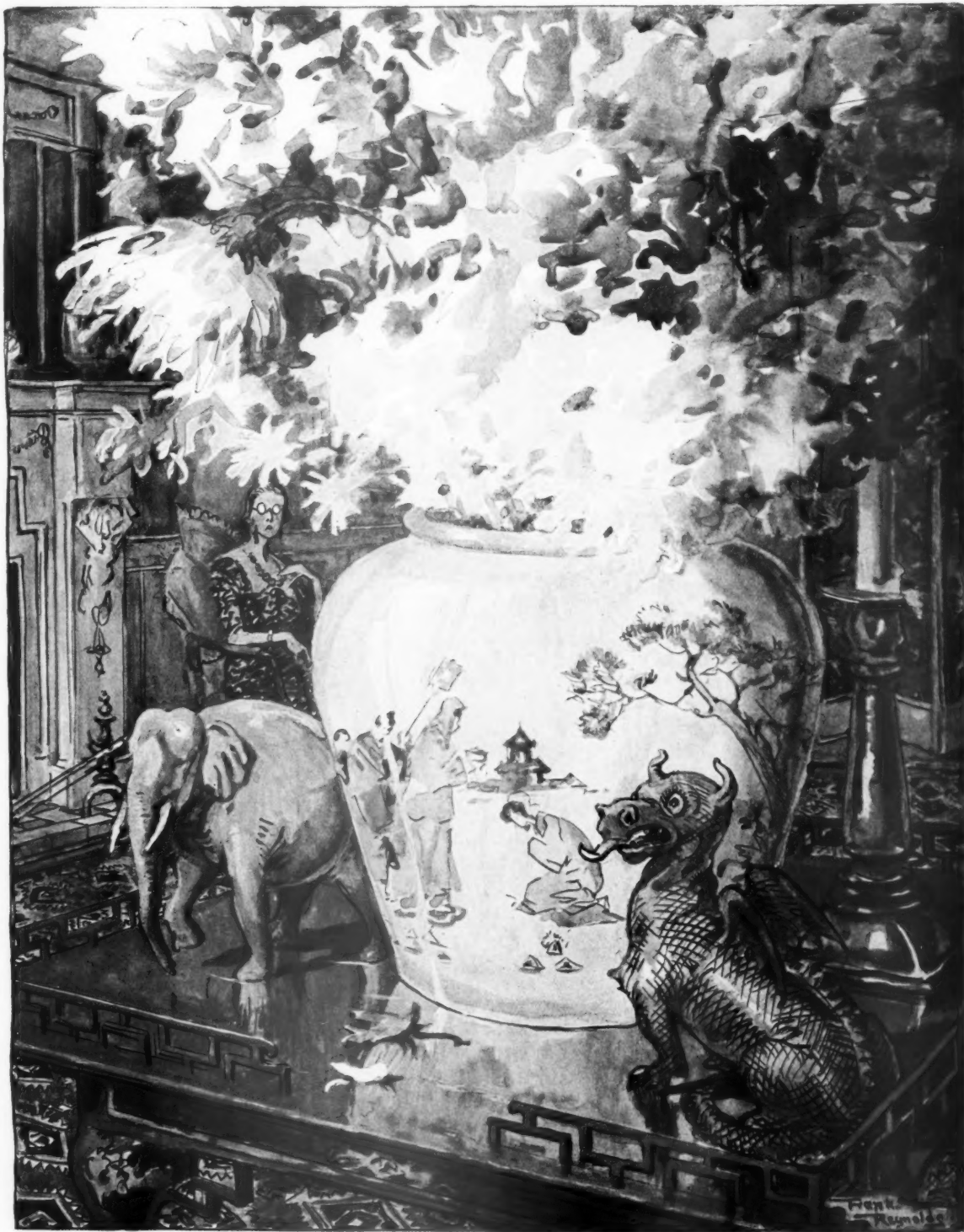
PREHISTORIC CHEDDAR CAVES,



OLD ROMAN REMAINS AT BATH,



AND INCREDIBLE STONEHENGE."



THE STILL-LIFE SPECIALIST PAINTS A PORTRAIT.

THE ARTISTIC A.B. ABOARD THE SUPER-DECORATED LUXURY LINER—



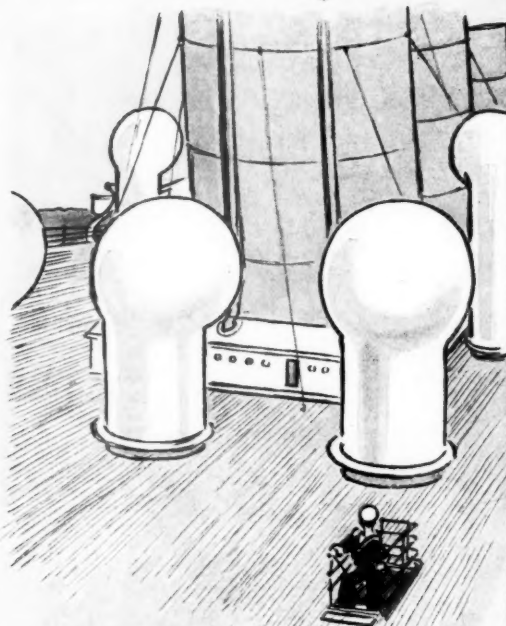
— The Dining Saloon —



— The Lounge —



— The Smoke Room.



The IDEA!

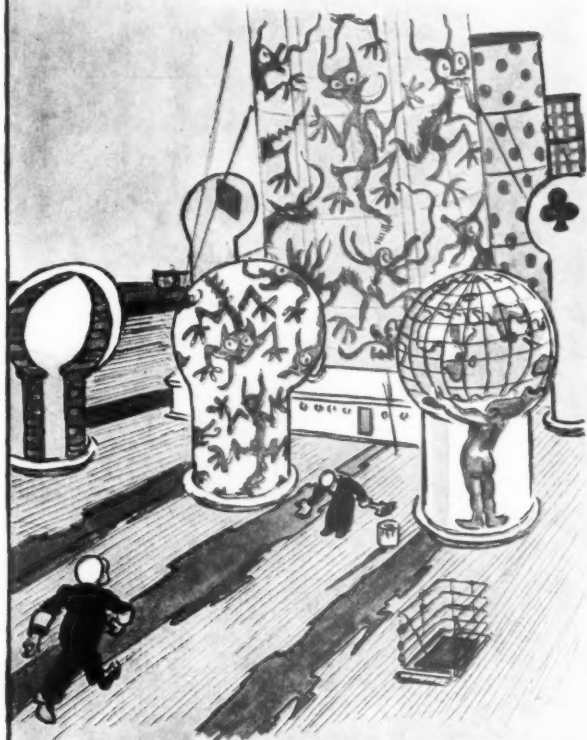
—AND WHAT BEFELL HIM.



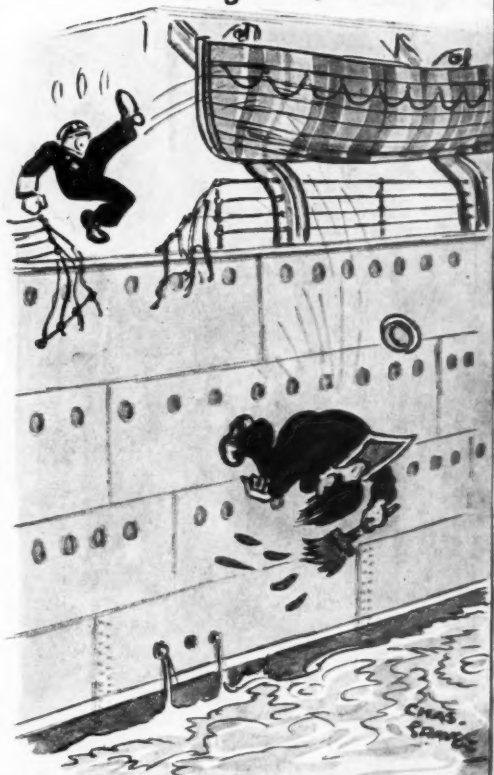
The surreptitious visit to the Paint Locker.



The carrying out of the Idea.



The pride of the TRUE ARTIST —

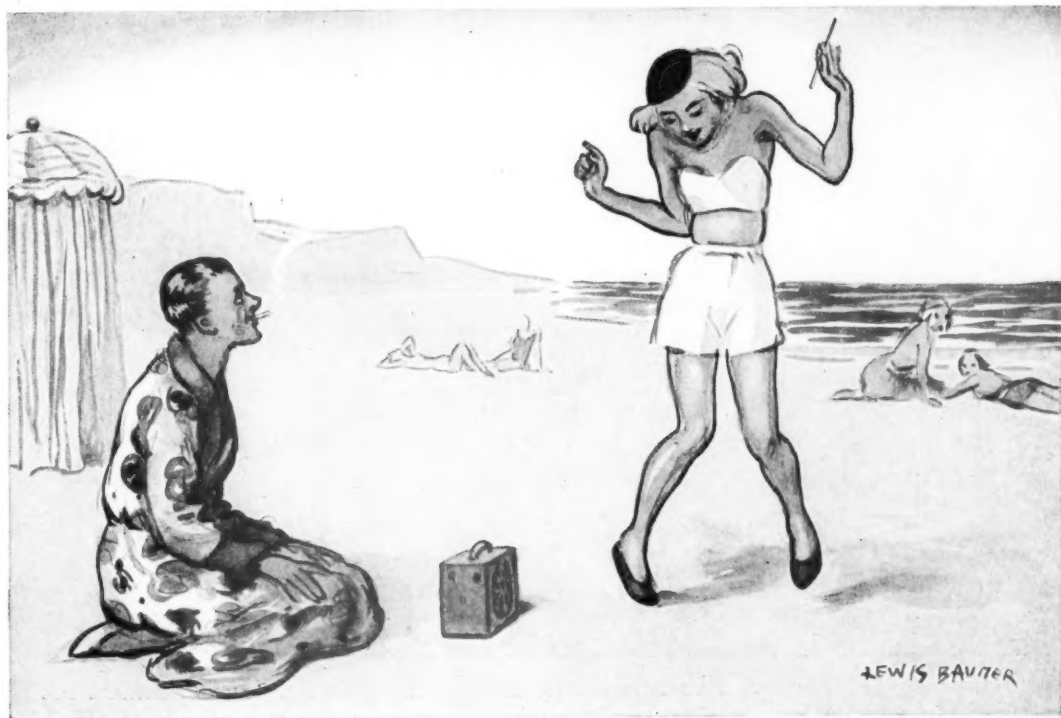


— and his REWARD.

THE PIPES OF PAN.
A SUMMER IDYLL THROUGH THE AGES.

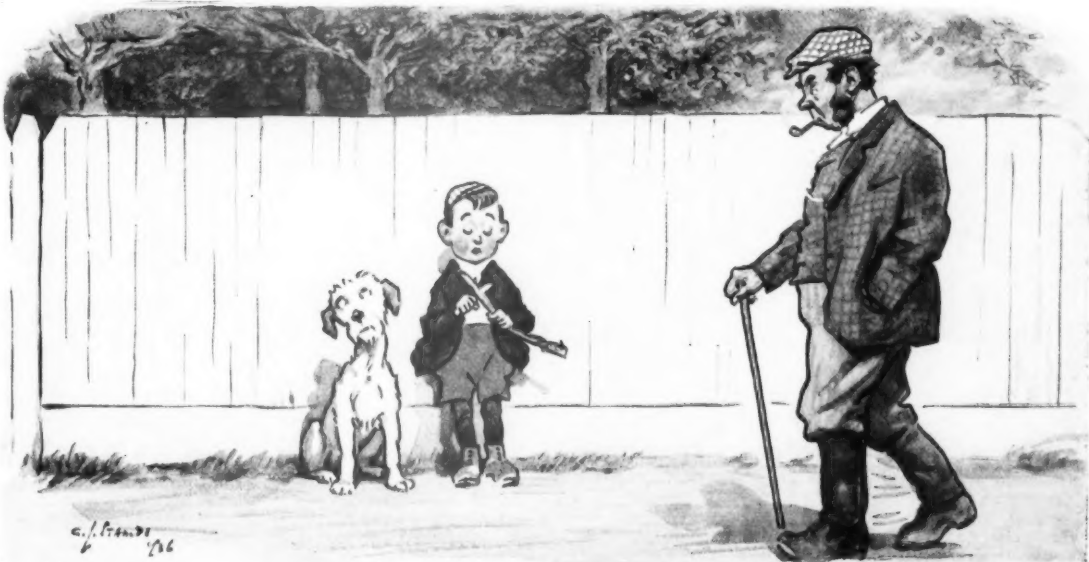
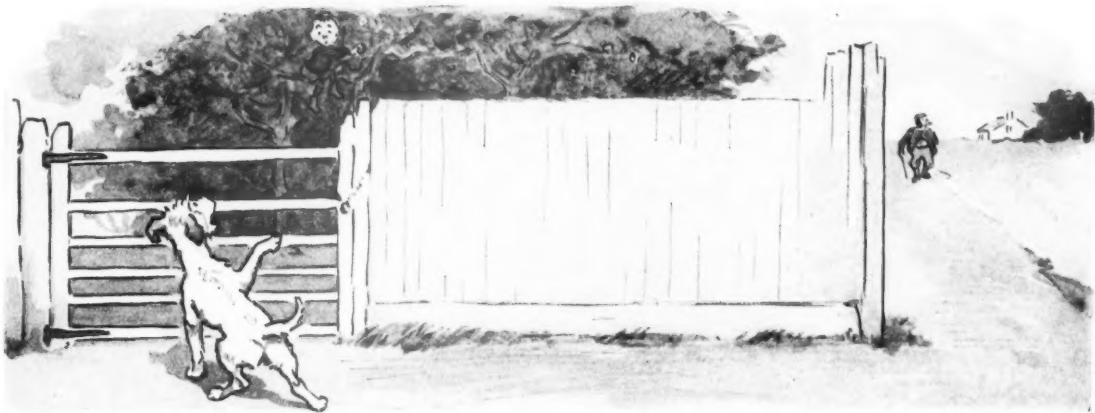
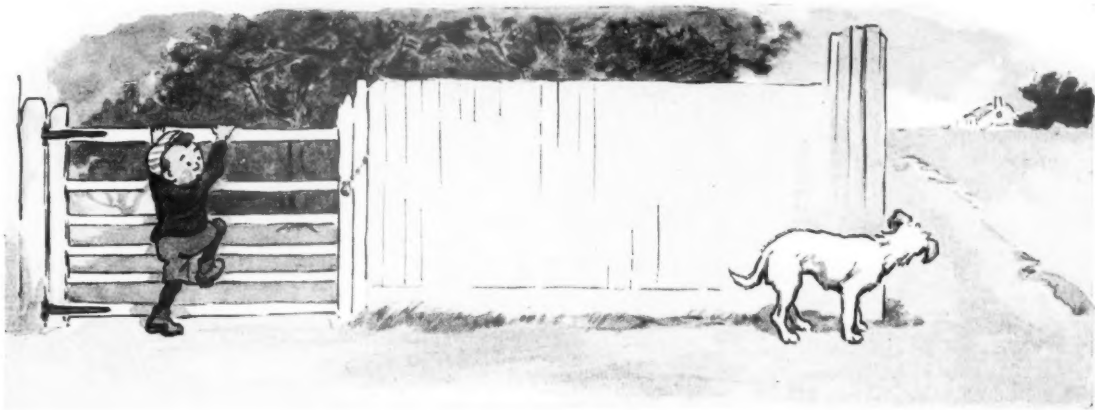


THE PIPES OF PAN.
A SUMMER IDYLL THROUGH THE AGES





Anglo-Saxon Critic. "IT'S NOT UP TO YOUR USUAL, OLD MAN. IF I WERE YOU I SHOULD REPLACE THE DIVOTS AND START AGAIN."



TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.



"ROOM OVER THERE FOR ONE, SIR; THERE'S A GENTLEMAN JUST GETTING OUT."

THE SUNDAY PAPER IN OUR VILLAGE.



"YESSIR, IT IS LATE THIS MORNIN'. THERE WAS A BREAKDOWN IN THE TRANSPORT."

To-Day's Whether; or, Foiled Again.

A Tale of Hexagonia.

I.

ONE hot summer day in Hexagonia Stanislas Smith, a young Englishman, giving the slip to the official guide who



"THE OFFICIAL GUIDE HERDING THE CONDUCTED PARTY INTO THE DOORWAY."

was herding the remaining members of the conducted party with loud cries of "Hup! Hup!" into the doorway of a museum, wandered off towards the this-means-war district, or diplomatic quarter. The sun beat down and up (for there were puddles on the ground: the rainy season was not over). He paused to mop his brow near the Octagonian Embassy, which was guarded by a number of fearsome-looking soldiers. On the other side of the road was the Hexagonian Foreign Office, where men were busy putting in new panes of glass. Stanislas was told on inquiry that the Octagonian ambassador was in the habit of throwing things—now an artichoke, now a tortoise for which he had no further use—and breaking the windows opposite.

"In ordinary circumstances this would of course mean war," explained the plain-clothes diplomat who was Stanislas's informant, "and Octagonia wants war. We, however, do not at the moment want war; and we therefore take no notice of any tortoise or artichoke. But we shudder to think of Tuesday."

Stanislas, who usually only shuddered to think of Monday, asked why. The diplomat said that on Tuesday there was to be a garden-party in the palace grounds.

"Tuesday," he went on, "is the last day of our official rainy season. No rain has fallen on that day for the last fifty years; the fact remains that should any fall the Octagonian ambassador is bound to take it as a personal affront. Wednesday would be the first day of the dry season, but the palace garden-parties are always held on Tuesday; and the following Tuesday is impossible because of the monthly national air-raid drill."

"And the Tuesday after that?"

"That would be Next Tuesday Week—an undignified

date, reminiscent of mothers-in-law, lodgers, cheese and beer. No, it is next Tuesday or nothing, and if rain falls it will mean war with Octagonia."

"Only Octagonia?" Stanislas said.

The diplomat explained that Octagonia had an inferiority complex. "Everything is taken by Octagonia as a personal affront. It is impossible," he went on sadly, "for us to do anything to insult anyone else; Octagonia always springs up to resent an insult before the country for which it was intended. We are in a difficult position."

"Difficult is one word," Stanislas agreed.

The diplomat looked him up and down and from side to side, and wondered whether he might not be worth cultivating. With this idea in mind he suggested that Stanislas might like to come with him to a diplomatic reception that evening.

"In introducing you I can sneeze," he explained, "and thus with no lies on either side you will be taken to be an attaché. *Attaché!*" he added, burying his face for all too brief a time in a silk handkerchief.

Stanislas gladly accepted the invitation, for the conducted party that night were to be conducted to the local opera house, an experience of which he was not unreasonably wary.

II.

All came about as the diplomat had said; and that night Stanislas might have been seen, and was, standing in one corner of the vast ballroom in the royal palace while his mentor pointed out objects of interest.

"There is a compatriot of yours here," the diplomat observed, after reeling off a number of names. "You see that tall man?"

"The one whose steel-blue eyes seem to bore into one like bradaws?"

"Gimlets," the other corrected. "Yes. The one tanned



"GUARDED BY FEARSOME-LOOKING SOLDIERS."

by tropic suns. The clean-limbed one. Well, that is the celebrated adventurer, Panther Piedish."

Stanislas wondered whether he too had got in on a diplomatic sneeze.

"No, he probably knocked out the guards," his guide explained indifferently, and proceeded: "There in the background are two mysterious figures from the East—Sillias and Sillias Youssef."

"And the man talking to them?"

"Another even more mysterious: practically inexplicable—Botani Bey. And— Ah! I thought she would be coming downstairs. You have heard of the beautiful Princess of Hexagonia?"

"These things get about," said Stanislas.

The diplomat coughed. "I was not thinking of those stories," he said. "Besides, they are untrue, many of them. But there she is."

Stanislas looked. "Where?"

"Don't you see that being of an ethereal, delicate loveliness?"

"No."

"Surely you do. Look there. The slender form. The eyes that gleam like twin stars in a mask of beauty. The goddess-like being behind the man with the beard, there—the charming presence. Surely you see."

"At the buffet, tucking into a banana?"

"That's right."

Stanislas considered the girl for a moment in ecstatic silence. At length he asked whether she was fond of bananas.

"They are her life," said the diplomat simply.

"What, bananas?"

"Truckloads are delivered at the palace weekly."

"And she eats them all?"

"Except the skins."

The girl took another banana, dropping the skin of the first. Stanislas thought he had never seen a more graceful gesture. His eyes flashed.

"What would happen," he said, "if I should aspire to her hand?"



"MYSTERIOUS FIGURES FROM THE EAST."

"You would be thrown into prison."

"Hard?"

"Hard. By minions."

A little damped, Stanislas asked whether there was nothing he could do so as to qualify, as it were. When the diplomat said the only possible thing was for him to be made a Count of Hexagonia, Stanislas felt something within him which he correctly identified as a great determination. Squaring his shoulders, he set off across the floor

towards the Princess. A distant cry of "Hi! Attaché!" he felt justified in ignoring as another manifestation of diplomatic influenza.

Before he reached the Princess she moved away from the buffet towards the stairs with the intention (as was afterwards explained to him) of eating in private the last banana of the night. Disregarding her attendant detective, Stanislas



"STANISLAS CRIED 'FLIGHTS OF ANGELS SING THEE TO THY REST!'"

cried in a voice trembling with devotion: "Flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!"

The Princess paused by a door at the foot of the stairs and, throwing him an encouraging and provocative glance, said, "How many flights?"

"Oh," said Stanislas, a little checked—"say six."

"She'd rather take the lift," the detective said grimly, elbowing Stanislas aside and throwing open the door, which was indeed that of a small pneumatically-operated hoist.

III.

As Stanislas watched the slow withdrawal of the royal bananaddict—you know whom I mean—the diplomat came up and told him he had had a narrow escape of being thrown into prison, if not by minions at least by henchmen. Stanislas cut short further objections with the sharp inquiry: "You know that garden-party?"

"Very well," the other said gloomily, "indeed."

"Should I be rewarded," Stanislas inquired, "if I were to keep away rain?"

"Most certainly."

"Should I be made a Count of Hexagonia?"

"At the very least, I should imagine."

"Me boyo," cried Stanislas, who was apt in moments of emotion to drop with a resounding splash into a language he—and not he alone, begorrah!—understood to be Oirish, "I'll do it!"

The diplomat asked dubiously how the feat was to be performed, and Stanislas began the story of his life. Upon this the diplomat became still more dubious, until Stanislas opened a powerful chapter thus:—

"Some time ago I found I was able to control the weather, within limits, by will-power. I do this very seldom, because

the effort is, bedad! prodigious; but with the thought of this reward——

"One moment," the diplomat said. "Do I understand that you can by will-power alone stop the falling of, *e.g.*, rain?"

"*E.g.*," Stanislas nodded, without a tremor. What, after all, could he lose? He was betting on the chance



"THE LITHE FIGURE STRODE OVER FROM THE BUFFET."

that there would be no rain anyway. If there was any he would merely be thrown into prison by minions, henchmen, or, at a pinch (I said pinch), satellites. If there was none——

"Over how large an area?" asked the diplomat busily.

"Oh, about a football-pitch, say."

"Ah, but we don't play football in Hexagonia."

"What do you play?"

"Polo. And of course chess."

Stanislas said he thought his effective area lay somewhere between the two. The other seemed satisfied. "I will accept your offer provisionally," he said. "We will consult with the Lord Chamberlain to-morrow about terms. Meanwhile—— We must keep our intentions secret or your life would be in danger from Octagonian spies, who will undoubtedly do their best to precipitate a war." He frowned. "As it is, you had better have a bodyguard, Panther!"

The lithe figure of Panther Piedish strode over from the buffet, leaving a track of devastation across the crowded floor.

"You have no adventure on hand, Panther, I think?"

"Right," Piedish boomed. "Things are tame." He inflated his chest. There was a sharp crack and tinkle as one of his diamond studs broke and hit a passing Countess's tiara. His blue eyes, like gimlets—— His gimlet-blue eyes bored—— Blue, boring, his gimlet—— Ah, the hell with it. He could see, that's what I mean.

Rapidly the diplomat explained the circumstances. Piedish's eyes smouldered like smouldering gimlets at the mention of Octagonian spies.

"This place is thick with spies," he declared, stiffening his nose grimly. "Ten to one that man is a spy," he added,

falling to the floor a waiter picked at random. As the man rose and removed some stuffed olives from his hair with an evil look, Piedish went on, "There! What did I say? These fellows have a wicked temper."

By Stanislas's alleged gift of weather-control, however, he did not seem to be very much impressed. "Ah," he said. "Nice in the cricket season. M.C.C. retain you, I suppose?"

"I do not use my gift commercially," Stanislas said.

"No? But this time——ah, you're stuck on the girl. Um. Yes, undoubtedly a stunner. I myself, if only she'd reconsider the banana situation—— Ah, well. Bananas leave me cold. Slippery, un-English. Give me some man's fruit, far-flung, like the water-melon. Have you heard the joke about the water-melon——?"

"Often," the diplomat interjected hastily.

"Really? Excuse me one moment," added Piedish, reaching down into his tail-pocket and lifting out an enormous six-chambered revolver. "Ah, yes, I shall be needing this on Tuesday, I dare say. I thought I felt the rats at it. I used to have a snub-nosed automatic that stuttered and barked——almost human. This one just spits fire and death——ill-mannered but effective." His eyes flashed like gimlets.

IV.

The interview with the Lord Chamberlain, which took place in secret while Panther Piedish stood outside the door playing a tin-whistle to disarm suspicion (this proved as successful as most measures of disarmament), was satisfactory. It was agreed that Stanislas, should there be no rain on the day of the garden-party, was to be made a Count of Hexagonia.

Temporarily extricated from the conducted tour, he now



"A GAY SOCIETY SCUM PUSHED BY, YELLING."

saw the Princess almost daily, and would often ask Piedish to bellow some compliment for him from the distance at which he had to keep.

With the attempts to kidnap Stanislas that were made before the great day, which dawned bright and warm, we are not concerned. With the great day, which dawned bright and warm, we are. It dawned——I address such of you as know anything about the dawn——warm and bright.

Stanislas was installed in the very centre of the garden-party area. From time to time a gay Society scrum pushed by, yelling, and was thrust back by a phalanx of the still more socially eminent bellowing nothings polite and otherwise. Rumours of what Stanislas was doing and why had got round to the Princess, who from time to time would trail her detective past and flash Stanislas and Piedish—who was giving his celebrated imitation of the hosts of Midian—a look of admiration. In her absence Stanislas would pass the weary hours by heaping on her quantities of encomia.

But his position was not easy. Foiled in their attempts to dispose of him personally, the emissaries of Octagonia had turned their elaborate attentions to the weather, direct. Towards the end of the afternoon a darkish cloud considerably bigger than a man's hand appeared above the distant minarets of the Dustmen's Glee Club and began to approach with suspicious speed. As Panther Piedish watched it his eyes narrowed until they resembled exceedingly narrow gimlets.

"This is Octagonian work," he grated. "They have a couple of autogiros up there fanning the cloud in this direction. Sharpshooters are hidden about the grounds, and when the cloud is above us they will fire at it."

"Can you do nothing?" Stanislas said.

"I knock people down now and again," said Piedish gloomily, "on the off-chance. But it's a crude method, bad for the grass. We must hope for the best."

The cloud billowed inexorably on as he moved away. In the middle of the lawn stood the Octagonian ambassador, arms folded, staring at it grimly. The diplomat who had introduced Stanislas came up and said, "No one dare say anything to him for fear he should take it as a personal affront. He is taking their silence as a personal affront. . . . They say he bought another new pack of declaration-of-war forms at a stationer's on the way here; but he won't declare

but he refuses to pick them up, and she will toss them about so."

Not far away Panther Piedish could be seen knocking down a gardener; this was a lucky shot, for a rifle of Octagonian design fell out of the man's coat and he was arrested immediately. All over the grounds all day, however, people had been felled—Piedish was a stout feller—with comparatively little excuse. They were told they



"STANISLAS IS BEING HUSTLED ON BOARD THE TRAIN."

had suffered in the cause of Peace and given a set of fish-servers or a plated toast-rack.

Some minutes later the crisis came. The cloud was directly above the lawn—indeed, directly above the Octagonian ambassador. Piedish was talking to the Princess. Stanislas looked fearfully round for the remaining sharpshooters, for he had seen the Octagonian ambassador, who would hardly have done it with any flirtatious motive, wink. Would that be the signal?

It would! There was one sharpshooter taking aim; there, by Heaven, was another! Nothing could stop them, they were too far away. Piedish's well-trained revolver leapt into his hand, but it was too late. Two shots rang out. But each man staggered. . . .

No rain fell; the cloud went on. Neither of the sharpshooters had hit it. If you ask me why (and you do, or I'm the writer of this week's exquisite novel), I can merely refer you to the inscrutability of the workings of fate and the length of the arm of coincidence—two ideas to which you should, merciful reviewers! be accustomed at your age. Each of the sharpshooters at the crucial moment *had slipped on a banana-skin*.

V.

It is the Princess's wedding-day. Here is Stanislas. Here is the gay throng. But who is the tall figure in the top-hat? Can it be Panther Piedish? Of course it can. But is it? No. He wouldn't be seen dead in a top-hat. I don't know who it is any more than you do. For, although Stanislas is (as I said) here, Panther Piedish is far away, being married to the Princess; he too was made a Count of Hexagonia for his activities on the day of the garden-party, and anyway he invariably collects the girl at the end of his adventures. They have compromised about bananas.

As for Stanislas, he is being hustled on board the train with the conducted tour. They always get their man. R. M.

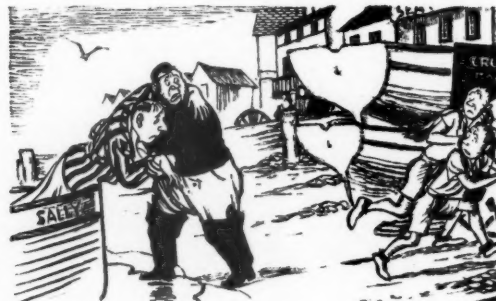
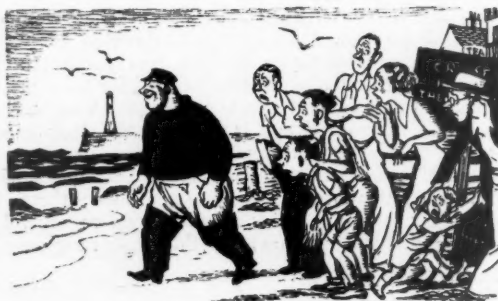


"THE CLOUD WAS DIRECTLY ABOVE THE AMBASSADOR."

on less than a rain-storm." He gazed upward. "You feel confident of being able to hold off rain from that cloud?"

"Absolutely," Stanislas said.

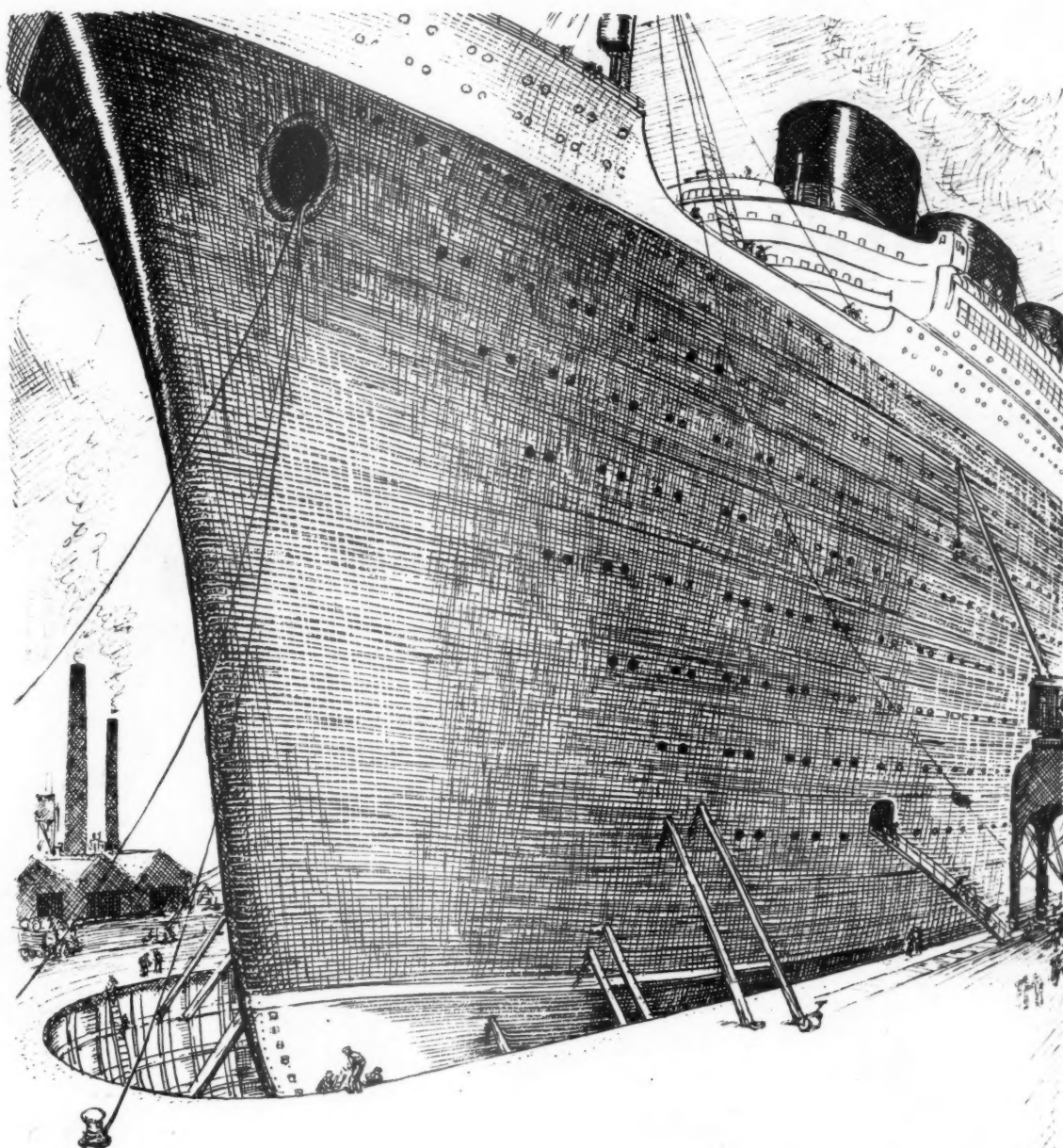
The two Octagonian autogiros were now plainly visible chasing the cloud. Staring absently at them the diplomat said, "One trouble with a function of this kind is that the Princess's banana-skins are dropped all over the place. That detective of hers could save us a lot of trouble,



JOY-RIDE.

May 25, 1936

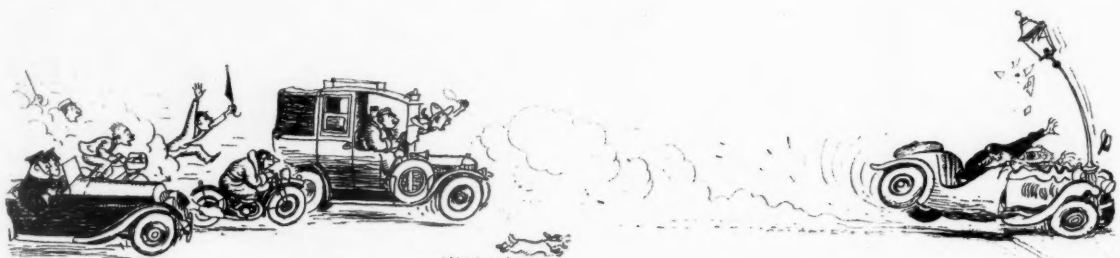
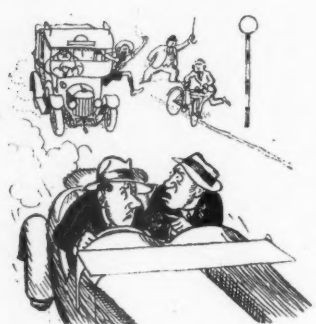
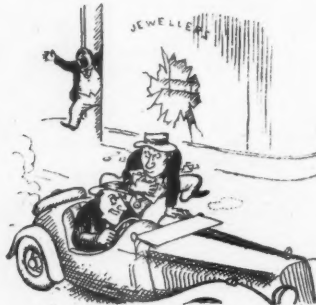
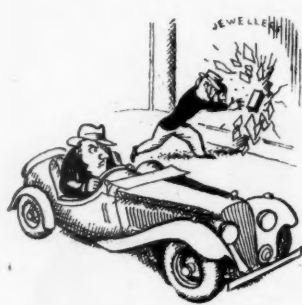
Punch Summer Number—1936.



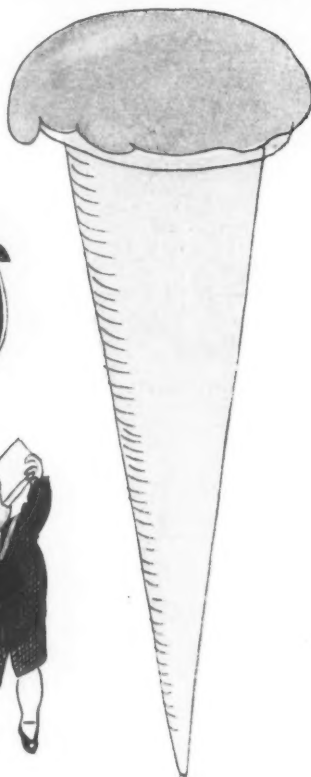
HILSTONE



"WELL, MR. ENTWHISTLE, I'M AFRAID WE'LL HAVE TO LET HER GO AT THAT."



WILLIE'S GOOD DEED.



The Story of Frozen James.

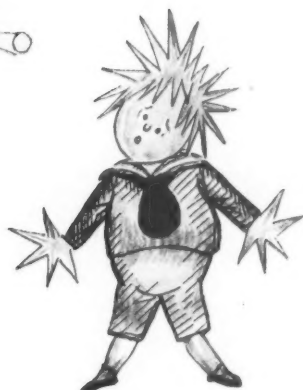
*What a charming boy was James!
Good at lessons, good at games,
Courteous to aunts and others,
Patient with his younger brothers . . .
Yet this almost perfect lad
One unobscured passion had:
He would think and talk and dream
All day long about ice-cream.*

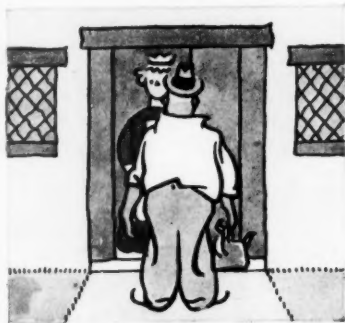
*In the middle of the morning
First would come the tinkled warning;
Out he'd rush and gobble up
"Block" and "cornet," "brick" and "cup."
Then between his lunch and tea
He'd dispose of two or three,
And before the day was done
Cram in yet another one.
Foolish child! This chilly diet
Caused his parents much disquiet.
"James," they said with bated breath,
"Mark our words—you'll freeze to death."*

*Parents' warnings (some have found)
Aren't so silly as they sound.
James, ignoring their advice,
One fine day was turned to ice.
What a lamentable plight!
Half was pink and half was white,
While, where fingers should have been,
Icicles were plainly seen.
"Will the wretched boy expire?
Quickly—we must light a fire!
Henry, fetch some sticks and straw!"
Just in time his parents saw
James at last begin to thaw.*

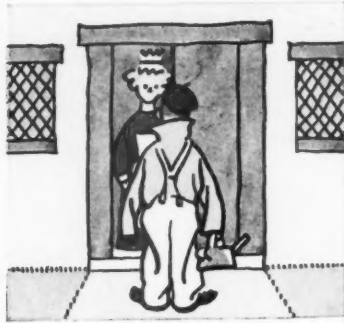
*Now once more he's safe and warm,
Quite restored to human form;
But somehow he doesn't seem
Half so partial to ice-cream.*

JAN





I'M VERY SORRY, BUT WE DON'T
SUPPLY HOT WATER FOR PICNICS.



SORRY, BUT WE DON'T SUPPLY
HOT WATER.



NO, WE DON'T SUPPLY IT.



NO, NO HOT WATER.



NO, WE NEVER DO.



I'M AFRAID NOT.



NO, WE DON'T.



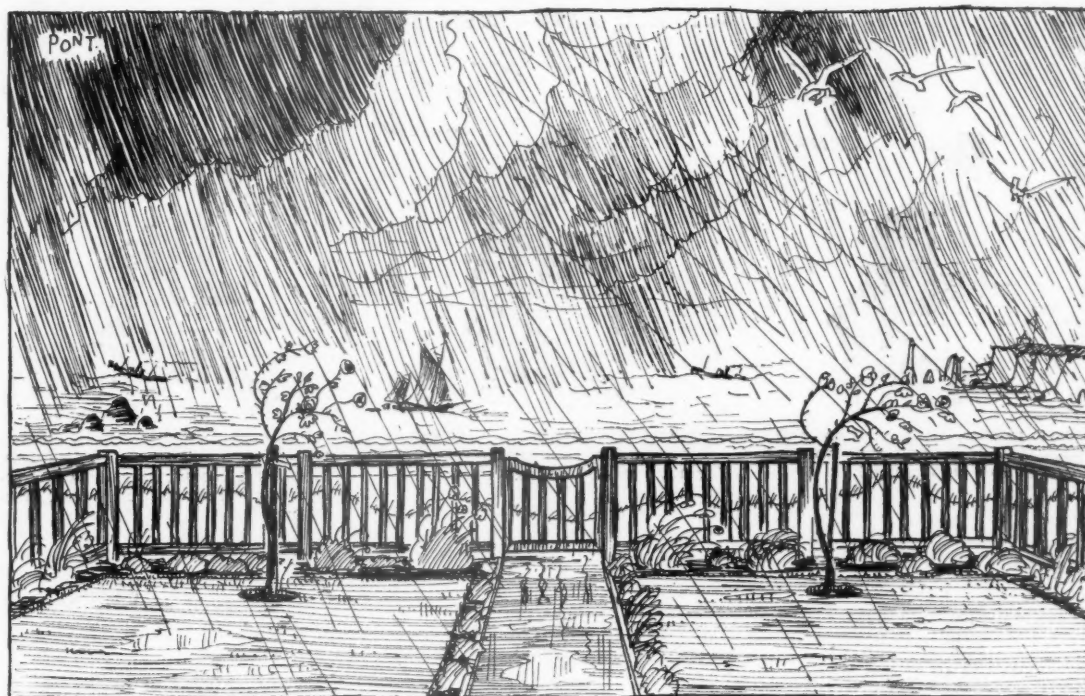
NO.



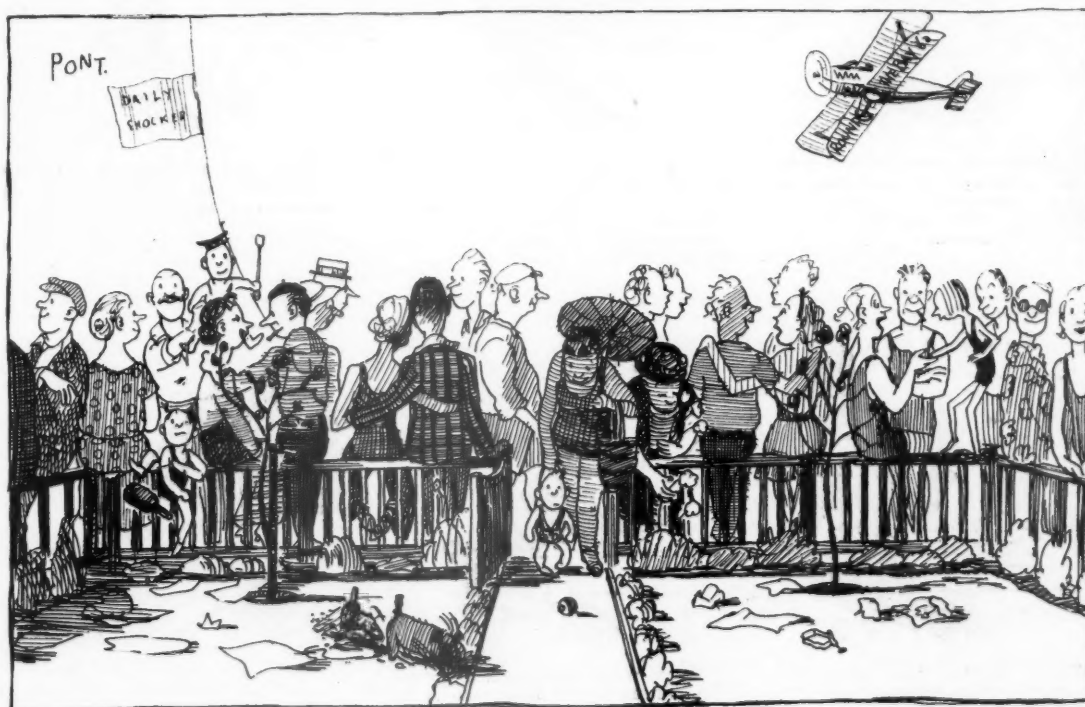
IN ENGLAND NOW.

Longman

WE COULD KILL PEOPLE WHO COME DOWN TO THE COTTAGE AND SAY—



"WHAT A MARVELLOUS POSITION! IT MUST BE GRAND—



ON A FINE DAY."

THE EXAMINATION QUESTIONS FOR OUR WELL EDUCATED YOUNG POLICEMEN ARE NOT ALL EASY—EVEN TO THEM.



WHAT EFFECT, IF ANY, HAD THE DOMESDAY BOOK UPON THE DOINGS OF THE SYNOD OF WHITBY?



TRACE THE CAUSES OF THE PLACE OF EXECUTION BEING MOVED FROM TYBURN TO ODD SPOTS.



WHAT ARE THE ESSENTIAL CONSTITUENTS OF A NORMAL DIET? BRIEFLY DESCRIBE THE FUNCTION OF EACH CONSTITUENT, LEAVING OUT STEAK AND ONIONS.



DESCRIBE IN DETAIL HOW YOU WOULD PROCEED BY THE USE OF SIMPLE APPARATUS TO FIND THE DENSITY OF THE HOT AIR IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.



EXAMINE THE TRUTH OF THE FOLLOWING STATEMENT: "IN THE FELL CLUTCH OF CIRCUMSTANCE I HAVE NOT WINCED NOR CRIED ALOUD, UNDER THE BLUDGEONINGS OF CHANCE MY HEAD IS BLOODY BUT UNBOWED."



BY MEANS OF SUITABLE DRAWINGS SHOW HOW AN UMBRELLA CAN BE MADE TO PROPEL A SHIP'S DINGHY.



WHO AFFECTED THE PERMANENT DESTINIES OF CHINA MORE DECISIVELY, LAO-TSE OR CHU CHIN CHOW?



STATE WHAT INFLUENCE ON CRIME BILL SIKES WOULD HAVE HAD IF HE HAD BEEN A SENIOR WRANGLER.



CHAS. CRANE.



"THERE CERTAINLY IS A RESEMBLANCE, BUT I THINK I AM RIGHT IN SAYING GRACE WAS SOMEWHAT TALLER."

The Sad Song of Utopia.

In Utopia, Perfect Place,
Everything's exactly right;
No one's virtuous or base,
There is neither Day nor Night.
But where everything is right
Nothing's left for which to fight.

It's beautiful, we own, but boring,

No one's wept for quite a while.
What is more, we do not smile;
We could have no cause for chaff,
For the things at which you laugh

Are the things that other people are deploring;
So in less enlightened lands the happy population
grins

At the elderly pedestrians who tumble on their chins;
But that couldn't happen here, for we have no banana-
skins.

It's beautiful—but boring.

We have neither rich nor poor,
Neither tempest, cold nor rain;
At an even temperature
Every season we remain.

Most of us by now forget
How it felt to have a sweat:

It's beautiful, we own, but boring.

We have lost the pleasant itch
To be even with the rich;

Free of passions, free of crimes,
Life is rather like *The Times*,

We've eliminated Sex and Sin and Snoring;
And when anybody dies—it seldom happens, I may say—
We increase the population in a scientific way
By putting capsules in a cylinder and pressing Button
A—

It's beautiful—but boring.

Nothing happens that is new,
Nothing happens that is wrong;

So we've nothing left to do
And the days are rather long.

Nothing happens that is bad,
So no scandal's to be had;

It's beautiful, we own, but boring.

Flesh is wholly in control,
One is just a lump of soul,
In an Art-and-Craft chemise,
Playing harps in minor keys,

And no avenue remains that's worth exploring.
Since we've sublimated Love, it doesn't matter what
we wear;

No bishop here complains that girls are dangerously
bare;

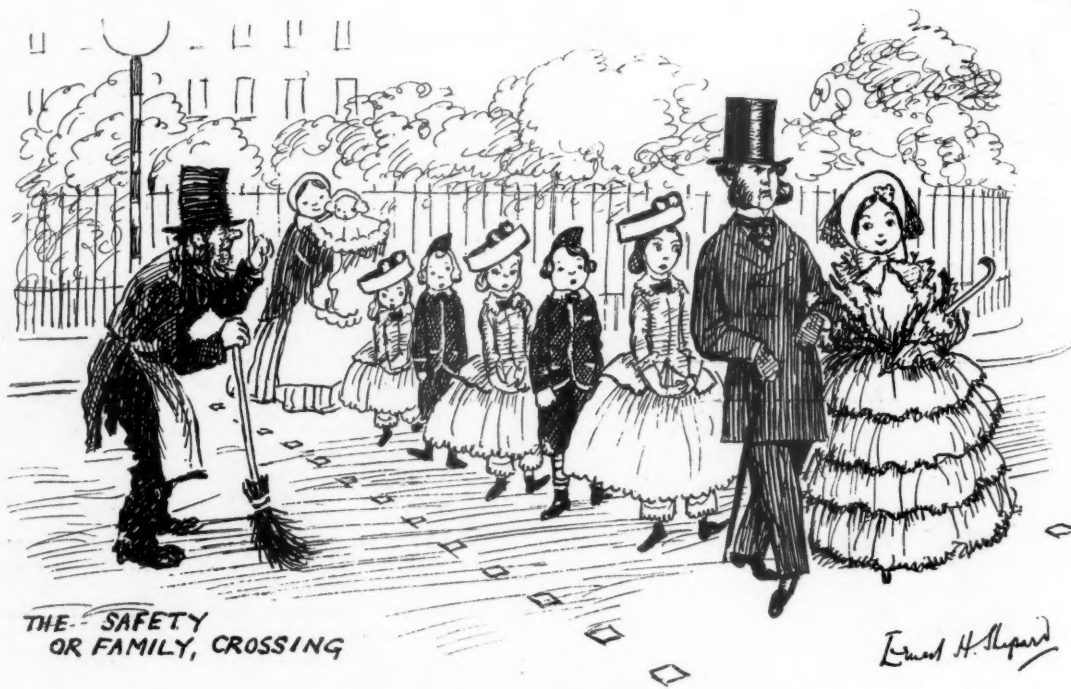
They could go about with nothing on and nobody would
care—

It's beautiful—but boring.

A. P. H.



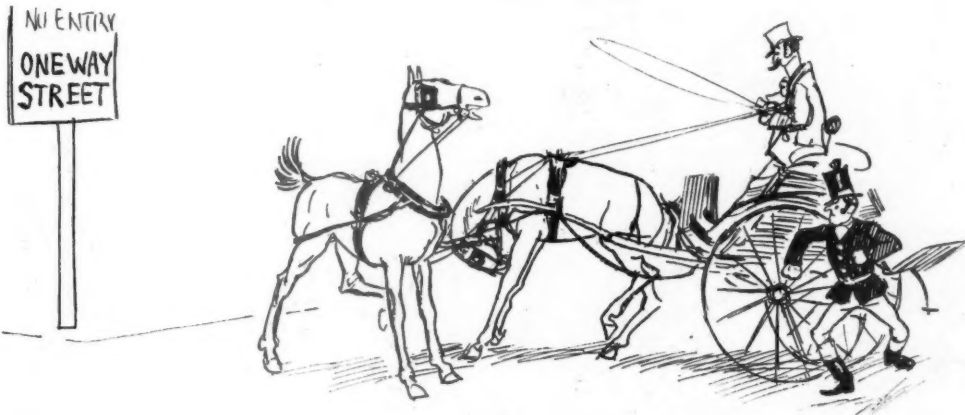
THE SPEED PEELER



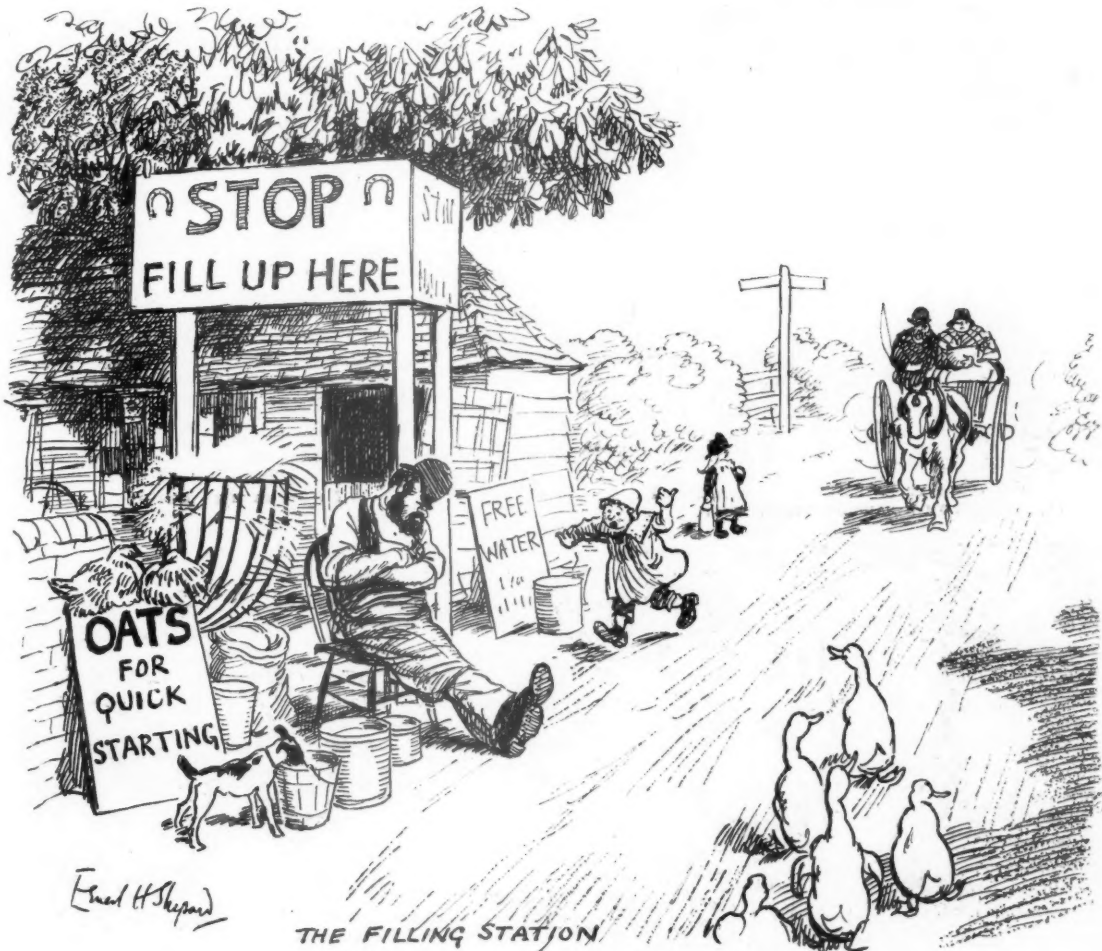
THE SAFETY
OR FAMILY, CROSSING

Ernest H. Shepard

AMENITIES DENIED OUR FOREFATHERS.



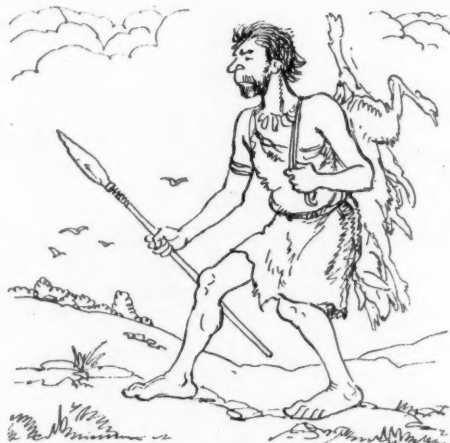
THE TRAFFIC SIGN



THE FILLING STATION

AMENITIES DENIED OUR FOREFATHERS.

THE WOOLLY RHINOCEROS.



THERE ONCE WAS A MAN CALLED UG—



WHO WAS A SKILFUL HUNTER—



AND ONE DAY HE SAVED A GIRL CALLED HI
FROM A SABRE-TOOTHED TIGER.



SO HE MARRIED HER—



G.F.O.M

AND TOOK HER TO HIS NICE NEW CAVE—



AND SETTLED DOWN TO DOMESTIC LIFE.

THE WOOLLY RHINOCEROS.



ONE DAY HE CAPTURED A LITTLE WOOLLY RHINOCEROS AND BROUGHT IT TO THE CHILDREN.



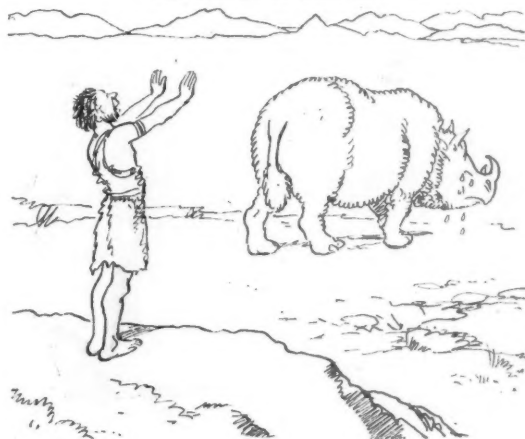
IT BECAME A GREAT PET—



BUT UNHAPPILY WOOLLY GREW SO BIG THAT UG WAS UNABLE TO KEEP HIM—



SO TO THE GRIEF OF THE WHOLE FAMILY—



POOR WOOLLY WAS DRIVEN AWAY—



AND LIVED UNHAPPILY EVER AFTER.



BRITISH PHLEGM.



THE SMITHS AND THE JONESES ARE NOT ON SPEAKING TERMS.



THE LITTLE BEAR HAS A BIG IDEA.

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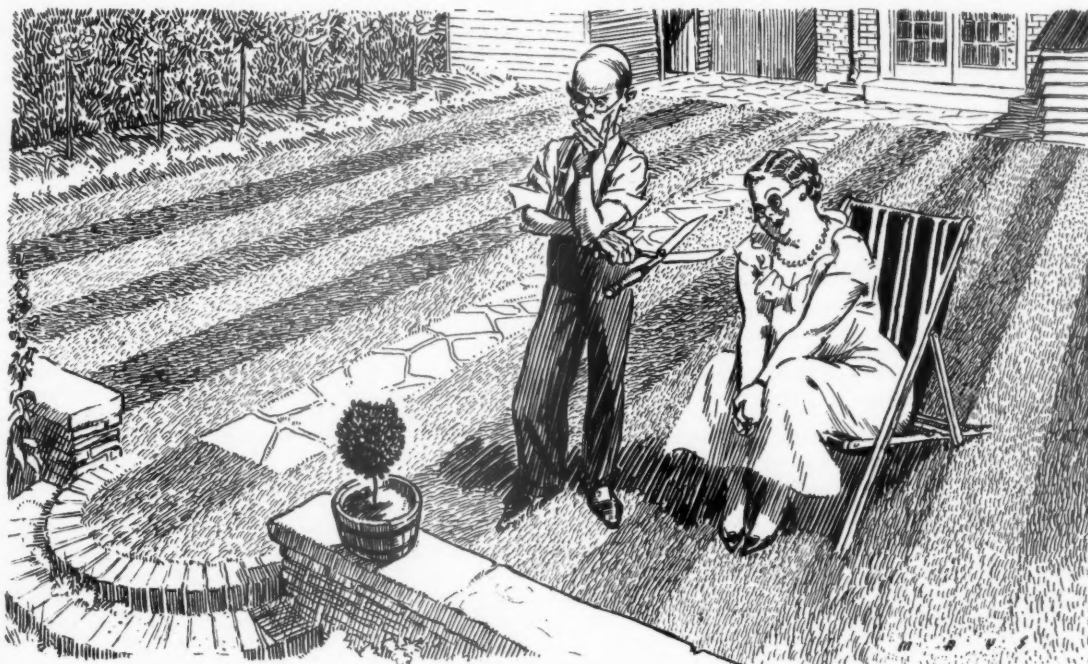
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"NOW WHICH SHALL IT BE, MILDRED—A PEACOCK OR A TEAPOT?"

Charivaria.

ONE of our fancies for a place in the Derby is a horse with an "A" in its name.

★ ★ ★

"To the young man in love nothing is an obstacle," declares a writer. Especially if it happens to be in the bank.

★ ★ ★

A cannibal chief is reported to have eaten his mother-in-law, father-in-law and two sisters-in-law. Living on his wife's relations, as it were.

★ ★ ★

Vine Street police-station is to be closed because it is considered out-of-date. Modern revellers are not satisfied with the accommodation that was good enough for their grandfathers.

★ ★ ★

A reader wonders where historic international agreements are kept. Hardly anywhere nowadays, we fear.

★ ★ ★

In a recent book a Chicago dance-band leader says his ancestors landed in Britain generations ago. They probably came over with the Cunarders.

★ ★ ★

"Some people benefit greatly by the consumption of large quantities of water-cress," says a doctor. And particularly the growers of water-cress.

★ ★ ★

A romantic young couple recently eloped by aeroplane. It is understood that each worshipped the ground the other flew over.

The "Year of the Rat" in the Japanese calendar has just been inaugurated by a banquet of rat-meat. No such celebration, we are glad to think, is associated with the "Week of the Rat" in this country.

★ ★ ★

Cricket spectators have been prepared lately to applaud WOOLLEY's thousandth catch. Is count kept of the catches first-class cricketers miss?

★ ★ ★

A Sussex man who claims to be the fastest working jobbing-gardener was recently interviewed by two newspaper reporters. They found him resting on his laurels.

★ ★ ★

"The seaside girl is a spineless creature," says a writer. It's true that she seldom puts her back into things.

★ ★ ★

It is expected that when the new Pets' Corner at the Zoo is opened at Whitsuntide assurances will be required that the children are tame with animals.

★ ★ ★

Should a girl tell her *fiancé* all about her previous love-affairs? Not unless she can make them interesting, we think.

★ ★ ★

A ball is to be held at the Zoo. Some of the inmates, however, may prefer to sit out.

★ ★ ★

According to a doctor, there are occasions when the nose should be given special protection. Immediately after punching another fellow's, maybe.

"I Saw a Ship A-Sailing."

Now all ye denizens of the mighty deep,
Lifting your dexter fins in fascist wise,
Do homage to the ship of ships! Now leap
With hymns and songs and laughter in your eyes,
Hake, halibut and codfish! Play light games
In circling coils on recreation bent,
Ye schools of porpoises and what's its names—
Dolphins are what I meant.

Blow soft, ye whales, and grampi be her grooms!
Sit lightly, haleyon, on the billow's breast!
With all her dining-halls and concert-rooms
The great *Queen Mary* goes towards the West.
Hover about her stern, O albatross!
Push her, ye Tritons! let her have no fears,
Make it your task to heave her safe across,
Helped by the engineers.

Not thus the earliest sailor dared the foam
Who took his sons and took his son's wives too
And added to his simple wave-borne home
The magic and the mystery of a zoo,
Not thus the Norsemen sailing nearly blind,
Not thus our fathers steered their toys of wood,
There were no gardens on the *Golden Hind*
Nor was the food so good.

Tremendous as a floating town she goes,
The heiress of the ages of the sea,
Like dots upon her decks, as I suppose,
Bearing the nation's noblest—all but me.
Spirits of ancient salts in splendid hosts
Guide her and greet her with your huge hurrahs—
CABOT, COLUMBUS, RALEIGH and the ghosts
Of all the Pilgrim Pa's. EVOE.

For Better, For Worse.

(Every woman should read this glaring article about Love and Marriage.)

I WONDER what you all think of the things you read in the papers? Some of us like some things; other bits, I expect, don't appeal to most of us very much. Then of course there are things that simply make no impression on us at all. Isn't that so?

Only the other day I read of a cure for insomnia where all that is necessary is for "the sufferer to calm the nerves and muscles of the stomach with a tablespoonful of olive oil before bedtime." Well of course we simply don't believe that at all, do we? We know that the secret of successful sleep is a clear healthy complexion and a skin free from impurities. Just half-an-hour snatched at the toilet-table before retiring, with a good cleansing cream, topped off with ever such a thin coating of skin-food—dab it on with the fingers, girls—makes all the difference, doesn't it? It's clogged pores that spell insomnia.

But there's something even more exciting than clogged pores that I want to talk about to-day. Can you guess? Yes, it's romance! Marriage! How that word thrills us all! I don't believe among all my girl-readers there's a single really truly "don't care" person about marriage. After all, however much we pretend, it *is* our life really, isn't it? And even the most blasé of us can hardly help feeling just a teeny-weeny bit excited at the idea of its possibly happening to our very own selves one day. Love to a man is a thing apart, they say, don't they? (I must talk to you about that

another day, because I'm not quite, quite sure that it's true, you know); it's a woman's whole existence.

Now I expect you begin to see why I started by talking about what we read in the papers. Because there's such a lot we can learn from the newspapers about marriage if only we take the trouble to read them. Advice on when and whom to marry, how long the engagement should last, what to do about the wedding, where to go for your honeymoon, and a hundred-and-one-things that it *is* so difficult to find out for oneself. Read and ponder it all, dears. Above all, read those brave outspoken articles by men and women whose own marriages have gone astray and who tell us so bravely and unselfishly of the pitfalls and dangers we must try to avoid. I have been so helped and comforted in this way in my own career, and I do so want you all to have the same advantages.

Only the other day I was very much moved by something said by a tragic Hollywood girl-bride. She is only twenty-six—little more than a child—and now her marriage, her very first, has ended in divorce after seven months. "Marriage," she said to an interviewer, "requires more generosity, tolerance, sympathy and patience than it is possible to imagine before you have been married." Isn't that splendid? So many people would have spoken bitterly or even remained absolutely mute after such a tragic wreck of all their hopes and plans; but this little girl is different. She knows that it is no good to whine, that her duty is henceforth to help others out of the rich store of her experience, and so she sends us this inspiring message. "Generosity, tolerance, sympathy and patience." Remember that, girls. It is spoken by someone who *knows*.

I wonder if you would like to hear the story of my own life, dears? It seems just a tiny bit unfair always to be learning from others and not to add one's own little quota of experiences. Of course it must be a wrench; how can it be easy to tear out the inmost secrets of one's heart and set them down in cold unfeeling print? But to know that one has helped, if ever so little—that will be ample reward.

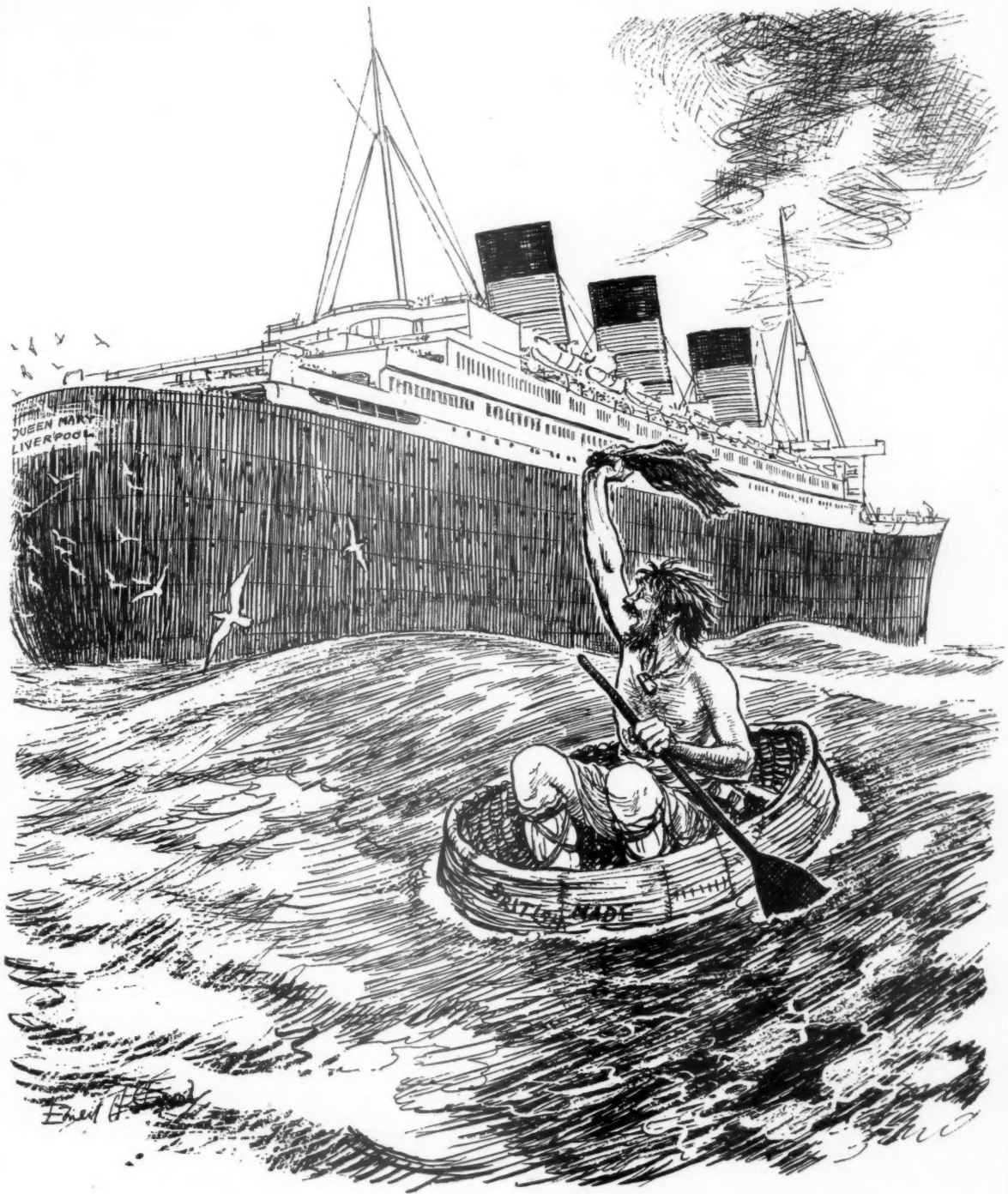
My first marriage! I wonder if I can recall the freshness of that first young love? I think I can. For here, carefully preserved among my sentimental treasures, is a fragment of the statement I made to *The Daily Echo* before we set off on that most glorious of youth's adventures, the first honeymoon!

"It's wonderful! I just can't believe it. We're divinely in love—aren't we, Jim?—and I'm terribly excited. Please tell everybody to get married. It's so bracing!"

Does it make you cry, as it does me, to read that breathless unaffected outpouring of a girlish heart? We were so happy! But, alas! for the dreams of youth; it was not to last. Soon after our return from the honeymoon things began to go wrong. We began to get on each other's nerves. As I said to *The Southern Argus*, "Jim and I just weren't suited, that's all. We found our tastes were different, we liked different books and different friends, so we agreed to part. But we're still the best of friends—aren't we, Jim?"

It was just a three weeks' idyll, really.

I find it difficult even now to write dispassionately of my second marriage. My husband had been so kind, so considerate during the long weeks of our engagement, never failing to respond to my lightest wish, that the ultimate shock of discovery struck me with almost unbearable violence. After the ceremony he had taken me off to the South of France, and there in a delightful villa, with the blue sky overhead and the blue waves washing at our feet, we spent long lazy days and glamorous nights. But one



PROGRESS OF SHIPPING.

VERY ANCIENT MARINER. "HERE'S LUCK! YOU FELLOWS HAVE COME ON QUITE A BIT SINCE MY TIME."



THE CULTURED CRUISERS.

"THERE'S SOMETHING WRITTEN HERE—IS IT LATIN?"
 "MY DEAR, I DUNNO. ALL LATIN'S GREEK TO ME."

evening, as we sat watching the oranges in the orchard shaping themselves against the deepening velvet of the sky, I reminded him that the time would soon come for us to be going home. "Life can't be all honeymoon, you know, Alec dear," I gently told him. "Home?" he said bluntly. "Why, *this* is home. I live here. Didn't you know?"

Of course I left him at once. Inexperienced though I was, I knew that a girl could find no real happiness with a man callous and insensitive enough to take her to his *house* for her *honeymoon*—that precious period which should be spent in some quiet spot far away from the humdrum surroundings of every-day life. I still vividly recall the tremor in my voice as I told the assistant editor of *The Clarion*: "It was all a ghastly mistake."

Will you think it odd that my third husband was a Chinaman? His manners were so perfect that I was attracted to him the moment I met him; and then of course he was simply devoted to me. Few of us can resist devotion, can we? I think we might have been happy together, Bung Ho and I. I remember evenings of perfect contentment in our little Limehouse home, I with my knitting at one side of the fire, he sitting inscrutably at the other. But, alas! I never quite got used to those tiny racial differences which mean so much, and it was careless forgetfulness on my part which eventually brought our partnership to an end. Often, looking up absent-mindedly from my letters at the breakfast-table, I would say to him, "You are looking very yellow this morning, dear. Is anything the matter?" And he so easily felt slighted. At last one day, when we had been

married nearly two months, he lost his usual composure and threw his chop-sticks at me. Of course I couldn't go on with it after that.

May I just repeat what I said at the time to *The Morning Sun*? "There will always be a tender spot in my memory for Mr. Bung Ho Wen. But it wouldn't work. East is East and West is West, and tastes are bound to differ. I think it is a great mistake for girls to rush blindly into wedded life with Oriental gentlemen. Such unions call for a very high degree of tact and understanding. But Bung Ho and I are still the best of friends."

Another time perhaps I will tell you of those five unforgettable weeks I spent as the wife of the Earl of Harwich, one of the handsomest men I ever married. What a pity it all was!

Ah, well! I am eighty-six now—a girl no longer, but my heart still cries out for all the good things of life that I have missed. If only Romance had come my way! Somehow I feel sure that it will come to you, dears. H. F. E.

An Impending Apology.

"Mrs. A. — gave the refreshments, which received the usually good attention from Mrs. F. —."—*Report of Local Function.*

"There is not enough privacy in the Hindenburg, nor time on an ordinary airship voyage for passengers to become fast. Why try to provide suitable conditions?"—*Daily Paper.*

Exactly. Much better leave this kind of thing to ordinary steamships.

Snoods and Norsels.

THE man had that look, not uncommon in Hyde Park, of having come to a special arrangement with Time so that it was always two days since he shaved last. He also had that look, still more common in Hyde Park, of wanting to talk. However, he was interested neither in the Means Test nor the means of salvation. I let him talk.

"There's a place up there," he said, indicating the Marble Arch in a vague sort of way, "with a board outside of it advertising somebody or other's patent kind of shorthand. Near the bottom it says on the board, 'Mouse Trap and Rim Tricer.'"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Granted," said the man, "though you may well beg my pardon in this instance. 'Mouse trap and rim tricer,' that's what it says. I haven't the advantage of your education, but I take it, now, that would be a kind of technical term."

"Like 'clickety-click,'" I suggested. "Or 'Kelly's eye.'"

"Exactly. But can you tell me what that means?"

"I can't," I confessed.

"You can't. And I believe, if the truth were known, no more can anyone else. It's a code of some sort."

"You haven't looked in the paper to see whether there's a horse called 'Mouse Trap' or 'Rim Tricer' running this afternoon?" I suggested.

"There isn't," said the man. "You never heard of a horse called 'Rim Tricer,' did you? No, it's my belief that's a code message to somebody. Either that or it's a bluff to get people inside to ask what it means."

"It *might* mean something," I protested. "When I was in the country once I passed a cottage with a notice in the window saying, 'Snoods and norsels for sale.'"

"Snoods and norsels, eh?"

"Snoods and norsels. I wasn't wanting any at the time, so I didn't go inside to find out what they were. They sounded to me like a Shakespearean oath. Like *Othello* in one of his more peevish moments:—

'I do entreat that we may sup together:

You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.
Snoods and norsels!'"

"Very likely," said the man.

"I looked them up in a dictionary when I got home. Snoods are fillets or hair-ribbons formerly worn in Scotland by unmarried girls."



SO THAT'S WHY THEY HAVE PALMS IN A CONCERT HALL!

"Is that so?"

"Norsels weren't in the dictionary. I took them to be something cognate."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Granted," I said. "Something, I mean, that is never found separately. Like ends. You never find ends without odds."

"I see what you mean. Of course I haven't the advantage of your education."

"No," I said. "Norsels, I imagine, must be a kind of hair-ribbon worn by married women in Scotland. Or perhaps in Wales."

"Was it in Scotland that you saw this sign?"

"No, it wasn't, as a matter of fact. It was in Suffolk."

"Ah!" said the man. "But to return to these here mouse traps—"

"Was there a hyphen anywhere?" I asked. "Did it imply 'rim tricer and mouse trap tricer'? Because that sounds as though it might mean something on a contractor's board. A Cockney contractor. After all, a lost mouse trap is a serious business, especially if it's set."

"But it wasn't a contractor's board. It was a sign advertising some kind of shorthand."

"You make difficulties," I told him.

Probably it would have been easier if he had talked about the Means Test after all. I couldn't help feeling that he must consider the workers to have been let down once more by the Educated Classes.

The Bogchester Chronicles.

A Game of Croquet.

WHAT a gay scene greets my eye as I approach the grounds of Stagnant Percy Hall! Mrs. Gloop's croquet and tennis party is now in full swing; the guests are seated in long rows, one behind the other, round the edge of the lawn, waiting their turn to be escorted by Mrs. Gloop in small detachments round the garden. In the meantime they are being entertained by the excellent games in progress on the courts.

Though people like myself are of course frequent and welcome visitors to Stagnant Percy Hall at all seasons of the year, this great annual party is of a somewhat special order. The whole neighbourhood is invited and it is well recognised that none but the most valid excuse will be accepted. Consequently the number of players is rather larger than is usual. Nevertheless such is the organisation that few of them leave without having had a game of some sort.

When I arrive the tennis court is temporarily deserted owing to the fact that by now all the balls—several brand-new ones among them—have been lost in the adjacent shrubberies, for Mrs. Gloop does not believe in disfiguring her grounds with the extensive use of stop-netting. Here and there white-clad figures may be seen crawling about in the rhododendron bushes, while Mrs. Gloop explains considerably that the loss is quite trifling. If the balls have not been found within, say, half-an-hour she will willingly replace



"HE WILFULLY STAMPS ON SEVERAL PLANTS IN PASSING."

them with some old ones. Nevertheless the more experienced know that the quota for Mrs. Gloop's party has already been exceeded and the search is being hotly pursued.

Indeed as Mrs. Gloop comes forward to greet me she confides in an undertone that careless play alone has been responsible for the loss, and she feels that the present pause will have a salutary effect in teaching the younger players to use more restraint on the tennis court.

THE GAME OF GAMES.

These activities, however, are of purely secondary importance. Tennis is no doubt an excellent exercise for the very young, but most of the leading figures of the Bogchester district prefer a game calling for skill and subtlety rather than mere brute force. Hence round

Bogchester at least the summer months are pre-eminently the season of croquet, a game which demands not only perfect physical condition but also those other qualities of self-control and coolness in an emergency that have made British sport the wonder of the uncivilised races throughout the world.

I shall never forget those words of the late General Crackthorpe. "A man who can keep his temper on the croquet lawn," he would say, "will always be able to make his hoops on the larger lawn of life, however often he may find himself 'wired' by adversity." And the General was



"SIR GEORGE IS RAPIDLY LOSING ALL SELF-CONTROL."

himself an outstanding example of the essential truth of this maxim, for it was seldom indeed that he flew into a rage on the croquet lawn in any but the most aggravating of circumstances.

Not unnaturally, therefore, most of the interest to-day centres on that part of the lawn on which the croquet court has been marked out. Unfortunately the players at present performing are not of a very high standard, and Mrs. Gloop asks them if they would be good enough to finish their game as quickly as possible as she would like her guests to see some real croquet. Shortly afterwards a hush comes over the audience as they realise that Mrs. Gloop herself, with me as her partner, is about to take the field against Sir George Gorge and Miss Stiggins.

SOME POWERFUL PLAY.

The contest is perhaps scarcely an equal one. Mrs. Gloop, as is well known, once had a trial for the county, and my own style has on occasions been described as a classic example of croquetship; whereas our opponents, though capable enough performers, are obviously not quite up to our standard.

Consequently in a very short time our blue-and-black clips show that we already have a lead of several hoops, while the powerful sledge-hammer blows of Mrs. Gloop's mallet is sending our opponents' balls in all directions whenever they get into a favourable position. More important still, this treatment is giving us a useful lead in what I might term the psychological aspect of the game. As he retrieves his ball from the herbaceous border I notice that Sir George is already breathing heavily and that he wilfully stamps on several plants in passing. If we can maintain these tactics for a little longer, success is certain.

Following one of these magnificent drives, which once again sends Sir George's ball off the court, Mrs. Gloop skilfully places her own ball directly in front of mine near our hoop. I see that I shall be able to demonstrate to the audience a very pretty run of several hoops in succession, and I await with satisfaction Sir George's stroke on his red ball from a hopeless position at the far end of the court.

A LOSS OF SELF-CONTROL.

His obvious play, from the most elementary standard of croquetship, should be to send his ball to rejoin that of his partner. But it is now plain that Sir George is rapidly losing all self-control. He raises his mallet, closes his eyes and delivers at his ball a savage blow which sends it careering across the court towards us.

It strikes one of the central hoops, bending it backwards, and from there it rebounds with undiminished velocity



"ONE OF THE FINEST STROKES SEEN IN BOGHESTER IS ENTIRELY THROWN AWAY."

into our midst, scattering our balls like a high-explosive shell and striking me a painful blow on the ankle. The next minute, with a triumphant sneer on his face, Sir George has sent my ball crashing through the rhododendrons.

Even a set-back such as this—due not to skill but to blind good fortune on the part of our opponents—would leave me entirely unmoved; but when I reflect that as a result the spectators have been deprived of a particularly fine piece of play, I am filled with the deepest indignation. I point out to Sir George that his stroke is a deplorable example of the game at its worst; that it is not in accordance with the traditions of British sport; that, in a phrase, it is not croquet.

"Ha, ha!" says Sir George, rubbing his hands in satisfaction. "So you don't like it either, don't you?"

Trembling with rage, I am about to suggest to Sir George that it would be better if he showed more self-control on the croquet court, when I reflect that in his present frame of mind he is unlikely to appreciate the spirit in which the advice is offered, and I set off to retrieve my ball in silence.

Mrs. Gloop advises me to play a safe but unenterprising shot which will bring our balls together again, but I have already decided on bolder and more unorthodox measures. Although the whole court separates me from Sir George's ball, I am resolved to show him that his sportsmanlike

methods will avail him nothing in the long run, and I take careful aim at my minute target.

But I have reckoned without the handicap under which we are playing to-day. I have already noticed casually that the tennis-players have resumed their antics on the adjoining court. But beyond remarking that Captain Featherstonehaugh—a singularly inefficient player even by tennis standards—has twice brought the net down with his wild rushes, I have paid no further attention to them. At the moment, however, that my ball is despatched with unerring aim towards that of my opponent, I am distracted by a shout of warning from the spectators.

AN OUTRAGEOUS INTERRUPTION.

Captain Featherstonehaugh, uttering ridiculous cries, is leaping across the croquet court, his eyes fixed glassily on a bounding tennis ball. Just then he springs into the air, catches his foot on the top of a hoop and crashes to the ground in front of my advancing ball. One of the finest strokes seen in Bogchester for many years is entirely thrown away.

As he rises to his feet even the Captain realises the full horror of what he has done. For a moment he stands transfixed, and then, as the players start to converge on him indignantly swinging their mallets, he turns and runs blindly for refuge in the vegetable garden. Mrs. Gloop orders one of the under-gardeners to evict him before he can do any further damage, and we resume our game in hot but cordial agreement over the outrageous nature of this incident.

For it is one of the pleasantest features of the Great Game that any liberties taken by a non-player at once turn all exponents of the art into a happy band of brothers. Perhaps that is why it can be played without those outbursts of ill-feeling which mar so many other sports. H. W. M.

Ballade of the First Declension.

IN vain my mother begs me once again
The primrose path of dalliance to pursue;
My manager takes up the clear refrain
And hints obscurely at a rise in screw;
The Tennis Club the tearful plaint renew,
In honeyed chant the Frothblowers implore.
It shall avail them not, for I am through.
I won't elope with Mrs. Clayton-Gore.

It is not that her countenance is plain:
I like a nose of that imperial hue;
I love to gaze on eyes that seek in vain
To find agreement in their point of view;
For those who dye their tresses Prussian blue
A deep affection thrills me to the core;
But though she swear, or fill my boots with glue,
I won't elope with Mrs. Clayton-Gore.

For Love, alas! will never long remain;
The sword outwears the sheath, as BYRON knew;
The rifted lute declines the amorous strain,
The sound is forced, the notes absurdly few.
Had joys no date, were every promise true,
And were my darling only eighty-four . . .
But Mrs. Clayton-Gore is ninety-two.
I won't elope with Mrs. Clayton-Gore.

Envoi.

Prince, are you short of anything to do?
You need a balm to heal your spirit's sore?
She told me she was rather fond of you . . .
I won't elope with Mrs. Clayton-Gore.

Music From the Inside.

All About the Orchestra.

OF course you know DEBUSSY's Fifth? And the way the viola modulates into A Flat in BEETHOVEN's Tenth? And that lovely bit in BACH's Forty-Seventh where the sopranos have a rising phrase in B which is imitated by the basses? You don't? Good—we start level. Neither do I. In fact if I heard the basses imitating the sopranos I should probably laugh myself sick.

There are two ways of listening to music. I don't mean standing up and sitting down, though I suppose you might say that those were two ways too. What I mean is this: there are some people who understand what it is all about when that chap at the back gets up and socks a gong with a padded hammer; and there are other people who just let it waggle their ear-drums for them and don't care a hoot. The former appreciate the music and the latter just listen to it.

Well, now, I would like you to imagine that you are in the Queen's Hall (in the eight- and -sixpenny seats, as we are only imagining), waiting for an orchestral concert to begin. I am that insufferable person on your right who insists on telling you what's what. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if I even had a bunch of miniature scores in one hand. All set?

Those things in front are the violins. First on the right, second on the left—or the other way round if you happen to be facing the opposite way. The things that look like third violins are really violas. The Germans call them *bratschen*, but it is difficult to see why. They are violas. The ones that go the other way up are 'cellos, unless you have to stand up to them, when they are obviously double-basses.

That completes the string section. Now, do you see that long black thing that looks like a bassoon? That is a bassoon. They aren't much to look at; personally I have always thought they would look much nicer if the performer painted his old school colours in rings all the way along. Then when he retired he could use it as a barber's pole or give it to his children to suck.

And talking about barbers naturally

reminds us of *The Barber of Seville*, which was written by MOZART if *The Marriage of Figaro* was written by ROSSINI, and vice versa.

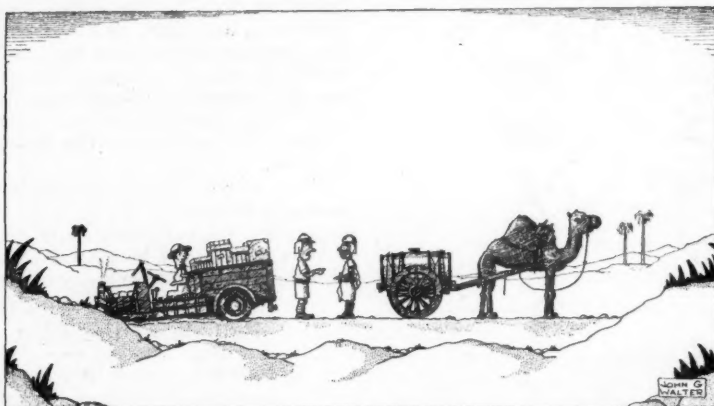
MOZART wrote two concertos for the bassoon, and it is used a great deal in poetry. The wedding-guest in *The Ancient Mariner* quite rightly beat his breast when he heard one; and they also had a bassoon in the band that played while *Maud* came into the garden:—

*"All night the roses have heard
The flute, violin, bassoon."*

Another bassoon is to be found in the orchestra that plays for the Floral Dance at wherever it is. Or of course it may be the same one.

I think that covers the bassoon.

After the bassoon it is only fair to deal with the harp. The harp is found



"AND WHAT IS MORE, MY GOOD MAN, I DOUBT IF YOU HAVE
SO MUCH AS GLANCED AT THE 'HIGHWAY CODE'."

on most of the coinage of the Irish Free State—and serve them right too. However, that is only a heraldic harp and is quite different from the one that once through Tara's halls. The Irish harp, moreover, is quite distinct from the Welsh Harp, which is in Cricklewood.

There are two kinds of harps to be found in the modern orchestra, unless they only happen to have one of them. One is chromatic and the other isn't. It may interest you to know that that canvas thing the harp wears until the harpist comes in and takes it off is not its only covering. There is also a vest underneath; but of course while it is wearing this it is quite valueless as a musical instrument. DEBUSSY—you haven't forgotten him?—wrote two sacred and profane dances for the chromatic harp, but I have never seen anyone, however profane, dancing to them.

That will do for the harp. Now let us consider the horns.

Do not fall into the vulgar American error of referring to every wind-instrument as a horn. Actually there are only three kinds of horns—French, English and motor. Of these, English horns are not really horns at all. (That is an English horn about halfway up—the one that looks like a kind of super-oboe that has laid an egg.)

Motor-horns are of many varieties, including those that go *ta-ta-ta-ta*, but the only piece of music in which they are scored for anything like adequately is GERSHWIN's *American in Paris*. Those of you who have actually seen an American in Paris will have enough sense to avoid this like the plague.

This leaves us with French horns, which are the sort I originally wanted to talk about. But I have forgotten what it was I wanted to say about them, so with a passing reference to the fact that there are four horns in most orchestras but eight in *Tannhäuser* (unless I mean *Lohengrin*), we will pass on to the tuba.

I live on the Hampstead tuba, and as the last train goes in about two minutes I shall have to leave you. *Dal segno*, old boy!

Blow-Out at the White House.

"Dr. Eckener and Capt. Lehmann visited Washington, where they were the guests of President Roosevelt at a White House luncheon,

1,100,000 cubic feet of hydrogen gas were pumped into the gasbags, and 8,666 gallons of fuel for the Diesel engines were placed in the tanks."—*Daily Paper*.

"The windjammer," he said, "can be saved. It is only lack of money that keeps her on the rocks."—*Report of Interview*.

We deeply sympathise.

"Then, to add to the dignity of the ceremony, he presented the Mayor with A FAMILY OF PARISH CLERKS."
Report of Local Ceremony.

A Mayor's Nest in fact.

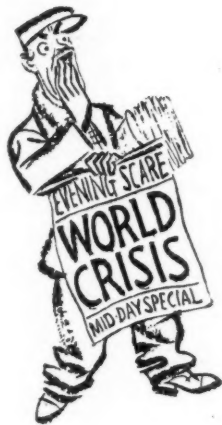
"Oxford is without buses owing to a lightning strike by conductors."

Evening Paper.

The atmosphere is said to be charged with electricity.

"It was in the first few seconds of the ninth round when, with legs doubled under him and face twisted in pain, Referee Moss Deyong assisted the fallen champion to his corner."—*Daily Paper*.

Did no one assist Referee Moss?



I



II



III



IV



V



VI

THE SPORTSMAN

T. DERRICK

At the Pictures.

THE SCREEN AND THE STAGE.

To begin with I must make a confession, just to show that to the practise even of writing about films



SPY-EYE.

Elsa MADELEINE CARROLL.
 "The General" PETER LORRE.
 Ashenden JOHN GIELGUD.

I bring a conscience. When I saw the announcement that there was to be a picture at the Tivoli called *Secret Agent*, I bought CONRAD's nihilist romance of that name so that I might acquire the atmosphere anew and check the producer's correspondences and divagations. But when I got to the Tivoli itself, I found that the spy was not CONRAD's but SOMERSET MAUGHAM's; not *Verloc* but *Ashenden*. So it is to have too little information!

Secret Agent (without CONRAD's "The") has an excellent beginning, when the coffin over which tears have been shed and to which reverence has been done is revealed by the one-armed valet to be empty, and, under the name of *Ashenden*, the supposedly dead novelist takes on new activities as a War winner. For it is a War story, dated 1916. But thenceforward we are not exactly carried away, for the spy, JOHN GIELGUD, being much concerned with his elocution, does not himself persuade; nor when he gets to Switzerland do the two confederates who have been allotted to him—a "bogus" wife in the pleasing and amenable person of MADELEINE CARROLL,

and a comic assassinating Italian called "The General," as handy with a bread-knife as *L'Action Française* could desire, who is farcically played by an actor named PETER LORRE. Assisted in the film—but in real life, I should have thought, heavily handicapped—by these companions, *Ashenden* wins through to success, which, after enough death and disaster in mid-Europe, means the triumph of British arms in Arabia. He wins through also to his emergence from the railway accident in perfect condition for the final embrace with the secret service ally whom he now intends to marry. For the theory among directors still seems to be that, unless there is this conclusion, cinema audiences will wreck the theatre.

Personally I don't see them being serious enough to wreck anything.

A propos of the final kiss, it is a truism applicable to most plays, and to more films, that the end is really the beginning and, at any rate on the screen, where this final kiss is the signal of departure, that it should really come not when the curtain closes but opens. Never was this the case so noticeably as in *Wife versus Secretary*, the picture in which the wife is played by MYRNA LOY, the secretary by JEAN HARLOW, and the husband by CLARK GABLE, still tall and vigorous and fascinating, but I thought growing a little bit fat. Having taken, as I notice, to newspaper autobiography, CLARK should spend some of the profits on slimming,



No. 1. OFFICE —

Van Sanford CLARK GABLE.
 Whitey JEAN HARLOW.

more especially as he has a place in our regard which must not lose definition.

In *Wife versus Secretary* nothing occurs that is unexpected; but its expectedness is so handled that we do not resent it, and we go away saying



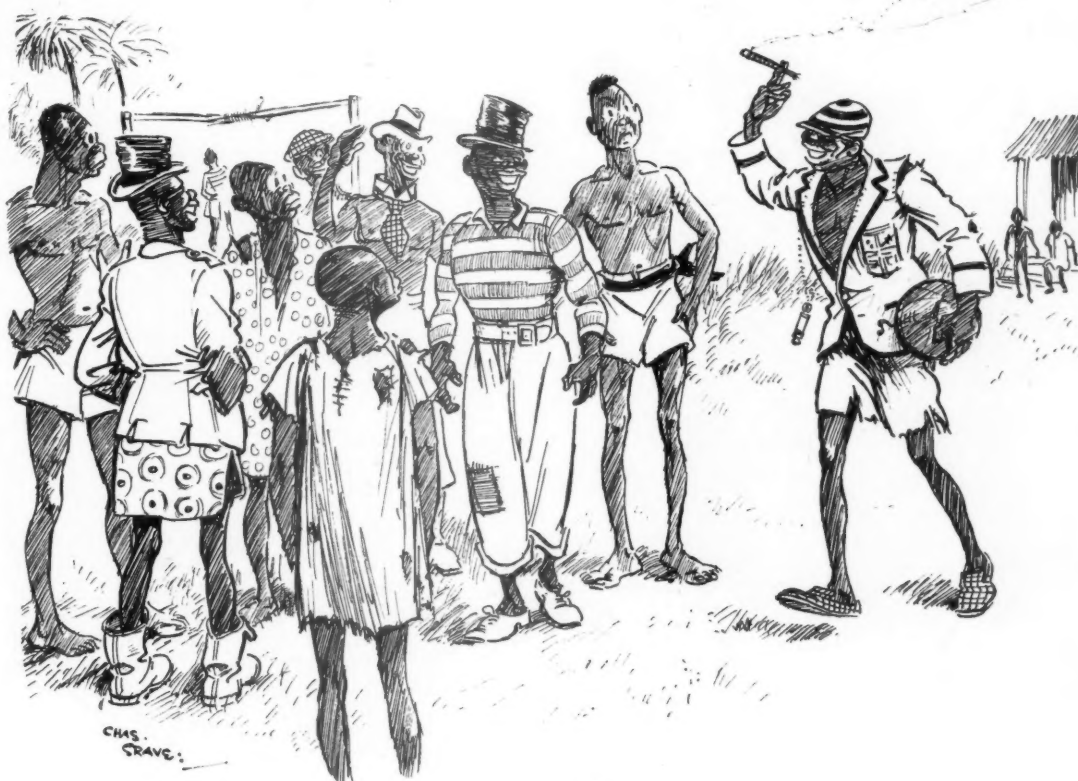
No. 2. — AND HOME.

Mimi MAY ROBSON.
 Linda MYRNA LOY.

with confidence to each other that although the final kiss had to be with the wife, in a day or so there will be another row, and this time the secretary will be the winner. But whether she will remain with CLARK for more than a very short time is another question.

Having thus blurted out the plot, there is nothing for me to say but to commend the picture. It seemed to me to be good from start to finish, the only defect—and that is not a defect on the cinema—being the wife's conquest. For of course MYRNA LOY as that lady is not so clever as JEAN HARLOW as the other; and we no more believe in the finality of JEAN HARLOW's kiss with her very unattractive lover than in MYRNA's with the confident and possessive CLARK. But to fill the required hour-and-a-half the mixture will serve, and to see CLARK moving like a tiger from telephone to telephone, dancing and drinking and dimpling and possessing, is entertainment enough. The admirable GEORGE BARBIER, as a wily magazine-proprietor, is a pleasant companion too.

I said it was good, but when you come to think of it—oh, what drive! E. V. L.



The Referee. "GOOD-AFTERNOON, GENTS—AND OTHERS."

Bon Voyage!

I COULD not discover a golf-course anywhere: but otherwise the *Queen Mary* seemed to me to be a well-found ship. There is no motor-track, sports stadium, or dog-racing arena on board, and the "sports and general" section of the people may have a complaint or two about that; but they will have to sit quiet and make the best of it during the few hours' passage to New York City. And they will enjoy the brass plate on Main (or was it "A"?) deck, which charmingly records that Lord BURGHLEY has made the circuit of that enormous area in 58 seconds, "untrained and unchanged"—and, I believe, in evening dress. Perhaps, in further compliment to his lordship and in deference to modern fashion, this deck should now be known as "A" Drome.

The visitor to this great vessel is at once politely urged into an "elevator" (not, I regret to say, a "lift") and wafted to the Central Hall. Here, among the brightly-lit shop-windows, he forms the first impression that he is

in the Burlington Arcade, or rather that the Burlington Arcade has been transferred to the edge of Piccadilly Circus, from which the fountain has been removed and the traffic diverted. (Why, by the way, is there no fountain on board?) At all events, there are the shops; and it has been calculated that during the short run to New York City and back a normal Englishwoman with comfortable means, or a reasonable husband, will be able to buy all the wedding-presents she has foully failed to buy during the preceding five years.

Wandering away down a side-street, we found the modern note at once in the direction overhead:

CHILDREN'S PLAY-ROOM COCKTAIL LOUNGE

If Mr. NOEL COWARD had done that people would have called him "cynical." But these two delightful rooms are indeed conveniently adjacent; and this, after all, is in keeping with modern temperance doctrine, which says that though children should not be permitted to see their parents taking refreshments, they should not

during that horrid act be left to roam the streets. The play-room has, among other joys, a very seductive "chute," the use of which is harshly denied to adults. I foresee a good deal of trouble about this; but if the children find themselves crowded off the chute they will at least be able to bound into the lounge next-door and bag Mamma's Bronx.

The dining-saloon is quite big.

As for the cabins—as for the paneling, and the eiderdowns, and the spacious beds, and the cupboards and looking-glasses and bathrooms, and the scuttles—for even the scuttles are more like ordinary windows—some Bond Street bard, not we, must undertake their praises. Some British HOMER should take, say, Cabin 66 (we forget which drome), and, inch by inch, describe its glories, as the old man celebrated the shield of Achilles—where grew the trees that gave those polished panels, what cunning joiner it was that fitted them, what sempstress, nay, what silkworm it was that worked upon the bed-covers. For all these things are a grand memorial to British craft and care.



"AH, SIR REGINALD, YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO JOIN IN A GAME OF PUSH-FLORIN."

Our one complaint about this splendid ship is that she's wasted on the Atlantic trip. (There—already, you see, we are sliding into poetry.) One reason why we seldom itch to go to the United States is that it is done so quickly. Once we have put to sea and shaken off the telephone we do not care how long the voyage lasts (provided, of course, that we are very comfortable). Only those un-British Britons who are sick from the moment they take the passport out of the drawer till the moment they totter through the Customs—and those brisk business men who spend all their time saving time—will delight in a ship because she saves a day at sea. We like, as we unpack—and how we should like to unpack in the *Queen Mary*!—to think that there is a long and happy time ahead before we see our suitcases again: we like to make our cabin a home—and what a home some of those cabins would make! But in this great vessel, by the time one has unpacked, found one's wife and learned the way to the dining-room it will be time to think of packing and tipping. So, when she has done the necessary records and won the coveted ribands,

we hope that the wise Sir PERCY BATES will announce that in future she will travel *very slowly*, so that all may get their money's-worth of rest and change. Or let her travel to Ceylon. For then, again, we would sell all and give it to Sir PERCY. But at present, it seems to us, her great speed is a disadvantage.

The visit of Lords and Commons was a joyous party but far too brief. The legislator, as a rule, has short and hearty meals; so that on Saturdays, maybe, there is a tendency to linger over a hospitable and well-conceived lunch: and the motion "All ashore!" was called sadly soon after "Coffee and Cigars." They say that a thorough inspection of the ship compels a walk of about seven miles. We do not think that we walked seven miles after lunch. But we travelled great distances in elevators, and retain a bird's-eye impression of vast bridges and vaster bedrooms, and sun-decks and swimming-baths, and gymnasia and libraries, and cocktail-rooms and children's bars. We remember too some fine and pleasing decorative work by British artists, but had better not provoke trouble by mentioning

names. We remember too looking down on the little *Berengaria*, from the Sun Deck, and thinking that we need a new dinghy.

Up there we fancied that we could see the Crystal Palace; but the Whips, as usual, soullessly repelled the suggestion. Up there at least we all agreed that one ethical problem of sea-life was finally answered—that is, whether, on seeing a man go overboard, the true Briton ought to fling off his coat, boots and collar and go after him. The answer is, we thought, that only a champion diver could go off that deck and hope to enter the water without breaking his neck or splitting his stomach.

One clear and charming picture remains. A number of legislators were exercising themselves (cautiously) in the gym., watched over, as usual, by the wise and kindly Clerk at the Table, the celebrated Sir HORACE DAWKINS, and his Assistants. These are they who sit before the Speaker and see that the course of true law-making runs smoothly, who tell us that our Questions are inadmissible because they are hypothetical or contain ironical or literary epithets, and predict

that our amendments will be out of order. Nay, the great Speaker himself, we believe, is not ashamed to ask for Sir HORACE's advice. We record with pleasure, then, that so eminent and staid an officer consented to sit upon the Hot Seat or Vibrating Chair, which jiggles horribly but is without doubt beneficial to the liver. And we suggest that, on the BURGHLEY precedent, a little tablet might be placed above this seat to inspire and please the passengers of posterity who there seek health or entertainment. Thus:—

HERE SAT
WITH HIS ACCUSTOMED DIGNITY
AND CHARM
SIR HORACE DAWKINS
THE REVERED CLERK AT THE TABLE
OF
THE HOUSE OF COMMONS
AND WAS VIBRATED
AFTER A GOOD LUNCH
MAY 16TH 1936

But there—she sails to-day; and let us pass to thoughts yet loftier. She is a mighty and a beautiful ship; but ships great and lovely are not always

happy ships. May all the good fairies escort her across the ocean and home again: and when she returns may it be said that she too is one of the happy ships!

A. P. H.

Man of Leisure.

["— admitted that he had never done a day's work in his life."—*Police Report.*]

THE charge was pinching from a till;
The evidence was clear;
The aspect of the Beak was chill,
His countenance severe.

"Yet pity, as the poet sings,
Is kin to love," he said;
"Till he embarked on sneaking things
He must have earned his bread.

He may have plied the fruitful spade
Or laboured in a shop;
Tell me, my man, your former trade
Before this tragic cop."

The culprit made a courtly bow
And like a true man spoke,
"My lord, from earliest youth till now
I've never done a stroke."

His Worship's eye began to glow;
He said "I rarely stick
At much but dash it all, you know,
This is a bit too thick."

"I swore it at my mother's knee,"
The felon said, and wept,
"And for full sixty years and three
That early vow I've kept.

I have not spun, I have not toiled;
I stand, my lord, revealed
A pure, though maybe somewhat
soiled,
White lily of the field."

It may be that a softer Beak,
Having some humour, might
Have let his victim, so to speak,
Put it across all right.

His Worship merely gave a frown
And, showing small regard
For minor issues, turned him down
With twenty-one days' hard.

And thus he had him truly larned,
While thinking—as might you—
If he'd to work, that he'd be
darned
If others didn't too. DUM-DUM.



ALL-IN WRESTLING.

"WAS IT YOU THAT BOOED?"



"MISS SMYTHE, CAN I TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY OF OUR BEING ALONE TO ASK IF I MAY ADDRESS YOU AS 'BUNNY'?"

Not so Caller Herrin'.

(Words to a familiar air.)

[According to a paragraph in *The Daily Mail*, "the Arabs' newly-acquired taste for kippers is to be exploited by the Herring Industry Board." British herrings are to be on sale at the Levant Fair at Tel-Aviv. "Herrings pickled in brine, packed dry in boxes, kippers and some half-a-dozen tinned varieties" are being sent by the Board in the hope that the new market may solve the troubles of the Scottish herring-fishing centres.]

Buy my caller kippers!
 Arabs, Fellaheen and Gypers,
 Buy my caller kippers,
 A novel boon receive!
 Come on and have your palates tickled
 By herring dry and herring pickled;
 Eat, oh, eat unto satiety
 Of one or other tinned variety!
 Buy my caller kippers,
 Ye men of turban, fez and slippers.
 Buy my caller kippers
 On sale at Tel-Aviv!

Salve, my Arab masters,
 Scotia's mercantile disasters;
 Out with your piastres,
 Lift that hidden hoard!
 Help us now to make a slam in
 Herring sales and save from famine

Fisher-folk in cot and shieling.
 (You should know that famine feeling!)
 Buy my various herrin';
 Do it now and no deferrin',
 Buy the British herrin'
 Of the British Herrin' Board!

Buy them smoked and salted
 That Scotia's trade may be exalted—
 Trade that now is halted
 And turns in hope to you.
 Should our salesmen strike it lucky
 Cheers will rise in Banff and Buckie;
 Should our fish become your diet
 Joy in Aberdeen will riot.
 Up, ye Tel-Avivers!
 Free us from our anxious fevers;
 Help poor Unbelievers—
 Buy our herring, do! H. B.



THE PREMIER EVENT.

TIPSTER STAN. "'OO GAVE YOU THE WINNER IN 1923, 1924 AND 1935? WELL, 'ERE'S MY SELECTION—AN' IF YOU KNOW A BETTER 'ORSE, GO TO IT!"

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Impressions of Parliament.

Synopsis of the Week.

Monday, May 18th.—Commons: Discussion on Coal.



A CUCKOO'S EGG?

Mr. Runciman. "I THINK THERE MUST BE SOMETHING THE MATTER WITH THIS EGG; BUT THEN OF COURSE IT ISN'T REALLY MINE!"

Tuesday, May 19th.—Lords: Committee-stage of Cotton Bill.

Commons: Debate on Civil Aviation.

Wednesday, May 20th.—Lords: Special Areas Bill given Second Reading.

Commons: Finance Bill given Second Reading.

Monday, May 18th.—Next time you and a comrade take a taxi and he is the first to fumble for the fare, let him convert his fumbling into paying; for it is obviously kinder to cost him a few shillings than to involve the poor fellow in the wretched ignominy of a criminal charge, as you might, it seems, if you offered to share the expense. So the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE has ruled. This afternoon Sir WILLIAM DAVISON asked for a simple Bill to enable one to offer a shilling without incurring the felon's brand, and Captain HUDSON replied that the question was being investigated.

Renewed Italian allegations that British firms had been supplying dum-dum bullets to the Abyssinians led Mr. EDEN to make a full statement on the subject. He explained that although Italy had withdrawn her Note to the League, it had already been circulated informally to the foreign delegations, and he therefore considered that, for the honour of this country and her firms, the facts should be known. A notorious purveyor of forged documents, styling himself for the moment "Colonel PEDRO LOPEZ" and pretending to represent the Government of Abyssinia, called on GEORGE BATES AND Co., of Birmingham, on February 19th and procured from them a sample packet of soft-nosed ammunition—making the somewhat slender excuse that these were required to exterminate a plague of leopards (a non-Fascist animal?)—and a letter, which he dictated, guaranteeing them to be of British manufacture. On April 12th photographs of the cartridges and the letter were published in the *Roman Messagero*, which had also published an order for ammunition which "LOPEZ" had extracted under false pretences from the Abyssinian Minister, who had omitted to observe an item for three million rounds of soft-nosed ammunition—which would, of course, have been vetoed in any case by the Board of Trade. The *Messagero*, Mr. EDEN told the House, had unfortunately published these falsehoods, in spite of a friendly warning which he had addressed to the Italian Minister, who had at the time expressed his gratitude. Propaganda carelessly fab-

ricated in the heat of war can prove a sad boomerang.

An interesting situation arose when Mr. RUNCIMAN moved the Second Reading of the Coal Mines Bill, which



The Jester. "METHINKS I'LL GET ME TO MY LADY'S CHAMBER AND TELL HER LET HER PAINT AN INCH THICK—FOR 'T'WILL BENEFIT THE EXCHEQUER!"

Hamlet, Revised Edition.

THE MARQUESS OF TITCHFIELD.

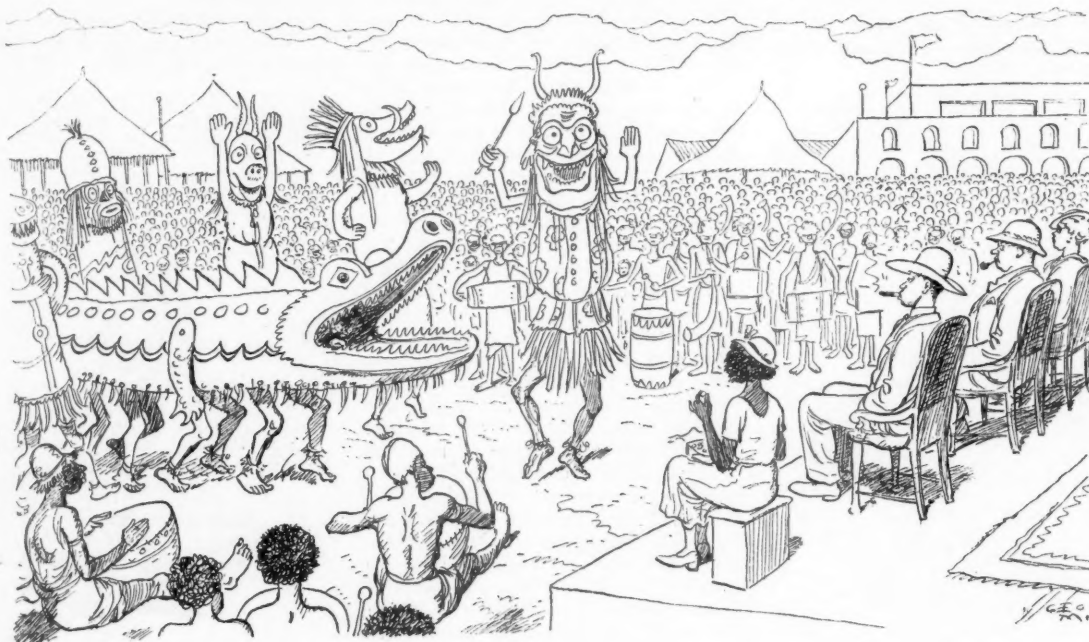
puts organised selling schemes and amalgamation of collieries on a statutory basis. His announcement that to meet well-founded criticism the Government would propose three major amendments in Committee, met with such powerful protest from all Parties on the ground that it was a farce to consider a Bill about to undergo so much radical alteration, that the P.M., after an attempt to persuade the House that in the main the Bill would stand, gracefully gave in, and the rest of the evening was spent in a general discussion on coal. Very unreasonable, too.

Tuesday, May 19th.—The Lords gave patient attention to a number of unassuming measures with funny names like The Lee Conservancy Catchment Board Bill,



TWO LITTLE BITS OF SUGAR FOR THE BIRD.

[Mr. WALTER ELLIOT and Sir PHILIP SASSOON try to mollify a bird that was a bit ruffled the day before.]



"MY EUROPEAN EDUCATION HAS SOMEWHAT SHAKEN MY FAITH IN THESE RAIN CHARMS, BUT THEY AMUSE MY PEOPLE, AND ONE NEVER KNOWS."

and the Commons, soothed by Nurses SASSOON and ELLIOT, were much less rampagous than yesterday.

The Financial Resolution of the Air Navigation Bill gave the UNDER-SECRETARY an opportunity to repudiate charges of favouritism against the Air Ministry and to defend the policy of continuing to make Imperial Airways the staple of the Government's civil aviation programme. As for the chances of other companies, their merits were examined by an independent Committee, and under the new agreement Imperial Airways would no longer enjoy a formal monopoly of subsidy.

For the Labour Party Mr. T. JOHNSTON admitted that Sir PHILIP had dispelled a great many misgivings, but he would have much preferred State ownership for so vital a national service; for the Liberals, Mr. MANDER thought that if any subsidy was well-deserved this was; Captain GUEST, just back from a trip across the Atlantic in the *Hindenburg*, was so impressed by this experience that he felt we should reconsider our attitude to dirigibles; in Colonel MOORE-BRABAZON'S view Imperial Airways were over-petted; and Sir SAMUEL HOARE spoke up for them, but welcomed the intimation that other companies should also benefit by subsidy.

When the House turned to the Tithe Bill, Mr. ELLIOT announced that a Government amendment was to preserve the life-interest of existing incumbents. Good news for many vicarages.

Wednesday, May 20th.—Opposition



OUR BACK-BENCH WHO'S WHO.

Mr. HOPKINSON (Independent)
Is much in the ascendent,
For he is one of those daring guys,
And flies and flies.

peers could find very little to say against the Government's Bill to finance small businesses in the Special Areas to the tune of £1,000,000, except that it was a drop in the bucket, which the Government had already admitted. An experimental drop.

The Second Reading debate on the Finance Bill brought from the Socialists the usual complaint that our national recovery was really nothing to write home about, but that even if it were it was a matter of luck and had nothing to do with the policy of the National Government. The House is by now as weary of listening to this unvaried recital as the Opposition spokesmen must be of declaiming it. This time Mr. LEES-SMITH took his turn, and he painted the future with a magnificent and unrelieved gloom, almost seeming to believe that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was a financial mountebank selfishly indulging his eccentric whims at the expense of an agonised nation. But not quite.

Lord TICHFIELD made the excellent suggestion that lip-sticks and powder should be taxed, as they are in France and America.

Just in case the Opposition hadn't yet managed to grasp the reasons for our regrettably high taxation, the CHANCELLOR and Mr. MORRISON ran over them once again.

"Herzogin Cecilie" Speaks.

[She was the world's finest sailing-ship and she lies now on the rocks near Bolt Head, Devon. She has lain there since April 24th and looks like lying there for some time to come. You pay a penny at a farm gate to go and gaze at her.]

Oh, could I not
Have sunk to some blue deep?
Could not the seas
I sailed so many days
And knew and loved always—
Oh, could not these
Have drawn me down to some
deep-ocean grot
Where I might keep
My privacy, alone, unseen, forgot?

Instead, I lie,
By Fate's unkindly trick,
Not on the ocean floor
But high and dry
Two cables from the shore,
Where every Tom and Dick
(And Toms and Dicks are many)
At yonder farmer's gate
Pays down his penny
To gaze upon the fate
Of one who sailed so swift and now can
sail no more.

They come in cars,
In charabanc and bus,
And, pointing, they direct
Their cameras and their binoculars
On pride and glory wrecked,
On beauty stripped and bare;
Assembled, they discuss
My ropes and spars
And mispronounce my name
Till I am shaken through and through
with shame.

Would I had been—
Or even now could be—
Some petty craft and mean,
Smack, skiff or brigantine
No Tom or Dick would give a cent to
see;
Not the famed *Herzogin*,
The flying *Cecilie*,
That sad celebrity!

Is there no gale
Of all the gales I weathered,
No hurricane
From Baltic snowfields or the Bay
untethered
That will return again
For old sake's sake
And fatally assail
This prisoned residue?
Of all the tides I knew
Will not one lift me from this bed and
make
Me once again my own?
Ah, then would I
Sink, sink—and oh, so gladly—like a
stone



"RACING'S LIKE THAT, MY DEAR. YOU WIN ONE DAY AND LOSE THE NEXT."
"WHY NOT COME EVERY OTHER DAY, UNCLE?"

To the deep dark
Where never passer-by
Could see or stare or gesture or remark;
Thankful thenceforth
To be no more a tripper's pennyworth,
To lie—my sorrow and myself—alone.

H. B.

Bombshell for Parishioners.

"Evensong took place in the evening."
Local Paper.

A New Use for Old Tools.

"Great stuff this thriller: half the time you are laughing your head off . . . and the other half you are held like a vice in the grip of dramatic suspense."—*Play Criticism.*



"Count Reventlow . . . was one of the first Nazis in the Reichstag, where he has been sitting without interruption since 1924."
Weekly Paper.

Surely he gets up when HITLER comes in?

Maker's Rejects.

FURTHER research in the mass of clotted rubbish left behind by my friend Elkin Doggerel the poet, who is still away—I explain his prolonged absence by supposing that he has been financed by his publishers to write a travel book and thinks he has given them the slip altogether—has brought to light a number of papers in a folder labelled "Maker's Rejects." These are exactly what the title suggests. They consist of small works, passages, sentences or ideas which cracked in the furnace of composition or came out not quite symmetrical or with a fault in the grain. He has lumped them together under four main headings: "Prose," "Verse," "Dubious" and "Neither, Pronounced Nyther, And Don't You Forget It," and each is annotated, if one can call it that.

For instance, below a verse of an early poem—

*"The thought of you, like any spark,
Transforms my mind to blazing tinder;
But in ten seconds all is dark—
Only a hot resentful cinder
Remains. And then the junior clerk
Threw the accountant out the window,"*

he has written:—

"I wrote this years ago, before bathos began to be used as a deliberate effect. I don't suppose this verse would be considered flawed to-day, but then I had an uneasy feeling that there was something wrong with it. The girl to whom it was addressed I can't remember, though it's safe to say she was dark and had well-defined cheek-bones; nor can I recall the accountant, who is of course a subsidiary character and makes a momentary appearance only to vanish; but that junior clerk is as fresh in my mind as if it were yesterday, and it certainly isn't yesterday, or anyway it wasn't this morning. He was a ginger-headed fellow with a taste for BRAHMS, used to wear down the inside of his heels, and always had a pocket full of nails—the six-inch kind, not the tenpenny. How he got into the poem at all I'm not sure, but probably the window he threw the accountant out of was the only one in my experience that happened to rhyme with cinder."

On one of the papers in the "Dubious" section is noted the following idea:—

"The story of Llan, who dudno, but forgot."

My friend remarks about this:—

"That Russian bloke V. V. Rozanov used to record some of his ideas, as he said, 'on the back of the lined sheet'—i.e., they came into his head when he was writing something else. Well, that applies to this one of mine. I was writing an epic at the time and I didn't see any place for it in the epic. Since, I have come to the conclusion that there is no place for it anywhere else either. Whatever shape of peg it may be (and, believe me, that's a puzzle), I don't see a single hole that fits it. To begin with there is the difficulty about the man's name, Llan; if this is correctly pronounced it is bound to suggest the word 'flan,' and hence a round sort of tart with a lot of jam in it. Of course if the word 'flan' were correctly pronounced it wouldn't be suggested by any such thing, but in connection with large round tarts containing a lot of jam it never is. It never is even in connection with flat round pies containing a lot of minced chicken. Anyway, to cut a long story short, the associations of this idea are altogether too gastronomical."

Another "Dubious" paper reads thus:—

"John Benson, whose favourite poet was Ben Jonson, had a Swedish friend named Bonn Jensen."

"This fragment of rare porcelain has bothered me for years and years. The trouble is to complete it. Any mathematician will tell you that what it needs to round it off is a girl by the name of Jenn Bonson—Jenn short for Jenny; but I never heard of a girl who shortened Jenny to Jenn and I don't like to imagine her. Fiction cannot afford to be as strange as truth. Closer examination of the above statement too will cause more doubts to spring up about the Swedish friend. Whoever heard of a Swede whose first name was Bonn? Bonn is a German university, instituted in 1818 by the King of Prussia. Let this Swede through, and you will soon have to cope with people called Heidelberg Smith and Sorbonne Trotsky who have taken their degrees in International Law at Alf or Sid. No, alas! this sentence is cracked right down the middle and nothing can be stuck on the end. Tough, that's what it is—tough."

Among the miscellaneous passages in the "Prose" section occurs this reminiscence:—

"As a boy, when I used to hear my father quote in a booming voice the line 'In Xanadu did Kubla Khan,' I had my own ideas of what it meant. I used to think it was a kind of liquorice; a special kind of kooblerkan, a zannadooded kind, as distinct from that which had not undergone the zannadooding process."

Underneath this he has written:—

"This was a synthetic reminiscence, designed for my autobiography, and it seems to me to have turned a bit sour. Everyone's autobiography contains one of these youthful misconceptions, and this was to be mine, because I couldn't remember a real one. But I left it to stand too long, so that now you can see the trowel-marks where the elfin charm has been laid on. People like their charm thick, but they like to think it grows thick. There are too many questionable statements in this passage altogether. For one thing, my father never had a booming voice except when he spoke through a megaphone. We didn't possess a megaphone at home, and so you now have to envisage the idea of my father's going out to buy a megaphone in order to quote COLERIDGE through it. I can't off-hand think of any reason why he should have done that, and if I can't, you can't. And another thing: he didn't like liquorice."

I had meant to quote from the "Neither" group his remarks on this "Design for Fragment of Part-Song":—

*"The Vice-Pre - sident of the Coör - dinating Com -
The Vice-Pre - sident of the Coör - dinating Com -
Coör - dinating Com -
Coör - dinating Com -"*

which he criticised as being too emotional; but perhaps that will be enough for to-day. R. M.





THE BRITISH CHARACTER.
ATTITUDE TOWARDS HOSTESSES.

Peace Offering.

WHEN I arrived home and found a large brown-paper parcel on the table in my room I guessed at once that it was a peace-offering from Edith, because we had parted rather coldly at breakfast; and after we quarrel, however mildly, Edith always gives me a peace-offering. This morning it had been just one of those ordinary breakfast-table quarrels about nothing that make England what she is. Edith had challenged a suggestion of mine that there was no difference between a bloater and a kipper, and that had led to hake and cod, and I had said that it was strange people were often said to have faces like cods but never faces like hakes, and then the coldness had started because Edith quite mistakenly supposed I was hinting at her brother Alfred.

I opened the brown-paper parcel and found a small oil-painting of a man with large eyes. I do not like pictures of people with large eyes, because the large eyes seem to watch

me with a sneer as I work. Or (more often) look at me reproachfully when I recline in my easy chair to think.

"I suppose I had better hang it up," I said sadly to myself. "It is wrong to look a gift-horse in the eye."

So I stood on a chair and hung it over the small book-case, where it looked quite well, although it made the round mirror a bit further along look shabby; so I moved the round mirror to the space over the wireless-set.

Edith came in as I was wondering where to put the wireless-set, which now looked odd.

"I'm glad you're taking a bit of interest in your room for once," she said; "but that mirror looks all wrong over the wireless-set, and I've always said the wireless-set should be by the fireplace, so that you can twiddle the knobs from the easy chair."

It took us about half-an-hour to move the wireless-set, as it is one of those with all sorts of little batteries hanging to it which drop off unexpectedly when you move it. When the removal was accomplished we looked at the room critically.

"I'm afraid it will mean moving your big desk," said Edith, "as we have now got all the furniture bunched together. Do you remember which leg of the desk it is that comes off?"

"I think it is the hind-leg on the starboard side," I said, "but if we move the desk very slowly perhaps it won't come off. I remember *once* it didn't come off when we moved the desk."

So we moved the desk very slowly, keeping a careful eye on the starboard hind-leg, only to find when the job was done that the port foreleg had come off. It took us twenty minutes to refix it, and at last the room looked as it should look, although we had to move the easy chair to the other side of the fireplace; but, as Edith said, with practice I might be able to twiddle the knobs with my toes.

"Where did you get that picture?" said Edith suddenly. "It's new, isn't it?"

At that moment Colonel Hogg rang up to say that when he called earlier in the day to borrow a book he must have left a parcel on the study table, and could I drop it in at his house next time I was passing.

At the Play.

"CHASTITY, MY BROTHER" (EMBASSY).

THE unknown dramatist whose courage has inspired him to attempt to put Saint Paul on the stage in *Chastity, My Brother*, at the Embassy Theatre, achieves very much more success than one expects. Plays in a classical setting have a way of being stilted, humourless and unreal. But here is the work of a man with a rich Aldwych pen which can hardly fail to make utterance full-blooded.

The play begins capitally with the mother of *Thekla*, *Theokleia* (Miss AGNES LAUCHLAN), a woman whose warm humanity would have been very much at home in a farce at the Aldwych. She is shocked and alarmed at this new complication in life, her daughter's interest in the preaching of this strange newcomer, *Paul*. She looks at it as it will affect her daughter's prospects and her own social position in Iconium. Nothing of the kind has ever happened in her family before, and she feels affronted.

Miss MARGARETTA SCOTT makes a very appealing and high-spirited *Thekla*. She excels in attitudes and postures which make her whole body support the lines she has to say. In the problem which she sets the Roman Pro-Consul, *Castellius* (Mr. HENRY HEWITT)—how far she is in love with the doctrine and how far with *Saint Paul*—she does not herself give very much help, because she does not clearly separate the two. She goes through the great sufferings described in the Apocryphal narrative of *Paul* and *Thekla*, and is quite admirably her same self after them.

Where the dramatist is less happy is in his portraits of the other members of the Christian community. From *Onesiphorus* (Mr. MAX ADRIAN) down to *Molos* (Mr. JOHN GLYN JONES) and *Simon* (Mr. PETER ASHMORE) they are shown as filled with a pettiness and lack of charity which makes it quite inexplicable why they have embraced this new and dangerous sect at all. *Onesiphorus*, in particular, is so full of timidity and worldliness that it is very unconvincing to hear from his lips that he thinks he will gain in reputation as a patron of new movements by taking up the Christian doctrine.

Surrounded by such people, *Saint Paul*, as played by Mr. D. A. CLARKE-SMITH, has every justification for sternness; and high-minded sternness is one of Mr. CLARKE-SMITH's strong suits.



A FAIR BUT FIRM HAND.
MISS MARGARETTA SCOTT AS *Thekla*.

According to what tradition remains, the real Saint Paul was not so impressive to look at as Mr. CLARKE-SMITH, whose impressiveness, however, seems



JUDGING AN APOSTLE.
Castellius MR. HENRY HEWITT.
Paul MR. D. A. CLARKE-SMITH.

to blend more naturally with deaneries and headmasters' houses and the assured position of dignitaries of the English Church.

Roman justice comes quite well out of the play. Indeed it is obviously much less trying for *Saint Paul* to argue with Roman Governors like *Castellius* than with early Christians of the type depicted. The play suffers from reaching its end too soon. Antioch should not have been bypassed like this, and we ought not to have been carried so quickly from the first meeting and scourging at Iconium to the final parting at Myra. We are hurried to our climax, and in the result the play is rather short and we do not get time to appreciate that sustained devotion which is the root of the converted *Thekla*'s character.

There are some good minor rôles. As *Bumba*, the corrupt negro door-keeper, Mr. WILFRED ROBERT ADAMS gave an all too brief portrayal of a negro succumbing to temptation. The early Christians at Myra make some good remarks about each other and *Onesiphorus*, but even their acerbities do not quite make up for the great privation under which the second half of the play labours—that we never meet *Theokleia* again.
D. W.

"AREN'T MEN BEASTS!" (STRAND).

Mr. *Holly* was as innocent of prickles as an olive-branch or a daisy. Accident, as accident will, had determined his name with the maximum of disregard for character. You had only to look at him to be certain that here was a little man who would think twice before treading on a beetle—once on account of his own misgiving and once on account of the beetle. In his large brown eyes, gazing so shyly through the heavy lenses of his spectacles, there was a bovinity which shaped his ends. He was Mr. ROBERTSON HARE.

He was also a dentist, middle-aged but as yet so far from having a practice as to be driven to keep his hand in on the sound white teeth of his accommodat-ing housemaid. When a lady in evident distress was shown into his surgery he easily put from his mind the fact that it was his son's wedding-morning and prepared hastily to go into action with drill and forceps. A few minutes later, after the lady had suddenly torn her dress, laid an

incriminating garter by the armchair and fled screaming into the street, he remembered only too well. But by that time the police were leading him away.

Who was the lady? Why this unseemly trick, played on a man of so little guile and so small a fortune as *Mr. Holly*? How could it be revenge, since he could scarcely have an enemy, and how blackmail, since the evidence had been thrust immediately on the police? These questions, sufficient to arouse an agony of speculation in *Mr. Holly's* gentle bosom, provided the point of the farce, which described the desperate endeavours of *Mr. Holly's* son, whose wedding hung in the balance, and of the bride's uncle to get to the bottom of the scandal. Young *Mr. Holly* was *Mr. JOHN MILLS*, and *Uncle Thomas Potter*, who combined majesty with frolic in a most captivating way, was *Mr. ALFRED DRAYTON*.

Their attempts to identify the lady were of course hideously impeded by *Mr. Holly*, who had escaped from the police and was immuring himself under protest in a number of extraordinary disguises, which included a neat coat and skirt and a grandfather-clock; and situation was piled upon situation until a muddle of a high farcical standard had been arrived at.

In many of these scenes it was not hard to discern the directing hand of *Mr. LESLIE HENSON*, who knows so accurately the little touches which bring the mighty laughs. It was a golden moment, for instance, when *Mr. DRAYTON*, lying uncomfortably in the revolving dentist's-chair trying to keep his foes at bay, was carefully aimed by *Mr. MILLS*, before each remark, at its appropriate human target.

Although not quite out of the top-drawer, this farce is good enough to make anyone in a suitable frame of mind laugh with reasonable freedom. Its mainstay, *Mr. DRAYTON*, is a very subtle comedian whose face is master of an unusual variety of expressions, assumed easily without grotesque distortion. *Mr. ROBERTSON HARE* was also diverting, but I confess that before the evening was over I grew a little weary of the limitations of his facial jests. To some extent the fault lay in

the sameness of his part. As the harassed sprig of *Holly*, *Mr. MILLS* was an efficient A.D.C. to *Mr. DRAYTON*: *Mr. ERNEST JAY* adorned a small part



ENGAGING AN EMPLOYER.

Harry Harper . . . *Mr. ERNEST JAY*.

with his triumphant Cockney leer, and *Mr. FRANK ROYDE's Policeman* lent an air of whiskered solidity which was sorely needed. Where would our farces be without the invaluable assist-



THE ODD MAN OUT.

Thomas Potter . . . *Mr. ALFRED DRAYTON*.
Roger Holly . . . *Mr. JOHN MILLS*.
Herbert Holly . . . *Mr. ROBERTSON HARE*.

ance of our splendid police? Most marks for the ladies were scored in the kitchen-department. *Miss SYLVIA COLEBRIDGE's* sharp-edged sketch of a housemaid and *Miss BERYL HARRISON's* faithful *Mrs. Flower* were both excellent.

ERIC.

Big Business.

THE balance-sheet was quite appalling. Costs were up and sales were falling And they didn't know what to do;

So the Chairman called a Directors' Meeting,

And all of them went away repeating, "What are we going to do?"

Then the Chairman sent for his chief assistant

And said that the crash was not far distant

If they didn't find what to do. The assistant confessed he was in the dark,

And so he sent for the senior clerk And asked him what to do.

The senior clerk told the man below him

And gave him the figures just to show him,

But he didn't know what to do. He told a junior who told a friend

That *Blank & Co.* would come to an end

If they didn't find what to do.

The junior's friend told the office-boy, Jack,

Who thought it over and then came back

And told them what to do.

Next year the shares paid twelve per cent.,

And all of the staff were quite content

And confident what to do.

They all got rises—except for Jack,

Who spilt an ink-pot and got the sack,

So he has nothing to do.

M. H.

Our Grisly Contemporaries.

"Mid-Continent Mortician uses 1,200-word articles appealing to funeral directors on such topics as embalming, cost control, advertising, etc. Ghost-written articles are preferred.—*Writer's Digest*."

"But so far as the cheque is concerned, it still remains as if it were paid for insurance?—Yes, excepting for the understanding."

Mr. Justice Porter—But that does not appear in whitening."

Report of Enquiry.

The question, "Do fish have brains?" is thus settled.

Another Case for the League?

"UGLY POLES PROTEST IN BRISTOL." *Local News*.

"BILL TO HIT SELLERS OF STALE EGGS." *News Heading*.

With their own weapons?

The Triumph of Love.

A Story about Artistic People.

FROM his earliest years the tendencies of Sostenuto Zalzi had lain in the direction of surrealist painting. His first picture (Fig. 1), composed at the age of two, was shown by his admiring parents to an eminent R.A., who said, "I cannot understand it." This remark was held to have great significance.



Fig. 1.

His technique of course developed and matured. His "Adolescence" (Fig. 2), painted while still at his public school, attracted considerable notice through its inherent complexity and ultimate reality.

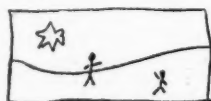


Fig. 2.

But it was with his "Fashions for Guatemala" (Fig. 3), painted in his twenty-second year, that he really leapt to fame.



Fig. 3.

Henceforward as a successful surrealist painter he was known to all. Tall, dark and handsome, it was small wonder that he was at the forefront of his school, an inspiration to many a budding young surrealist and the darling of artistic circles.

Sostenuto was in love with Septuaginta Smith. Disregarding the simpler amenities to which many of their friends resorted, they had decided to get married. The invitations were sent out, the presents were arriving, and Septuaginta sat on her Sostenuto's lap, tenderly smoothing his left eyebrow.

"What," inquired Sostenuto lovingly, "would my Septuaginta like as a wedding-present from her hubby-to-be?"

Septuaginta snuggled a little closer to her fiancé. For a few moments she sat silent, buried in thought. Then she clapped her hands gleefully. "What I would really like," she cried gaily, "is a picture of my little self painted by my Sostenuto."

Sostenuto was aghast. He spoke in utter dismay.

"Septuaginta, my love!" he exclaimed, "can it be that the first principles of surrealism have escaped you? Do you not realise that the pictures which I paint must arise as spontaneous inspirations from my subconscious? Once they are released I can depict them with all the conscious technique of which I am master. But I cannot bid them—I cannot force them to arise."

With immense dignity and righteous anger Septuaginta rose from Sostenuto's lap. "Do not I," she inquired majestically—"I, your fiancée, arise unbidden from your subconscious?"

"Septuaginta, my love—" faltered Sostenuto.

"Enough!" she cried. "There can be no true love where the subconscious is not saturated with the image of the loved one. Until there arises from your subconscious some image of me that you can set down on canvas as a visual symbol of our love, our marriage is off!"

She picked up her bag and hat and left the studio.

Alone, Sostenuto paced restlessly up and down. Time and time again he would pick up his brushes and determine that he would, with all the conscious technique of which he was master, set down a photographic image of his Septuaginta. But each time he would fling his brushes aside again and, pressing his hands to his fevered forehead, exclaim, "No! no! I cannot do it. I cannot thus consciously betray my subconscious. Shall I, Sostenuto Zalzi, let surrealism down?"

Yet such was his love for Septuaginta Smith that Sostenuto set about that which he had never done before—attempts to force his subconscious. All day he would sit re-reading her old letters, repeating her name, pressing to his lips the pair of chamois-leather gloves which she had forgotten the day she swept out of his studio and his life—but no unbidden image of his Septuaginta would arise. At night he would surround his bed with photographs of his beloved, place the chamois-leather gloves under his pillow, and *coué* himself to sleep, repeating aloud: "To-night I must dream of Septuaginta. To-night I shall dream of Septuaginta." But in vain.

True, his subconscious, waking and sleeping, presented to him at this time a greater succession of potent images than ever before, so that his autumn show achieved the triumphant heights of derision from *The Daily Mirror*, condescension from *The Times*, and an offer for one of his compositions from a provincial art gallery. But all these high honours were dust and ashes to him, for from Septuaginta there came no word.

Then one day he saw her. Disconsolate with cares, he was walking round the gallery, counting without pleasure the red spots that adorned so many of his works. Then, negotiating with difficulty the obstacle caused by his plastic group, "Marriage and Beehive," he came upon her. Together with her girl-friend, Bolero Brown, she was looking earnestly at his pictures.

"Septuaginta!" broke from his lips. "Can this mean—have you relented?"

With a superb gesture of her hand she motioned him aside, and with stately mien continued her perambulation of the gallery. At the door she turned and faced him.

"I see that my one desire still goes unfulfilled," she said, "and until it is, Sostenuto Zalzi, there can be nothing between us."

Majestically she left the gallery, followed by Bolero Brown, who, overcome with womanly pity, paused at the door to blow a kiss to the stricken Sostenuto.

Time, as it always does, went by. Then one day Septuaginta received a letter from Sostenuto. "I have done it!" she read, "Come and see!"

As a throstle answers the call of her mate, so Septuaginta sped to her Sostenuto. He was waiting eagerly at the door, uplifted and exultant. She walked in. Facing her, on the easel, was a picture, the paint still wet.

"But it is a picture of Bolero Brown!" burst from her lips in agony.

"Look in the bottom left-hand corner," whispered Sostenuto tenderly.

She looked. Lovingly painted in the bottom left-hand corner was a pair of chamois-leather gloves.

In a Surrey Garden.

(May 17th, 1936.)

THE rest of the party had chosen
The countryside to scour.
In their highly-coloured hosen,
At sixty miles an hour;
But into the garden retreating,
I gained the precious boon
Of perfect lotus-eating
Through a golden afternoon.



"DIDN'T YOU SAVE ANY OF GRANDPAPA'S PRESENT?"

"WELL, DADDY PUT SEVEN-AND-SIXPENCE OF IT IN THE BANK, BUT I DID MANAGE TO SAVE HALF-A-CROWN."

Around me in their glory
The yellow kingcups glowed;
May-blossom, pink and hoary,
Its benison bestowed;
Birds in the neighbouring copses
Were all in merriest pin,
And there weren't any gnats or wopses
To perforate my skin.

The pageant of high summer
Had not one jarring note,
Till a malign newcomer,
A cat with a ginger coat,
Unwelcome and uninvited,
With a noiseless leopardy jump,

Sprang from a bush and alighted
On the top of an old tree-stump.

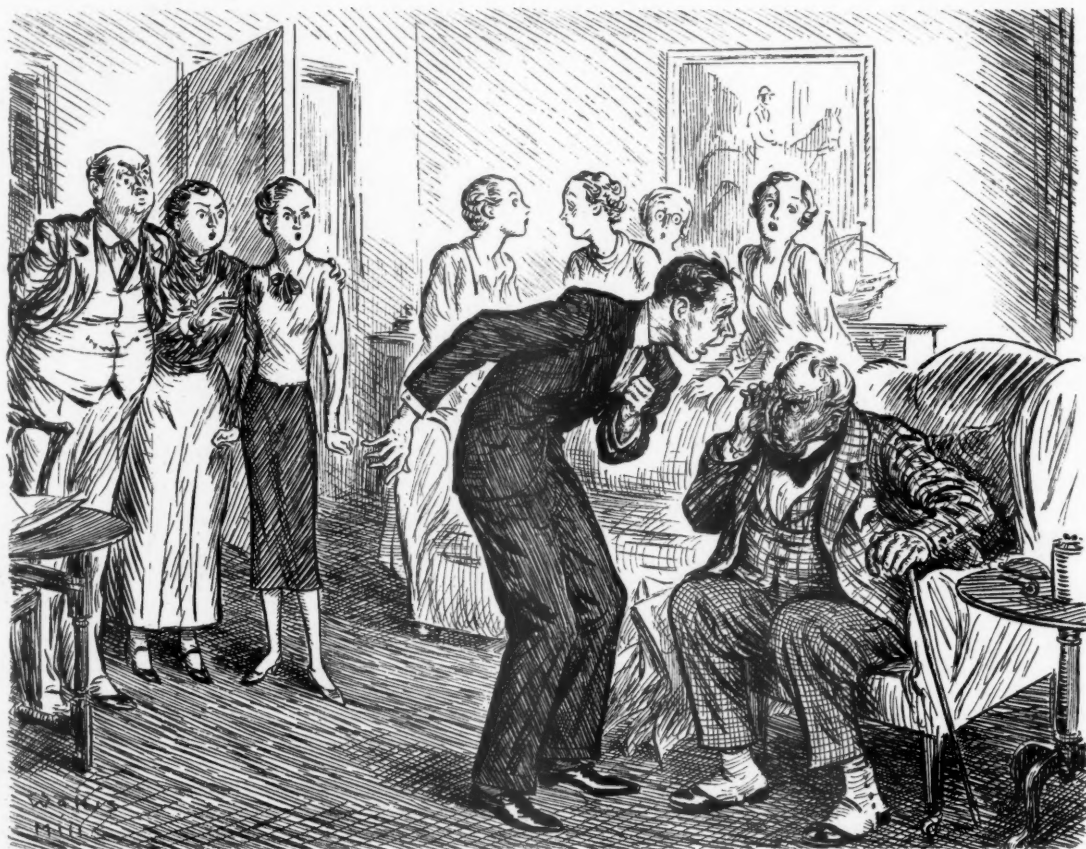
Resenting this grim intruder,
I swiftly rose to my feet,
Shouted and swore and shooed her
Away from her stolen seat;
For she had not only shattered
The spirit and spell of my dream,
But also, what chiefly mattered,
Had ruined the colour scheme.

She fled with an angry squealing,
And, all of a sudden, gloom
Stole over the sky and the pealing
Of thunder began to boom,

And Pluvius started spilling
Drops from his plenteous store,
Which varied in size from a shilling
To eighteenpence or more.

I never was superstitious
Or easy to shake with a scare,
But I hold it to be judicious
Of ginger cats to beware;
For their tempers are most capricious,
They're given to spit and swear,
And they're apt to be vengeful and
vicious
When thunder is in the air.

C. L. G.



"SO YOU WANT TO MARRY ONE OF MY GRAND-DAUGHTERS? THE ELDEST, HEH?"
 "NO, SIR. I WANT TO MARRY THE YOUNGEST, I'M AFRAID."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Muses of Ireland.

It is no small feat for an Irishman to have recounted the fortunes of literary Ireland from MOORE to O'CASEY without fear or favour; yet Mr. STEPHEN GWYNN comes admirably out of this crucial test of knowledge, taste and equity. *Irish Literature and Drama* (NELSON, 6/-) mean, as a rule, no more to the average Englishman than a sporadic invasion of masterpieces of the second order, falling for the most part into the category of "Celtic twilight"—the "mysticism" of a country where the religious element is seldom audibly mystical—or a satire that recalls the boast of the Gaelic bards that they "could raise blisters on a man's face with their singing." Yet these activities, though predominant in Mr. GWYNN's story, by no means sum up the accomplishments of his country's genius; and their Gaelic source, which MOORE for all his "boudoir education" revived for the modern world, has been enriched as well as diverted by more sophisticated if not more authentic streams. Academies, as MATTHEW ARNOLD pointed out, foster intelligence rather than genius; yet the Irish Academy, with whose foundation the chronicle closes, will—if sufficiently representative—at least provide a dignified platform for cultivated Irish opinion.

The Tradition.

A grandson of the Liberator and a son of General RICCIOTTI GARIBALDI could not raise his glass to any other than *A Toast to Rebellion* (LANE, 12/6). Before distinguishing himself in the Great War, General GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI had fought in five wars. At seventeen he bayoneted a Turk in a hand-to-hand struggle during the Greco-Turkish War whilst serving in the Italian Legion under his father's command. At that father's order GIUSEPPE came from Argentina to fight for England in South Africa and was received by KITCHENER with the words: "You come well recommended by your name." As a Colonel of twenty-three in Venezuela he survived a terrible campaign on the banks of the Orinoco and a nightmare imprisonment that followed it. The tradition of revolt against cruelty and despotism that is the heritage of the GARIBALDIS next sent him to fight against DIAZ in Mexico and to lead the Red Shirts once more against the Turks in the Balkan War. It is the "Tradition" again that inspires his only comment on MUSSOLINI's Italy: "This is not the Italy we fought for." General GARIBALDI certainly wields the pen as brilliantly as the sword.

Social Implications of a Furniture-Van.

MISS LETTICE COOPER's new novel works out in its own fashion the formula of Mr. DENIS MACKAIL; and the

removal of an impoverished middle-class family to *The New House* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6) of narrow compass and modern "conveniences," was an obviously sound choice for the chronicle of a single day. So much of the past is reviewed and discarded with the ample accommodation of the old home, so much of the future foreshadowed in the inhospitable dimensions of the new, that you acquire with comparative ease convincing information about the widowed *Mrs. Powell*, her uncongenially mated son *Maurice*, her engaged daughter *Delia* and her unengageable daughter *Rhoda*. At the same time you discover little artistic sense of the relative value of all this evidence, coupled with an intrusive pettishness over the inequalities of the social system and an obsession (voiced by *Rhoda* and her champions) on the need for "living your own life." As I see it, women of *Rhoda's* age and class are beginning to set more store by their fast-vanishing homes not as asylums for idleness but as centres for disinterested work; and Miss COOPER's outlook strikes me as a little old-fashioned.

A Fiery Particle.

It was said of CORNELIA, mother of the Gracchi, that in her old age she spoke of her famous sons, whom she outlived, as if they were historical personages. Dame ETHEL SMYTH shows a somewhat similar detachment while describing the successive phases of her long and versatile career in *As Time Went On* (LONGMANS, 15/-), whether as student in Germany, associate and friend of Empresses, Queens and Archbishops, laying out a golf-course at Balmoral, or risking her neck in the hunting-field. Of her share in the fight for Women's Suffrage she says little, and only mentions in passing the battle-song she composed for the militants. Musicians are seldom ready with the pen, but Dame ETHEL is a brilliant exception. She is the mistress of an admirable style, unaffected but arresting, and illuminated by flashes of wit. Her candour is sometimes disconcerting, but more often disarming. Unconventional in her general outlook, she remains faithful in her allegiance to the great masters of the past. Whatever may be the ultimate verdict on her work as a composer, her reminiscences are of outstanding interest among the social documents of the period in which she played so strenuous a part.

A Neo-Hiker.

Mr. A. F. TSCHIFFELY has already ridden from Buenos Ayres to Washington. He now describes, in *Bridle Paths* (HEINEMANN, 6/-), a shorter journey through a very different but (owing to motor traffic) an equally dangerous country. An answer to his advertisement brought him the loan of Violet, a willing, friendly and happy mare who carried him *viâ* the New Forest, Salisbury Plain, Wales and Yorkshire to Dumbarton on the Clyde (he came home by rail). The trip took forty-three days. As an American, the author



"DON'T FORGET, CAP'N, THE SAME THING HAPPENED TO THE QUEEN MARY."

brings a fresh pair of spectacles to bear in his descriptions of the land and of people he met. He likes the English, but prefers Scottish generosity and hospitality. He remarks (as many others have done) on the lack of accommodation for travelling horses in England, on the pleasure displayed by old men at inns when he and his mount arrived, and the tendency of the young to talk in supposed Hollywood slang. For the benefit of U.S. readers he explains "The King of Games," which is called cricket. Here he is really amusing (and perhaps even accurate) in his account of batting and fielding, the drowsy scorers, the dreaming fielders, the solemnity and hush of all nature. Well, many people will admit the soporific effect of matches in which they have played and others through which they have slumbered. An amusing book, but I wish a photograph of Violet had been included.

Golf Without Tears.

I recommend anyone who is not on good terms with his golf-clubs to take an afternoon off and read Mr. BERNARD DARWIN's *Rubs of the Green* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 7/6),

for in the forty-odd papers here collected he will find there are other things in life than pronation and hitting from the inside out. Mr. DARWIN has the happy gift of being able to write about golf from the benevolent angle: indeed the impression this book has left on me is such that if I hurled my putter into the pond at the 18th after an exasperating round, Mr. DARWIN would be the first (and perhaps the only one) to come up and, with a quotation from his beloved DICKENS, imply that he quite understood. I think I liked Mr. DARWIN best in the chapter "Fifty Years," because he reminded me of so much I had forgotten, — of gun-metal putters, of baffing-spoons, of the times when it was considered "side" to smoke during a round, and of the now largely disused terms, "fozy," "swiping," "heeling" and "toeing"; yet the chapter on the deportment of fathers and mothers at the University match ran it a close second. But, please, Mr. DARWIN, don't use the word "Golferesses" again; somehow or other it doesn't become your pen.

The Faithful Servant.

Faithful service is not out of date or unappreciated, as the front page of *The Times* often informs us, but surely none ever won a more charming tribute than *Nana* (MACMILLAN, 4/6), in which HARRIET IDE KEEN ROBERTS has set down her loving memories of her old nurse. *Nana* was a child in Ireland at the time of the famine, and was sent to America at fifteen in a sailing-ship which took seven weeks to get there, during which she was never able to undress, having no bed-clothes, but actually, though with little surprise, saw the sea-serpent. America gave her a scamp for a husband, two babies of her own who died, and years of faithful, loving, little-paid tendance on the homes and children of others, yet somehow she managed to bring her three sisters and brother out at her own cost. Her whims, her funny ways, her stories Mrs. ROBERTS has set down with so skilful a hand that the delightful frontispiece cannot show more clearly what *Nana* was. I do not envy the reader who does not warm to both nurse and nursling, or who can turn the last pages of this little book dry-eyed.

Runaways in Arden.

The romantic history of The Ladies of Llangollen has been told fairly often. But Dr. MARY GORDON, stoutest of their champions, retells the tale in her own way, with the aid of all the available documents and an uncommon share of insight. I do not quite hold with her lavish use of imaginative invention. It is exasperating not to know what is fact and what is fiction; and few modern writers could hope to "put across" page after page of eighteenth-century dialogue. The dialogue is the weak spot in *Chase of the Wild Goose* (HOGARTH PRESS, 10/6), which, starting with two Anglo-Irish families and their crude attempts at match-making, depicts the devoted friendship that led Lady

ELEANOR BUTLER and Miss SARAH PONSONBY to Plas Newydd. The "Gothic" side of the story comes inevitably out, from the *Rosalind-and-Celia* attitude of the runaways to the connoisseurship that enriched their original four-roomed cottage from the mediæval ruins of Vale Crucis. But I should have liked more of Lady ELEANOR's diary and fewer links with modernity. The Ladies, with their pride of caste and their ceremonious simplicity, are as clearly period-pieces as COWPER and Lady AUSTEN.

A Goodly Bundle.

In a delightful introduction to *Dear Sir* (METHUEN, 8/6) Mr. DOUGLAS WOODRUFF says that this collection of letters addressed to *The Times* is "intended largely for browsers," and I freely acknowledge that a greater incitement to browse is difficult to imagine. For, as Editor, Mr. WOODRUFF had an extensive field from which to select material, and his discrimination and broadmindedness in making a choice from such an enormous crop seem to me equally worthy of praise. Starting with letters dating back to and beyond the beginning of the nineteenth century, he brings us quickly to modern times. And it is not too much to say that to study this volume (or even to browse in it) is to renew acquaintance with the social history of the last decade. Neatly dividing the letters under such headings as "Education and the Young," "Language and Literature," Mr. WOODRUFF shows his wisdom by finishing with a section entitled "All Manner of Things," in which the harvest can only be called "bumper." If ever a perfect bed-side book has existed this is one.

A Modern Helen.

Mr. J. JEFFERSON FARJEON, in *Dangerous Beauty* (COLLINS, 7/6), invites his readers to welcome a lady so

lovely and fascinating that men from England to Abyssinia were strongly influenced by her charm. It is an invitation that some of us may prefer to refuse, but those who accept it will quickly find themselves following a most adventurous journey. It is true that the beautiful *Vera's* rush from London to Khartoum received more than one severe check, for she was travelling with a young man to whom beauty was by no means the only danger. But Mr. FARJEON is an able conductor of an expedition, and no one could be more expert in getting travellers into and out of perilous situations.

Marvels of Modern Surgery.

"The burial of the sanctions hatchet, it is said, means the extraction of a thorn from the flesh of the Anglo-French Entente."

Sunday Paper.

Tip for Travellers on the Underground.

"You can also get pomade for the hair in a tube. Those who travel much find this a very excellent means of grooming the hair under difficult conditions."—*Domestic Chat*.



NO ILL FEELING.



THE BRITISH CHARACTER.
LOVE OF ART GALLERIES AND MUSEUMS.

Charivaria.

A WOMAN centenarian in the Midlands declares that the secret of long life is to smoke strong tobacco in a clay pipe. The difficulty of course would be to keep it a secret.

★ ★ ★

The theory is advanced that a special horror of certain animals is the effect of an experience in a previous existence. Fear of mice, for example, would seem to indicate a previous existence as a cheese.

★ ★ ★

Sales at the Academy are (unhappily) not brisk. But visitors are never pressed to buy.

★ ★ ★

A writer says that yodelling is becoming very popular in Germany. We see no reason why yodelling in Germany should not be popular in this country too.

★ ★ ★

"The Italian armies," says a correspondent in Abyssinia, "are determined to put down brigandage." This sounds very much like mutiny.

★ ★ ★

During a certain dance East African natives hop round one another and pat each other on the chest. In England that is known as heavy-weight boxing.

Tax-collectors are said to be worn out long before the age of sixty. Have they the full sympathy of exhausted taxpayers?

★ ★ ★

The number of centenarians in Great Britain is said to be rapidly decreasing. Hopes are entertained, however, that there may be plenty of young ones coming on.

★ ★ ★

"Nothing is lost through politeness," observes a writer. Excepting perhaps one's seat on the Underground.

★ ★ ★

"Whales are said to have small throats, but the size of them is deceptive," says a writer. It will be remembered that even JONAH was taken in.

★ ★ ★

The announcement that the famous White Horse Hill in Berkshire is to be preserved puts an end to the fear that it might be allowed to go to America.

★ ★ ★

"Although shorts are becoming very popular, trousers will always have their supporters," writes a dress-reformer. We sincerely hope so.



The Bogchester Chronicles.

The Garden Party.

"AND is this blotter a specimen of your own work, Miss Stiggins?"

"Upon my word, Mrs. Gloop, this is a roomy pair of bed-socks!"

"What beautifully-kept grounds, Sir George! One hardly sees a weed."

As I pass on my way through the grounds of Bogge Hall it is easy to see one of the features which have led to the success of the Bogchester and District Annual Conservative Garden Party and Bazaar. With a word of praise here, a piece of helpful but encouraging criticism there, I set everyone at their ease and ensure that all energies are directed towards furthering the cause. The deficit of £47 9s. 3d. which has been left over from the by-election makes it more than ever important that there should be no slackening



"SNUFFLING AT MRS. GLOOP'S TAFFETA GOWN IN AN ALARMING MANNER."

of zeal this year, and all are aware that my constant encouragement and advice are, as ever, the mainspring of the Bazaar.

Not unnaturally, therefore, my arrival is viewed with a good deal of relief by Sir George Gorge, the Chairman of our Association, who has once again lent his grounds for the function. And with him I soon move over to the larger and better-kept portion of the gardens which is reserved for the more important guests at the garden party.

One of the most delightful features of this annual festival is that for the day all party differences are forgotten. All classes of Bogchester society, including even those who are known not to have voted straight, are admitted to the

grounds and are freely allowed to buy any of the extremely ornamental and often useful articles which have been made by the ladies of Bogchester. But on my advice the best part of the gardens, as well as a more elaborate tea, is reserved for those whose social position ensures that they will be able to appreciate them.

AN UNWELCOME INTRUSION.

The arrangement works well. A strong iron gate separates the two enclosures, and, although nothing has been said,



"GIVES MRS. GLOOP A PURPLE MOUSE TO HOLD."

the people of Bogchester know better than to intrude on a place obviously intended for such persons as Sir George and myself. However, we have just been joined by Mrs. Gloop, whose taffeta tea-gown adds a tasteful spot of colour to the gathering, when I am surprised to notice that Captain Featherstonehaugh has seen fit to push his way into our enclosure. Not only is he wearing a loud tweed suit and a cloth cap more suitable to a racing stable than to the Bogchester and District Garden Party and Bazaar, but he is leading by his side a large white bull-terrier which is already snuffling at Mrs. Gloop's tea-gown in an alarming manner.

It is obviously my duty to protest with firm but good-humoured sarcasm against this intrusion.

"So you consider a dangerous dog is necessary at a Conservative garden party?"

"This one is. He bites Socialists; and I can tell you that he has bitten one already."

"And I can tell you that it will have to be removed."

"All right, then. Why don't you remove him?"

At this moment the dog starts to sidle towards me and, for fear of creating a disturbance, I move hastily backwards, leaving the Captain to go forward to greet those of his acquaintances who have not already turned ostentatiously away from him.

INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE.

This minor blemish on an otherwise perfect organisation is however quickly forgotten as we move over to the stall which the Vicar—one of the greatest mouse authorities in the county—has set up within our enclosure. On it is a display of his coloured mice—an entertainment which it has been thought more suitable for the better educated section of the garden party.

On our approach the Vicar gives an extremely interesting



THE APPLE OF DISCORD.

YOUNG ADOLF. "JOLLY GOOD, BENNY. BUT REMEMBER THE NEXT BITE IS MINE."

account of the difficulties of mouse-breeding. This remarkable man has already published a pamphlet on the flora of Bogchester, and his latest researches have given the town a name for scientific thought which extends as far as—and even beyond—Clumphampton. To illustrate one of his points he takes from its cage a valuable purple mouse which he asks Mrs. Gloop to hold while he continues his remarks.

At this moment I am horrified to hear at my elbow a sinister snuffling sound. Wheeling quickly round I see that Captain Featherstonehaugh, with his dog completely out of control, has wandered aimlessly into our group.

Alas! I am just too late to prevent the disaster which threatens. For at that instant the lead breaks, the dog leaps forward barking wildly, and then all is confusion.

Mrs. Gloop drops her mouse and jumps on to the nearest chair calling loudly for help; the Vicar disappears under the table in a vain attempt to retrieve his specimen which is being chased in circles by the now maddened bull-terrier; Captain Featherstonehaugh stands in the background making uncouth hunting noises; only I remain calm.

AN ALARMING SITUATION.

But the situation becomes still more serious when the mouse darts suddenly from beneath the table and takes



"THIS ALONE SAVES THE SITUATION."

refuge up the right leg of my trousers. I realise that the time has now come for me to take charge, and I break into a brisk run, in the hope of putting an end to this unedifying spectacle, while the dog bounds and snarls alongside me. And at this point the Vicar, with his eye fixed on the spot where his specimen is concealed, flings himself forward in a desperate and ill-judged effort to save it. There is a splintering crash as we collide with the tea-table and fall heavily to the ground.

This alone saves the situation. The dog at once turns its attention to the cream buns which are scattered over the grass, the Vicar is able to retrieve his mouse from its hiding-place, and I at last have an opportunity of turning to Captain Featherstonehaugh. He attempts uneasily to carry the matter off with a high hand.

"When you have quite finished playing with my dog I think I'll be going home."

"Kindly do so. We wish to see neither you nor your dog again. You will be informed later of the damage—through our solicitors."

"That's nothing to do with me. It was you and the Vicar who did all the damage."

"Due to your lack of control over this fierce dog."

"I can control the dog all right, but I can't control you and the Vicar when you run amok. After all, I'm only human."

"I wouldn't go so far as to say that," I respond icily as I sweep past the Captain to rejoin the rest of my party.

THE ROUGHER ELEMENT.

This unpleasant incident has an unfortunate effect on the bazaar. All trade appears to have ceased and the fence of the outer enclosure is lined by a large and excited crowd of the rougher element, who seem to imagine that some form of dog-racing is taking place in our section. Many voices are to be heard clamouring for admission, and Sir George is being approached by two of the more disreputable citizens of Bogchester, one of whom wants to enter a whippet and the other to make a book on the next event. In the hope of smoothing things over I suggest that the crowd shall be admitted, at a small extra charge, to view the mouse show; but I am met by unexpected opposition not only from the Vicar but from the crowd itself, which is now obsessed with the ridiculous idea that Sir George and I are running dog-races for our own private entertainment.

But a sudden end is put to this absurd *impasse* by the fall of a torrential shower of rain, and there follows a wild rush for shelter. After long experience in organising the Bogchester Bazaar, we on the Committee have arranged that the only shelter available shall be in the tea-tent and that tickets shall be paid for at the entrance. The wisdom of this step now becomes apparent, and, despite the not altogether satisfactory progress of the afternoon, we are still able to show a profit at the end of the day.

One thing we have learnt from this year's Annual Garden Party and Bazaar: in future Captain Featherstonehaugh will be invited not to attend. H. W. M.

A new drug described in a medical journal is said to have the effect of making shy people talkative. Hopes are entertained that some means may yet be found of making talkative people shy.

★ ★ ★

In Germany a convict has been placed on parole for one day in order that he may be married. It is understood that both sentences will be served concurrently.

★ ★ ★

There is a certain Lancashire man who claims to be the oldest oddfellow. It would be interesting to learn who is the oddest oldfellow.

★ ★ ★

The railways are running special holiday trains that stop for a day or two at various places *en route*. On ordinary trains of course it merely seems like it.

★ ★ ★

Somebody gives it as his opinion that the existing international treaties could be halved. Instead of torn into bits?

★ ★ ★

An East-End schoolgirl is stated to weigh over twelve stone. A Wapping child, of course.

Twins.

(Intimations of All Sorts of Things from Observations of Early Childhood.)

THEIR birth was not a sleep and a forgetting,
 They trail no clouds of glory as they come
 (Not as you'd notice), and I don't mind betting
 Each thinks less of his Soul than of his Tum.
 A poet's views become, I'm now supposing,
 Outmoded; for, as far as I can see,
 Shades of the prison-house seem to be closing
 Not on my growing children but on me.
 Now I must eat much more than I am able;
 I chew each mouthful fifty-seven times.
 I may not put my elbows on the table,
 Or Peter'll shortly imitate my crimes.
 I eat milk-puddings, which I've always hated;
 I now say "Ta" when given anything,
 Else will be caused, as all have clearly stated,
 Bad habits to which James is sure to cling.
 Yes, I have got to be a shining beacon,
 A pattern of perfection to my boys,

A presentation, never seen to weaken,
 Of moral worth, obedience and poise.
 I'm often called to dress the one that wriggles,
 Or loosen knots that someone else has tied.
 And while their mother stands around and giggles
 I sing them little songs at eventide.
 I work out complicated schemes of feeding
 And plot the graphs of vitamins beneath,
 Deducing how much pepsin James is needing;
 And suffer wounds in counting Peter's teeth.
 My days with unaccustomed tasks are teeming,
 My nights are thronged with countless flocks of sheep.
 Where is it now—the glory and the dreaming?
 And cries come to me from the fields of sleep.
 Old landmarks melt away beneath the forces
 Whose waters are too strong for me to dam.
 The one star left by which I set a course is—
 I will *not* push them in their beastly pram. J. B. E.



Barber's Assistant. "HOW D'YOU LIKE IT, SIR?"
 Horticultural Expert. "JUST A GENTLE PRUNE."

Thoughts on Tithe.

SING this in your bath:—

"... and the [Tithe] Commission shall thereupon calculate the average annual rate of poundage at which the rent-charge was assessable to rates during those three years, any liability to pay on a proportion only of the rateable value and any deduction in arriving at the rateable value being treated as a corresponding reduction of poundage in respect of that rate, and the amount to be deducted under this paragraph shall be the sum which would have been levied as rates had such average annual rate of poundage been applied to the reduced rateable value of the tithe rent-charge, and for the purposes of this sub-paragraph the expression 'reduced rateable value' means, in relation to a rent-charge, a sum ascertained by deducting from nineteen-twentieths of the gross annual value thereof the following fraction of such nineteen-twentieths, that is to say, the ascertained average rate of poundage in shillings over that ascertained average rate plus twenty shillings."

(Tithe Bill—First Schedule—Part I.)

I now see why, in a later schedule to the same merry measure, it is laid down that no Member of the House of Commons shall be a Tithe Commissioner. Let others do that sort of sum.

I have no doubt that the passage printed above has a meaning, though I have not yet discovered it: and I honour the accomplished draftsmen who have to express such complicated manœuvres in words. But, for the benefit of lesser men and the general understanding of laws, would it not be possible to conclude such passages of prose with examples, in figures, in the manner of the arithmetic books? Thus:—

"Let x = the figure to be discovered by the unfortunate Tithe Commissioners.
Let 5s. = the Average Annual Rate of Poundage.
Let £100 = the Gross Annual Value or what-not.
Then $\frac{1}{10}$ of £100 = £95 (does it?).
And from £95 we deduct a fraction of £95, which shall be—
the ascertained average rate of poundage in shillings
that ascertained rate + 20s.
and the answer is—
 $x = ?$ "

I have not troubled to work the whole thing out myself, but the idea is good. If something is not done soon upon these lines it is just possible that one or two of the faithful Commons may from time to time go into the Lobbies without being absolutely certain what they are voting about.

* * * * *

But the Schedules to this Bill are full of fun. In the Second Schedule we find an old friend:—

"4. A Member of the Commons House of

Parliament shall be disqualified for being appointed or being"—(what is the big difference?)—"a commissioner and for being appointed under the last foregoing paragraph to discharge the duties of a Commissioner."

"The last foregoing paragraph" is—

"3. The Commission may act notwithstanding any vacancy in their number."

The last concluding part of "4," therefore, does not seem to signify much. What is meant is "2"—the last foregoing paragraph but one: but let that pass. We still maintain, upon the main issue, that Parliament's thought might be cheaply and adequately expressed in these words:—

"No Member of the Commons House of Parliament shall be a Tithe Commissioner."

* * * * *

If our old friend the "Man from Mars" had found a place in the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery the other day he might have remarked with some surprise that a measure by which the State guarantees a large part of the income of the Established Church and which seems to beg the whole question of the future relations between Church and State should be in the charge of the Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries, with some assistance from the Minister of Health.

* * * * *

Those who complain that it is archaic and wrong to retain a special charge upon the owner of land representing, historically, a tenth part of the produce of the land, should remember that a very similar tax is laid upon the producers of plays and concerts, opera, etc. But the tax on the produce (not the profits, but the *yield*) of the theatrical manager's operations is not one-tenth but nearly *two*—or 20 per cent. Both imposts may be wrong—but there it is. And the dramatic author is even better acquainted with the principle of tithe: for he pays, by custom, one tithe of his earnings to his agent, and two tithes (the Entertainment Tax) are deducted from the "gross receipts" of the theatre before his royalties are calculated. And on anything he earns in America he is now, I believe, to pay one tithe by way of income-tax (it used to be 8 per cent.). So that on anything he earns in America he renders the following tithes:—

American Income-Tax	1 tithe	= 10%
English Income-Tax	2½ tithes	= 25%
Agent's Fee	1 tithe	= 10%

TOTAL .. 4½ tithes = 45%

And the income of which he is permitted to receive 55 per cent. has already been reduced by the deduction

of 1½–2 tithes from the sum which the public have paid to see his play.

The tithe system, therefore, is not quite so antiquated as the tithe-payer supposes.

* * * * *

But what a glorious theme is tithe! It is surely the most fantastic confusion into which the British race has ever thrust itself. I know of no subject concerning which so many legislators confess complete incomprehension and an invincible reluctance to acquire understanding. All parties wildly disagree: and most of them are indubitably right. At least, all parties can be shown to be suffering some technical injustice. Take the rates. Rates are paid upon tithe (but not by the Church): and if tithe is to be extinguished in October it would seem reasonable to say that the rates on tithe should be extinguished too—just as rates would be no longer payable on a house which fell into the sea. The rating authorities are to continue receiving rates, on a descending scale, for 60 years: but the Government ("they" say) deducts enough from the tithe-owner's property to pay the rates in perpetuity.

If you mention "rates" to a lay tithe-owner—an Oxford College, for example—he rages furiously, and, as some will think, rightly. I should add that the same effect can be produced by softly saying to him "Sinking Fund," "Gross Annual Value," or "Sixty Years." For this poor fellow seems to be battered at all points in this strange settlement. His £105 odd, in perpetuity, is reduced to a nominal £91 for sixty years. But this figure is further reduced, by various deductions for rates (unlike the Church, he pays his own rates), land-tax, cost of collection, and what-not, to £51. It includes—first outrage—a sum not specified, but believed to be about £14, by way of Sinking Fund. So that, according to him, he is being compelled to buy his own property by annual instalments. And—second outrage—he is to pay rates on this Sinking Fund. Moreover, though the whole thing is to end in 60 years, the Government is collecting enough to pay the rates in perpetuity.

Well, that is what *he* says: and I, for one, am not going to argue with anybody about tithe.

The end of it all, he says, will be that he will be deprived of 20 per cent. of his income from this source. Few, however, seem to think that this is a bad thing. On the contrary, the fellows at the other end (a few of them) are still complaining that he is not deprived of more. Indeed, the general criticism of



"STRUTH! 'E'D FALL OFF THE QUEEN MARY IF THE WEATHER WAS ROUGH."

His Majesty's Government seems to be that it is robbing Peter in order to steal from Paul. A queer business.

Meanwhile, His Majesty's Government simply tears its hair and maintains that because everybody is disgruntled it must be right. This is a good old British argument, and there may be something in it; but it can be overdone. At least we shall agree that none of us envies the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE AND FISHERIES his job, and wish him fortune in the difficult fight.

A. P. H.

Detectivitis.

THE clock struck one.
The deed was done!

I held my gun and shook in every limb;
For I had shot
That nasty blot
From "Kozi Kot"—in fact I'd murdered him!

I stood perplexed.

What next? What next?

Ah, yes—of course! I mopped my brow.

The thing was clear as crystal now.

I gave an artful snigger:
To save my own most precious life
I'd make it look as if his wife
Had pulled the fatal trigger!

I looked around
And quickly found
Upon the ground the woman's hand-kerchief.

I took a pen,
A card, and then
Inscribed it: "Men of your sort bore me stiff."

I signed it "Flo";
And then to show

That she, beyond the slightest doubt,
Had laid her wretched husband out
While having his siester,
I pinned her "wipe" and damning note
Securely to the corpse's coat—
A move that should arrest her.

I left the scene
Assured, serene,
As if I'd been there merely for a chat;
But—on a bench
Inspector French

(Who'd clear the wench) with Dr.

Thorndyke sat!
The brainy domes
Of Sherlock Holmes

And Mr. Fortune loomed ahead—
Then Hanaud's face increased my dread—

My chance, indeed, was flimsy;
And next, intent upon my sin,
Both Vance and Poirot bustled in,
And then Lord Peter Wimsey!

In half-a-sec'
Each brilliant 'tec,
Without a check, had proved my horrid guilt.

I charged the door . . .
But knew no more
Till—on the floor—I woke—beneath the quilt;
For it would seem
'Twas all a dream,

And Mr. Jones from down the road
Still thrived within his foul abode,
Obsequious and cringing;
While I resolved to try my luck
With novels by Miss BERTA RUCK
On top of lobster binging.

From the Shilling Seats.

I DON'T think I make unreasonable demands of county cricket.

There must be a good batsman at one end. He must wear clean white flannels—spotless ducks if you prefer it—and very large white pads, and he should be in the late sixties or early seventies when I arrive. This will enable me to work up an interest in his chances of a century and probably get me into conversation with my neighbours. There is nothing like the approach of a century for drawing people together. I have said that he must be a good batsman, and I mean it. I want none of your scratchers. He must keep pushing them through the covers and forcing them away past mid-on and generally stepping out to the pitch of the ball. Cutting is all right as long as it is not too fine; this business of guiding them between first and second slip makes me nervous. I don't care very much about leg-glides, because I generally mistake them for byes and come in late with my "A-aah!"; but a good hard biff to the square-leg boundary is in order. It keeps the umpire up to the mark.

I ask little of the batsman at the other end, save that he should wear a cap if his colleague is bareheaded and *vice versa*. Failing that, he should at least wear a different cap or have red hair or be three feet taller or shorter. Nothing irks me more than to see two batsmen of the same size, each wearing a blue cap with a little white badge on it. Life becomes one long struggle to distinguish which is which. I do not require this second man to be any good; in fact I prefer him to be pretty bad. His function, as I see it, is to run singles whenever he gets the bowling, unless it happens to be the end of an over; or else to be perpetually popping the ball up in the air so that the crowd can make that extraordinary roaring noise it reserves for narrow escapes. It is pure waste of time and material, so far as I am concerned, to have two good batsmen in at once. I really can't be anxious about more than one.

There must be a fast bowler. My idea of a fast bowler is a large rather red-faced man who takes twenty-eight steps back and returns in seven thunderous leaps, finishing up with a tremendous bound into the air and a flail-like movement of the arms. If possible he should give a grunt at the moment of delivery, plainly audible in the shilling seats. To see this so superabundant display of energy culminate in a neat four through the gully (bringing my favourite batsman into the nineties) is balm and ointment to my soul. "A-aah!" I cry. And I probably turn to the man on my right and offer him a sandwich.

It is not in the least that I have any animus against the fast bowler. A little later, when my batsman has made his century and departed, I shall be wholeheartedly *pro-fast-bowler*. Instead of being a mere machine for supplying the batsman with boundaries he must become an avenging fury, uprooting the stumps of his opponents, holding fierce straight drives single-handed, and ever and again appealing in a great voice to the umpire—a man to strike terror and confusion into the enemy. The sooner the innings is over now the better. Number Seven or Eight can hit up fifty in a dozen strokes if he likes, but as for the rest—back to the pavilion with them, with bruised shins and broken bats. We will see what Hopshire can do.

I make no special stipulations about the fielders. Three or four slips are an advantage, because it is pleasant to see them bob up and down together, and a tall lithe young man in a Harlequin cap at cover-point lends an amusing air of activity to the game. Such men are always throwing the wicket down with tremendous violence, whether the bats-

men happen to be out of their ground or not. I don't know why this should be so. There is nearly always a short fat little man who runs with great dash along the boundary, so I need hardly mention this essential feature of first-class cricket. But he should remember to fall over his feet at least twice during the innings. This puts the spectators in an excellent humour and increases their willingness to throw the ball back to him at the end of his long runs. If he can then return it to the bowler with one of those enormous underhand throws my heart is in his keeping.

That is about all I ask of county cricket. Of course the ground should be a pleasant shady one with trees all round it, and the score-board ought to be directly opposite me, and at about one-thirty it is a good thing if I meet someone I know who can take me into the pavilion for lunch; but otherwise there is nothing except that, strictly speaking, the game should be Surrey *v.* Kent, or Middlesex *v.* Yorkshire.

I don't see that any of my demands are unreasonable.

H. F. E.

The Quicker Knitter.

I'm a much quicker knitter
Than Mrs. Thacker.
It's absurd to say she knits quicker.
She may seem slicker
But I can easily lick her.
It just makes me sicker
Than a dog to think she thinks she's quicker.
If she does think she's a quicker knitter,
Well! I'm no quitter,
I'll prove I'm much faster
And a far quicker caster
On and off. If you're her backer
You can tell Mrs. Thacker
I'm no slacker.
On your own head be your sins
If you let Mrs. Thacker
Think that I can't whack her
With some wool and two pins.
I should feel I could kick her
If I thought she *could* knit quicker.
It must be bitter
For her to know I'm a quicker knitter
And that I can easily lick her.
I'll tell her without a flicker
Of a lid that I knit quicker.
If you want to see me tackle Mrs. Thacker,
You tell her she'll have to crack her
Joints before she's half as quick a knitter
As I am. She'll be in a jitter
If she knows you've said she's a swifter knitter.
You should advise Mrs. Thacker
That she ought to pack her
Knitting up and quit her
Idea of proving she's a quicker knitter.

"The shorthand writers are women and work turn and turn about in brief shifts.—*N.Z. Paper*.

Perhaps the less they turn and turn about the better.

"He said that accordingly, speaking in such company, he felt as Shadrach, Meshach, or Abednego would have felt if, in the lions' den, they had been called upon to propose the health and good appetite of the lions.—*Report of Speech in Daily Paper*.

Now DANIEL would have been perfectly *au fait* with such a situation.



HIGH SCHOOL AT OLYMPIA.

The Little Owl.

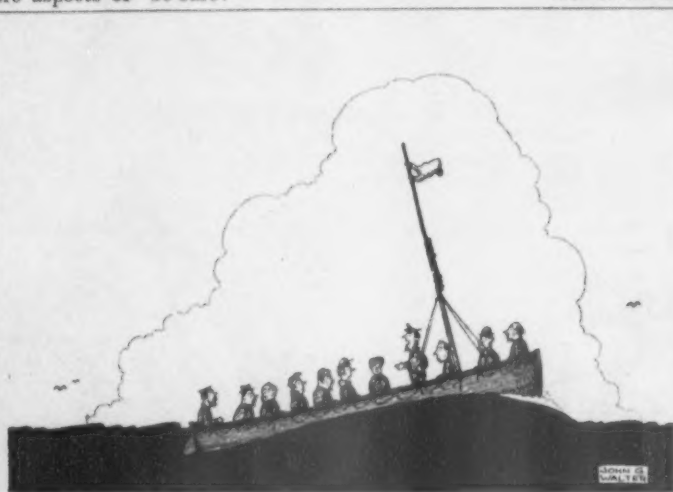
SWITCHING on the wireless the other day I dived straight into a new world, a new England. For years, I gathered, a terrific controversy had been going on about the Little Owl. All England was convulsed by it. The entire country, I now learned, was split into two opposing camps: the *pro*-Little Owls and the *con*-Little Owls—those who had investigated the habits and morals of the Little Owl and found him good, and those who, after a careful sifting of the evidence, pronounced him a bad lot. The speaker himself was a *pro*-Owl—rather a doubtful *pro*. There were aspects of the private life of the Little Owl which (he could not disguise the fact) filled him with disquiet. Still, on the whole he was *pro*-Owl. And all he pleaded for was a fair trial. A fair trial, he reiterated. Angry passions were rising over the question, making it difficult for the judges to take a cool unbiased view. Tempers were giving under the strain, and wild things were being said in hot blood which were prejudicing the chances of the prisoner at the bar (Little Owl).

And as I listened I was conscious of a feeling of isolation. I felt cut off from the community in which I lived. Here was I with my head full of thoughts of Rome and Addis Ababa, with HITLER's voice and Budget inquiries still ringing in my ears, while all around me the minds of my countrymen were thronged with staring images of the Little Owl and re-echoed to his mournful hootings.

I was mad with my friends too. They must all have been trapesing about the countryside collecting owl pellets and spending whole nights disguised as a hawthorn-bush the better to pry into the secrets of the nest. And I had been left out of it all. I was aghast at the position to which I had allowed myself to sink. I was probably the only person in England with no views at all on the Owl question; unable to raise my voice in the councils of the nation. I must pull up before it was too late, I felt, so I hastened out to retrieve a desperate situation.

What one had to do, apparently,

was to collect and analyse Little Owl pellets and report their contents to Miss Somebody-or-Other at the British Museum or the Bodleian or somewhere. Or, better still, to send the pellets to this Miss Somebody. These pellets, by the way, are composed of the portions of the owl diet which his digestion refuses to cope with—bones, skin, feathers and the like. The outraged innards of the Little Owl make them into pellets and return them unconsidered as a sort of cud which the owl does not chew but spits out. On the whole I thought that I would post my specimens to this Miss Somebody-or-Other rather than analyse them myself. What a breakfast-table that woman must have to be sure!



"FOLLOWING MISS WORKMAN'S PLEASING RENDERING OF 'THE ANCIENT MARINER,' MR. TOWNSEND IS TO FAVOUR US WITH 'SEA FEVER'."

Outside on my estate, which stretches away into the distance around the house for several yards, I met Tiger the jobbing gardener. Why he is called Tiger is an interesting point which I cannot go into at the moment.

I asked him if there were any owls about our demesne.

Tiger said that there bain't no fowls around here, as I should have known for myself, Zur.

"Owls," I shouted—"Owls. Te-wit, te-woo."

Tiger said if I meant *owls*, one lived in that there tree.

"A Little Owl?" I asked.

Tiger said it was a fair size. Not too big and not too small, you might say (he said). He added that there was no call for me to be a-feared of it.

"Does it do much damage?" I asked. "Eat the peas and so on?"

Tiger said that owls didn't eat bees. "They got more sense," he explained.

"Peas," I bawled—"peas and q's."

Tiger thought for a bit and then said Yes, owls were partial to peas.

I conceived a sudden suspicion that Tiger was preparing the ground for a big shortage of peas in the summer; and fearing lest he might discover that owls also ate strawberries and dug up potatoes, I left him to start my search for pellets under the tree he had pointed out.

I searched diligently but without success. I even divided the ground into squares and examined each with meticulous care. But not one pellet did I find. Then I stared up into the tree in the hope of learning something

about the domestic arrangements of the Little Owl, but he was not visible. I feared I was doomed to glean nothing on which to base an opinion on the great question of the hour. I was just having one last look round the barren spot when something fell squashily on the back of my neck. Clawing wildly inside my collar I produced what may have been a rather badly beheaded mouse. It was not at all nice.

I now intend to write a very strong letter to this Miss Somebody-or-Other at the British Museum or wherever she is, declaring myself definitely anti-Little Owl in the great controversy. I

know something of his habits, I shall tell her, and I do not approve of them.

And if she insists on proper evidence I will send her my collar. J. B. E.

Anstey Guthrie: A Self-Portrait.

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES of humorists, when written with the perfect candour which marks *A Long Retrospect*,* are full of surprises for those who only knew them from their books. The GUTHRIE of real life differs widely from the ANSTEY of *Vice Versâ*, for while the Latin epitaph *Neminem tristem fecit* might truly be applied to him, his reminiscences prove again and again how far he was removed from the

* *A Long Retrospect*, by F. ANSTEY (THOMAS ANSTEY GUTHRIE), Oxford University Press, London: Milford, 15/-.

category of irresponsible jesters. Indeed he may be said to have suffered the not uncommon fate of writers who make a great initial success with a humorous work and then dare to be serious or strike out a new line. The reading public have labelled them "funny men" and will not let them off. So it came about that such remarkable stories as *The Giant's Robe* and *The Pariah* were disregarded as regrettable deviations from the true bent of his genius. Moreover he was intensely self-critical, he had no illusions about his claims to remembrance, and it was a desire to test the intrinsic merit of his work that made him publish *Stella Moberly* anonymously, with results that only enhanced his natural diffidence but never embittered his outlook on life.

He was a brilliant social satirist, but MICHAEL FINSBURY'S aphorism, "Anything to give pain," was entirely foreign to his nature. He loved to shoot folly as it flies, but his shafts were never tipped with poison. False sentiment, pretentiousness and snobbery were favourite subjects of his ridicule. But some of his very best work has ceased to appeal to the present generation because the targets he aimed at have ceased to exist. His burlesques of music-hall songs and sketches, in which he anticipated PÉLISSIER, can only be appreciated fully by those familiar with the variety stage in later Victorian times, and when they were reprinted a few years ago they were neglected by Press and public alike. But the story of the genesis and reception of his books is told with uniform equanimity. He neither exults in his successes nor resents his failures. As was said of him by one of his friends, he was the uncomplaining victim of his own "vice-versatility."

For the rest, his reminiscences throw much light on his methods of work and the close study and retentive memory of what he had seen and heard which render his *Voces Populi* so faithful a picture of the middle-class world of his time in their moments of expansion and relaxation. His gradual retirement from the ranks of regular contributors to these pages was due to a growing sense of the strain of providing weekly articles. Yet the quality of his later papers, notably those collected under the title of *Salted Almonds*, shows little falling-off from the old vivacity and charm. He had practically given up writing humorous verses—for which he had a real gift—many years before, and after he ceased to be a member of the Round Table his appearances in *Punch* were few and far between. The last of all,



Last Resource (bitterly). "OH YEH! I CAN HAVE THE BALL NOW IT LOOKS LIKE A HELISHA BEACON TO 'EM!"

printed just before his own death, appeared in the DU MAURIER Memorial Number, and was a worthy tribute to the gifts and graces of his colleague and friend.

Whatever may be the ultimate verdict of posterity on his merits as an author, ANSTEE'S services to *Punch* can never be forgotten. For twenty years he was the most outstanding figure on the literary staff as well as an unfailing contributor to the gaiety of his generation. In his later years he was something of a recluse, but he was always the same to his old friends and at his best in the delightful parties he gave to children. There is nothing in this book to dispel the fragrant memories which he has left in the hearts of those

who knew and loved him. It is full of good things, and though it might possibly have gained by condensation, one may quote in his defence the maxim of VAUVENARGUES: *Les meilleurs auteurs parlent trop.* C. L. G.

Answer to Correspondent.

No, "Shorts from the Courts" do not refer to barristers' briefs.

"SUBSTITUTE FOR THE BOTTLE.

BEER BY THE CAN."

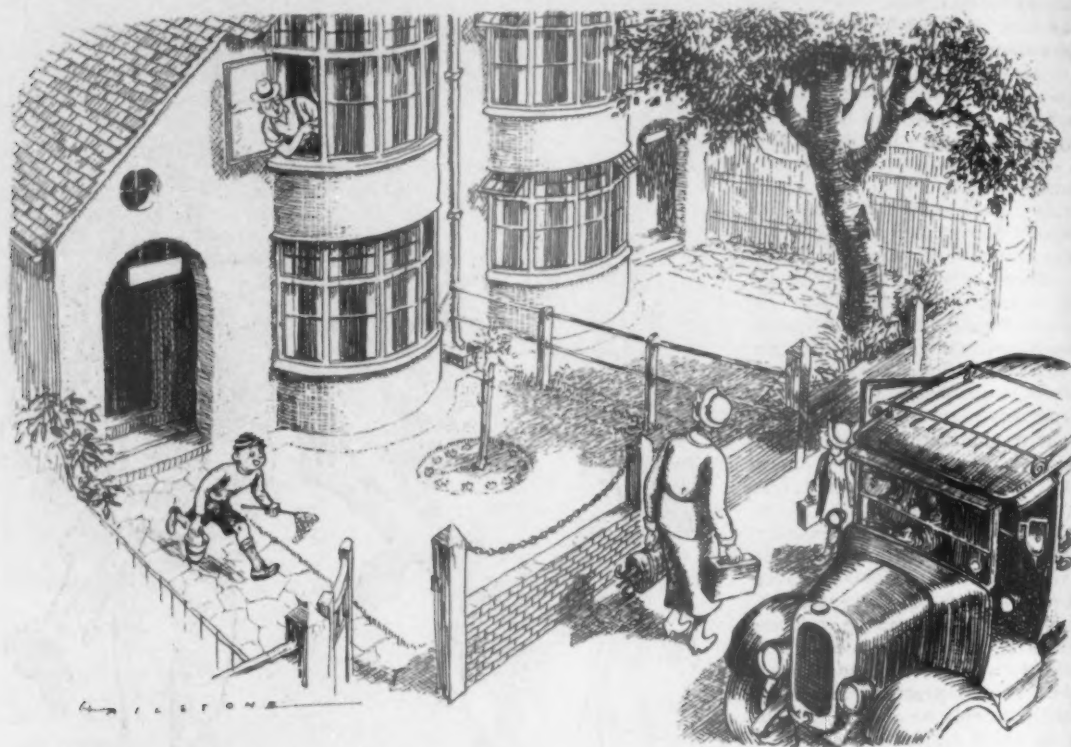
Headlines in Daily Paper.

Have the Infant Welfare Centres nothing to say about this?

"You go to India by the piano boats."

Schoolgirl's Essay.

Thus avoiding the roaring forties.



"I SHAN'T KEEP YOU A MINUTE, DEAR, BUT I DECIDED AFTER ALL THAT PERHAPS I'D BETTER WEAR MY SHORT PANTS IF I'M GOING TO PADDLE."

A Pinch?

HAVING had for a very long while no association with snuff, it is strange suddenly in various ways to have become so aware of it. To begin with, I have just been given as a souvenir the snuff-box that belonged to one of my great-grandfathers; next, I met a distinguished elderly lady who had heard so much of the value of snuff as a preventive of colds that she intended to submit her aristocratic nose to the experiment, and, in the course of her inquiries at two London tobacconists, had learned that they each sold annually over three tons of it; and finally, only a few days ago, I was at a dinner-party where the last word on the menu was "Snuff," and punctually as the meal ended a noisy tremor of sneezing convulsed the room. It may therefore, I think, be deduced that the habit of snuff-taking is coming in again; but whether with the old courtly rites, such as actors in costume-plays exhibit, remains to be seen. Probably not. The present generation does not much incline to spectacular and ceremonial convolutions, so that snuff-takers will, I imagine, as they

have done for so long in newspaper offices, merely pass it round.

Not however to me. Much as I dislike colds, I prefer them to snuff.

But there are two other reasons why this old fashion of carrying snuff may not be revived, and they are: (1) that tobacco taken as smoke rather than as a stimulating powder has, as we say, dug itself in; and (2) that we no longer wear the kind of clothes which can stand the addition of a solid box of no insignificant proportions. I possess as curiosities several empty snuff-boxes of varying age and material, and once, in America, I gave a filled one to a driver who was too often disposed to slumber; but the smallest of these is bulky, with unyielding corners, and I do not see how, without the ejection of other articles, all unfortunately essential, it could be accommodated in a present-day suit. It would need a new pocket; but where?

Being myself more or less typical, let me tell you about my own pockets. I find that in an ordinary day-suit I have twelve, and all are occupied. The two in the trousers are for money, keys, and four nutmegs—faithfully carried as a prophylactic against rheumatism. An old wives' prescription, it is true,

but not necessarily worse than a young doctor's. In the waistcoat, as I call it and shall continue to (but "vest" in the language of tailors), I have four pockets in which are distributed: in two, a watch and at the other end of the chain a sovereign-purse for six-pences, and in the other two a pencil and knife and a cigarette-case. In the jacket, as the tailors say—or coat as I say, even although there are no tails—I have six pockets, each with its inflexible duty to perform. In the left inside pocket there is the handkerchief which, when they took snuff, my ancestors used to manipulate with a grace and dexterity that to me are extremely distasteful; in the right inside pocket there is a leather case which occasionally has notes in it. The larger inside pocket on the left, which I admit is something of an eccentricity and in which a poacher would carry rabbits, is a device of the late BERNARD QUARITCH, the bookseller, who adapted it for pacific townsmen, so that in it they might secrete a volume honourably acquired.

In the smallest of the three outside pockets I put pennies, and in the other two: on the left a cigar-case (or, in the country, a tobacco-pouch), and on the

right an engagement book and a pince-nez case, and, in the country, a pipe.

Where then will the snuff-box go? If, as is true, our forbears were never without snuff, it is because they had neither cigarettes nor cigars, pipe nor pouch. Also, in their decorative coats were tails in which there were two pockets more, where even large enamelled snuff-boxes, with amorous pictures on them, could comfortably repose. But, as I have shown, there is no such spare room to-day. What then is to happen? Must we give up tobacco in any other form than Rappee and its companions? Must we return to the old brocades? Or must tailors devise something new?

Or shall we resist the return of a very unattractive practice? E. V. L.

Security.

George drank an inch of beer from his mug and put it down on the table with a sigh of satisfaction. Then he drew from his pocket a red handkerchief bulging with something heavy that jingled.

"Could any gen'leman oblige me with a pound-note for this here?" he asked, revealing a mixed hoard of coppers and small silver.

Most of us knew without being told that the money was intended for "that gal Sarah." She is George's eldest daughter, well past her sixtieth birthday and a grandmother herself, but to Little Wurzleton she will always be "that gal."

Sarah lives in a town about fifty miles away and her husband is "on the Labour," so that she is glad of any cash that old George can send her. It is not for himself alone that he feathers his nest so assiduously. He remembers his chick. Every few weeks he scrapes together a spare pound.

All of which, or as much of it as he thought advisable, he confided to the assembled company. An obliging stranger offered to write him a cheque, but George thought different. "The gal wouldn't know what to do with it," he said.

So the obliging stranger provided a note and made light of George's last-minute discovery that his savings, which he could have sworn he had counted ten dozen times, amounted only to nineteen-and-sevenpence. He waved aside the coppers that the old man had been reserving for his second pint.

George slipped the note into an envelope, licked the flap and stuck it down with an emphatic thump of his fist. "Thass a weight off my ches," he said. "Ready for post an' all."



"SURELY THIS IS HEIDSIECK '21?"

But the stranger was still not satisfied. "It's not properly stamped," he said. Knowing more about business (or less about George) than we yokels, he could not allow a letter with a halfpenny stamp to pass unchallenged. He remarked that there would be twopence to pay.

"That'll be worth tuppence to the gal," George argued.

"All the same . . ." the stranger said, and his hand moved towards his pocket-book. There seemed to be no limit to his obligingness.

"Young man," George said sternly, "you've been talking about vallyables gettin' lost in the post. But did you ever hear o' the Post Office losin' a letter that had somethin' to pay on it?"

The stranger confessed that he never did.

"Nor me neither, and I've lived longer 'n most," said George. "This here letter o' mine is worth tuppence to them if the gal gets it, and nothin' unless. They'll take partickler pains to see that nobody don't pinch it. An' thass worth tuppence to me. It's cheaper 'n registerin'—and safer," he concluded triumphantly.

The stranger admitted that he had never thought of that and put the stamps back in his pocket. Then, noticing that the old man's mug was empty, he obligingly saved another fivepence for the gal. "All fair an' above-board," as George said later.



PARAPHRASE.

"WHAT DO THEY SAY ABOUT THE WEATHER TO-MORROW?"
 "LOUSY TO MIDDLEN."

Jazz-Time Jottings.

(By the Saxophone Editor.)

Al Blotto and Batty Klein, Inc., have a new number coming out next week of which they expect great things. It is called "Cowboy, Ride Home to Me," and Batty tells us it's going to be the smash hit of the century. The music is by Batty Klein and the lyric is by Al Blotto and Batty Klein.

* * * * *

Did you know that Benny Posthorn, besides being the slickest violinist in the jazz game, is also an inventor? Patents that stand in his name include rubber trombones which may be packed in a minimum of space, blow-proof lip-stick for the use of lady saxophonists, and an electric bass-drum pedal which not only takes a load off the drummer's shoulders, so to speak, but may also be adjusted to polish his shoes in the passages where the bass-drum is *tacet*.

* * * * *

Can you name ten jazz-pianists at present working in London who double on the sarrusophone? (Answer next week.)

* * * * *

I heard a good story last week from "Red" Pilbeam, who is playing alto-sax with Tommy Wrott and his Music at the Savoy. You've probably noticed that Tommy has a habit of walking from one end of the platform to the other as he conducts? It seems that one night one of the dancers asked Tommy why he did this. Quick as a flash Tommy said, "To keep myself slim, of course!" Good, eh?

There are no fewer than five Irishmen in the new ten-piece orchestra Bill Goldberg has formed at the Ninety-Nine Club. They are: Bill himself, Mick Isaacs (alto-sax), Paddy Greenbaum (tenor-sax), Larry Schultz (guitar and vocalist), and the redoubtable "Tim" Bronstein on the drums.

* * * * *

Slob Shirley, the drummer in Al Muffin's Six Stompers, introduced a novel effect in their record of "You're My Well of Loneliness." It is done by beating with a wire-brush on the bottom of an empty goldfish bowl, and the result is like nothing on earth.

* * * * *

Yet another visitor may be expected shortly from the United States in the person of Shorty Romano, who is to bring his coloured outfit over to play a ten-weeks' season at the Paliseum. We are already familiar with records by this combination, and fans will flock to the Paliseum for this chance of hearing the boys in the flesh.

* * * * *

Stop Press.—The expected visit of Shorty Romano and his all-coloured band to the Paliseum will not take place, as unexpected difficulties have arisen with the Ministry of Labour. "You can tell my British friends I'm real disappointed not to make their acquaintance," Shorty cabled in response to an inquiry from our special representative.



A BAND OF HOPE.

(Left to right: Sir A. CH—N, Lord W—N, Sir R—T H—NE, Mr. W—N CH—LL.)

"WE DREAMT THAT WE DWELT IN MARBLE HALLS . . ."

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Impressions of Parliament.

Friday, May 22nd.—

"Hullo, Steward! You're not Colonel Lopez, I suppose?"

"No, indeed, Sir! Doubtless owing to the rugged formation of my chin, I never have been able to get false beards to stick."

"I'm very glad to hear it. Have you any message for my great public? It's some time since you sent them a cheering word."

"Well, Sir, let me see, I'm just as keen as ever I was on the nationalisation of the breweries."

"We've been into all that before. What are your views on the Tithe Bill?"

"In its early form it seemed a trifle hard on the Vicar, Sir, but I understand that concessions have been made in his direction. Somewhat complicated, I find it."

"Do you honestly think that anybody here understands it?"

"Not more than one or two, Sir. But bless their hearts, it wouldn't do for the others to admit it. All M.P.'s have to pretend

"Do you consider they need a Whitsun holiday, Steward?"

"Badly, Sir. I've observed some very rickety logic amongst the back-benchers lately—arguments, if I may say so, Sir,

Galleries in the event of fire or an air-raid, and he gave Mr. GALLACHER, the tame Communist, his chance to ask how long it would take to clear out the present Cabinet so as to make way for the Week-end Cabinet (referring of course to the Shillinglee Odd-Fellows). Mr. ORMSBY-GORE thought that five minutes would cover a disciplined evacuation.

When the House went into Committee on the Air Navigation Bill there was further mild dissension as to whether the subsidy was justified. Mr. MONTAGUE's point that civil aviation could mean nothing to the working-man was well countered by Mr. EVERARD (one of the flying M.P.'s), who reminded him that mail services were the first reason for developing air communications through the Empire, and these were a convenience to all classes.

Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS, emerging in a new and surprising rôle as a champion of the Constitution, accused the Government of incurring a liability in respect

of the new Imperial Airways boats without the authority of the House, a charge which brought the new Solicitor-



THE BOLD BAD BRIGAND.

PICTURE OF LORD HUGH CECIL BY MR. MACLAREN, CARICATURIST OF THE COMMONS.

"It was the noble lord [Lord Hugh Cecil] and his colleagues who were the gangsters."—Mr. MACLAREN on the Tithe Bill.

built on sand. Personally I've always held that sun-ray lamps suspended from the ceiling, like the ones at the Zoo, would prove a very edifying influence on the debates."

"Ah, well, here we go! By the way, Steward, you don't have to pay tithe on that moustache of yours, do you?"

"No, Sir. I have been happily exempt."

The Financial Resolution of the Tithe Bill was agreed to this afternoon after a debate in which those who felt sorry for the tithe-owners asked for a longer redemption period and those who felt sorry for the tithe-payers asked for a shorter one. The most colourful speech of the day was that of Mr. MACLAREN, who compared Lord HUGH CECIL to a well-painted vase on an Adam mantelpiece, and condemned the Bill as a compensation to the brigands who had been pillaging the public pocket for centuries.

Monday, May 25th.—By the number of his questions and the apparently limitless field over which they range, Mr. DAY is now rivalling Lord STRABOLGI at the height of his KENWORTHY interrogative form; the House has come to expect the "dayly dozen" as a fixed item in the Question-time cabaret. This afternoon he was anxious to know how long it would take to clear the Chamber and



THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION.

SUPPORTER (SINISTER): SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS.

that Higher Mathematics is their subject, even if they can't make out their own income-tax forms."



OUR BACK-BENCH WHO'S WHO.

Mr. Punch
Has a hunch
That Sir HENRY FILDES and he
Can boast consanguinity.

General, Sir TERENCE O'CONNOR, into action to describe the proceeding as a matter of good ordinary commonsense.



"YOUR MAJESTY, HE SAYS HE HAS THE RIGHT TO ENTER THE ROYAL PRESENCE IN THIS MANNER BECAUSE ONE OF HIS ANCESTORS INVENTED POOL-PROOF CHOP-STICKS FOR YOUR ILLUSTRIOUS GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER."

Truth.

Do you find it difficult to tell the truth?

If you say No it almost certainly means Yes, and if you say Yes it quite obviously means Yes.

But do not for one moment suppose that this is all going to be followed up by an attempt to interest you in Our Little Green Books (*How to Tell a Lie When You Meet One* and *Truth-Telling for Profit*), nor even in a completely new system, conducted entirely by correspondence, which will result in an increase of salary, a decrease of surplus weight, a total elimination of self-consciousness, and a frank and fearless demeanour whenever an explanation is required of you, of whatever kind. (The offering of explanations is almost always a severe test of truthfulness on your part and of courtesy on the part of the other person, who must, if anything of a gentleman, at least pretend to believe you.)

No, as a matter of fact we have nothing to suggest concerning your inability or otherwise to speak the truth.

The whole inquiry has simply been suggested to us by the rather morbid

little occurrence of a week or two ago. And it is one's private belief that the whole thing—or something very like it—has probably happened in the *for intérieur*, as the French charmingly designate it, of many another *ménage*. (French again.)

The Nevilles, in the kindest possible way, had invited Laura and myself to dinner. "Dine quietly" was the exact expression employed. One hopes that one always does dine quietly, even when it comes to thick soup or that particularly brittle noisy kind of toast so strangely called after a great singer. But perhaps the Nevilles, never having had us in the house before, didn't feel sure about us. Anyway, they stressed "quietly." They also specified eight o'clock—being well within their rights in so doing. (Well-known legal expression. *Not French* this time.)

Unhappily we started very late.

There was no reason for this. At least there was no reason that could really be said to count. One had remained too long in the bathroom; one's friend had—as usual—misaid her bag; more than three silk stockings had been discovered to have laddered all by themselves in the drawer; one's hair had been preternaturally obstinate. You now perceive where the question of

truth-telling comes in. These were none of them reasons that could be offered to the Nevilles with either grace or conviction, true though they were.

So at least Laura and I felt.

"We can easily tell them we couldn't find the Square," I said, without sufficient thought.

"As I've been driving in London for years and years I shouldn't care to say that I don't know where Wellington Square is," Laura replied. "Much better say you had a frightfully important telephone call at the last minute."

"Business and all that?" I inquired.

"Still, nobody does business at eight o'clock at night. Unless we make it a Transatlantic call."

"Oh, that'd be marvellous! Do you think a film-sale, or an offer for my serial rights, or just an invitation to Hollywood?"

"So long as they don't get all excited and ask when you're going to get a new car."

"They'll probably ask that anyway when they see this one. I believe it would be more convincing than anything if we just said the car broke down."

Laura, the owner of the car, was again lacking in enthusiasm.

"A definite accident," she said, "I wouldn't so much mind, if it was the other person's fault."

"It always is the other person's fault," I reminded her. "An accident would be rather difficult, though. We should have to give too many details—and besides we ought to look dishevelled, and I couldn't bear that after all the trouble I've had with my hair."

"Look here—let's say we forgot the number of their house—one often does."

"Then how do we find it in the end?"

"We go to the wrong house, and the butler or someone lets us look in the Directory."

"Oh, definitely the butler, I think. One of those silver-haired old family retainers—a mixture of benevolence and despotism."

"Probably been with them years and years, and offered to stay on without any wages when they fell on bad times."

"Perhaps he even wanted them to take his own small savings," I suggested.

Laura agreed that there was nothing more likely.

After a rather moved silence Laura said timidly. "You don't think the Nevilles would be capable of trying to bribe the old man away, do you?"

"No, no, I'm sure they wouldn't. Besides, it wouldn't be any good. No bribe would move him. You can tell that by one look at him."

"Yes, indeed. Besides, we needn't say in which house he was. Unless—you don't think the Nevilles could be looking out of the window, do you, to see if we're coming?"

"Like Sister Anne, you mean? I suppose they might be. Good heavens, Laura, I believe we've arrived!"

We had—at twenty minutes past eight.

It was just before we sat down to dine—quietly—that I completed my apology to my hostess and explained that an urgent telephone-call had come through at the last moment and delayed the start.

And it was during the soup—dealt with, I hope, noiselessly by all—that I heard Laura telling Mr. Neville how

carelessly she'd forgotten the number of the house, and how we had in consequence been driving round and round the Square for hours in search of it.

Moral: Even if you do find it difficult to tell the truth, remember it is often just as difficult to tell lies.

E. M. D.

"Are you a little shy about adopting a veil?"—*Fashion Chat.*

Mr. Punch declines to notice this sort of impertinence.

"Gray and Cox were in one bunker all day, a testimony to accurate hitting by two of the longest in their respective spheres."

Golf Report.

But of course just a little monotonous.

"The Hon. Mrs. — wishes to very highly recommend her daughter's governess."

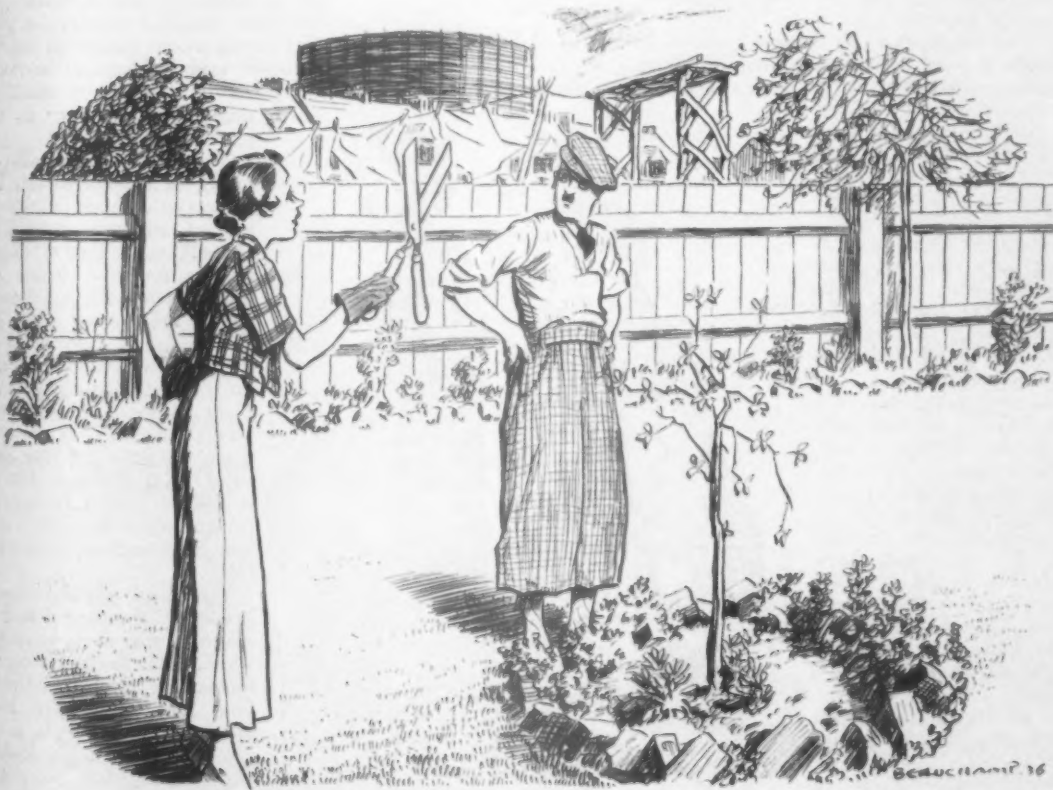
Advt. in Personal Column.

Perhaps the governess had better stay a little longer.

"He needs proper food at regular intervals, plenty of fresh air and sunshine, lots of sheep in a well-ventilated room."

"Baby-welfare" Article.

To help him off to sleep, of course.



"I THINK WE CAN CALL THESE OURS NOW, JOHN. I BORROWED THEM FROM MR. JONES THREE WEEKS AGO, AND I DON'T THINK HE KNOWS US WELL ENOUGH TO ASK FOR THEM BACK."

At the Play.

"THE SEAGULL" (NEW).

CHEHOV would surely feel elated could he see with what honour the English stage is handling *The Seagull* now at the New Theatre. A cluster of stars, fully supported, are directed by KOMISARJEVSKY and act in costumes and scenes which omit no detail that can throw an almost fierce light on the texture of the play. That is the peril of very good acting, that it will show up in the sunlight defects of the dramatist that a less complete mastery of the characters and situations might have left in a kindly blur.

But *The Seagull* is full of meat; there are in CHEHOV no minor characters: to come on the stage at all is to be a human soul, aspiring and suffering and poignant. Everybody in *The Seagull* mirrors, from one angle or another, the disappointment of desires. The heart of the story may belong to *Nina* (Miss PEGGY ASHCROFT) and *Constantin* (Mr. STEPHEN HAGGARD), but *Irina* (Miss EDITH EVANS) and *Trigorin* (Mr. JOHN GIELGUD) are just as central to the play.

At the beginning, when *Constantin* produces his play and *Nina* recites his lines, all the onlookers embody more of the burden of mortality than anything the young playwright can say. *Irina*, the superannuated actress, longs for the old days and fills in her life with difficulty, pasting over very thinly the yawning crevices of vacuity, boredom and regret. Miss EDITH EVANS is magnificent in the part, making us understand completely how precarious is the structure *Irina* has built for her middle-age; she must be told she is still young, she can barely control herself at the thought of parting with the money which is the vital ointment for the disease of age, she must have dresses and dignity, and her son must be ruthlessly swept to one side if his needs threaten her essential funds. And she must have *Trigorin*, famous and attentive, to reassure her that she is still a Queen. Then, between cards and travelling and following the news, she can manage.

This production has many fine moments, but nothing surpasses the sweep and power of Miss EVANS when *Irina* is asked to find some money for her son. Mr. GIELGUD's *Trigorin* has to

be suaver and more subdued; but he too is of course unhappy, considerate to *Irina* because outside his art his life is aimless; he must be somewhere, and if she is determined that he shall be with her, so be it.

There is a phrase in *The Bridge of*



THE MY-NESS OF THE ME.

Boris Trigorin . . . Mr. JOHN GIELGUD.

San Luis Rey which exactly describes the people in *The Seagull*, where it is said of the *Marquise* that she allowed

nothing to interrupt "her long communion with her own desires." The desires of *Nina*, her young imagination captivated by the glamour of the great *Trigorin*, lead her away from *Constantin* and her home. The symbolical seagull was shot for an idle whim; *Trigorin* does not aim at *Nina*, but he destroys her accidentally, capturing a love he does not want and cannot sustain. Miss ASHCROFT conveys the whole story, the change from a gay passivity which has allowed young *Constantin* to set the pace, to a fierce secret passion which leads her to the lower walks of the stage.

Fame means more to all these people than is at all normal even among the talented and artistic, and *Constantin* is more wretched at the slow coming of recognition than at *Nina's* departure. When he kills himself he has some reason for self-disgust, for she has come arbitrarily and unexpectedly back within his reach and he has not even tried to keep her; but he destroys his work as well. He has been driven in on himself for so long in his impoverished country life that the insufficiently-studied flattery of *Trigorin* is but a knife in his wounds. Mr. HAGGARD makes *Constantin* a young man about whose talent we are very doubtful, and fecklessness carried to the point of shooting yourself and missing is not easy to sympathise with.

The quieter and smaller sufferings of *Medvedenko* (Mr. IVOR BARNARD), who is put upon by all and only married by *Masha* (Miss MARTITA HUNT) to enable her to forget a doctor in a busy matrimonial and domestic round, are thrown in for good measure; and *Peter Sorin* cannot live in invalid retirement after twenty-eight years in the Law without arousing more pity than there is to spare. Even the unfeeling *Ilya Shamrayef* (Mr. GEORGE DEVINE) is full of baffled attempts to revive associations which mean less than nothing to anybody else.

The mood and the time are brilliantly recaptured and displayed in a masterly production which holds the attention with increasing intensity through four Acts and three hours. Here are griefs which, if they are in the main the fruits of vanity and egoism, are not the less moving and are most powerfully and subtly revealed. D. W.



TWO YEARS' DOG-LIKE DEVOTION, AND STILL AS JOLLY AS EVER.

Medvedenko Mr. IVOR BARNARD.
Masha Miss MARTITA HUNT.



The Dreadful Story of Janet.

Janet, when she went out shopping,
Had a tiresome trick of stopping
Every yard to point and say,
"Mother, buy me that, I pray!"
First a coat of squirrel's fur—
That, she thought, would just fit her;
Then a gown of velvet blue—
That would suit her nicely too;
And this fashionable hat—
"Please, Mamma, I must have that!"

"Tut, my child!" her mother chid;
"Come along as you are bidden."
Children nowadays—it's funny—
Seem to think one's made of money.
Janet tossed her head and pouted
When her wishes thus were flouted,
And to give Mamma a fright
(Serve the silly creature right!)
Into Horridge's she slipped
While her mother onward tripped.

No one stops her. On she goes
Till she comes to Children's Clothes;
Sees a cupboard, creeps inside—
Just the very place to hide!
Soon Mamma will come and get her,
Hug and kiss and pat and pet her,
And in future dress her better,
(So at least she fondly thinks,
The designing little mix!)

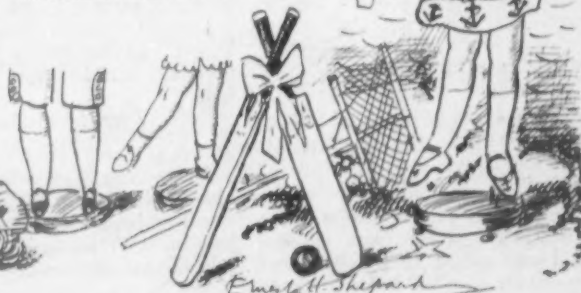
Oh! how slow the hours crawl! . . .
Scarcely seem to move at all.
First she nodded, then she dozed;
When she woke the shop was closed.
Janet—a courageous child—
Nothing daunted, simply smiled,
Doffed her clothes and then got dressed
In all the things she liked the best.
There she strutted, bold as brass,
Smirking in the looking-glass,
Till a voice addressed her thus:
"Now, my girl, you're one of us."

Janet, turning in a fright,
Saw a most unnerving sight—
Half-a-dozen waxen brats,
Dressed in costly coats and hats,
Facing her with glassy stare,
Painted cheeks and flaxen hair.
"How d'ye do? I'm Simpering Sue;
These ones here are Preening Prue,
Dandy Dick and Mincing Molly,
Nabby Nick and Prinking Polly.
Now with us you'll have to stay,
Never move the livelong day,
Never work and never play,
Only stand and smile and pose
In the most expensive clothes."

And, these horrid words to prove,
Janet found she couldn't move.

In the window now she stands
Holding out her waxen hands.
Other children as they pass
Drag their mothers to the glass:
"What a lovely coat and hat!
Look, Mamma! I must have that."
And, such foolish words to hear,
Janet sheds a waxen tear.

JAN.



Emmett Shepard

More Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., Captain Roughover Golf Club.

12th May, 1936.

DEAR WHEELK,—The etiquette among members is getting worse and worse, so will you please put up several very large notices in different parts of the Club, on which are printed in red or purple the ten approved Rules.

I shall also be glad if you will conceal yourself about the links for the next few days and report all transgressors to me.

Yours sincerely,

ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

P.S.—Kindly post (registered) a copy of the Rules of Etiquette to Lionel Nutmeg. He had lost his ball at the 16th this A.M. and quite gave me the impression (until I spoke to him harshly) that he was disinclined to let me through.

From Ignatius Thudd, Member of Roughover Golf Club.

15th May, 1936.

SIR,—I think it in very bad taste your putting up those notices on etiquette. You might imagine members did not know how to behave, and I presume the next thing we may expect is a set of regulations for the dining-room regarding the eating of soup, asparagus, etc.

It is a great pity you do not attend to the manners of the Club staff and practise what you preach, as I overheard the waitress talking about a napkin as a "serviette" the other day.

Yours faithfully,

I. THUDD.

P.S.—I wish to report General Forcursue for not replacing his divots this morning at the 2nd, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th (eight big ones), 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th.

From Herbert Pinhigh, J.P., Roughover.

15/5/36.

DEAR SIR,—One of the Rules of Etiquette reads—

"No one should move or talk or stand close to or directly behind the ball or the hole when a player is making his stroke."

I beg to draw your attention to the fact that General Forcursue shuffled his feet and talked incessantly about "Nervous Strain when Putting for the

Match" as I was holing out for a half with him on the 18th green this morning. Not only that, but also for his saying out loud after the ball went into the tin that it was a fluke and I was no gentleman.

Who is the Patron or President of the Club? I should like to bring the Captain's disgraceful behaviour to the notice of someone who has a little authority.

Yours faithfully,

HERBERT PINHIGH.

From Ezekiel Higgs, Links Road, Roughover.

19/5/36.

SIR,—As you know, it is the unwritten law at Roughover Golf Club that when handicaps are equal it is the elder player who has the honour on the 1st tee.

When General Forcursue and I went out to play to-day I discovered that our handicaps are both 22, while our age is also the same—my birthday being on the 1st June.

After I had tendered this latter information he immediately pointed out that his birthday was on 31st May; but naturally I was not going to accept his word for such a blatant and unconvincing rejoinder, and with his failure to produce his birth certificate I cancelled the game.

You should have a list of the certified ages of members stuck up on the 1st tee so that this sort of thing may not recur.

Yours faithfully,

EZEKIEL HIGGS.

From Admiral Charles Sneyring-Stymie, C.B., The Bents, Roughover.

20th May, 1936.

SIR,—I regret to inform you that the Captain is not only sadly lacking in etiquette but he is also a liar.

This morning at the 10th he laid me what I claimed as a very definite stymie, and, although we had previously agreed not to play these abominations, he immediately said that he could not agree to my assertion, and that I had plenty of room if I took time.

I would not have reported him had he not guffawed loudly when I inadvertently knocked his ball into the hole.

Yours faithfully,

C. SNEYRING-STYMIE.

P.S.—Your own etiquette leaves much to be desired. Why did you not stand up when I came into your office this morning to complain about the lack of heat given out by the Reading-Room fire?

From T. Bunkerly, M.P., Sandy Neuk, Roughover.

21/5/36.

DEAR SIR,—General Forcursue at the 9th this morning landed in the bunker and took thirty-one to get out.

I happened to be playing just behind him and also put my ball in the same bunker, and, really, you might have thought a mad bull had spent the night there.

As General Forcursue is the Captain of the Club I should be glad if you will ask him to set a better example to his fellow-members and tidy up all hazards, etc., when he has finished with them.

Yours faithfully,

THOMAS BUNKERLY.

From Alfred Humpitt, Caddie, Roughover Golf Club.

May 22nd.

MR. WHEELK, DEAR SIR,—That General Forcursue lost his temper at the 6th this A.M. and threw his No. 3 iron at me. It was along of me having a bad cold in my head and having lost my handkerchief.

Trusting you will do something to protect us ones for the future as this seems very bad etiquette.

Yours very sincerely,

ALF. HUMPIITT.

From Rupert Bindweed, Fig Tree Villa, Roughover.

Friday, May 22nd, 1936.

DEAR SIR,—I do feel you ought to have a word with your Captain about the everyday decencies of life.

This afternoon I gave him three long putts during the first nine holes (one was at least two feet); but when at the 12th I asked him if my putt of eighteen inches was all right he was extremely unpleasant and said, "No dam fear, Sir! I always insist on my opponent holing everything out."

On my asking him to reconsider his decision he was obdurate and retorted, "Only numskulls give putts."

Yours faithfully,

R. BINDWEED.

P.S.—He also failed to tell me that his ball moved when he was addressing it at the 8th, and when I remonstrated with him he replied that his eyesight was not so good as it once was, and would I kindly mind my own business.

From the Reverend Cyril Brassie, The Rectory, Roughover.

May 23rd, 1936.

DEAR MR. WHEELK,—It is not often that I write and bother you—in fact I think the only letters I have written

to you recently have been about getting a new bicycle shed built for the less wealthy members of the club.

The following, however, I cannot overlook. I was playing this afternoon with Commander Harrington Nettle, and we had gone some way towards the 7th hole when I was struck on the heel by a ball driven from the tee by General Sir Armstrong Forcursue. I need hardly say that the impact caused me acute pain, and not unnaturally I shouted back at him and asked him what he was playing at.

Expecting when he came up that he would apologise, I was much put out when he informed me that I was keeping the whole course back contrary to the etiquette of the game.

On my pointing out that his etiquette left much to be desired, in that he had played before I was out of range, the General became so personal that I had to stop my ears and let him go through.

I hope you will take some definite action in the matter.

Yours sincerely,

CYRIL BRASSIE.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., Captain Roughover Golf Club.

27th May, 1936.

SIR,—I am in receipt of yours of the 25th enclosing copies of letters sent you by all these nincompoops, but I should have thought that even they would have known that it was a widely recognised fact that all Captains of Clubs are privileged persons. However, as they do not seem to appreciate this I shall be glad if you will make the matter known to them at once.

With regard to your personal report on what you call my "delinquencies," I am coming round to see you about this at 10 A.M. sharp to-morrow. If you are not in there will be trouble.

Yours faithfully,

ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

P.S.—Why is it that whenever I try to do anything for the benefit of the Club I am always misunderstood?

P.S. 2.—You have no tact. As Secretary (and knowing the members as you do) it was up to you to have foreseen what has now occurred and to have argued me out of insisting the Notices be put up.

P.S. 3.—Have the Notices taken down immediately.

P.S. 4.—I am very disappointed in you.

G. C. N.

"A Council of Action has been set up. This decided yesterday afternoon not to take any immediate action."—Daily Paper.
According to precedent.



THE ARTIST'S MODEL.

"AND ALL HE DONE, HE JUST PUT ME UP ON A PLATFORM AND COPIED ME."

The War-Horse and the Camel.

A Fable.

A WAR-HORSE, transported for a Tour of Duty to the Fabled East, gave way to Unprofessional panic upon meeting a Camel. Whereupon the Camel rallied him Good-humouredly saying that they ought to be Friends seeing that their Interests and Personal Tastes were so Similar, "for," quoth the Camel, "we have in Common not only our Devotion to man but Vegetarianism."

The War-Horse replied that for His part an Insurmountable obstacle to Cordial Relations was the Camel's

Smell, which he found Very disturbing, since the Smell was Identical with the Smell of a Lion. To which the Camel replied: "As you cannot Possibly know what a Lion smells like, for you to say that I smell like a Lion is Not evidence. If you Really want the Truth, you can take it from Me that my Smell, as Near as makes No difference, is the same as Attar of Roses."

Moral: To Pass Judgment before Hearing the Defence Opens the Door to Prejudice.

Mr. Shagreen's Bees.

"SURELY," I said, "you mean aviary?"

Mr. Shagreen said, "No he didn't, he meant apiary. 'I know what I mean,' he said a little testily. 'I mean bees. When I mean bees I say apiary; it is a failing of mine.'"

"Ah," I said, "and when you mean birds you say aviary, and when you mean bushes you say topiary?"

"My version of the celebrated proverb," Mr. Shagreen agreed, "is that an aviary in the hand is worth two in the topiary."

"What is your version of the celebrated poem by ISAAC WATTS?" I inquired. "'How doth the little busy apiary—'"

"Let us get on, let us get on," he interrupted. "I was telling you about my bees."

"You really keep them?"

"I used to keep them."

"Many?"

"Swarms," Mr. Shagreen said simply.

I said I supposed he had got rid of them because they didn't keep him, and he said thoughtfully that "got rid" was hardly the correct expression.

"On this occasion," he went on, "they forsook me. I was forsaken by my apiary. Were you ever forsaken by an apiary?"

"I forsook some—er—topiary once," I said.

"It is not the same."

"Not even for the topiary?"

"No. Consider the numerical aspect alone. A forsaking apiary multiplies the act of departure many thousand times: it is withdrawal to the *n*th, or—shall I say?—"

"I bet you will," I murmured with conviction.

"—to the *beeth*. Considered merely as a gesture, the exit of an apiary is formidably emphatic."

I agreed that there must be a sense of loss. "Quite a number of little feet," I said, "to miss the patter of."

I had of course been assuming that Mr. Shagreen was not speaking literally. I thought he meant not that he had been forsaken by his apiary but that his bees had left him. But it now emerged that his bees had left him only because one fine morning in the latter part of May, 1920, his apiary had run off with them on one of the municipal dust-carts.

"How did it get hold of that?" I said, staggered.

"The time seems ripe," said Mr. Shagreen, "to cease crediting my apiary with any means of independent volition. It is, in fact, a figure of speech to say my apiary forsook me. It had no choice."

I gazed at him for a moment and then said carefully: "Am I to understand that the motive power has now been transferred to the municipal dust-cart? It was the dust-cart that ran off with both the bees and the apiary? A kind of *fliegend* dust-cart? Was it petrol-driven?"

"It had a horse," said Mr. Shagreen, unruffled, "named Ben. I see you are now about to ask whether the responsibility for the whole affair can be laid at the door, or half-door, of the horse. No; the horse was driven. By a man."

"This reminds me of peeling an onion," I remarked. "Is this man the core, at last, or was he driven too?"

Mr. Shagreen at once embarked on an oration about Free Will. When I had at length steered him back to the dust-cart he seemed to have lost interest in it and told me in an off-hand manner that it had been lying about in the garden for years.

"It was there when I took the house," he said. "Naturally I put my bees in it. It had compartments. It had ample room inside. It was ideal for an apiary. Naturally I used it."

"Naturally," I agreed. "But the horse. The horse named Ben. Where did the horse named Ben come in?"

"Through a hole in the fence, from next-door," Mr. Shagreen said precisely. "The man next-door kept two horses, one named Ben, the other named Queenie. This was Ben."

"I gathered that," I said. "We now come to the man. Who was the man?"

"The man next-door? A retired post-office off—"

"Not the man next-door. The man on the dust-cart. The Jehu. The fellow who drove away with the horse, the dust-cart, the apiary and the bees."

"And the honey," Mr. Shagreen said. "Don't forget the honey. The honey is of very great importance in this story. I am convinced it was the thought of the honey that attracted the tramp to whom I had that morning given some of my old clothes. I had given him, by the way, a very distinctive old tweed hat, a very distinctive old check coat, and some very distinctive old flannel trousers. He already possessed a very distinctive old red nose, but they didn't seem to notice that."

"Who?"

"The people who saw him driving away at top speed with my apiary. Having seen those clothes many times before, they thought he was I, taking my bees out for an airing. They allowed him to drive far out into the country unmolested. The bees left him on the way and, finding the stinging conditions unfavourable, went and swarmed, the whole lot of them, in the garden of the most ill-tempered and litigious landowner in the neighbourhood—all among the bushes."

"Or topiary."

"Or, as you say, topiary. I had of course," said Mr. Shagreen, "the very greatest difficulty in getting the landowner to let me extract my apiary from his topiary. I succeeded, but there was a law case about the affair. It was not heard, moreover, I regret to say, before—if I remember rightly—"

"Mr. Justice Aviary?" I suggested.

Mr. Shagreen looked at me sternly and declared that he had been about to say "December."

R. M.

To a Dance-Band Vocalist.

You sing to me of Lerve
And the moon that's up aberve,
Of the wooings
And the cooings
Of the amorous turtle-derve.

But a thunder-bolt from Jerve
That crushed you from aberve
I'd say would be
O.K. with me
And just what you deserve.

M. H.

For the Actors' Orphanage.

THE Annual Theatrical Garden Party, which is to be held on Tuesday, June 9th, in the Queen Mary's Gardens, Inner Circle, Regent's Park, is in aid of the Actors' Orphanage. A special attraction, as last year, will be an impromptu entertainment by Mr. NOEL COWARD.

"This accomplished gentleman has in his article hit just 'where the shoe pinches.'"—Letter to Nigerian Paper.
A bit below the belt, in fact.



"MUMMY, I'VE PUT PUSSY IN THE MEAT-SAFE, AND SHE'S A LION, AND SHE'S NOT GLAD."

"Fears, Useful Fears, I Know Now What You Mean."

(Many offences are stated to be due to a phobia, or fear, of those in authority.)

WHEN in my pleasing childhood's sports
I tore my books and inked my collar
And by my terminal reports
Caused my Papa a deal of dolour,
He would not have been nearly so annoyed
Had he perused the works of JUNG and FREUD.

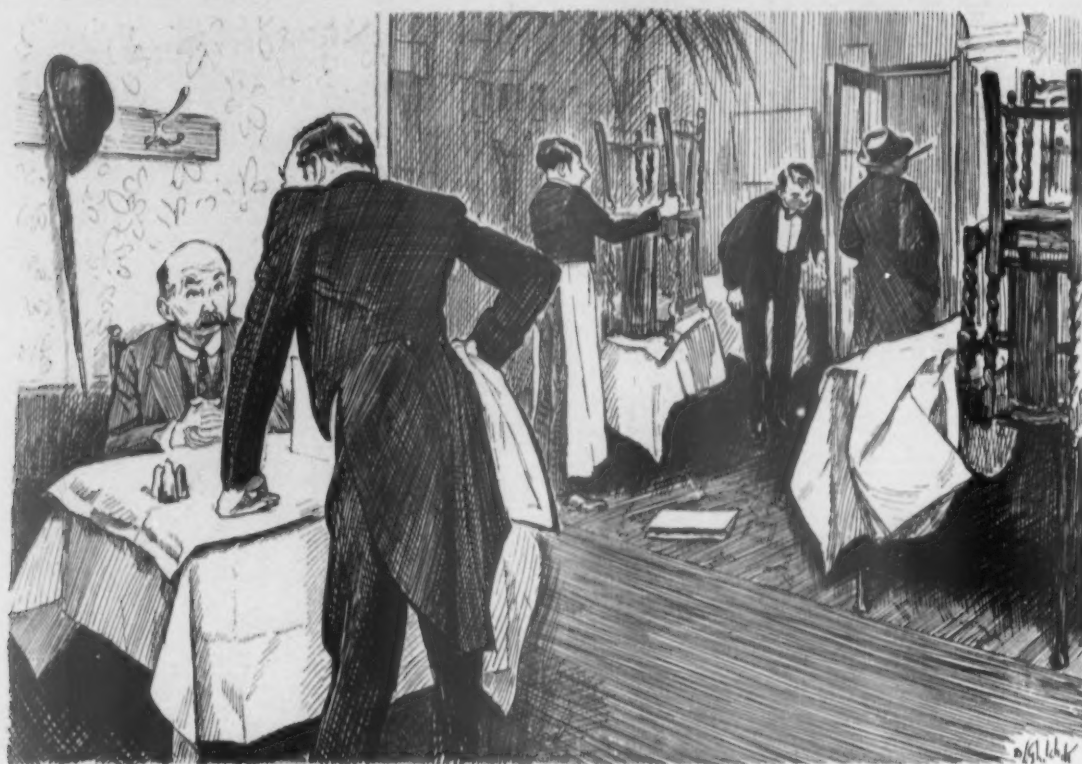
He would have known that when I spurned
The admonitions of my pastors
And left my lessons all unlearned
And made life Hades for my masters,

I was not heading swiftly for the dogs;
'Twas simply phobia of pedagogues.

And when we feel the call of crime,
The lure of champerty or arson,
Or still more heinous Cockney rhyme,
'Tis nice to know the guilt will

fasten

On editors, police and suchlike pests
Who rouse these terrors in our blameless
breasts.



"SORRY, SIR, I'M AFRAID WE'RE CLOSING NOW."
 "BUT I HAVEN'T BEEN SERVED YET."
 "IN THAT CASE, SIR, THERE WILL BE JUST THE COVER CHARGE."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A Stronghold on Parnassus.

CULTURE has grown to mean so many things—mostly pretentious or sinister—that a man who tells you point-blank that "culture is the sanctity of the intellect" makes an impression. Mr. W. B. YEATS's *Dramatis Personæ* (MACMILLAN, 8/6) presents you not only with clues of this sort but with a whole set of keys, big and little, leading to the outhouses and attics, as well as to the banqueting-halls and great galleries of the poet's interior castle. Four sets of reminiscences, closing with their writer's acceptance of the Nobel Prize, have the common merit of action vividly described and meditation ardently recollected. Not that Mr. YEATS's own sayings and doings predominate. There are fifty interviews as memorable as that in which MACDONAGH bewails the "cold, dark and reticent" ways of his scholars, and RICKETTS deplores the rift between the artist and the modern world in mourning the death of SYNGE. Another passage—in "Estrangement," an admirable diary of disjointed reflections—exhibits even greater insight into the acuteness of this problem. One feature of an inimitable book I reluctantly feel I should deprecate: its utterly inadequate defence of the poet's wholesale "emendation" of his early poems.

K. of K.

When, just twenty years ago, the *Hampshire* was lost in the night and the icy waters of the North, there were those

who said, as there are those who still say, that her principal passenger was happy in the hour of his going. But of that view Mr. ARTHUR HODGES will have none, holding, on the contrary, that Lord Kitchener (BUTTERWORTH, 15/-) was not only a great soldier but a great minister of State, that there was still work to be done that none could do better than he, that his loss, indeed, in that most critical hour was well-nigh irreparable. In his wholehearted admiration of his hero he is not perhaps always quite fair to those who opposed or those who have criticised him; and it may be thought that on the vexed questions of munitions and Gallipoli he has not given the other side, as personified in the two most vivacious politicians of that time or this, an altogether adequate hearing. But few will quarrel with his implicit argument that KITCHENER was, if not a giant among pygmies, at any rate a man of the purest integrity among many whose motives were not so entirely disinterested; nor will the provocation of his later pages in any wise diminish their pleasure or their interest in what, as a whole, is a just, discerning and very readable account of an extraordinary and inspiring career.

A Cautionary Tale.

MISS E. M. DELAFIELD KNOWS so much about female follies that many of her readers will writhe a little even while they devour her new novel, *Faster! Faster!* (MACMILLAN, 7/6). She is at her best here; a little serious, but her theme is a serious one, the character of a hard-working, self-sacrificing, dominating woman, so anxious to lead in every department of life that no one else has a chance to be in the right, while she entirely misses the distinction between

what she wishes to seem and what she really is. *Claudia*, on the proceeds of a business—too small, it seemed to me, for the task—has been keeping husband and children for years; we see her command of the situation challenged by her daughters as they grow up and by her husband's finding work. The problem is brilliantly and most subtly stated: if Miss DELAFIELD finally evades the issue it is in kindness, because she has made us like *Claudia's* family so much that we could not have borne to part with them still in subjection. As it is, the book is at once glorious entertainment and a caution to efficient women.

A Dramatist's Luck.

Everyone will sympathise with Mr. A. A. MILNE. In a preface to *Miss Elizabeth Bennet* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 5/-) he tells how, on the day that he finished this dramatisation of *Pride and Prejudice*, the fruit of six months' work, he first heard that a version of the novel was about to be put on to the New York stage; and how, when he had arranged for a London theatre and a cast, when his chosen *Elizabeth* (who she was, we can only speculate) was actually growing her hair, the American version arrived just ahead of him. Clearly there is not room on our stage at the same time for two plays which are necessarily so similar, but it is very much to be hoped that his will one day be on exhibition to the fourth wall. For it is too sympathetic to give offence even to Miss AUSTEN's most jealous lovers, and too happy a projection to be long condemned to the covers of a book. Mr. MILNE argues that truth for the dramatist is truth to the characters, and that where the dramatist can throw more light on a character than possibly the novelist was able to, this is permissible. He has made *Darcy*, for instance, more acceptable to *Elizabeth*—and therefore to modern readers—by softening his pride with wit; and Miss AUSTEN, a little uncertain herself of how man spoke to man, would surely have approved the lovely scene between the still-ardent Mr. Collins and Mr. Bennet—a Mr. Bennet who is here a much fuller character than he is in the play at the St. James's. But the AUSTEN legionaries, if I know them, will wish to compare these two good plays for themselves.

Antidote for Gushers.

To faithful lovers and honest students of the Ballet who have suffered—and who has not?—from the indiscriminate gushings and patronage of the subjective rhapsodists I warmly commend *Footnotes to the Ballet* (LOVAT DICKSON, 18/-), edited by CARYL BRAHMS. Here is solid stuff to increase knowledge and thereby heighten enjoyment. Miss BRAHMS herself admirably surveys the field of Choreography, expressing her clear ideas in a sound jargon-free



Nubian Waiter. "DERE'S A NASTY NIP IN DE AIR DIS MOANIN', SAH. DE THERMOMETER 'AVE GONE DOWN TO NINETY-ONE."

idiom, pointing her theories with a detailed examination of the contrasted methods of FOKINE and MASSINE, with a brief glance at Nijinska and BALANCHINE—the whole chapter a model of intelligent analysis and perceptive criticism. Mr. ARNOLD HASKELL writes with knowledge, if somewhat at large, on the Dancer; BENOIS the veteran discourses on *Décor* and Costume; SOKOLOVA treats the study of the *Rôle* from the angle of a particular experience; Mr. CONSTANT LAMBERT throws light on the musical structure. Incidentally, rather than as part of the plan, there is much history of origins, tradition, development, controversies and personalities. Many excellently-reproduced photographs, mainly of contemporary dancers and settings, and well-planned typography make a useful and stimulating into a handsome book.

Aristides in Petticoats.

It is time perhaps that the women who—deliberately or of dire necessity—shoulder men's burdens should be warned that, as families grow up, there are apt to be unpleasant psychological reactions to this unnatural state of things. This, at least, is one aspect of Miss RICHMAL CROMPTON's new novel, in which the unfortunate *Caroline* (MACMILLAN, 7/6) gives up a brilliant career to replace not only her defunct father and step-mother but her own divorced mother in the two families thus uncomfortably placed. What begins as self-sacrifice ends as sheer possessiveness, so that *Caroline* not only shapes her "children's" careers but interferes most disastrously in their married life. And her victims are secretly sick to death of *Caroline* and her perfections when *Caroline's* scapegrace mother, now a rehabilitated and wealthy widow, returns to their provincial home. How *Philippa* the Publican foils *Caroline* the Pharisee is rather painful reading: the scales are so obviously weighted against the latter. But Miss CROMPTON tells the tale with her accustomed vivacity; and though the end is a foregone conclusion, there are many tense moments on the way to it.

Freaks Afloat.

A freak, according to the dictionary definition, is a caprice, a vagary or a product of sportive fancy. Mr. STANLEY ROGERS includes in his book called *Freak Ships* (THE BODLEY HEAD, 8/6)—no doubt in consequence of a paucity of such as literally answer to any of those descriptions—a good many vessels which have, strictly speaking, no business to be there. Why, for example, should the *Great Eastern* and the *Great Britain*, still less the *Great Republic* (shade of DONALD MCKAY!), be classed with such oddities as the ships shaped like dinner-plates and cigars, rigged with parasols, and furnished with swans' beaks for galley chimneys, which make up Mr. ROGERS' museum of marine curiosities? Neither is there anything in the least "freakish" about such useful inventions as aircraft-carriers and train-ferries; or if such things are to be included, why not also bucket-dredgers and cable-ships? Apart from the rather obvious padding provided by these items, however, Mr. ROGERS has collected some queer and amusing information about the eccentricities of the ship-designer, ranging from the structure which brought Cleopatra's Needle to England to the ingenious "anti-rolling" devices of certain poor sailors (in the passenger's sense of that term), and the creations of the Russian Admiral POPOFF, and has illustrated them with drawings from his own pen which display their freakish nature to full advantage.

"License to Crenellate."

How delightful, next time you are looking round the ruins of an old castle, to be able to tell your friends that the tower-keep appears to date from HENRY THE FIRST's reign, while the elaborate gate-house clearly cannot be earlier

than the end of the thirteenth century! A good castle is fascinating enough to the completely ignorant; to those primed beforehand by Mr. HUGH BRAUN's *The English Castle* it should be ten times as appealing. The plan of the book is to show how, from its earliest beginnings in the motte-and-bailey earthworks of the first Norman Conquest days, the castle developed as knowledge, convenience and in particular improved siege-engines dictated, into the almost impregnable splendour of such fortresses as Beaumaris, Caernarvon and Caerphilly. This is no comprehensive treatise (if it were its academic value might be greater, but then nobody would read it); it is a simply-written, straightforward handbook on a strangely-neglected subject. Mr. BRAUN is no pedant and has a quiet humour. To know how that deadly engine the trebuchet was made and how it worked is interesting enough; to learn in addition that such items as dead horses might be included in the ammunition seems to bring the age of chivalry very close. Was there no convention against the use of very dead horses? There are over a hundred photographs of the quality one has

learnt to expect from Messrs. BATSFORD, and the price is 7/6.

Elizabethans.

In taking Sir WALTER RALEIGH as the central figure of *Here Was a Man* (METHUEN, 7/6), Miss NORA LOFTS has succeeded in evading the snares that are set for writers of historical novels. Vivid lights are thrown on many politicians and personages of the period, and fact is never allowed to come into violent collision with fiction. Perhaps the portrait of ELIZABETH may be more justly described as an Academy picture rather

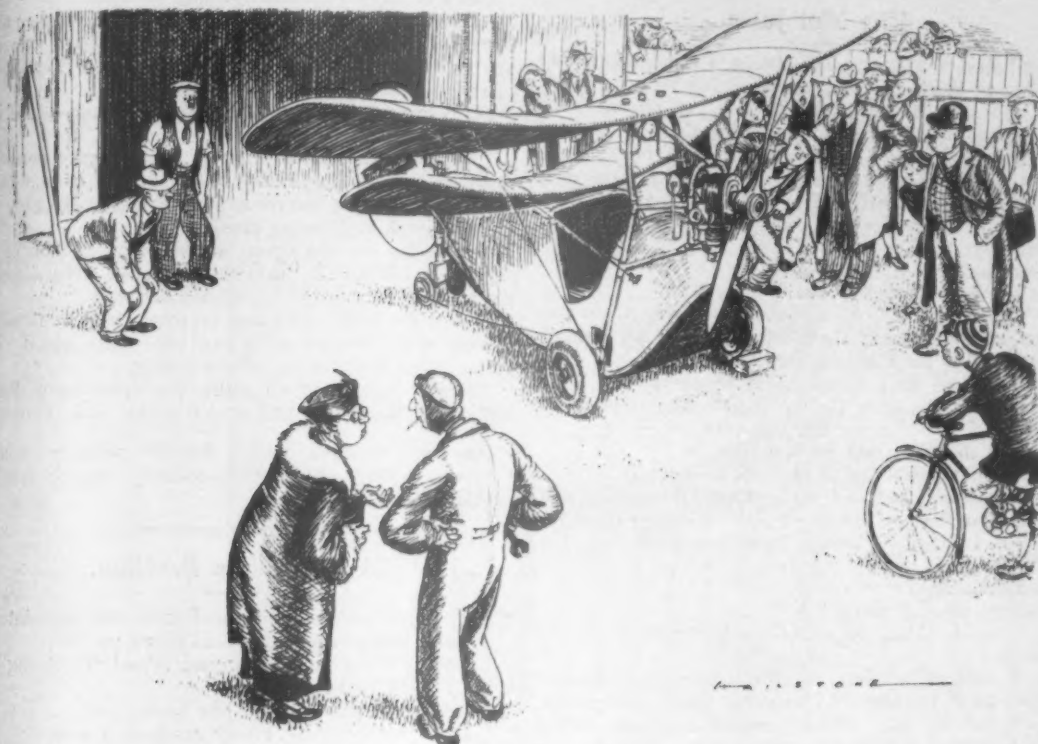
than a speaking likeness, but to the study of RALEIGH Miss LOFTS has brought both discrimination and insight. Clearly she shows why the hopes and ambitions of this gallant adventurer were so often frustrated, and above all, the case for and against him is so fairly stated that the verdict can safely be left for each one of us calmly to find.

The Ladder.

The Lorenzo Bunch (HEINEMANN, 7/6) consisted of several wage-earning Americans who lived placidly enough in the same block of flats until the *Foots* joined them. With their arrival peace was quickly banished, for the incomparably beautiful *Irene Foot* was a social climber, who no sooner discovered that her husband had forestalled her in this arduous ascent than the furies were let loose. Seldom, indeed, can the vanities of a woman have been more ruthlessly exposed; and in a lesser degree the other members of the bunch are observed with the accomplished craftsmanship which Mr. BOOTH TARKINGTON habitually displays. His analysis of these rather second-rate people is exceptionally well done, but occasionally I wondered whether he had not in this instance allowed himself to bowl on a wicket that was suffering from excessive preparation.



"THE OLD TIMES WERE BEST. SOME OF THE STUFF THEY PUT ON THE SCARECROWS NOWADAYS IS THAT FLIMSY THERE'S NO WEAR IN IT."



"YOU DID TELL ME WHAT IT WAS, DEAR, BUT I'M AFRAID I'VE FORGOTTEN—SOMETHING TO DO WITH INSECT POWDER, ISN'T IT?"

Charivaria.

It is pointed out that the liner *Queen Mary* is faster than the Derby winner. She has, however, a great advantage in h.p.

★ ★ ★

Hailstones picked up after a storm which interrupted a county cricket match were said to have been the size of ducks' eggs.

★ ★ ★

In order to encourage voluntary military service, suitable young Italians are invited to enlist with the rank of sergeant. Have our own recruiting authorities considered the idea that many a bright lad would readily join up as a sergeant-major?

★ ★ ★

The unexpectedly early monsoon encountered by the Mount Everest Expedition was of course a monsooner.

★ ★ ★

A novelist is reported to have written a book with over five hundred characters in it. The record, however, is still held by the telephone directory.

★ ★ ★

The parents of a highly-paid juvenile film star are suing for divorce. It is not yet known which parent the child will have custody of.

★ ★ ★

Arabia claims that she has no lunatic asylums. The explanation is believed to be that there are nomad people there.

A shortage of beer has been reported in New York. Residents boast that nothing like this ever happened when Prohibition was in force.

★ ★ ★

Statistics show that in Great Britain only one man in thirty-nine owns a motor-car. The others, we suppose, are still paying.

★ ★ ★

There are still wide tracts in Scotland without church, chapel or habitation, we read. A kind of No Manse Land.

★ ★ ★

A French doctor has made the discovery that animals often suffer from insomnia. It would be interesting to know what sheep count.

★ ★ ★

Perfumed notepaper has long been obtainable, but there is no truth in the rumour that letters sent out from inspectors of taxes are impregnated with a slight odour of forget-me-not.

★ ★ ★

A new scarlet-runner is said to be an extremely rapid climber. Cultural hint: Plant deeply, cover quickly with sifted earth, water well and jump clear.

★ ★ ★

"Learn the long and the short of music," says an advertisement. This suggests trombone lessons.

The Mot Juste.

LAST holidays, and, unless I mistake, the holidays before that, it was okay. To this you probably reply: "What was?" But only if you are young. If you are what the advertisement-world (which has a phraseology all its own) refers to, prettily enough, as not-so-young, or what we parents call middle-aged and our children *frightfully* ancient, you will react differently. You will know that okay was simply the word amongst the young a month or two ago.

"Okay by me," they said.

"Frightfully okay."

"Utterly and absolutely okay."

"It's not a *bit* okay," they observed pettishly, where you or I might have said: "Here, there has been an obvious and regrettable error of judgment."

From time to time one suggested that okay was being over-worked. Couldn't they say something else for a change?

"Okay," they answered gaily.

And then laughed so much and so happily that it seemed impossible to do anything except laugh with them.

Then, at any rate in my own family, a change occurred. Okay was bitten off halfway, and became oke.

"Oke by me."

"Definitely oke."

"Utterly un-oke, altogether."

One was, I think, expected to be gratified by the alteration.

Then—suddenly as usual—the holidays came to an end. A silence as of the tomb fell upon the house, the garden, the dogs and the cats. Doors slammed no longer, neither did gates swing madly on their over-strained hinges; one could touch any piece of furniture without becoming sticky, there were no more books lying open face-downwards on the floor, and meringues were practically eliminated from the luncheon-menu altogether.

The curious thing was that, although many of these manifestations had seemed to call for rebuke whilst the perpetrators were still at home, the moment they'd gone . . . However, you probably know the feeling yourself.

And the welkin—for one's home, however humble, is at least equipped with the essentials of civilisation—the welkin ceased to ring with the echoes of okay.

So what? as the Americans, with their well-known precision of utterance, so often inquire.

Well, one didn't fully realise *what* until quite recently, when the familiar transformation scene had once more taken place. (Slammed doors, swinging gates, meringues, and so on. See above.)

Okay had—practically—disappeared.

Oke was never heard.

"Flame!" shouted everybody.

"Flame, yes!"

"Flame, no!"

"Some flaming person has gone and stolen my flaming bicycle-pump, flame it all!"

One asked, weakly no doubt, whether this was a new fashion.

"Flame, no!" Everybody said flame. They'd said it for simply ages. Ever since they were born, practically.

(A frail distant echo from another, earlier, era made itself heard at this last assertion. It began with a shrill thin sound, something between a bleat and a mew, progressed to such monosyllables as "Ta" and "Goo," and culminated in a triumphant "Pa-Pa!" One knew better than to refer to it.)

One's youngest explained, kindly enough.

"You see, it's frightfully good, really. It makes such a marvellous swear-word, better than the ones you don't like us to use. 'Flame!' you just say. You do see, don't you?"

One's opportunities for seeing—or hearing—seem likely to prove numerous.

"Do you really think 'Flame!' meets every occasion?" one inquired, perhaps rather idly, when this modern and singular ejaculation had resounded through the dining-room some fifteen times during breakfast.

One's eldest turned upon me that strange look of utter surprise with which the young can so often disconcert the not-so—I mean the *frightfully* ancient.

A moment later—and the interval, believe it or not, was one of the longest we'd had yet—there was a violent outcry from the vicinity of the kettle.

"There! I wanted to light the spirit-lamp for the kettle and the match-box won't strike. Oh, Flame!"

One has not yet really decided whether this was absolutely *le mot juste* or absolutely NOT *le mot juste* for the occasion.

E. M. D.

From Lord's Pavilion.

TIME was when Lord's and I were well acquainted,
When thousands gladly paid to see me bat,
And seething crowds pressed round till strong
men fainted,

Striving to give my god-like back a pat.
Dowagers sprightly, lovely maids in dozens
Pleaded in vain to get my autograph,
And open-mouthed adoring country cousins
Went home and told their friends they'd seen
me laugh.

Veterans applauded while unheard they cited
Deeds of their own in days before my ken,
While at my frown e'en schoolboys stood
affrighted.

Ah, me! I was an England batsman then.

Poets and pressmen hailed me as a hero,
Compared my skill with RANJI, GRACE and
HOBBS,

And every hostile bowler's chance was zero,
Whether he dealt me cannon-balls or lobs.
Even the umpires, stolid and impassive,
Betrayed their grief when forced to give me out,
And sighs were wrung from the policemen massive
When I was caught in trying a mighty clout.
Indians, Australians, South Africans were futile
To keep my score from mounting ten by ten;
Then the pavilion needed many a new tile.
Ah, me! I was an England batsman then.

But now I sit with old men in their dotage,
Unrecognised I criticise the play,
While all the maidens of the flapper-vote age
Adore the heroes of a younger day.
Even the gateman asks if I'm a member
Without a sign of welcome on his face—
I, who of yore, from April to September,
Lorded it there as if I owned the place.
Sadly I watch the batsmen at the wicket
Using their pads, not hitting out like men.
Oh, for the days when cricket still was cricket!
Ah, me! I was an England batsman then.



"BOYS AND GIRLS, COME IN TO PLAY."

[The LORD MAYOR has issued an appeal on behalf of the Fund for KING GEORGE'S Memorial. The scheme—which Mr. Punch most heartily commends to his readers—combines a statue in the heart of London with the provision of recreation grounds for children and young people all over the country.]



"NEVER MIND 'IM, LADIES; 'E'S POWERFUL PARTIAL TO EGGS, AND 'E THINKS IT'S ONE OF 'IS OLD 'EN-'OUSES."

Little Known England:

The Rodings (or Rootings).

THE Rootings (or Rodings) are (or is) a district believed to lie chiefly in the county of Essex, though rootlets have spread into Hertfordshire, and one parish (Uprooting), having been mislaid during the Ordnance Survey of 1848, has since turned up in Merionethshire, where it is known as Lillbwllch.

Excluding this transplantation, the Rodings (or Rootings) is (or are) understood to comprise 16 villages (or possibly 17: see *Phil. Trans. Hort. Soc.*, Vol. XXXVII., pp. 123-4), 15 churches (or 16: see above), an extra parochial rectory (see the works of Mr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL, *passim*), an incomplete Hamlet (title-page missing), and an army hut. The church of Roding sub Normal (E.E., horizontal) has never been found. Among other known villages of the group the largest are Much Rooting, Over Much Rooting, Roding Minimus, Truffle Rooting,

Corroding, Cube Rooting and Rooting under Water.*

A correspondent who has recently returned from this almost fabulous neighbourhood, after having been given up for lost since he was seen leaving Chipping Ongar in 1923, furnishes us with some interesting details.

The Rootings (or Rodings) are (or is) populated largely by a mixed race of people who at one time or another have penetrated into the district but have never been able to find their way out of it, and so, as the local phrase goes, have taken root (or rod) there.

The oldest inhabitant of Turnip Rooting, Mr. A——, a native of Wigan, said that man and boy he had lived in the village since the year of the Great Exhibition. He had seen a number of changes. Two cottages had fallen down, and a lightning rod (or root) had been fixed to the church steeple after the great thunder-storm of September,

*Throughout, if you want to, read Rooting for Roding, or Roding for Rooting, as the case may be.

1885. Owing to the large number of persons with motor-cars who were now involuntary residents, so many buildings were used as garages that the housing problem was becoming acute. In his early days, Mr. A—— added, he had made several attempts at uprooting himself, and had once, he believed, reached the confines of the neighbouring parish of Roding St. Vitus, but in the end he always found himself back in Turnip Rooting.

Viscountess D——, the lady bountiful of Rooting Porcorum, was anxious for news of her family, of whom she had heard nothing for eighty years. Asked if she knew who had won the War, she replied, No, but she hoped Lord RAGLAN, who was such a dear, had captured Sebastopol.

The Vicar of Roding juxta Rooting (or Rooting juxta Roding) said he would rather like to see his bishop, but was chiefly anxious to obtain a motor lawn-mower, an advertisement of these machines having blown into the Vicarage garden in 1925. Asked for his views on education, the Vicar replied

that he had never believed in sparing the root (or rod).

Speaking of the fauna and flora of the district, our correspondent notes that the soil is very favourable to rods (or roots). The principal article of export from the Rootings (or Rodings) is (or are) pigs, the natives of one village selling their rooters (or roders) to those of another—when they can find it. There are no imports, except inhabitants.

We gather that something will have to be done about this, as the Rodings (or Rootings) threatens (or threaten) to become before long the most densely congested area in Great Britain. A hint of the state of things appears to have reached the Government Department concerned—Woods and Fisheries, or Admiralty and Divorce—some time in 1910; and in 1921 a Sanitary Inspector was despatched to the Rootings (or Rodings) to root (or rod) about. But he has never returned. A melancholy inquisitive shade, known locally as the Nuisance Man, is said to be still roding (or rooting) about the district.

Short of a drastic straightening out of the 1,700 miles of twisting lanes in which the 16 (or 17) villages are rooted, our correspondent has only one suggestion to offer. He attributes his own escape from the Rodings (or Rootings) to an unconscious application of the theory of directional opposites propounded by the well-known mathematician, the Reverend C. L. DODGSON, in *Alice Through the Looking-Glass*.

A Wife at Fault.

A Fable.

A GOODMAN had a Goldfish to which he was Devoted, Regaling it with Ants' Eggs with his Own hands at the Necessary intervals and Personally seeing to it that it should not lack for Anything that a Goldfish might Reasonably require. And one day when he was Changing the water in the Goldfish's bowl, his Wife entered and, Chancing to notice that some Ants' Eggs, Pond-weed and Water had been Trodden into the Carpet, fell to wondering Out Loud whether a Goldfish, as a Pet, really repaid the Extravagant attention it Demanded. "For," quoth she, "a Goldfish does Not catch mice like a Cat, guard property like a Dog, or sing like a Canary, but just swims About with a Vacant look, taking Favour for granted and accepting Kindness without any Fitting emotional display of Gratitude."

Now in a Rainy season an Adjacent



FARMHOUSE CRICKET.

Visiting Batsman (through clenched teeth). "ONE MORE QUACK OUT OF YOU—!"

river overflowed its Banks, so that the house became Submerged and the Goodman and his Wife found themselves clinging to a Chimney-stack as their Ultimate refuge against the ever-rising Tide. But the Goldfish, being Now enabled by the Turn of Events to leave his Crystal Retreat, swam up the Stairs and through a Dormer window, and, speeding to the Neighbouring town, was Successful in attracting the attention of a Man in a Boat, whom the Goldfish guided by the Shortest route through the Flood to the Succour of his Master.

Moral: Given the Right Opportunity, any Dumb Friend may give an Eloquent Demonstration of his Regard.

My Hero.

"SOME talk of Alexander,"
While others now acclaim
Those who more swiftly wander
To record-breaking fame,
Yet all who have created
Heroic standards seem
To me to be deflated
By him—or her—(not stated)
Whose fancy first soul-mated
The strawberry and cream.

D. C.

"I Only Count the happy hours" at THE SUNDIAL . . . A small Furnished House to be LET; sea front; good cook left."

Advt. in Daily Paper.

Probably she counted the other sort.

Stage-Struck.

"OH, I do want to go on the stage!" cried Josephine, casting her big china-blue eyes down the theatre column of *The Times*. "I'm sure it would be a lovely life."

"That's silly, dear," I said. "Everybody knows it's not in the least a lovely life. Surely you've seen enough back-stage films to realise that!"

"It's the glamour of it," sighed Josephine. "Whenever I smell a programme I go quite mimsey—honestly I do."

"If you can come with me now," I said, putting on my hat and coat. "I will take you to a rehearsal of *The Belle of the Bastille*, at the Mirador, and you can see for yourself how very mimsey, as you call it, an actress's life can be."

Josephine clapped her hands together ecstatically. "You angelic creature," she cried, hastily reassembling her hat, coat, gloves and bag, which were strewn about the room; "I've always longed to see a rehearsal! I'm afraid I'm utterly stage-struck. There's not a thing that I don't know about all the actors' and actresses' lives."

"Except," I pointed out, "their lives during rehearsal."

"Oh, I know they work," sighed Josephine as we climbed into a taxi. "I'm not afraid of that. I can't imagine acting ever being boring, can you?"

"It's when you're not acting that it's so boring," I explained. But Josephine brushed that remark aside and started talking about Art and Self-expression and giving the public what it ought to want instead of what it wanted.

She told me that although she had never acted, except of course to herself in front of a mirror, and could neither sing nor dance, she felt there was acting in her—in her blood, and acting, she said, must out.

"You'll see, you'll see!" she muttered, wagging her forefinger admonishingly at me. "Some day I shall be a famous actress. It's such a lovely life!"

Ten minutes later we were at the stage-door of the Mirador Theatre.

"This way, you poor innocent," I

cried, as I led her across the stage, through the pass-door into the stalls.

"Ooo!" she moaned, "what a lovely smell! This is heaven!"

"Ssh!" I hissed. "Sit down and sit still. This is the guillotine scene in Act III."

"How do you know?" she inquired, surveying the stage with a puzzled air.

"Because I wrote it, stupid!" I whispered. "I am one of the eight authors."

I must admit the guillotine scene was at the moment hard to visualise. The scenery was made up of a back-cloth depicting the River Seine at high tide, and two wings, one of which represented a ballroom at the Palace of Versailles and the other a street in Dieppe. The props consisted of a

pinafors, obediently bared their teeth with expressions suggesting blood-craziness, knitting meanwhile, in a crazy way, imaginary mufflers for their revolutionary friends. After a good deal of snarling, one of them stood up on a chair and screamed, "Ah bah lah Rain!" This was the cue for much frenzied shouting.

Meanwhile, Mr. Cotton the electrician was having a nice chat through a megaphone with his pals up aloft. "More pink in them perches, Joe! Spot the principals, Bill!" he cried.

"How does one spot a principal from a pink perch?" asked Josephine, bewildered.

"Sh-sh!" I said. "Here comes the heroine."

At this moment that well-known

musical-comedy actress, Simonetta de Lancey, entered and staggered half-fainting to the scaffold, while the crowd hissed and booed her, screaming, "Veev lah Reepoobleek!" and "Ah bah l'Otrishienne!"

Their cries were interrupted by Mr. Koskuletsku's whistle. There appeared to be a hitch somewhere, and Miss de Lancey was sent back to her entrance. Ten times was Miss de Lancey called upon to re-enact this scene, for either she moaned too much or else she didn't moan enough. The poor leading lady became very hot. She removed her mink coat, and then her

hat, and eventually her shoes. She was quite meek about it all.

"Cripes!" said Josephine, stifling a yawn, "I could do the darned thing in my sleep now."

"Bored?" I asked.

"Oh, no," she answered hurriedly, "not a bit."

Eventually the moaning of Lah Rain reached the requisite pitch, and she was allowed to fall swooning on to the guillotine. This was the signal for general confusion.

The hero, Cyril Bainsforth, wearing a blue serge suit and a tricoloured petticoat—he was disguised as Madame Robespierre—made a precipitous entry from behind a beer-barrel, rushed up to the scaffold and took Miss de Lancey in his arms.

The terrific love-scene that ensued was, unfortunately, inaudible to Josephine and myself, owing to various other distracting sounds. Directly in



"WHAT WAS THE CAUSE OF THE ACCIDENT?"
"TWO MOTORISTS AFTER THE SAME PEDESTRIAN."

scaffold, ten cane-bottomed chairs, a white satin bed, two beer-barrels and a chandelier. Besides these there were hundreds of strings, ropes and wires hanging or lying about—as were, it must be confessed, the exhausted ladies and gentlemen of the chorus.

Not for long, however. A short blast on a whistle from Mr. Koskuletsku the producer awoke them from their troubled slumbers, and they took up their positions round the scaffold.

"They're Tricoteuses," I whispered to Josephine.

"Oh," she said dazedly.

"Now, gals," shouted Mr. Koskuletsku, in a strong American accent, "remember you're just crazy—crazy for blood! For blue blood! Look crazy! And while you're looking crazy, knit! And knit crazily too!"

The girls, dressed in a curious assortment of garments—mauve tights, pink bathing-suits, flannel trousers, and

front of the unhappy lovers stood Mr. Cotton, again with megaphone in hand. "I want them perches hamber now," he bellowed. "Hamber now!" he repeated to his friend in the roof.

Immediately all the lights went out. When they went up again the hero was turning to the crowd to shout: "This is not the Queen, you bastilles!" when a backcloth depicting Marie Antoinette's boudoir descended from the skies and blotted the whole scene from our view. Then began a great deal of sawing and banging about. A lot of men in green aprons appeared on the stage and pulled all the ropes they could lay hands on. The comedian, seizing this opportunity, came down to the footlights to practise his song (entitled "When I went bathing with Marat") with the pianist in the orchestra pit, and the prima ballerina rehearsed her corps in their Danse des Sabots—a very wooden affair—in the corner.

Five minutes later, when the Queen's boudoir reascended, our hero was still saying: "This is not the Queen!" the crowd was still snarling and Miss de Lancey was still moaning and drooping. "Good heavens!" exclaimed Josephine, a little crossly. "They're still in the same place!"

"That's because," I explained, "they went back to the beginning again. And what's more," I continued, "they'll go back to the beginning again at least ten times more. And when they've done that they'll sit around on that draughty stage for the rest of the day while other principals go back to their beginnings."

Josephine sighed. "Don't they ever get bored?" she asked.

"Never!" I replied with what I hoped was heavy sarcasm.

"I suppose it's in them, like it is in me," she agreed, nodding her head wisely and swallowing another yawn.

Seeing that it was useless to argue with her, I dragged Josephine away, to find that we had been exactly two hours and ten minutes in the theatre and had misheard exactly ten lines of dialogue.

Miss de Lancey and Mr. Bainsforth were still locked in each other's arms and were roaring words of love above the clamour. At their feet knelt Mr. Jacobs the carpenter, knocking in nails with a hammer. In the brief pauses while he removed nails from his mouth one could hear Cyril Bainsforth saying plaintively to the exhausted Tricoteuses, "This is not the Queen. This is the Citoyenne Dupont!" in a cracked voice.

"Well?" I asked Josephine, as we climbed into a taxi. "Are you cured?"



"TO ME, THERE'S A VERY DEFINITE *JE NE SAIS QUOI* ABOUT IT."

Josephine put her feet up on the seat opposite and lay back with closed eyes. "I think it's a lovely life!" she said automatically—"a perfectly lovely life!"

V. G.

Getting Ready for the Defence.

"BURGLARS TAKE SILK."—Daily Paper.

Caledonia, Stern and Wild.

"PETERHEAD BURNS CLUB OFFICIALS."
Headline in Aberdeen Paper.

"And steadily the Negus approaches our shoes, bringing goodness only knows what troubles in his baggage."—Sunday Paper.

Speaking of baggage, who packed the Negus so close to our shoes, anyway?

Hampshire fielders were described in a recent cricket report as tired out by FAGG of Kent. Fagged, in short.

★ ★ ★

A baker's boy employed in Camberwell had to be rescued from a bin of newly-made dough. It isn't every boy who throws himself into his work like that.

★ ★ ★

A West-Country water-diviner is described as looking like a contented farmer. Which of course he couldn't be.

★ ★ ★

In London there are no fewer than twenty-six monuments to QUEEN VICTORIA. And somewhere about five thousand to Mr. HORE-BELISHA.

Rules for a Cricket Club, with Notes.

1. *The Club to be called the "Shouting Upwards Cricket Club."* Of course nobody takes any notice of this; the Club is now never called anything but "Old Henry's Lot" or "Them." But this rule was instituted at the foundation of the Club fourteen years ago, when it was put in partly out of respect for tradition and partly as a smack in the eye for the Colonel, who was having the impudence to call his crush the "Shouting Upwards Cricket Association."

2. *Club Colours to be Puce, Mauve and Off-Puce.* This also was designed to be a smack in the eye for the Colonel's crush (apart from the special and obvious sense, known to all who have seen the Club's blazer in sunlight, in which it is a smack in the eye for everybody). If all the members of what became the S.U.C.C. had joined what was then the S.U.C.A., the Colonel could have wangled a reduction in price for their dreadful blazers (his own design). Also, of course, our local outfitter joined the S.U.C.C. and had a hand in the drafting of these rules.

3. *The Club to consist of a President, two Vice-Presidents, one Chairman, one Secretary, and Members.* In the original form of this rule the numbers were a little different. For the first three years there were two Presidents and five Vice-Presidents, besides what amounted to a hierarchy of Chairmen. Then a Vice-President ran off with the wife of one of the Presidents—the one who built the pavilion, fortunately, not the one who owned the ground—and that simplified matters somewhat. If it had been the one who owned the ground things might have been serious; but even though he left the club this President couldn't very well come and pull down his own pavilion and sow the ruins with salt. Admittedly the other President took an embarrassingly proprietary interest in the ground and was in the habit of testing the pitch by digging his heels into it, hard; but after a time we got him to put some method into this, and unleashed him on to the pitch only at certain times when he could do us some good. Yes, on the whole we lost the right President.

4. *The minimum subscription to be 5s.* Of course we soak the President and the Vice-Presidents and the Chairman for a lot more. The actual amount of the President's and the Vice-Presidents' and the Chairman's subscription was left out of the first copy of the rules by the printer, but this proved to be a happy accident and it has never been stated in print since. It means that every time some uninitiated person is elected to one of these offices we get more out of him than we got out of his predecessor.

5. *The Managing Committee of the Club to consist of fifteen Members elected annually by ballot.* The extreme vagueness of this rule was again originally due to the printer, who left out all sorts of things because he said they wouldn't fit the page in that type and he hadn't any smaller type. The rule has been retained because we love our traditions, but it has odd results. In the year 1928 our Managing Committee consisted of Bingo Zootle's Rugby XV., who had elected themselves at a packed meeting. Several times during the summer they commandeered the pitch for a variety of polo they played on motor-bicycles. The fast bowling was very interesting that year.

6. *The Managing Committee to elect the Selection Committee, but not the Hon. Groundsman.* This in its way was intended as another smack at the Colonel's crush. The Managing Committee of the Colonel's crush, which they call the Committee of Management, were misguided enough to elect an Hon. Groundsman who stole fourteen pounds, a cheque-book and a case of soda-water and drove off with

them in the Colonel's car, which he abandoned in a blind alley somewhere near Leeds with a notice reading "JUST MARRIED, YOO-HOO!" plastered on the back of the dickey. The profound inefficiency of this Hon. Groundsman was nothing to do with his having been elected by the Committee of Management; but we just touched on the matter in our rule in order to annoy the Colonel.

7. *The Hon. Groundsman to wear goloshes when rolling the pitch.* This sudden descent from the general to the particular was introduced for obvious reasons after the first year of the Club's existence. It has never done any good, however. The Hon. Groundsman has never so much as glanced at the rules and nobody dares to tell him about this one. Nevertheless this rule served at the time a fragment of its purpose, in annoying the Colonel. It happened that an abandoned pair of goloshes which he had never seen before were found in his car at Leeds and were mentioned in two headlines, thus: "GOLOSHES IN COLONEL'S MYSTERY CAR" and "MYSTERY GOLOSH IN ALLEGED COLONEL RIDDLE."

8. *The General Meeting of the Club to be held annually in October on such a date as circumstances shall decide.* This was another rule drafted with an eye on the Colonel's crush, who held their annual meeting at the beginning of October or thereabouts and could be relied upon to insult us at it. The idea of this rule was to enable the General Meeting of the S.U.C.C. to be held, in any given year, the day after the General Meeting of the S.U.C.A. After a bit, however, realising this, the S.U.C.A. began to keep their General Meeting in reserve in order to bring it out with a malevolent flourish the day after the General Meeting of the S.U.C.C. This led to a deadlock until the year 1929, when, after crafty and suspicious manoeuvring, each held four hitherto postponed Annual Meetings in the Imperial Hotel on the same day and nobody got home till morning, if then.

9. *None of these rules to be altered except at the Annual General Meeting, after due notice.* The Colonel, who long ago disbanded the S.U.C.A. and is our new President at a gratifyingly stiff price, is believed to be going to suggest a modification of this rule. If he knew the inner history of some of the other rules he would probably suggest modifying them too, but nobody sees any reason to bother him with all that.

R. M.

Hints for Using Automatic Telephone.

To use the automatic phone is as easy as ..	ABC
That is to say, if you are not	DEF
Suppose you want to ring up some	GHI
Whose name is Hyde, don't confuse with ..	JKL
If you do, don't dial	daMN
But instead	PRS
Button "B" if it is not too	TUV
In any case don't get	WXY
Or the result will be	O

It's a Still Smaller World.

"He constructed through the sand-dune country the main road across the peninsula from Suez to the frontier, along which cars can average thirty-five miles an hour, and which has brought Jerusalem within eleven miles of Cairo."—*Sunday Paper*.

"When the gaoler made his rounds he found Ruaud had gone, and with him his wife—who is thirteen years Ruaud's senior. And £130 of the gaoler's savings were missing too. The alarm was sounded and a search begun."—*Evening Paper*.

O we opposed.



SIR THOMAS BEECHAM CONDUCTS "CRAZY WEEK" AT COVENT GARDEN.

At the Pictures.

THE REVOLVING REVOLUTION.

THERE can be too much of a good thing; and after *The Marriage of Corbal*



A SEX DISCOVERY
(on information).

Cleonic HAZEL TERRY.
Marquis of Corbal HUGH SINCLAIR.

I hope I may express the opinion that cinema producers should give the French Revolution a long rest. When, only the other day, we saw *A Tale of Two Cities*, we felt that on that delirious episode in our lively neighbours' history the screen had said enough; that with the presentation of *Sydney Carton's* heroic act of self-sacrifice it had satisfactorily finished; so that we went away hopeful that for a long, long while we should see the guillotine no more. But we were foolish; we were forgetting the tendency of rival film producers to flock towards the same theme and from it extract something later than the last drop.

In spite of the thoroughness with which the revolutionaries work in the *DICKENS* picture, the essentials of the story are reproduced in *The Marriage of Corbal*, even to the changing of clothes and the heroic deed of self-sacrifice at the end; but there is this difference, that whereas *Sydney Carton* was a gentleman and might have done it, *Varennnes*, in the new story, was a black-guard and could not. I doubt also if the crowd and the soldiers would have thought that the *Marquis of Corbal* (HUGH SIN-

CLAIR), just because he was wearing the coat of the dead *Varennnes* (NILS ASTHER), was *Varennnes* himself. The two men were not so alike as that, and crowds and soldiers at that time were very suspicious. And I doubt if anyone in real life could for a moment have mistaken the *Countess Cleonic* (HAZEL TERRY) for anything but the girl that she is; but since, unless they were so blind, there would be no picture, the mystification on the screen has to continue. "On the screen"—ay, there's the rub.

After the success of *The Scarlet Pimpernel* in honest English as spoken by LESLIE HOWARD and his associates, it is strange to find that the film *The Emperor's Candlesticks*, by the same authoress, is in German, and that those who do not know German, of whom I am perhaps chief, have to collect the sense through captions in our own tongue. There is nothing new in foreign films making use of captions as a means of elucidation; we have often seen them, most memorably perhaps in the case of RENÉ CLAIR. But whereas M. CLAIR has been sparing and has respected time, those responsible for what they hoped was the clarification of the Baroness ORCZY's romance have proceeded at such a pace that the audience cannot keep up with it, and we are always acrobatically struggling just a little too late. It is as though Mahmoud had been called in as translator. Mine eyes, for one, dazzled.



WHEN SERGEANTS WEEP.

The Sergeant NOAH BEERY.
Varennnes NILS ASTHER.

The picture, however, is capable; good enough, with such fine acting and photography, to have been allowed to make its own way, particularly as the Baroness has many readers. I personally was especially delighted to see



RIVAL TREASURE-HUNTERS.

Anna Demidow . . . SYBILLE SCHMITZ.
George Wolenski . . . KARL LUDWIG DIEHL.

the actual candlesticks, with their secret receptacles opening and shutting. Never, in future, when candlesticks form part of the *décor* of a dinner-table (as they should), shall I be able to keep my hands off them.

A new kind of film—or new to me—which was at the Tatler Cinema in London last week and may be on view all over the country, discloses, under the title *Basselsbury Manor*, inside and out, a comely old residence at High Wycombe. The owner, having refurnished each room according to a definite period, has permitted the cinema photographer and the cinema lecturer to do as they would, and the result fills an entertaining and instructive ten minutes. There is surely an idea here—a kind of coming-to-life of the many descriptive articles on the stately homes of England to which the illustrated papers have accustomed us—and I, for one, hope that it will spread. E. V. L.

An Impending Apology.

"The last message from England to the Queen Mary was the music of the Royal Marines' Band at the quay playing 'Britannia Rules the Waves', and, although played by the Marines, it put additional heart into the start of Britannia's greatest effort since the war to rule the Atlantic waves." Birmingham Paper.



"I DO TRY TO RELAX AND MAKE MY MIND A BLANK, DOCTOR, BUT I CAN'T HELP WONDERING WHAT I'M NOT THINKING ABOUT."

Official Correspondence.

WHEN the boilers of His Majesty's Ship *Combustible* blew up in mid-ocean, the resulting mess was such as almost, if not quite, to baffle description. Planks, spars, binnacles, bits of boats, the secretary's spectacle-case, biscuits, guns and all the other paraphernalia that go to make up a modern man-of-war floated about as far as the eye could see. The air was full of smoke and steam. The water was full of oil and coal-dust. There was one survivor—myself.

Clinging to the bottom of the Admiral's upturned bath, I allowed the elements to deal with me as they would. One cannot, after all, row far with a loofah.

After a week or so of this sort of thing I found myself washed ashore on a very small island—a desert one, as you might say. So small was it, in fact, that there was room on it for only one coconut palm, and at high-water I had to stand up. On disembarking at this island paradise, I took stock, as the saying goes, of my

surroundings, and found that there had been washed ashore with me one chart (local), one sextant, a copy of Brown's *Nautical Almanac*, fifteen-and-a-half tons of salt pork, a pencil, an armchair, a table showing the times of high-water at London Bridge, and an empty bottle. I was, in fact, completely equipped, provided that I had no objection to living on salt pork and coconuts, and drinking water only when rain happened to fall into the bath.

I set the armchair at the foot of the tree and so established my simple home. At mid-day by my wrist-watch I took a careful aim with the sextant and shot the sun. With the aid of the *Nautical Almanac* and the pencil I worked out my position. Then I tore a page from the tide-table and wrote the following message:—

To Admiralty, London.

1st Jan., 1930.

Regret to report H.M.S. *Combustible* a total loss due explosion of boilers. Suspect some defect. Am sole survivor and my present position is an island, Lat. 0° 0' N. or S., Long. 120° 0' 0-2" W. In view of the

fact that this island is so small that I can only sleep between tides, I have the honour to request that I may be relieved as soon as the exigencies of the Service may permit.

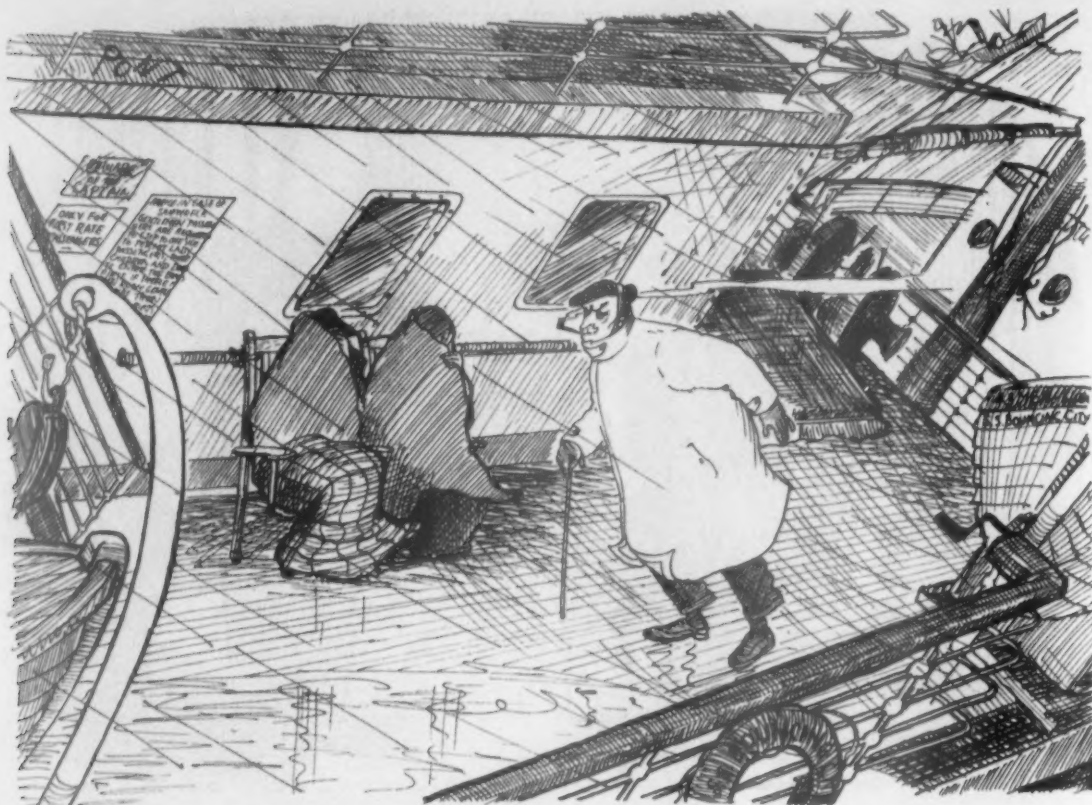
I have the honour to be,
Your Lordships' obedient servant,
RANDOM COLUMBUS,
Capt., R.N.

Having inserted this triumph of correspondence in the bottle, I rammed in the cork and cast it with a benediction into the Pacific Ocean.

Three years passed.

I knew by heart the times of high-water at London Bridge until 1990, and could recite whole sections of the *Nautical Almanac* from memory. I had trained my beard to grow up the tree and on my feet I had fixed coconut shells, which served to keep them dry and to prevent them from being nibbled by the sharks.

One morning, when I was sitting in my chair and waiting anxiously for the coconut-crop, I suddenly saw something lying on the edge of the beach. Wild with excitement, I picked it up and quickly identified it as a



THE BRITISH CHARACTER.

IMPORTANCE OF EXERCISE.

bottle. Round its neck was tied a waterproof label inscribed, "This bottle, glass, is the property of H.M. Government and must be returned." The homely words—how can I describe what they meant to me?

Feverishly I smashed the bottle and extracted the message which was inside. It was as follows:—

"Capt. R. Columbus, V.C., R.N.

Your message not understood. Admiralty charts show no island at the position you name. Please verify."

The signature was that of the Hydrographer-Royal. My watch had stopped, and in any case I had broken the bottle.

That was three years ago. Can you believe it?

Mr. Silvertop on Birds.

THE budgerigars next door were singing an anthem in what sounded rather loose modern verse. A cloud passed over Mr. Silvertop's face, bent low over the sash-cord.

"There are birds and there are birds," he remarked, more to his chisel than to me. I knew him well enough to realise that he meant more than just that besides budgerigars there were pipsits and ouzels and others. And so I waited.

"Ever tell you about that to-do down at Colonel Trumpett's 'ouse at Wimbledon? 'E's a funny old codger with packets of cash but as close as the Black 'Ole of Bombay. And if there's one thing 'im and 'is Missus likes for supper, it's game. But they don't enjoy paying fancy prices for it. So when 'is Cousin George told 'im 'e was taking a moor in Scotland 'e let out some pretty wide 'ints that 'e wouldn't be above accepting a brace of birds now and then. In case 'is Cousin 'adn't properly understood 'im, about the time the shoot was starting 'e let out another 'ole bunch of 'ints. And when the shoot 'ad been blazing away for a week and nothing come, 'e wrote Cousin George a nice letter all about the weather, and puts in as an after-thought, 'What about a brace, old boy? You know 'ow partial Amy

is to a nice bit of grouse.' Well, Cousin George decided that was a bit too 'ot, and I don't blame 'im. I 'eard all about 'is end of the affair afterwards from 'is shuvver, 'oo I meets in a mild-and-bitter sort of way at our local.

"I 'appened to be down at the Colonel's 'ouse lending an 'and for a Garden Feet they was giving in aid of some Society for Persecuting I forget rightly what, and 'im and me was 'aving a last decko at the markwee when the 'ousemaid comes out and ses, 'Begging your pardon, Sir, but them birds is come, Sir.' 'Oho, they 'ave, 'ave they?' ses the old boy. 'And about time too. 'Ow many's 'e sent?' 'Two, Sir,' ses the girl. 'All right, put 'em in the fridge,' the Colonel tells 'er, and turns to get on with the job. 'Very sorry, Sir, but they won't go in the fridge,' she ses. 'Won't go in the fridge?' 'e echoes. 'Why, we've got a 'ole turkey in before now.' 'I know, Sir, but these are much bigger nor turkeys.' 'Grouse bigger nor turkeys?' the Colonel yells, 'is eyes nearly bulging out of 'is 'ead. 'Where are they?' 'In a packing-case

in front of the 'ouse, Sir. Two gentlemen just brought it on a lorry.

"By the time we'd run through the 'ouse there was no sign of a lorry, but there sure enough was the packing-case, and standing up in it making nasty rumbling noises what made your blood run cold to 'ear was two perishing great birds about five foot 'igh, with beaks you could shave with and little red eyes what bored through you like 'ot knitting-needles.

"Strike me purple!" cries the Colonel, 'oo needn't 'ave bothered if only 'e'd seen 'imself.

"Begging your pardon, Sir," ses the 'ousemaid, 'but if they're cassowaries, my brother Eddie 'ad 'is left ear bitten off by one in 'Orsetrilia, and I think you ought to know it.'

"Oh, 'e did, did 'e?" ses the Colonel. 'Well, these are emus, 'cos it ses so on the case, with care. Silvertop, what the jumping 'ell are we to do? The Feet starts in a couple of hours!'

"Ring up the Zoo, Sir," I suggests.

"'E rings up the Zoo. Then 'e rings up all the circuses 'e can think of. Then 'e rings up the police. Then 'e rings up the 'Ome Office. But some 'ow there wasn't much doing in emus that morning, though they're all very sympathetic and promises to put 'is name and number on their waiting-

list. As he hangs down the telephone there comes a crack like a pistol from the front-garden and the 'ole side falls out of the packing-case. One of the birds 'ad forgotten 'is manners and leaned against it. It took them 'arf a split second to get outside, and there they stood, 'olding a council of war and looking proper ugly.

"Well, the old boy may be near, but 'e 'as courage. Knowing some 'ow that emus are vegetarians, poor devils, 'e gets a couple of lettuces and strolls up to 'em, more polite-looking than I'd ever seen 'im before. The brutes stood there as if a lettuce was just their cup of tea, until 'e gets within range. Then the bigger one catches 'im full in the chest with 'is 'oof and sends 'im for six into the rose-bushes. Being a vegetarian 'adn't sapped 'is vitality a scrap.

"After that the fun started. The Colonel armed the 'ole 'ouse 'old with red blankets what 'e 'ad left over from the Boer War, and between us, looking like ruddy Torryadoors, we drove the birds into a corner be'ind the vegetable garden, and just as the Feet began they settled in to wolf the currant-bushes. The gardener and me was left on guard, with a promise of a fiver each if we kept the brutes there till six. About four we sent in to say a jug of 'ops 'ad

suddenly become vital to the scheme, and one comes out pronto. It was while we was giving our minds to it that the birds nipped off and got out into the main garden.

"You've probably never been so fortunate as to see a brace of angry emus go through a Garden Feet," said Mr. Silvertop gravely. "It's not a sight you forget. In five minutes there wasn't no Feet, and in about 'arf an 'our there wasn't reely no garden. Not to speak of. Them birds' 'oooves was like steam-dredgers."

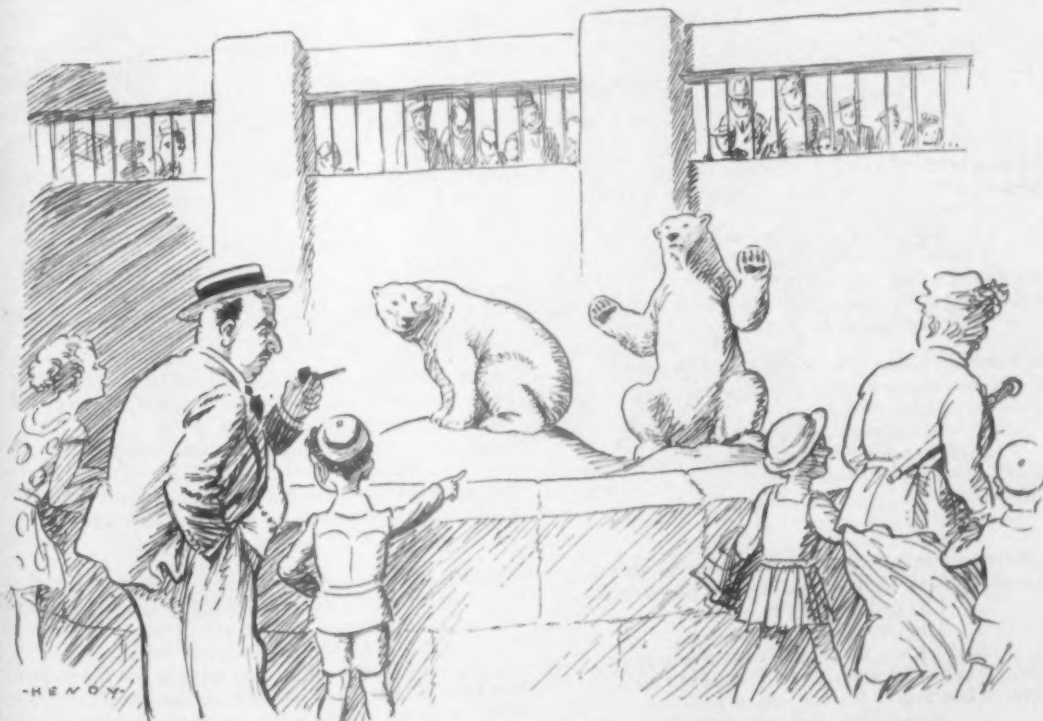
"What on earth did you do?" I asked.

"There wasn't nothing to do except keep out of the way and drop lumps of ice down the Colonel's neck to stop 'im going on fire. About six, a lorry with a steel cage and four blokes with lassoes drove up, and the driver, 'oo 'ad a sombreiro and a big black beard, ses the police 'ad sent 'em. Something about that there beard made me think. It was almost too much of an 'earth-rug to be true, if you know what I mean."

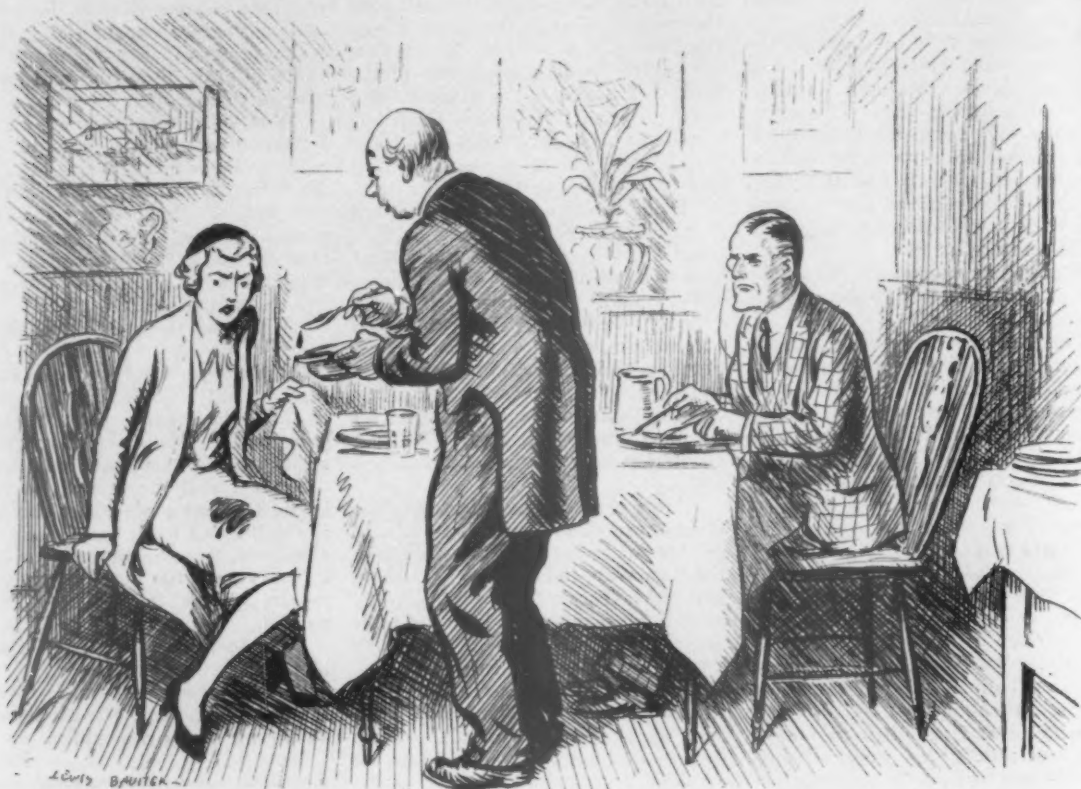
"Made you think of what?" I asked him.

"Of Alf, of course—Cousin George's shuvver." And Mr. Silvertop treated me to one of his rare smiles.

ERIC.



Tailor. "Yes, DOUGLAS, HE HAS A LOVELY COAT, BUT IT'S TOO TIGHT UNDER THE ARMPITS."



"ALL RIGHT, MISS, I'LL GET YOU SOME MORE."

"Look at Me Now."

(Portrait of a Contented Briton.)

YES, I was a horrible spectacle six months ago;
My muscles were flabby, my tummy came out in a bow,
I couldn't digest,
I was dull and depressed,
I hadn't the spark of a cow;
I cannot describe how anæmic I felt.
But then I bought Bodger's Abdominal Belt—
And look at me now!

I never would go to the dentist unless I'd an ache,
I trusted to Nature—and that is a fatal mistake;
I neglected the care
Of the nails and the hair
And they fell like the fruit from the bough;
And then I got—well, I forget what it's called,
But a few weeks ago I was toothless and bald—
And look at me now!

"Personality matters," my father remarked to his son,
And peacefully died, having failed to provide me with one.
I longed to acquire
The true magical fire,
And I tried, but I didn't know how;
But then I went in for a course on "Success,"
Or "How to Get Pep in Six Lessons or Less"—
And look at me now!

Women were always a mystery—don't you agree?—
And since I was seven they've always been frightful to me:
I was not understood,
And try as I would
Not one of them ventured a vow;
But then in the *Marriage Exchange and Mart*
I encountered (for twopence) the Queen of my Heart—
And look at me now!

I never was much of a fellow for music and that,
And a concert's a thing you will never discover me at:
I call it no joke
To be stuck, without smoke,
In the midst of a horrible row;
But put what you like on the radiogram—
A pipe and the paper—and then I'm a lamb—
Well, look at me now!

Problems of State are so numerous now that I find
It's more and more difficult daily to make up one's mind.
I read, with some care,
All the papers there were,
And the strain was too big for the brow;
But then I determined to stick to the one
Which tells me *exactly* what ought to be done—
And look at me now!

A. P. H.



THE FLYING SQUAD.

[Budget Inquiry Tribunal begins Sittings May 11th. Delivers Report June 2nd.]

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"WHEN WE WERE ENGAGED YOU LIKED OUR COMBINED PALETTE."

Out With the Drag.

I HAVE ridden my first drag-line. I rather thought I was heading for my last round-up.

I didn't mean to do it. Circumstances were against me. An all-wise War Office has provided me with a charger far fiercer and far heartier than its fellows, and because for this reason I didn't feel like hunting him, any more than I have ever felt like hunting any other horse, the pundits of the garrison have been saying that he is wasted on me. I feel myself that it is better that he should be wasted on me than that I should be wasted on him; better to waste a good charger than a good chap. But feeling was against me: I was told that unless I hunted him he might be taken away and another one sent in his place. As there are occasions—ceremonial parades and such-like—when I have to ride a horse, I felt that it was a case of "better the devil I know." I thought I wouldn't hunt, because I do so hate the suspense of waiting about round a covert for something to happen. It always does happen; I am usually to blame. And between you and me I don't know the

appropriate cries for the various occasions.

So I said I would shoot a line with the drag. I thought this sounded rather well, but apparently it was the wrong expression. People near me said "Hush!" quickly, and announced to the world at large that I had said—well, whatever it was that I ought to have said. This was very nice of them; public opinion immediately veered in my favour to such an extent that I grew alarmed. People said such nice things about my "guts" that I began to realise that what I was doing was much braver than I need have been. It was too late to withdraw, and I had a rotten night.

It was almost worth it this morning, though, when I got up attired for the chase. My boots were a nice easy fit, and I didn't really mind when the only cavalry major I know, whom I was particularly hoping to meet in these clothes, said "Hullo! Goin' to do a spot of sea-fishin'?" I told him that I rather thought I might ride a line with the drag in the afternoon, and he smiled at me at once. It's very pleasant being in with these horsey people.

Just before luncheon I met another

of them. This time it was one whom I knew fairly well; he was quite tame, so I decided to take him into my confidence. I asked him what riding a line was really like.

"Oh, it's rather like ridin' in a point-to-point," he said. "Nothing to it. You want to make sure nobody jumps on you, of course. I mean, everybody goes pretty fast, you know; and of course your horse will pull a bit."

"Of course," I said, and had a rotten lunch.

After lunch I went out of the Mess to get my car round. The Meet was at a pub with a curious name, "The Post and Mails" or something, and my groom was to meet me there. As I stepped out into the road a motor-horn sounded just behind me and I had to jump out of the way. I looked to see what it was. It was an ambulance. I had a rotten drive.

At "The Post and Mails" I found a lot of horses with people adjusting their stirrups and making other purposeful arrangements. I recognised one of them and said to him in as brave a voice as I could muster, "It's a funny thing, but I don't think I've ridden this particular line before. What's it like?"

unrubbered "rat-trap" pedals once favoured by road-racers and now recalled by the local bootmaker with real regret. "Them pedals was the devil on sowls," he said. "There wasn't a philosophed in Cooley but had pedals like them; an' they tore the leather into garters."

The small boy had a lot to say. "I stood in the door," he told them, "an' I heard it all. 'It goes be the name of a Robbott' Mr. Rooney says, 'an' they're apt to be very unruly affairs. Didn't the docthor above warn me on the subject? He said he seen a play where there was an epidymic of Robbotts, an' they took everything into their own two hands,' says he."

But this was too much for the spectators, and once again they turned away, to be halted by more tappings and more inarticulate mouthings by Mr. Rooney, who was then compelled to repolish the breath-clouded surface. "There's no sense in establishing the first Robbott in Cooley," he told his assistant, "if you put it behind muffled glass." And this time his actions were more promising. With great difficulty he drew over the knobby head of the sketchy figure and over its skeleton arms a striped jersey, and placed upon the small head itself a scarlet cap. When he picked up the dark-blue shorts there was a sudden surge towards the window. Cautiously he disengaged one of the so-called feet and insinuated it into one half of the shorts; then, even as he fumbled a little in his movements, the Robot sprang to life and was cheered to the echo by the alarmed though sporting crowd. With one foot still clutched by the rat-trap pedal, the cyclist pedalled furiously, while the raised back-wheel revolved rapidly and the cap sank lower and lower, inspiring by its vivid splash of colour a frenzied yell of "More power, me ould Geranium!"

Kicking wildly, the unsupported leg flung into Mr. Rooney's flabbergasted face the blue shorts, and the flying saw-toothed pedal struck his shin so agonisingly that he threw back the discarded garment and yelled repeatedly. After that things happened quite literally "all up in a slap," or rather in several slaps; for the flying leg disintegrated, hurling its jointed sections with equally sharp cracks against the window and the head of Mr. Rooney's assistant, and the blue shorts, having wound themselves about the chain, brought the demonstration to such a sudden stop that the remainder of the figure shot across the handle-bars into the uncertain group of farmyard implements. "The place was eliminated wid shovels," an onlooker said.



"No, WAGNER'S A BLINKING WASHOUT."

To the bitter disappointment of its inhabitants, Cooley never saw the Robot again, nor has the mystery of its sudden awakening been solved by anyone but Mr. Rooney himself, who knows all about the switch he touched too soon but who prefers to dwell upon the doctor's warning against the tyranny of such mechanical creatures. "I blame meself," he says generously; "but I banished it afther."

He can never banish its memory, enshrined for ever in a saying that will always be used of any acquaintance of exceptional obstinacy. "He's the very same as Rooney's Robbott," they say of such a man; "he'll folly his own dictation."

D. M. L.

Sob Stuff.

"Miss Ray Lev, a brilliant pianist who toured U.S.A., visited Folkestone to play in a sympathy concert at the Leas Cliff Hall."—"A Year Ago This Week" Column in Folkestone Paper.

"The Vicar was in church all last Sunday waiting to receive gifts of money."

Local Paper.

So that's what he was there for!

"A hare was found immediately in the field next to Boveney Orchard, and ran past Boveney Court and the church, across the plough, and straight over Dooney Common to the Manor Farm, where scent gave out on the sewage fields."

From a Beagling Account.

Odd!

"Bumping."

THAT is what the very old Parliamentary hands call it—"bumping." A good expression. It means the process of bobbing up and trying to catch the Speaker's eye and bobbing down again when the eye is not caught.

I suppose that to make a true case of bumping the vain attempts upon the eye should be numerous. Tell a very old hand that the world has just missed a nation-saving oration because you could not catch the eye and he will answer: "That's nothing. In the old days I remember bumping twenty or thirty times and then not 'getting in.'" One statesman tells a sad tale of his youth: how he prepared a speech for some special occasion months ahead, amassed with industry all the statistics and relevant quotations, mastered his theme and laboriously rehearsed his address, how the great day came at last, how he bumped from 4.0 P.M. till 11.0 P.M., and then went home unheard.

Anyone who has done only a modest course of bumping will admire such tenacity, and all must wonder at so great an itch for self-expression. For bumping is an exhausting exercise, and ought to be counted among the records of Parliamentary achievement.

The undelivered speeches should be recorded, as the still-born babies are. For though few men are satisfied with the speech they have just made, remorse for what has been said is never so keen as regret for what could not be said.

Those, then, who with some inconsistency complain that Parliament is "only a talking-shop," and that some Members do not talk; and those who write so genially to the papers, thus:—

"What are all these M.P.'s for?"

Most of them do nothing. And they all get £400 a year" should try, at least, to imagine the agonies of bumping, and, if their Member has no more than a good bumping record, be as kind to the poor fellow as they can.

The debate begins. He is fresh and alert. He is armed and burdened with documents, with the Order Paper, and the White Paper, and the Report of the Departmental Committee, and the Bill in question, and little clusters of figures, and two cuttings from *The Times*, and a passage copied from an old statute, and *Hansard* for the day before yesterday, and some nasty quotations from old speeches of the Minister, or somebody's Election Manifesto. And, by the way, let the ungrateful constituents remember this—

that he has not reached even this, the pre-bumping stage, without much anxiety and noble toil. When the constituent reads:—

"Mr. Blissbone (*East Buggins—Con.*) continued the debate . . . " it looks easy. But Mr. Blissbone may have been labouring for days to produce that small result.

But let us return to bumping. We left Mr. Blissbone fresh and alert. Since then the Minister has finished moving the Second Reading of the Tannin Traffic (Regulation) Bill, and Mr. Smith, an ex-Minister on the other side, has replied. At that point, if only Mr. Blissbone could have intervened, the course of history might have been changed. For Mr. Smith closed with a provocative passage to which Mr. Blissbone had a spontaneous and devastating reply. But, alas! another large (Liberal) gun, Mr. Jones, took the floor. To him also Mr. Blissbone has a great many wise and unanswerable things to say; and one particularly witty "sally." So when the Liberal at last sinks back into his seat, Mr. Blissbone leaps up and fixes his compelling gaze upon the Deputy-Speaker (for the Speaker is now having his tea-interval). So do about twelve other legislators. There is a ghastly pause and hush while the Eye passes from figure to figure. For an exciting second Mr. Blissbone thinks that the Eye has chosen him, but the Eye has found a Privy Councillor, and such great men have precedence. The Privy Councillor puts forward Mr. Blissbone's own main argument but (in Mr. Blissbone's opinion) imperfectly, so that Mr. Williams, next on the Opposition side, is able to tear it to pieces. However, Mr. Blissbone will now be able to decimate Mr. Williams, and up (with ten others) he hopefully bumps. But Mr. Williams has made an unprovoked attack upon Mr. Fish, who had had no intention of speaking at all, but is now admitted, indignant, into the fray. And after him those Liberals start chipping in again.

So pass the sad hours. The Speaker has returned: but nearly everybody else has gone out. A small but determined—and, yes, an increasing—body of bumpers remains: more wish to speak, though fewer wish to listen.

Meanwhile, neither Mr. Blissbone nor his oration are quite what they were. The speech, that majestic structure of logic and human feeling, designed and spaced and decorated with such care, is already a thing of the past; for the main parts of it have been demolished and set up again so often that everyone is sick of them. It can be but a

scrappy little speech now at the best. The Speaker has gone out for his dinner-interval. Mr. Blissbone bumps on. He would like to go out too. His mouth is parched; he has had no tea; he does not want tea now. But if he slips out he may miss his opportunity—and surely when this incredibly erroneous fellow on the other side has ceased, he, Mr. Blissbone, will get his chance. The sad thing is that he no longer cares so much as he did in what particular form the Tannin Traffic (Regulation) Bill passes on to the Statute Book. The flame of his conviction has not dwindled, but it no longer seems to matter so much, and his head is beginning to ache. But Mrs. Blissbone is waiting faithfully in the Gallery and his constituents will expect something. Outside in the Smoking-Rooms and Dining-Rooms and Libraries his happy fellows chatter and dine, conspire or study Blue Books, indifferent to his sufferings. The indicators announce to them that Mr. Wallop is now addressing the House; but no machine informs them that Mr. Blissbone is still bumping.

So far he has accepted stoically the cruelty of Fate. But soon, maybe, he begins to scent injustice. That fellow who has just been called has surely not been bumping half so long and has things much less important to say. Perhaps the Whips are leagued against Mr. Blissbone. Perhaps the Cabinet are determined that he shall not be heard. There—another bump; and another of those interlopers is up. It seems to Mr. Blissbone that all this has happened to him before; and if ever he was a member of a University Union or a school debating society it has. But sufferings which are good for a mere boy are far from fitting, he reflects, for a ripened legislator.

But let us leave poor Mr. Blissbone, still bumping. In the end, no doubt, he will catch the Eye, but it will not now, we fear, be a very good speech. And then it is just possible that, however benevolent the intentions of Mr. Speaker may be, Mr. Blissbone may never "get in" at all. For time is passing; it is nine now and presently, refreshed with dinner, the big guns will begin to boom again. Then Mr. Blissbone will have to put away those notes and quotations, retrieve the disappointed Mrs. Blissbone and deliver the masterpiece to her. And tomorrow, far away in East Buggins, the ungrateful constituents will say that they wonder their Mr. Blissbone didn't have something to say about that there Tannin Bill. Or perhaps they will not even notice. What a world!

A. P. H.



POLO NOTES.

IN RIDING YOUR MAN OFF SEE THAT HE IS OFF.

Midsummer Magic.

MIDSUMMER Eve, a year ago, my mother she commanded:
 "Now don't you go a-running down to Ragwort Meadow,
 And don't you go a-plucking of the bracken-seed or night-
 shade.

Keep out of the moonlight, mind, and stay out of the
 shadow;

For they say that the Ragtag
 Bobtail
 Merry-derry
 Fairy-men

To-night will go a-dancing down in Ragwort Meadow."

Midsummer Eve, a year ago, my mother she commanded:
 "Now don't you go a-playing down in Ragwort Meadow.
 Keep away from thorn-tree, from adder's-tongue and
 henbane;

Keep away from moonlight and don't venture in the
 shadow;

For they say that the Ragtag
 Bobtail
 Merry-derry
 Fairy-men

Are out a-snaring mortals down in Ragwort Meadow."

I wouldn't heed my mother's words; I wouldn't heed her
 warning,

I ran through the moonlight, through the starlight and
 the shadow;

And I never stopped a-running, though my breath came
 quick and gasping,

Till I reached the very middle of Ragwort Meadow.

And there I heard the Ragtag
 Bobtail
 Merry-derry
 Fairy-men

A-laughing fit to kill themselves in Ragwort meadow.

I heard 'em, but I couldn't see—no, not a little sight of 'em!
 I pulled a curly bracken-leaf a-growing in the meadow,
 I scratched out all the bracken-seeds and rubbed them on
 my eyelids,

And the moon shed brilliant daylight; there wasn't any
 shadow.

And there I saw the Ragtag
 Bobtail
 Merry-derry
 Fairy-men

A-dancing round me in a ring in Ragwort Meadow.

Half-a-hundred fairy-men and half-a-score of rabbits,
 Half-a-dozen squirrels down in Ragwort Meadow
 Dancing round me hand-in-paw—you never saw the like
 of it!—

Underneath the daylight which the clear moon shed. Oh,
 A blessing on the Ragtag

Bobtail
 Merry-derry
 Fairy-men

Who showed themselves to me down in Ragwort Meadow!

At the Play.

"REVERIE OF POLICEMAN" (MERCURY).

WHEN MR. HUMBERT WOLFE takes his pen in his hand the images and the words to express them crowd along the nib, jostling each other and picking up new friends on the way, but submitting to the firm discipline of the traffic policeman. A finely critical sense watches the inventive proceedings, checks them and turns the laugh against them. This author is peculiarly entitled to choose a policeman for the central figure of his poetic play at the Mercury Theatre, for the policeman embodies that sense of order, of restraint, and above all, of actuality which has preserved Mr. WOLFE from the many temptations into which his special talents might so easily have led him. He is determined that poetry shall mingle with life as we actually live it, but he is more conscious than are to-day's younger poets that the meeting takes a good deal of arranging.

In this play, where the level of speaking is very high, the rhymes in Mr. WOLFE's verse are a little obtrusive. They let themselves be heard just a little too distinctly, and draw attention to the author's skilful use of everyday words and particularly of words not commonly encountered in verse at all. He uses his gifts, which are so easily made the flimsy base for puerile attempts to originate fresh literary traditions, for a satiric poem whose satire, while it glances round and strikes a great number of inviting objects, is primarily satirical at the expense of its own method.

By breaking down both the order of time, transporting his characters backwards and forwards by short sips at a bottle in a now approved manner, and also, in the manner of PIRANDELLO, the identity of his characters and the sharp line that separates authors from their *dramatis personæ*, Mr. WOLFE brings out how very necessary frameworks are to purposes of action.

All his characters are lost and bewildered, but their bewilderment stimulates instead of checking their eloquence. Mr. ION SWINLEY, as a *Gentleman in Evening Dress*, in particular has a number of soaring passages in which the momentary situation on the stage starts him off on pregnant and stimulating declamations about human life.

Miss CATHERINE LACEY, as a *Dancer* whose favours are the central action of the plot whenever it can escape from

the enchantments of the time machine and the flux of personalities, sums up the more immediate conclusions, telling the *Satiric Poet* (Mr. DENNIS ARUNDELL) what are the things to which even satiric poets should hold fast.



"NOW THEN, WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT?"

A Gentleman in Evening

Dress Mr. ION SWINLEY.

A Policeman Mr. GUY SPAULL.

There is plenty of rhyme and plenty of reason in the *Reverie*, and if the total effect is a play insufficiently equipped with coherence, it makes an evening in which the ear is continually fed and the mind constantly receives lines of verse which gleam for a moment



DREAM FACES;

OR, A FEW ODD PRODUCTS OF REVERIE.

like the sprats which are thrown to sea-lions by a profuse keeper. D. W.

"MY SON'S MY SON—" (PLAYHOUSE).

To dramatise *Sons and Lovers* and retain its essence would be nearly as difficult as to stage *The Old Wives'*

Tale. LAWRENCE himself, with his erratic sense of dialogue, could hardly have made a first-class job of it, but an expert man of the theatre might bring it off. When I read that this was "an unrevised play by D. H. LAWRENCE, completed by WALTER GREENWOOD" (part-author of *Love on the Dole*), my hopes rose, but only to be dashed. The theme is the same, but, though complete ideas have been borrowed from the novel, the story is quite different; and the great strength and depth of the novel are lacking.

A widowed mother of two mining sons, *Mrs. Gascoigne* is the keystone. She is a harder character and less imaginative than *Mrs. Morel*, but life in a coal-village of Derbyshire has played her the same tricks and hammered her into a similar mould of resignation. Her sons are her whole existence. Even while she is giving *Joe* the rough edge of her tongue, as if he were still a little boy, she is patiently serving him with dinner and holding a match to his pipe. Where they are concerned she is a fighting creature, afraid of nothing.

Miss LOUISE HAMPTON plays the part so well that one wishes it were the centre of a play which went further into the relationship of mothers and grown-up sons and wasted less time in unprofitable scenes which keep her off the stage. With the opportunities of *Mrs. Morel*, what a performance she could give! For there is an authority in her interpretation of the sad, harsh, admirable little woman which is tremendously impressive, and an underlying restraint which makes her every movement significant.

Mrs. Gascoigne's other son, *Luther*, has just married an irritating young woman who appears determined to make him unhappy. Even before the news leaks out that a former sweetheart is having a child by him she does her best, angered to find he still belongs partly to his mother, to break up their new home. We have to contemplate too much wrangling and all-in wrestling between these two; if matrimonial squalls are to be interesting on the stage, then I think both parties must be fairly sympathetic to us. Most of the time *Mrs. Luther* is asking for a good smacking, but unfortunately

Luther, owing to the regrettable business of the baby and a mild intoxication to which her nagging has driven him, is scarcely in a moral position to administer it. By the end of the Second Act they have parted. In the Third Act, *Mrs. Gascoigne* having clearly

got her other son for keeps, since the poor fellow has lost his legs in an accident, the girl's manner undergoes a swift and miraculous change, and she pours out her passion for *Luther*, whom she feels is now hers. Somehow I am inclined to doubt it.

The production is marked by a diversity of accent unusually wide for a West-End theatre. Miss HAMPTON steers a good north-country course, and Mr. GYLES ISHAM, who performs soundly as *Luther*, keeps pretty well in her wake; but Miss SARA ERSKINE boxes the compass alarmingly from north to south. It is also marked by a complacency on the part of the mother of the girl who is to have the illegitimate child which would be scarcely credible in any sphere of society, and is very difficult to reconcile with the frank manners of a colliery village.

ERIC.

"BOY MEETS GIRL" (SHAFTESBURY).

Lighter London, already grateful for *Three Men On a Horse*, is still further indebted to New York for this magnificently irresponsible burlesque of Hollywood; where, it is said, visiting satirists shoot themselves in despair at the impossibility of exaggerating a scheme of things already so infinitely absurd, and in numbers which compare only with those of Monte Carlo in the detonating old days when the Casino showed a profit.

The scene is laid mainly in the office of the Producer of a film company, which qualifies both in the vagueness of its production plans and in the size of its overdraft to be considered one of the leading studios. The confusion is indescribable. Bedlam reigns partly owing to the remarkable accessibility of the Producer's—*Mr. Friday's*—person and partly owing to the absolute inaccessibility of his intelligence. At any moment his room may fill up with the company's tame musicians eager to try out their latest theme-song, with temperamental actors, persuasive agents and all kinds of odd people in shirt-sleeves and fancy-dress.

In spite of a brave certainty that he is never wrong, *Mr. Friday's* unsullied ignorance renders him unfitted to control such a mob, and doubly unfitted to control lunatics of the calibre of his chief story-writers, *Law* and *Benson*. These ruthless and cynical young men have preserved a pretty sense of humour through all the bitter trials of their profession, and for its satisfaction they will stop at nothing.

Even after a prolonged close-up they still see Hollywood in perspective, a feat few men have achieved; and they still delight to make it dance for them.

When an unproductive story-conference on which they are engaged



"HAPPY"

THE MOVIE MARVEL.

with *Friday* is interrupted by the office waitress fainting and excusing her frailty on the ground of impending maternity, they accept this sign from heaven and set about exalting the infant to stellar glory almost before it is born.



HOLLYWOOD AUTHORS HATCHING A PLOT.

Robert Law MR. CLINTON SUNDBERG.
Susie MISS HELEN CHANDLER.
J. Carlyle Benson MR. DONALD MACDONALD.

Happy is its name. All America, as all America easily would, rocks to its first small cries. The DIONNE girls, all five of them, are forgotten. Fan-mail and a fat salary begin to pour in. *Susie*, *Happy's* innocent little mother, reaches her ambition of a chauffeur

and a chance to return to the high school and algebra; and *Law* and *Benson*, tongues in cheeks, concoct a story in which *Happy* shares the honours with the company's cowboy-star, a creature of vast conceit, who reluctantly agrees to throw away his six-shooters and croon over a bassinette. We are treated to "trailers" of *Happy's* first efforts, and their stupendous success is no surprise to us. For a short time *Happy's* pram may fairly be said to be the focus, the fulcrum, of the civilised world. But only, alas! for a very short time; for at seven months the child fulfils what I suspect to have been its life-long ambition, and retires. The causes of this return to oblivion are complicated and exceedingly funny.

The production reaches a pitch of pace and precision which does no discredit to New York traditions of farcical comedy, and in its praise I can hardly say more than that. The cast is a well-trained team. Miss HELEN CHANDLER's deliciously ingenuous *Susie* and Mr. CLINTON SUNDBERG's *Law* seemed to me especially good.

Once again let us salute America, and do it humbly, for her marvellous ability to laugh mercilessly at the silliest in herself.

ERIC.

In a Good Cause.

MR. PUNCH draws the attention of his readers to a Dance Recital which will be given at the Arts Theatre, Great Newport Street, W.C.2, on Thursday, June 18th, at 8.30. They may pay 2/6, 3/6, 5/6, 7/6, 10/6, £1 or £2 for their seats; they will be entertained by the DEANE Sisters, assisted by BARBARA BROOKE, "BOUDHEYA," HELEN ELTON; and they will be supporting the Lambeth Girls' Welfare Association, which very much deserves their support. This Association works among girls in North and South Lambeth, and depends largely on outside help. Tickets may be obtained from Miss F. CAMPBELL, "Coombe Clive," Coombe Warren, Kingston Hill; Mrs. DEANE, 12, Cheniston Gardens, Kensington, W.8; or the Box Office, The Arts Theatre Club. People unable to take tickets are reminded that a donation will be received with equal gratitude.

"3AR (Melbourne).—8.0 p.m.—'The Ingenues.' 8.50: Flue recital by John Amadio."

Radio Programme in Sydney Paper.

With shovel obligato?

In Our Inn.

Young Jim and the Ghost.

YOUNG Jim is quite a character even among those who nightly down their pints in the public bar of the "White Rabbit." Actually Young Jim is approaching sixty, but for forty years he has been Young Jim to distinguish him from his father, Old Jim. Young Jim will explain this to any stranger who may make jocular reference to the prefix, and further state that his father is a hundred-and-two. To the stranger's open-mouthed congratulation he then adds: "Or wud 'a' bin, only th' old buffer died more 'n twenny years ago." Usually the stranger isn't quite so jocular after that, though Young Jim, whose mind works a little differently from most, is genuinely innocent of having what the public bar calls "taken of un down."

In one way Young Jim is unique in that he is the only man in the village who has ever seen a ghost. It happened over thirty years ago, when there was nearby a large, empty and reputedly haunted house, into which nearly all the village lads had at different times tremblingly penetrated to prove their courage to some local charmer. Of all those, however, Young Jim was the only one who ever reported that he had seen the ghostly occupant, and, though we all know his story now, we still have occasional visitors who, having casually heard of our ghost in a neighbouring village, are interested enough in psychical research to walk over for further confirmation from the real source—Young Jim.

What generally happens is this: Landlord Willyum, in answer to inquiry across the bar, will explain that there certainly was a house hereabouts with a real ghost, but that he personally never went near it. He will shake his head vigorously as if to imply that his type of "house" and his type of "spirits" are enough for him, but will add, pointing at some other occupant of the bar, "He have, though," and will return to his duties.

The stranger will then turn to the worthy indicated, who by now is sitting looking coily into his beer with the air of a schoolchild asked to recite.

"I bin in un, Sir, yes. It was harnted all right."

Further questioning generally elicits that the place was pretty creepy-like and terrible dark, and that there was a ghostly for certain.

"Have you ever seen it?" asks the stranger, hot in pursuit of first-hand evidence.

"I hev'n't seen un, but some have,"

replies the worthy darkly. "Her was there all right and no mistake."

The stranger, like anyone else interested in the subject, is really keen to meet someone who has actually seen a spiritual visitant, and so here turns to another beer-drinker who has been clearing his throat in a corner in an anticipatory manner.

"Perhaps you have?" he asks, prepared for an outlay of beer.

"Ar, I've bin in the house too. There was a ghost there sure 'nough."

The stranger, on the verge of attracting Willyum's attention to the empty mug, checks himself just in time as the other disappointingly continues, "But I've never seen un neither. Good job too, says I."

The stranger is by now finding out that once the "White Rabbit's" public bar has accepted a fact it makes very little distinction between whether it was originally based on hearsay or on personal experience. But sooner or later, if he perseveres, he will get at the truth, namely, that there is one man in the village who has actually seen the ghost, and that is Young Jim—who has probably been listening to everything in the background without the slightest idea of his importance in the discussion.

Pushed up to the front and given beer, he will start his story. He has his own way of telling it too, for he won't be hurried. He likes to build up slowly to his climax.

For the space of a pint he describes the exterior of the house, front and back, the phenomenal darkness of the night, and by skilful implication his own phenomenal courage in tackling the ghost at all. The next pint will take him step by step through the broken door at the back and into the kitchen; after which he begins to go over the house room by room like a conscientious house-agent. The stranger is torn between impatience and fascination.

"But which room did you say you saw the ghost in?" he will hint when Young Jim has finished the ground-floor, the stairs, and most of the first-floor without incident.

"I 'aven't said yet," reproves Young Jim. "But 'twere the very last as I entered in."

Resigning himself to the inevitable, the stranger nods again towards Young Jim's mug.

It is not till the very top floor that a light comes into Young Jim's eyes and the tempo of his story perceptibly quickens.

"Bimeby," he says impressively, "I gets to a leddle room at the back and there I years the noise of the ghost."

"What sort of noise?"

"The noise what the ghost made."

This appears to satisfy everyone except the stranger, who has to question again.

"Fluttering and knocking and terrible scarifying," explains Young Jim. "So I goes quietly in. And I walks quietly all round that room. Sometimes the noise stops, sometimes it starts again and"—his voice sinks to a husky eerie whisper—"I can't see nothing—yet." He retires abruptly up to the eyes in beer. Even the stranger is now too thrilled to interrupt: at last he is face to face with a man who has been face to face with a ghost.

"Just as I gets round to the door agen I years the noise very sudden and loud over by the window. And I know that the ghost is in the very same room as me. . . . Then I years nothing."

Nothing indeed can be heard in the public bar either—except of course Landlord Willyum's excited breathing. A simple and impressionable fellow, though he has heard the tale a hundred times, the manner of telling still gets him. He surreptitiously takes a small gin.

"I know," continues Young Jim, "sure's you and me's here, that that ghost is standing over behind me, not so far's wud be between me and Willyum there. So I slowly turns round half-way, and then quicker nor a flash I turns round the rest!"

"Yes? And you saw it?" almost whispers the stranger.

Young Jim, the man who saw the ghost, comes to his great climax. "I whirled round quick as quick, as I sez. But the ghost it were smart. For when I turned round—it—were—gone!"

Amid a relieved babble of "What did I tell you?" and "There was a ghost in that house for sure!" Young Jim finishes his pint in triumph. It is his hour, for no one else in the village has ever seen a ghost! A. A.

The Black Sheep.

"He appeared to-day on four charges of being drunk in charge of a cycle, riding a cycle to the danger of his own life and lamb, without a lamp showing a white light, and not showing a rear light."—*Provincial Paper*.

FIRST WITH THE NEWS.

12 May, 1936, is the official date of the Coronation."—*Birmingham Paper*. We think somebody might have told us at the time.

"There was a scare of smallpox in the neighbourhood, so most of the girls were vaccinated and consequently they had to scratch some of the Hockey and Net Ball matches."—*Girls' School Magazine*. Nothing else?



The Vicar. "HAVE YOU GOT THE AGENDA, MR. SMITH?"

Mr. Smith. "NO, SIR, I THOUGHT WE MIGHT DISCUSS THAT AT OUR NEXT MEETING."

The Last Straw.

In the early summer, when our sprightly
 Youths are wont to sport their snow-white spats,
 Lovely woman's errant fancy lightly
 Turns to thoughts of decorative hats.
 And, though some are faithful to the bérêt
 (Borrowed from BOBOTRA), Fashion's laws
 For this season indicate a very
 Notable predominance of straws—
 Straws fantastically trimmed or garnished,
 Straws that cause a paralysing shock,
 Coarse or fine, but mostly waxed or varnished—
 Tyrolean, bamboo or Bangkok.
 But of all the master-minds of Luton
 One, unknown as yet, has earned the fame

Of a GALILEO or a NEWTON
 By a hat with a stupendous name.
 For amid the ultra-modish muster
 Noticed by *The Times* with reverent awe
 There emerges with peculiar lustre
 Mention of the "balibuntal straw."
 All the curious names of modern vesture
 Matched with this sound miserably flat,
 And I haste, with Rothermerian gesture,
 To salute the balibuntal hat.
 Other forms of headgear may disgruntle
 By their glaring greens and reds and blues,
 This bestows adornment contrapuntal
 On the glory that is Ballyhoo's. C. L. G.



Jilted Soul. "Coo! 'ERE'S ME TO DIE O' LOVE, AN' A CURE FOR 'EARTBURN AFORE ME VERY EYES!"

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Valley of Song.

HERE'S a fisherman's fine new edition,
Enlarged and revised and completely complete
With photographs (each one a vision Elysian),
Of H. PLUNKET GREENE'S *Where the Bright Waters Meet*.
And which waters be *they* that, so lovely and gay,
Thus mingle together and glide on their way
More fair than the rest? Why, I thought you'd have guessed—
They're the waters, bright waters, of Bourne and of Test.

PHILIP ALLAN AND Co. make the issue

Of this book which has music wherever it goes,
Which weaves, for your blessing and bliss, you a tissue
Of mornings and mayflies and days of wild-rose,
While it tells you about *oh*, such trout, *oh*, such trout
And of Hampshire, the county beyond any doubt,
Go you near, go you far; and of dogs—yes, here are
Dogs and horses and also a Siddeley car.

And Laughter and Song come together

And link as the waters, bright waters, herein,
While ever the halcyon's feather and weather

May tempt you to tempt the most obdurate fin
That e'er fanned a stream where the gold gravels gleam,
And the summer days pass and are gone like a dream,
To leave that remote sense of tears in my throat—
Those tears that are born of the nightingale's note.

Law and Letters.

Barristers, I find, generally contrive to write interesting autobiographies: not only because they have witnessed celebrated cases and known eminent (and sometimes eccentric) lawyers, but perhaps because a legal training tends to make a man write logically and well. Sir CHARTRES BIRON has added to his experience at the Bar some thirty years of work as a Metropolitan Magistrate, for about half of which period he was Chief Magistrate at Bow Street; and he has belonged to such clubs as the Garrick and the Beefsteak, to say nothing of the Royal Yacht Squadron, so that his impressions are by no means confined to the law. He calls his book *Without Prejudice* (FABER & FABER, 15/-), a title calculated to spike the guns of any malevolent reviewer. Born in 1863, when life was simpler and theology (so he declares) more ferocious than it is to-day, he went to Eton and Trinity, Cambridge, including among his early memories such sensations as the TICHBORNE Trial, the so-called BRAVO mystery, and the WHISTLER—RUSKIN libel action. When he was called to the Bar in 1886 he had the good fortune to be Marshal to three celebrated judges in succession, and also to make nearly one hundred pounds by his first venture in print—a shilling parody of *King Solomon's Mines*. Literature attracted him, and he might have written more if he had not been appointed magistrate at Old Street in 1906. As it is he has produced as good a book of memories as I have seen for a long time, and his portraits of legal luminaries are pleasantly balanced by sketches of such writers as CHARLES GARVICE, PETT RIDGE and ARNOLD BENNETT, all of whom were personal friends.

Portrait of Don Roberto.

The title would be hard to match
Which A. F. TSCHIFFELY bestows
Upon his well-selected catch
From CUNNINGHAME-GRAHAM'S
scattered prose:
Rodeo (HEINEMANN) suggests
And gives a many-hued collection
Of wild and cultured interests,
All good and some of them perfection.

It is a medley—grim, sedate,
Jaunty and playful, sage and dry—
Of folk with speech I can't translate
And folk who might be you or I,
Imagined things, things seen, things
done
Combining in sustained *concerto*
To make a single portrait, one
Known to his friends as DON ROBERTO.

In any but the vaguest phrase
It's quite impossible to tell
How its kaleidoscopic ways
Bewilder, fascinate, repel;
None of these words will do alone,
But each may serve a turn of duty
With others such as rhythm, tone,
Aloofness, carelessness and beauty.

A Welcome Reappearance.

Having been content to rest on his laurels for nearly a quarter of a century, *Philip Trent*, the painter with a taste for criminal investigation, has happily re-entered the field in which, whatever the quality of his canvases, those laurels were most surely gained. And he is as ingenious, as mobile and as loquacious as ever. Whether or not it reaches the almost impossible standard set by its predecessor, *Trent's Own Case* (CONSTABLE, 7/6), in which Mr. E. C. BENTLEY has had the collaboration and the knowledge of vintages of Mr. H. WARNER ALLEN, is a story to keep the laziest from his bed and the most laborious from his business. As the title hints, it is not only in the discovery of the crime but in the crime itself that *Philip* is this time implicated, and though we never suspect him of the murder of the philanthropic and apparently blameless *Mr. Randolph*, we are left with plenty of other nicely-balanced possibilities to keep us guessing till very near the end. That, when it comes, is made entirely plausible by the character of the dead man as it has been by subtle degrees revealed to us; but we have been in no hurry to reach it, so various and intriguing have been the incidents (among which I rank highest *Trent's* flying visit to the Impasse de la Chimère in Dieppe) and so entertaining have been the people that have beguiled the way thither.

Craft and the Craftsman.

The comparatively uncharted borderland between honesty and dishonesty inhabited by critics, vendors, restorers and purchasers of Old Masters is the scene of the interesting portion of Signor J. F. JONI'S *Affairs of a*



The Barman. "SORRY, SIR, WE 'AVEN'T A DROP OF BEER IN THE 'OUSE. THE TRIPPERS 'OO CAME TO SEE THE SHIP OUT THERE WOT WENT ASHORE YESTERDAY 'AVE DRUNK US DRY."

The Skipper. "WELL, I SUPPOSE I CAN'T COMPLAIN, SEEING THAT I'M THE POOR DEVIL WHO PUT HER ASHORE."

Painter (FABER AND FABER, 10/6). Opening with the dreary childhood of a Sieneese soldier's illegitimate offspring, the autobiography arrives at exhibiting the career of a craftsman, who, naturally following and mastering the profession of a tempera-painter, finds he can only live by patching or imitating the work of his mediæval forbears. Artists who aim at reviving the delightful processes described by CENNINO CENNINI will wish for still more tips on methods of preparing panels, applying colours and burnishing haloes. They may grow too a little tired of the long legend of deceit in which those who vended Pinturicchios to English and American patrons, and the patrons who hoped to pick up Pinturicchios cheap from impoverished noblemen, exhibit a contemptible parity. Art, however, has suffered

so acutely from tipsters and tricksters that a peep at the discreditable hinterland of shops and sales-rooms is all to the good; and the book strikes me as singularly well translated, with adequate and intelligent notes.

Galloping Hockey.

The Earl of KIMBERLEY as the editor of *Polo* (SEELEY SERVICE & Co., 25/-) continues the Lonsdale Library series. Those who contribute to this volume are, it need hardly be said, men who know the game thoroughly. Perhaps the chapters on buying, training and riding ponies by Major-General GEOFFREY BROOKE are the most appealing, especially to those who cannot afford to pay the big prices asked nowadays for "made" mounts. The photographs and sketches are excellent and informative; so also are the careful instructions to beginners on strokes, rules, tactics and practise. The history of polo is traced back to the days of ALEXANDER THE GREAT, and on to the American innovations (which have been all to the good) of modern times. The book is clearly written for a special class of reader who can afford to join in one of the most expensive of all sports, but I should have liked to see included a chapter of encouragement to novices, pointing out that, especially in the East, a small income may be made to provide many good games. A glance at one of the Rules—"No player shall appeal in any manner to the Umpire for fouls"—makes one wish that some other sports could follow suit.

When Hitler Came.

I dare say that some among her contemporaries could have written the story—what there is of it—of *Duet for Female Voices* (PETER DAVIES, 7/6), but I am sure that only Miss SARAH CAMPION could have set it so thick with those brilliant flashes of observation of people and things that make it outstanding. The book's more solid virtues must be recognised too; it is very largely a study of events in Germany from the War to the triumph of HITLER, and Miss CAMPION, who, I should judge, knows her place and period well, has contrived, without whitewashing any protagonist, Jew or Nazi, to display the human fallibility and foolishness as well as the hope and courage that must be jumbled seething together in the cauldron of any such upheaval as Germany is passing through. Her two heroines—Anna, the wise disillusioned little Jewess, and Elsbeth, the foolish, eager, uncertain English girl—are both well-drawn; and though it is a sad book in plan, it is in detail often an exceedingly funny one.

In the Balkans.

The more I think about *Pig and Pepper* (HEINEMANN, 7/6), by DAVID FOOTMAN, the more it strikes me as a cross between two novels you may or may not know already: Mr. MAURICE BARING's *Friday's Business* and Mr. ANTHONY POWELL's *Venusberg*. The fact remains that of its type it is very good indeed, and if you have any taste for this sort of detached, disillusioned, faintly melancholy humour

you should enjoy it. The narrator is a susceptible young man uneasily keeping a number of love affairs going in the consular and tavern society of a Balkan town. A temporary purpose enters his life with the arrival of an English adventurer. Things liven up and become exciting; he helps the adventurer to avoid arrest; and the book ends with his being—not asked to resign (from the consular service), but what is almost worse—sent to "moulder" in Tiflis. The character of the adventurer and his influence on the cynical but fundamentally soft-hearted narrator are excellently done, and the whole book has overtones (or, if you like, undertones) unusual in a light novel.

Tuition and Intuition.

Public schools seem to be attracting the attention of our sensational novelists, and for the scene of *Which Way Came Death?* (MURRAY, 7/6) Mrs. FAITH WOLSELEY has gone to Hardchester (pronounced "Harkster"). No policemen, either local or from Scotland Yard, enter the precincts of this school, no deducers possessed of uncanny gifts are on parade, and Mrs. WOLSELEY, who has a pretty wit and wonderful powers of observation, manages quite nicely without them. Her tale deals with the internal difficulties of Hardchester from the point of view of the headmaster and his wife—difficulties which were both alleviated and increased by the sudden death of an antagonistic member of the staff. Mrs. WOLSELEY is, I imagine, moving over familiar ground, and both her studies of character and the manner in which she controls a series of complicated situations are admirable. Not for many a month have I come across a story which can be so confidently recommended to readers of detective fiction.

A Man of Many Parts.

At my last meeting with Mr. J. JEFFERSON FARJEON's amusing little optimist, Ben, he was with complete success impersonating a god on a cannibal island. Now he has descended from his high estate and become *Detective Ben* (COLLINS, 7/6). His new rôle was to a certain extent distasteful to him; for he was not only a detective, but also a potential murderer, and the combination made extensive demands upon his ingenuity and humour. Willy-nilly in the service of a dangerous woman and most unpleasant man, nicknamed the *Jack of Clubs*, Ben frequently found himself in bewilderingly alarming positions. But in the end he emerged triumphantly and with an excellent chance of continuing his varied and diverting career.

A Glimpse of the Obvious?

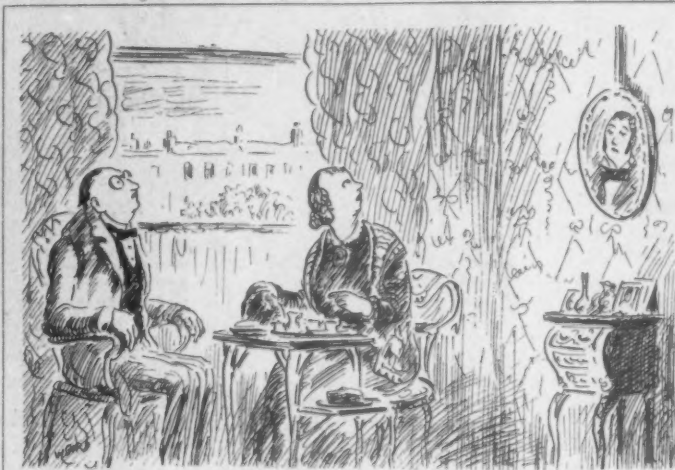
"SWIM SUITS FOR DISCERNING MEN AND WOMEN."

From a Sports Catalogue.

"STINGLESS BEES FOR THE ZOO. BY AIR FROM RHODESIA."

News Heading.

It would have been silly to walk, wouldn't it?



"WHEN HE WAS A YOUNG MAN HE WENT COMPLETELY OFF HIS HEAD IN ITALY AND TRIED TO JOIN THE GONEDOTTERIE."



"NOW IS THAT THE NIGHTINGALE, OR MORE INTERFERENCE?"

Charivaria.

By means of the electronic telescope, we are informed, it is now possible to watch events which are taking place in pitch darkness. But hardly fair, we think.

★ ★ ★

A Mr. MUSTARD has written to a newspaper expressing his approval of Italy's action in Abyssinia. With which his name had already been associated.

★ ★ ★

Japanese astronomers report that the Continent of Asia expands at certain phases of the moon. They say nothing, however, about the expansion of Japan.

★ ★ ★

"There's no tonic like that of hearing happy voices all around you," says an essayist. Will Sir THOMAS BEECHAM please note?

★ ★ ★

"Men who drink too much should be treated by a physician," says a magistrate. Men who drink too much don't care who treats them.

★ ★ ★

"The average cricketer only needs one bat," writes an expert. And generally only one ball.

★ ★ ★

A zoologist in India has succeeded in breeding a tuskless elephant. This is great news for those people who object to elephants having tusks.

When a bride about to start for the honeymoon was left behind on the platform, the bridegroom pulled the communication-cord and the train returned for her. It was fortunate that he noticed her absence in time.

★ ★ ★

"Cornwall and Devon are the only places in England where palms flourish in the open-air," says a botanist. Has he overlooked Whitechapel?

★ ★ ★

A correspondent says he saw his young son at the Zoo making faces at the hippopotamus. Well, we suppose the animal started it.

★ ★ ★

And this reminds us that the newly-opened Beer Garden at the Zoo was a surprise to those visitors who had understood that it was to be a Bear Garden.

★ ★ ★

"Our sun," remarks a writer, "is seen as a remote speck from the stars." Which is where they've had the advantage of us for the last few weeks.

★ ★ ★

"There is one thing the motoring beginner *must* grasp," writes an expert. He refers to the hand-brake no doubt.

★ ★ ★

A naturalist has discovered that fish can catch influenza. Rather bad luck, as they can gargle all day long.

Brighter Chess.

THERE are to be queer goings-on down at Hurlingham Village come Sunday.

The Kent County Chess Association (bless their hearts!) are giving a Living Chess Display in the grounds of the Hurlingham Club on June 21st, and from all I hear it is going to be no mean affair. Players whose names are household words wherever the chequered board is revered will engage in lightning twenty-minute contests, with the help of forty girls dressed to represent the pawns and pieces—thirty-two of them in action at the bully-off and the other eight biting their nails on the reserve-benches—what time the Kneller Hall Light Orchestra discourses appropriate music. Altogether it ought to be a charming and (to the initiated) instructive display.

I must say, though, I am surprised that the organisers, who in other respects seem to have done their work very well, should have committed the extraordinary error of failing to enlist my co-operation. When one remembers that I was, if not the Man Behind the Upper Muckrake Living Chess Display, at any rate a vital cog in that astonishing, may I say, machine, it is hard indeed to understand the oversight. The experience gained on that occasion must, I believe, have proved of service to the present organisers.

It was the Vicar's wife who really started the thing. She was a bit short on the year's working of one of her missionary schemes, and she conceived the improbable notion that a Living Chess Display in the Vicarage gardens at a shilling to come in and tea (with buns) for another ninepence would just about enable her to keep the Women of Tibet supplied with woollen mufflers during the long winter months.

We had a lovely day for it, and when we had finally got the two teams ranged up on the greensward (the gardener's solution of the chess-board problem was simply to leave alternate squares of the lawn unmown, so that half the company stood knee-deep in daisies) nobody could deny that it was a remarkable and memorable sight. There was Ben Frampton, a little self-conscious perhaps in his corner, but palpably a White Rook by reason of his machicolated head-piece, and next to him Miss Eames from the stationers, and next to her again (by special request) young Henry Coggs, looking ripe for a bishopric and already beginning to ogle. Then came Mr. Bowles, with all the dignity that only a churchwarden can bring to kingship, and on his left Mrs. Vicar as a sporting White Queen. Look where one would, it was hard to find a jarring note. It was a pity perhaps that Joe Hubbis insisted on smoking a pipe and old George Benty might to a censorious eye seem a little less sober than the general run of Red Bishops, but what more gallant than the red chivalry in the persons of the two Miss Winthrops, and who so glorious as Mrs. Chancey in a scarlet turban and an obviously queenly dressing-gown? One could not but regret that her lawful consort, Mr. Chancey, had been forced at the last moment to resign his post as Red King, especially as this compelled me to assume the sceptre in his place.

"And very nice too," said Mrs. Chancey handsomely, as I stepped into the breach beside her. "Isn't it lovely? It's just like the Lancers. Now, what do we all do?"

"Sh!" I whispered. "We're just going to begin."

The Vicar began by moving up one of the sixteen choir-boys who had been pressed into service to solve the pawn problem, and the contest was soon closely joined. A slight initial difficulty due to Colonel Creaker's insistence on calling out his moves in the correct English notation was overcome by unexpected assistance from Ben Frampton, not previously suspected of any knowledge of chess.

"KB to QB4," says the Colonel, and we look at each other with a wild surmise.

"George, git over alongside o' Willyum Briggs," roars Ben, and all is well.

Half-a-dozen moves have been played on either side, and Mrs. Chancey is getting restless. "Well, upon my word!" she says, "I little expected to be kept standing here doing nothing all this time. I've plenty to do at home, goodness knows, what with the—oh, is it me now? I'm so sorry, but really—what? Where? Over there? Just a minute, Mr. Frampton, my crown's coming unpinned. Elsie dear, I wonder if you'd mind—? Oh, very well."

Two moves later she is back again at my side, a little out of breath. "It really is most aggravating," she says. "I was just telling Miss Eames about Mrs. Ernest's baby, and back I have to come in the middle of a sentence, and no good done by it either that I can see. I do think Colonel Creaker might have a little consideration for the players' feelings. There's a pin here right at the back somewhere, Elsie dear . . ."

Meanwhile serious trouble has broken out in the middle of the board. Great care has been taken in the original arrangement of the pieces to ensure that Henry Coggs and his hated rival Joe Hubbis shall be as far apart as possible, but now an ill-considered move on the Vicar's part has brought them together, and a fierce argument is already in progress.

"Some people looks even sillier dressed up than what they do ordinary," says Henry Coggs.

"I can see that," says Joe. "Not that they'd have made you a bishop, if they knew what I know," he adds darkly.

I call out to the Vicar, advising him to bring out his King as rapidly as possible, for Mr. Bowles' influence as a peace-maker is well known, but my voice is drowned by old George Benty's, who has just begun to sing "A Life on the Ocean Wave." Moreover the Vicar himself is a good deal harassed by a sudden threat to his Queen from the younger Miss Winthrop, who has come over on her own responsibility to tell Miss Eames about her new frock.

"I think you must have moved out of turn, my dear fellow," he says mildly to his opponent.

"I never told her to move—Hey, stop it, you two young hooligans!"

Joe Hubbis and Henry Coggs have unfortunately come to blows. In the end an exchange is decided upon, and they are sent off into the shrubbery still fighting and followed by the greater part of the audience—a little doubtful perhaps whether this is or is not part of the game, but quite certain that, if it is, then chess is all right by them. Miss Winthrop is restored to her proper place and the game proceeds.

I have no space to follow the rest of the contest in detail; it must suffice to say that it ended in a hurriedly arranged draw, partly because White's Queen's Rook suddenly decided to go home and see to his chickens, partly because the Colonel had lost his temper, but chiefly, I think, because the Red Queen was in obvious and loudly-declared danger of coming completely unpinned. So ended Upper Muckrake's only Living Chess Display, a topic of talk in the village for many days to come and, I like to think, a source of enduring comfort to the Women of Tibet.

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H. F. E.



CONVERSATION PIECE.

BRITISH LION. "SPEAKING AS ONE SYMBOLIC ANIMAL TO ANOTHER, MY DEAR, I WANT YOU TO GET RID OF ANY KIND OF INFERIORITY COMPLEX YOU MAY HAVE FELT IN THE PAST."

Brighter Chess.

THERE are to be queer goings-on down at Hurlingham Village come Sunday.

The Kent County Chess Association (bless their hearts!) are giving a Living Chess Display in the grounds of the Hurlingham Club on June 21st, and from all I hear it is going to be no mean affair. Players whose names are household words wherever the chequered board is revered will engage in lightning twenty-minute contests, with the help of forty girls dressed to represent the pawns and pieces—thirty-two of them in action at the bully-off and the other eight biting their nails on the reserve-benches—what time the Kneller Hall Light Orchestra discourses appropriate music. Altogether it ought to be a charming and (to the initiated) instructive display.

I must say, though, I am surprised that the organisers, who in other respects seem to have done their work very well, should have committed the extraordinary error of failing to enlist my co-operation. When one remembers that I was, if not the Man Behind the Upper Muckrake Living Chess Display, at any rate a vital cog in that astonishing, may I say, machine, it is hard indeed to understand the oversight. The experience gained on that occasion must, I believe, have proved of service to the present organisers.

It was the Vicar's wife who really started the thing. She was a bit short on the year's working of one of her missionary schemes, and she conceived the improbable notion that a Living Chess Display in the Vicarage gardens at a shilling to come in and tea (with buns) for another ninepence would just about enable her to keep the Women of Tibet supplied with woollen mufflers during the long winter months.

We had a lovely day for it, and when we had finally got the two teams ranged up on the greensward (the gardener's solution of the chess-board problem was simply to leave alternate squares of the lawn unmown, so that half the company stood knee-deep in daisies) nobody could deny that it was a remarkable and memorable sight. There was Ben Frampton, a little self-conscious perhaps in his corner, but palpably a White Rook by reason of his machicolated head-piece, and next to him Miss Eames from the stationers, and next to her again (by special request) young Henry Coggs, looking ripe for a bishopric and already beginning to ogle. Then came Mr. Bowles, with all the dignity that only a churchwarden can bring to kingship, and on his left Mrs. Vicar as a sporting White Queen. Look where one would, it was hard to find a jarring note. It was a pity perhaps that Joe Hubbis insisted on smoking a pipe and old George Benty might to a censorious eye seem a little less sober than the general run of Red Bishops, but what more gallant than the red chivalry in the persons of the two Miss Winthrops, and who so glorious as Mrs. Chancey in a scarlet turban and an obviously queenly dressing-gown? One could not but regret that her lawful consort, Mr. Chancey, had been forced at the last moment to resign his post as Red King, especially as this compelled me to assume the sceptre in his place.

"And very nice too," said Mrs. Chancey handsomely, as I stepped into the breach beside her. "Isn't it lovely? It's just like the Lancers. Now, what do we all do?"

"Sh!" I whispered. "We're just going to begin."

The Vicar began by moving up one of the sixteen choir-boys who had been pressed into service to solve the pawn problem, and the contest was soon closely joined. A slight initial difficulty due to Colonel Creaker's insistence on calling out his moves in the correct English notation was overcome by unexpected assistance from Ben Frampton, not previously suspected of any knowledge of chess.

"KB to QB4," says the Colonel, and we look at each other with a wild surmise.

"George, git over alongside o' Willyum Briggs," roars Ben, and all is well.

Half-a-dozen moves have been played on either side, and Mrs. Chancey is getting restless. "Well, upon my word!" she says, "I little expected to be kept standing here doing nothing all this time. I've plenty to do at home, goodness knows, what with the—oh, is it me now? I'm so sorry, but really—what? Where? Over there? Just a minute, Mr. Frampton, my crown's coming unpinned. Elsie dear, I wonder if you'd mind—? Oh, very well."

Two moves later she is back again at my side, a little out of breath. "It really is most aggravating," she says. "I was just telling Miss Eames about Mrs. Ernest's baby, and back I have to come in the middle of a sentence, and no good done by it either that I can see. I do think Colonel Creaker might have a little consideration for the players' feelings. There's a pin here right at the back somewhere, Elsie dear . . ."

Meanwhile serious trouble has broken out in the middle of the board. Great care has been taken in the original arrangement of the pieces to ensure that Henry Coggs and his hated rival Joe Hubbis shall be as far apart as possible, but now an ill-considered move on the Vicar's part has brought them together, and a fierce argument is already in progress.

"Some people looks even sillier dressed up than what they do ordinary," says Henry Coggs.

"I can see that," says Joe. "Not that they'd have made you a bishop, if they knew what I know," he adds darkly.

I call out to the Vicar, advising him to bring out his King as rapidly as possible, for Mr. Bowles' influence as a peace-maker is well known, but my voice is drowned by old George Benty's, who has just begun to sing "A Life on the Ocean Wave." Moreover the Vicar himself is a good deal harassed by a sudden threat to his Queen from the younger Miss Winthrop, who has come over on her own responsibility to tell Miss Eames about her new frock.

"I think you must have moved out of turn, my dear fellow," he says mildly to his opponent.

"I never told her to move—Hey, stop it, you two young hooligans!"

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goat, breaks a couple of the oil-lamps which act as footlights.

By 8.15 the audience have overflowed into the yard. Four car-loads of the Quality have arrived, but their seats have gone long ago. I manage to squeeze them through the door and shut it, assuring them there is plenty of room, and hope for the best. The cry of "Tighten up there, chaps" starts again with redoubled energy, and when I open the door I find to my relief they have somehow managed to get at least a quarter of a seat each. They say they are quite comfortable, but perhaps would not feel so hot and crushed if I were to open the other door over the far side. I tell them they probably would not because, if I did, the bull would come in.

At 8.25 a hand I recognise as my sister's appears between the curtains and waves the band to silence. Everyone says "Sh-sh!" till 8.30, when, as nothing further has happened, the band starts up again. It is promptly silenced by my sister's face appearing. She tells us that the Misses A. and B. Murphy will sing a duet. It is a very soulful one and in the course of it one

half of the curtain falls down, eclipsing Miss B. Murphy. Her voice continues to come from behind and I compliment my sister, who appears agitatedly from the wings, on a subtle modernistic touch. She says it was the bad old binding-twine I gave her, and I am to hurry and get some strong cord.

When the curtain is capable of doing so, it goes up on the main item of the programme, *Treasure Island*, acted by the members of the local cricket club. In the early days of these concerts the actors used to recite their parts in a steady monotone, conscientiously including the stage directions. But now they have progressed further, and gone are the days when one heard: "Then die Sir Peter loud screams eggsit left," recited like a washing-list. I am getting quite carried away by the performance when someone taps me on the shoulder and says, "Beggin' yer pardon, Sir, but Jamesy Holohan says a heifer is just after calving beyant in the field." I ask him does Tom the cowman know about it. "Shure, he's John Silver."

When I return the audience is still swelling and has reached to the pump

in the middle of the yard. A tall determined-looking man, wearing a bowler-hat and carrying an umbrella, bears down on me, "Ah! here he is at last," I hear him say, and I don't like the glint in his eye. He looks as if he thinks I am responsible for it all, and he has not had his money's-worth. So before he can get a word in I tell him it is his own fault for not coming earlier, and bolt behind the scenes. The play has just come to an end with a sea-shanty. The actors are all for doing an encore, but a voice says they can't as the curtain is after getting shtuck someway.

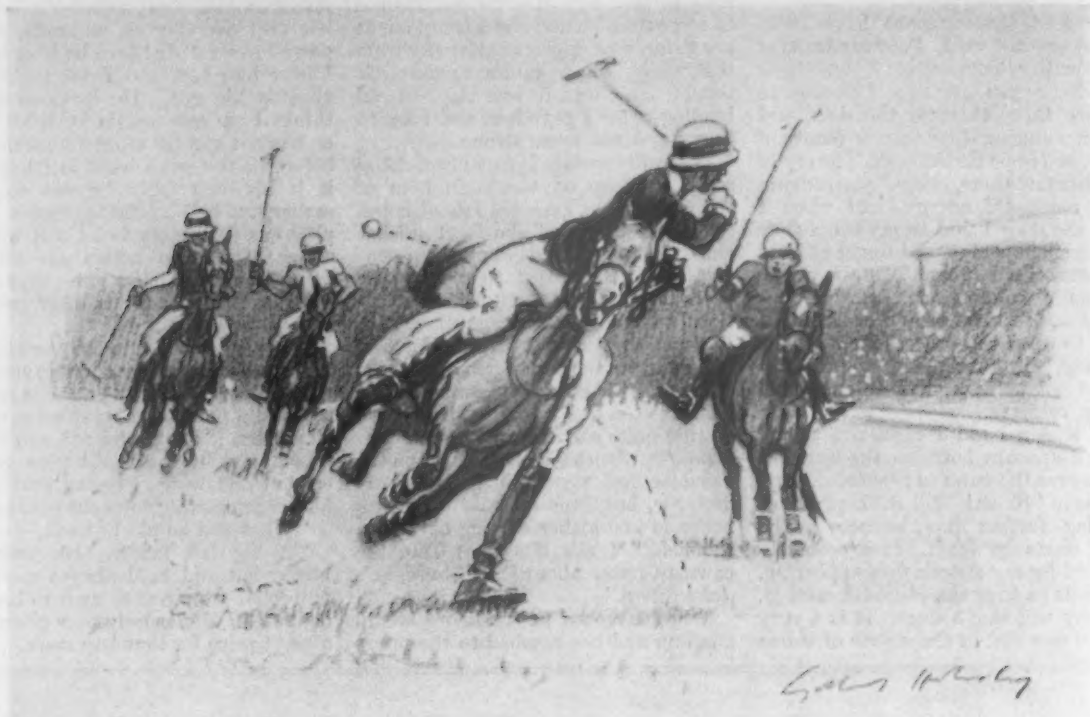
When I get out into the yard again a neighbouring farmer, coming out with the audience, hails me and tells me he has sold a horse at a great price to an American. "I told him you had three to sell, and he said he'd give you a call late this evening. Bedad, that's like his car going away down the road now."

"What was he like?" I ask.

"A big tall fellow. He wears a bowler-hat and he'd always carry an umbrella. Oh, an easy man to have a deal with. He'd surely have given you a great price for that bay mare."



Umpire. "I GENERALLY GIVES IT A WIDE, UNLESS IT 'ITS THE STUMPS."



POLO NOTES.

A "HANDY" PONY SHOULD ANSWER TO THE LEG QUICKER THAN THE REIN. DON'T TRY TO PLAY POLO IF YOU ARE OF THE SHORT-LEGGED STOCKY VARIETY.

At the Tattoo.

RUSHMOOR-ON-IRAWADI.

"There was an old man of Rangoon
Who affirmed he was Miss Lorna Doone.
So Sir ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL,
Without further preamble,
Wrote him out a free pass to the moon."

It would be a thousand pities if this stirring old Army jingle, to which British soldiers have crooned themselves to sleep in many a far-flung bivouac, should be forgotten. Ambiguous and a trifle anachronistic it may be, but it has a special bearing on this year's Tattoo, whose chief item shows how neatly, in 1824, Sir ARCHIBALD put the doctrine of an Imperial race across to the recalcitrant Burmese, lurking behind their stockades.

The first things you notice on taking your seat are the three sailing troopships, *Liffey*, *Larne* and *Slaney*, being towed up the broad bosom of the Irawadi by the steam-paddle-boat *Diana*, forerunner, one would judge from her rig, of the *Clacton Belle*.

Their destination appears at first to be Carnarvon Castle, very realistically reproduced in the centre, but the eye passes quickly to the palms and pagodas of a Burmese village. The effect is excellent. Of Sir ARCHIBALD himself or of the Potty Peishwar (or whatever he was called) of the legend there is no sign.

In view of the incapacity of the British public ever to reach their seats in time, the opening item is almost too good—a pageant of Drummers, Trumpeters and Fifers which is an equal treat to eye and ear. The sheer size of the spectacle is magnificent, and it is arranged with consummate skill. What London producer would not give his buttoned boots for a cast of five thousand, a stage of eleven acres and three thousand million candle-power to play with! In comparison Drury Lane becomes a mere bridle-path.

Item Two demands of the audience either nerves of steel or a little cotton-wool. It is a mistake to go without either, for its survey of artillery exercises includes the loudest reports Rushmoor has known, and these are caught and mercilessly amplified by the roofs of the stands. The nineteenth-century Infantry firing-exercises which follow are less shattering and visually more effective.

One wonders, after watching Item Three, whether in the confidential files of the B.B.C. there are skeleton programmes for encouraging the troops in case of war. Would each dug-out have its portable? Would the bombers steal through the night to the tunes of a London dance-band? And would the P.B.I. go over the top to STRAUSS or COLE PORTER? Here we are shown a Cavalry Squadron resting for the night behind the lines, while a wireless-set cheers it; after a little the dreams of the

sleeping men call up a phantom column, which rides through, superb in full-dress; until, suddenly, an S.O.S. from the front line brings the Squadron tumbling out to rush back into battle. This is an ambitious turn, but successful. And considering that the horses' nose-bags are empty, they behave with admirable restraint.

Next come the Massed Bands, mounted and on foot, of the Aldershot and Eastern Commands, over thirteen hundred strong and a grand sight. If mechanisation kills the Cavalry Band, the Army will lose one of its most decorative services, irreplaceably; for euphonium-operators on motor-cycles would be inconceivably dull. Perhaps the best solution would be to equip each brigade with an electric cinema-organ on a caterpillar-truck. But it would be hateful if drum-horses, those miraculously imperturbable creatures, should go. I always suspect them of being slightly chloroformed to stand the racket of a show like this.

We were privileged to watch the onslaught of Sir ARCHIBALD and his men from the stockades themselves, which was really more than liberal-minded of the Burmese. And very exciting it was. In the shelter of the wooden flats little groups of them were beating drums and imitating asthmatic choir-boys to produce a great volume of sound which, far away in the grand-stand, was indistinguishable. I was told, from the night-life of India's gayest waterway. After a gory encounter the British, having had the foresight to bring ladders (they seldom make a mistake at the Tattoo), triumphed.

The P.T. Display is as lovely to watch as ever. The colours are beautifully grouped and the men have the precision of clockwork figures. It is interesting to note what a large part jazz-music now plays in Army training. The purists can continue to growl themselves hoarse about negroid rhythms, but they must admit

that when the troops are showing off their fitness they cannot do it better than when they Spread It Abroad.



J.M.D.

O.C. HOWLS (BURMESE).

Exquisitely dressed, the Scottish Display is built round the scene at Bannockburn in which ROBERT BRUCE

was engaged in single combat by the English—or fairly English—Knight DE BOHUN. Bruce is without his famous battling spider, and is obviously a little embarrassed in case he may have to pronounce his adversary's name; but he manages to pink him mortally as he rattles by. Whoever plays De Bohun should appear in the Birthday Honours for the self-sacrifice with which he falls headlong from his horse. I understand that he is not enveloped, as I should be, in pneumatic cushions.

There remain the usual and pleasing evolutions in the dark with electric lanterns, forming all kinds of patterns; a colourful item which shows EDWARD I. at Carnarvon, presenting the first Prince of Wales to the Welsh; and a final massing of all the performers into a splendidly-lit tableau, the last to take their place being a column of young soldiers representing "Youth" and "Physical Fitness" and "The Spirit of Adventure."

These are the three slogans of a Tattoo which is fully up to the highest standards of other years. It is still an entertainment unique in scale and design; and in their use of colour, sound, lighting and grouping, its creators again prove themselves to be in the first rank of Production.

The organisation of the whole show is fantastically efficient. I cannot resist quoting from the statistics of last year, which fascinate me. 483,000 people attended, and they polished off 100,000 cups of tea and 120,000 ice creams, which meant a cup for every fifth, and an ice for every fourth, person. They also got outside 12 tons of chocolate, but I would rather you divided that up for yourselves. ERIC.

"Mr. — is now with the 'Sun' in New York." *Publisher's Note.*

We should be glad to see them both in London.

"GIRL OF 15 BREAKS TWO RECORDS." *News Heading.*

And so The Music Goes Round no longer.



J.M.D.

A NAMELESS HERO.

Camera Obscura;

or, The Almond Tree.

(A stark drama by Adelstérne Boguljub.)

Dramatis Personæ:

A Postman.

Bortsch, an Averages Adjuster.

Goulasch, his Sweetheart.

An Old Man.

Bogus, a Chemist.

The Devil.

Tinkers, Tailors, Soldiers,

Sailors, etc.

WHEN this play was produced for the first and last time at one of the lesser-known art theatres in Helsingfors, the auditorium was decorated entirely in black, while the proscenium was a vivid scarlet. The overture is a work by Alibi, scored for zither, bagpipes, machine-gun, cymbals and triangle. The music concludes with a burst of machine-gun-fire and the orchestra begin to dress their wounds as the curtain rises in deathly silence.

SCENE 1.

In the dim gloom on the stage can be seen a tree. It is made of zinc and from its branches—the spiral ones—hangs fruit, round discs, with the symbol "30." Wire-netting covers the back of the stage. A bat flies across the sky. Dawn is breaking.

In the foreground the Postman is lying on his back gnawing his hat. He groans, rolls over and crawls away on his stomach.

The light changes from green to orange and orange to red as the curtain slowly descends.

SCENE 2.

Interior of a cottage. Bortsch is discovered leaning against the mantelpiece. He is glaring at his girl, Goulasch, who sits at a table knitting barbed-wire. From time to time she pricks her fingers and shrieks in agony. On the dresser is an Old Man mumbling into his long white beard.

Nothing happens for ten minutes. Then suddenly Bortsch seizes a blazing log from the fire and flings it at Goulasch. He misses.

Goulasch (laughing). Love? Passion? Passion? Love? So!

[She picks up a jug from the table and drinks noisily. The Old Man growls at an oil-lamp and cuts off his beard.

Bortsch (foaming at the mouth). Love? Why love, love, oh, why, why, oh, why?

Goulasch. Me too. I accept.

[She kisses Bortsch and a dead swan drops at their feet.

Old Man (walking to the front of the stage, beard in hand, tears streaming down his cheeks). Destiny!

[Through the open window two bats are seen to fly across the sky. The curtain descends.

SCENE 3.

The garden of the cottage. The family scaffold stands out in black against the mauve sunset.

The lovers sit on the scaffold platform. Goulasch playfully ties the rope round the neck of Bortsch.

Enter Bogus. He sees the lovers, gnashes his teeth and turns green with jealousy. Three bats fly across the sky.

Bogus. Too late! Never late than later than better than worse.

[He has a fit.

Bortsch and Goulasch (together). Whoopee!

[CURTAIN]

SCENE 4.

Hell. It is fenced in with sheets of corrugated-iron. There is a continuous shower of chewed string. A huge alarm-clock fills the background. Four bats fly across the sky in formation. Some imps are sharpening their horns with files, muttering drearily as they do so. The Devil enters, riding a box-tricycle.

The Devil. Ices! Ices! Lovely Ices!

[Exit.

Bogus (popping his head out of the alarm-clock). Revenge!

[He strops his knife on the minute-hand of the clock, which at once rings furiously. The imps leap into the orchestra pit.

[CURTAIN]

SCENE 5.

This scene consists of white-enamelled cupboards and chromium-plated tubing bathed in brilliant white light. Five bats fly across. A procession of cabmen, gaulers and mothers-in-law streams on to the stage. All wail loudly. The Postman enters bearing a newspaper.

Postman. War!

[He gnaws his hat and shuts himself in a cupboard. Dance-music is heard in the distance and the lights slowly fade.

[CURTAIN]

SCENE 6.

Flashes of red fire stab the grey sky, across which six bats presently fly.

The atmosphere is stark and gloomy. The stage is a sea of mud in which bubbles are rising.

There is a series of squelchy noises and Bortsch and Bogus come to the surface. They glare at each other for some minutes. The whine of an approaching shell is heard. There is a shattering report. Mud is flung all over the audience.

The smoke clears. One figure remains. It is the top-half of Bortsch and the lower-half of Bogus.

[CURTAIN]

SCENE 7.

Interior of a boiler-house. Dozens of bats fly out of the ventilation-shaft. Goulasch, half-starving, half-mad, now a stoker, has a motor-horn. In the glare of the furnaces her face looks wild.

Goulasch. Honk! Honk!

[Enter Bortsch-Bogus, descending a steel ladder. His legs break into an adagio tap-dance and his arms punch his legs.

Bortsch-Bogus. My darling! At last!

Goulasch. Honk! Honk! My!—But what is this? You are not quite yourself. Honk! Honk!

[She hurls a shovel of coal into the furnace.

Bortsch-Bogus (holding on to his legs to prevent himself walking away). An explosion. Below my waist it is Bogus. (He looks down at his feet with contempt.) As for the rest, it is your own Bortsch. I hate having to eat to nourish Bogus, but I can't cut off my legs to spite my stomach, if you understand me.

Goulasch. Honk! Honk! Ah, well, I suppose it's no use being half-hearted about it. Half a husband is better than none. Honk! Honk!

[She looks at the pressure-gauge. It quivers past the danger point. Goulasch laughs hysterically and adds more fuel to the flames.

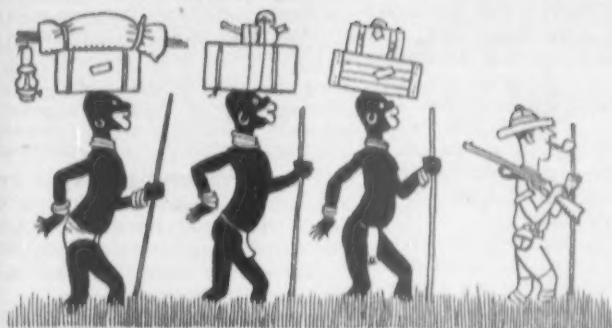
Enter the Postman, gnawing his hat.

Postman. All is lost!

[He looks at the pressure-gauge, now moving higher and higher. The needle jerks spasmodically and he puts his fingers in his ears. Suddenly there is a deafening explosion. The entire theatre and everybody in it disappear in clouds of steam. A faint "Honk! Honk!" is heard in the distance.

Two days later the curtain falls.

ROUGH STUFF.



I LIKE TRAVEL—



AND ADVENTURE—



AND MEETING UNUSUAL
PEOPLE—



AND RIDING UNUSUAL
ANIMALS—



AND WITNESSING STRANGE
RIGHTS—



AND GETTING LOST IN
IMPENETRABLE JUNGLES—



AND HAVING BREAKDOWNS ON
INHOSPITABLE DESERTS—



AND HAIR-RAISING ESCAPES.



THAT IS, I LIKE READING ABOUT IT.

RENEWELL

"The Dogs."

ONE can do worse than go to the dogs.

What a long time it seems—it is—since "the dogs" first came to London! They were frowned upon, as are all new things. Grave moral lectures were delivered, sometimes by racing-men, concerning the distinction between the horse and the dog. Men who betted on horses five days a week were horrified by the thought of other men betting on dogs. For the horse was a noble animal; but the dog—though admittedly the friend of man—was only a dog. Indeed, the greyhound was scarcely a dog.

Moreover the horse was an asset to the nation, being useful for agriculture and in time of war. But what had the greyhound ever done for his country? Therefore, he who betted on horses was helping to improve the breed of the English thoroughbred and so doing something for the nation, while he who betted on a greyhound was simply betting, in a rather mean and acquisitive manner. Yes, all this was said—though not so nakedly.

For my part, if I must lose money through making unprovoked forecasts about the speed of animals, I care little whether they are horses or dogs. The laugh is on me, anyway. And, at least, I can view the dog without much exertion, whereas nearly all the horse-courses demand a journey and a day off. Moreover I can see the dogs all round the course, whereas, in my small experience, race-horses are always disappearing into the Dip, or hiding behind coaches, or simply being shut out by bowler-hats.

Yes, one can do worse than go to the dogs. And, in spite of the frowns and the predictions of a short life—"only a passing craze, old boy; there's no sport in it"—they seem to be surviving obstinately. A London evening paper publishes a special Dog Edition, and on Whit-Monday it gave full particulars of thirty meetings in the London area. Four sheets of doggerly in tiny type—about thirteen hundred dogs' names in all, I reckoned—with all their form, times, and traps, and recent history, with "Betting Forecasts" and "Naps at a Glance," and "Winning Traps." What industry! What organization! And what a lot of doggerly there must be!

Returning after a long interval to Cream Town, the only course at which I have ever dogged, I noticed a few changes. The hare, I thought, was not looking so well—a little ragged and tired. And soon I saw why. They now let him slip off his electric carriage

before it dives into the tunnel at the end, so that the dogs have a brief but enjoyable worry at the (?) skin. The fact that, after having thus found out for certain that the whole thing is a fraud, the intelligent dogs consent to race again, is of great scientific interest: it shows either (a) that they are not even so intelligent as we thought, or (b) that, unlike the rest of us, they are there purely for the sport of the thing and do not really expect to get anything out of it.

And then I missed the bowler-hats—the bowler-hats of the stewards or hound-leaders. There was a grand moment after each race when three white-robed stewards stood before the grand-stand with the three panting animals to finish first, and in good time together raised their bowler-hats to the company. It was the only occasion, I think, in English public life on which one saw the bowler-hat ceremoniously employed. Now, I suppose because of our symbolic summer, they wear boaters. It is not quite the same thing.

But the rest of the admirable drill and showmanship remains. I like to see the winning three march off down the lighted course with their escorts, while the miserable beasts who were 4, 5 and 6 slink along in the semi-darkness beyond the fence, and decently to the rear. And I like the six white stewards and attendant hounds marching across the dark ground in quick time with a spotlight on them.

Indeed, for those who can keep their eyes off the odds and their mind off their particular hound, there is, when the daylight goes and the track is lit, a ribbon of brilliant green, with no light in the centre or the stands—there is—hush!—much beauty in the scene: as much, at least, as you will find at most horse-places. And the dogs are beautiful too, the lean leggy things, as they speed like arrows over the hurdles or flash past the post in the order in which you have predicted. A horse, in motion, is comparatively plain, and hideous if he is also running.

But you do not want to hear about Beauty, pig. You want to know about the dogs from the Investor's View-point.

Well, there are three infallible ways of losing money on the dogs. But I should first explain that to invest in the dogs requires no mean intellectual labour. You have, of course, a mass of "literature," as any printed paper is called now. You have your Dog Edition, and you have your Race-Card, each of which is a maze of information; and then you probably buy Somebody's card of Tips, which is a mass of Naps. You must learn before you study the

Form the meaning of the following technical abbreviations:—

awk	awkward
blkd	baulked
bpd	bumped
bnehd	bunched
chkd	checked
hpd	hampered
impd	impeded
pkd	pecked
stbld	stumbled

I cannot myself say what exact difference it makes to a dog whether he is baulked, bumped, bunched, hampered, impeded or pecked; but it is as well to realise to how many dangers dogs are exposed.

You now study the form of the dogs in the first race; and you find yourself in this sort of trouble:—

HADDOCK

Tr 2 5th 5 yd (5) By HENRY (T6) 31-47
Bdly blkd 1st bend, 6/1, May 20=30-78

Tr 1 4th 11yd (5) By MERVYN'S JOY (T5) 31-39 Chkd, Bpd, Faded, 8/1, May 17=31-95

Tr 2 3rd 13yd (4) By FUCHSIA (T5) 31-93
Blkd, Bpd, Impd, Stbld, 6/1, May 10=31-62
Tr 4 3rd—

But the dog Haddock is only one dog, and there are 6 in the first race; and there are 8 races in the evening. And every dog has four different stories (as above) attached to him; so you can see that a conscientious student of form has a busy evening ahead of him. By the time he has properly weighed the bping and impding of the dog Haddock against the blking and chking and pking of the dog Whatisit and allowed for the fact that Haddock was in Trap 1 on the last occasion and is now in Trap 5, whereas Whatisit is now in Trap 2 and—by the time, I say, the student has duly assessed the chances of two or three of the hounds, the race is over.

The first infallible way of losing money on the dogs, then, is to study the form—for at the last minute one simply chooses a nice name and loses on that.

But then there are good-hearted and great-minded experts who will do all this loathsome toil for you the day before and present you with the results in short and snappy terms—sometimes in Naps and Doubles.

And the second infallible way of losing money on the dogs is to trust to the experts. Well, that may be harsh; for I have not tested them often. But on this day I know that in 8 races my chosen expert named one winner only; that his Nap was fourth or fifth; and as for his Double, not even the first half of it could do better than third and the second half was worse. But there is more. Referring now to Somebody's card of tips, I find

that he did not name a single winner. So that out of 16 expert prophecies only 1 was correct. Well, most of us are as wrong about most things as often as that: but we do not give "Naps."

The third infallible way of losing money on the dogs is to ignore both form and experts and to trust to your own judgment when the dogs parade. Every Briton is a good judge of a dog: but this is not true of greyhounds. When I back the gay and manifestly vital hound which leaps and walks on air and longs to swallow space, that dog is last: and the only successful hound in which I invested was one of which all men said, upon its appearance, how mean, morbid, sluggish and unpractical a beast it looked. Never, then, trust to your own judgment.

There are other ways. I believe the best way is the lady's way. One says: "Blue (or red) is my colour to-night," and backs blue (or red) in every race. At least there is here no intellectual strain.

Alas! I never tried that way. And it will be clear from what has gone before that I am speaking in no base material fashion when I say again that one can do worse than go to the dogs.

A. P. H.

The Portabled Affair.

EVER since that eventful day in December when, for the second time in a long span of years, the so-called Hammer Kelly dealt so efficaciously with a burst pipe, old Miss Tracy of the one big house in the village of Pook has felt, quite mistakenly, that he is her sole stand-by in any mechanical difficulty.

This belief is not shared with any show of enthusiasm by Stasia, the elderly and somewhat suspicious guardian of her kitchen, who has always maintained that there was something chancy about Mr. Kelly's plumbing operations, successful though they undoubtedly were. "I'll give it in to him all right," she has said grudgingly, "that only for him all the ground that's under us would be wather now. Still an' all, I was never rightly sure what recurred that day; but he has a head like one of them airships ever since, the way it's blew up wid pride."

Last week, by order of a nephew in a distant city, a portable wireless-set was delivered at Miss Tracy's front-door by the local carrier, who had fetched it from the railway-station some miles away. It was the first of its kind to reach Pook, where for a year or more the presence of an aerial



"BLESS MY SOUL, IF IT ISN'T JONES MINOR!"

above Cooney's shop has seemed to indicate the fact that he is the proud possessor of an ordinary wireless-set; but no one has ever been invited to "listen-in," nor is anyone surprised by this lack of neighbourliness. "If he had only as much as an egg," they say of him with bitter sarcasm, "he'd give you the shell."

On the arrival of the Portable the gratified though alarmed old lady sent word by the disapproving Stasia to Mr. Kelly, begging him to call the following day to help her carry out the detailed instructions in her nephew's letter. In the meantime the cabinet was placed by the carrier in a dark corner of the hall with its face to the wall as something that, if interfered with, would burst into sound.

"They have one of them Portabled affairs where me brother is in Rath-berry," he said as he withdrew cautiously, "an' he says the bawls of it do be a fright if you stay fineerin' it at all. Annyway, 'tis out-an'-out on-natural to have one of them wireleses widout anny wires."

Having marked with satisfaction the disturbing effect upon Hammer Kelly of her employer's summons, Stasia did nothing to reassure him, and she emphasised the alarm of the carrier. "He thought he'd never get shut of it," she said, "before it'd go barsark on him. 'Tell Hammer Kelly,' he says, 'I'm glad it's he has to tinkle wid it an' not me.'" Then, as she walked back to the ivy-covered house, she told herself once more: "I always said it



The Relief. "ANYTHING DOIN', JOE?"

Look-out Man. "YUS, I BIN HAVING A LONG THINK ABOUT FRUIT-FARMIN' IN SOUTH AFRICA."

of that fella, an' now I say it again—he's one that'll moo wid the cattle an' bleat wid the goats."

Convinced against his will that the ubiquitous hammer would be of no avail in the present crisis, Mr. Kelly left it at home, and, having reached the old lady's door, he lifted the knocker as high as possible and then let it fall. "They gev you no bad name at all when they called you 'Hammer,'" Stasia said indignantly.

In the hall he gazed knowingly at the blank back of the squat cabinet, then, reassured by its unresponsive appearance, he grasped it firmly and staggered into the sitting-room, where he deposited it, still silent, upon the small table that awaited it, and drew a breath of relief. So far so good. "We'll have to give it time to settle itself down now," he said firmly, "for they do be greatly shook in transit."

Old Miss Tracy was reading her nephew's letter again. "He says it must be facing towards London," she said doubtfully, and was not greatly

surprised by the immediate reactions of the patriotic Mr. Kelly. "I heard tell of clergymen facin' to Jerusalem," he said crossly, "but I never before knew of annything in Pook wantin' to look to London for ad-vice."

But young Mr. Tracy had realised the limited knowledge of his aunt and her staff on such matters, also the unchanging nature of her scheme of interior decoration. "He says if it faces the aspidistra it will be near enough," she said; "but it's quite ready only for that." Hammer Kelly changed the position of the revolving cabinet, and again they waited for some demonstration, but none came.

A knock on the front-door compelled Stasia to abandon her close watch upon the amateur mechanic and the Portable Affair. With the withdrawal of that hostile presence Mr. Kelly allowed himself to relax, and in doing so he knocked against the receiving-set and sent it on a really vigorous circular tour. Then, hoping to check it before its new owner saw what he

had done, he clutched wildly at a protruding knob and immediately the quiet room was filled to overflowing with a nasal voice accompanied by a blare of music. "The music goes round and around, bo-bo-bo-bo-bo, and it comes out here," it sang.

Stasia came back carrying a telegram, and her employer read the message aloud. It was from her conscientious nephew. "TURN RIGHT-HAND KNOB RIGHT," it ordered.

Hammer Kelly smiled indulgently. "Wouldn't annyone at all know that," he said, "but what the fella is sayin' is what I thought meself? The music was goin' round an' round an' it didn't know where to come out till I alleviated it." Then, hoping for the best, he turned the knob left, and silence returned to Miss Tracy's sitting-room.

He had scored again. D. M. L.

Triumph of the Wind Department.

"The orchestra swept the audience off their feet in the Sibelius second symphony."

Music criticism.

Trams.

It is many moons now since they put up a notice at the corner of our road saying that our trams would shortly be replaced by trolley-buses, and that if we wanted to object we had better hurry up about it. We didn't want to object, for we had long been of opinion that our trams needed replacing. We had not expected our local council to do anything about it, for our local council has a truly British veneration for antiquity, but when the London Passenger Transport Board took possession we began to hope, and the appearance of the notice strengthened that hope. And then we heard vague rumours that a hitch had occurred. The London Passenger Transport Board and our local council had quarrelled about the places where the new trolley-buses were to stop. And so, as they couldn't stop, they naturally couldn't start. Negotiations, we are led to believe, are still proceeding, and when the bitterness has subsided a Royal Commission will probably be appointed to bring the L.P.T.B. and our local council together in a friendly sort of way.

Meanwhile, we still have our trams, and if anybody thinks of writing a book about Transport Through The Ages he should certainly drop in here one afternoon for a cup of tea, coming from the station to the end of our road in a tram. He must book to Raspberry Avenue; but most probably the tram will not stop at Raspberry Avenue, because there is only a single line, and the system is carried on rather like a game of musical chairs. Trams can only pass one another at a limited number of places, and naturally the driver can't be expected to stop at Raspberry Avenue if that would lead to him getting to the next passing-place after the tram coming the opposite way had left the *next* passing-place, and thus having to wait. It sounds complicated, but our tramways system can't be described briefly. Not printably briefly, anyway.

But even if the trams are not much use for bringing people to the end of Raspberry Avenue, merely to enter one of them is to experience something of the reverential feeling one has on going into an Egyptian tomb—if it is possible to imagine an Egyptian tomb that rocks from side to side like a Channel-boat in stormy weather. To climb the stairs while the tram is in motion requires the courage of a steeple-jack and the tenacity of an ape. Most of us are content to remain on the lower deck, though it is said that last



"WHY DON'T YOU TAKE OFF YER 'AT, ALF, AN' 'AVE A SUN-BARF?"

October a man with a red moustache actually reached the upper deck alive. He has not been heard of since, and it is presumed that he starved to death rather than risk the downward journey.

Some idea of the shakiness of our trams may be conceived from the fact that our milkman, travelling from the bottom of the street to the top with six bottles of milk, arrived at his journey's end with six small slabs of butter. Our local doctor, instead of recommending florid patients to go in for golf or long tramps, just tells them to take a sharp journey by tram every morning before breakfast. "You will get more exercise just resting quietly in one of those trams than you would playing any game ever invented," he says. The drivers and conductors of the trams get so used to the motion that they hardly notice it, but one of

them told me that on his way home in the evenings he is always astonished at the eccentric jumpiness of the pavements.

One thing must be admitted—the L.P.T.B. are generous with paint. Realising that something must be done to keep the trams from falling to pieces, they paint them about once a month, and the conductors carry pieces of string to effect minor repairs.

And while on the subject of trams, why is it that a row of people sitting in a tram are always so much uglier than a row of people sitting in a bus or a train? Is there some mysterious Law of Nature that makes ugly people go to places that can only be reached by tram? For certainly the percentage of yellow faces and crooked noses and fan-shaped ears is far higher in trams than in any other form of modern or semi-modern transport.



"MUCH MORE PRESENTABLE WITH THAT BEARD, ISN'T HE?"

"H'M—P'RAFS. ALL THE SAME, I FEEL IT'S MORE AN ARTISTIC THAN A SOCIAL ONE."

Garden Piece.

In the sunlight
With the wind in them
The elm trees
Cast two great billows of shade
On the sloping lawn:
I lie between them
In the green-striped hammock—
Across my eyes
The play of light
Is drawn:
Drunken bees where the roses droop
By the sun-hot terrace wall
Cruise in a honey-stupor:
Now
They scarcely drone
At all. . . .
The heat-drenched garden slumbers,
slumbers . . .
Far off, two wood-doves call . . .
Old tickless Time, on the lichened stone
Of the crumbled dial creeps . . .
Cool-shadowed is the pleached alley
Where the white peacock sleeps. . . .

The scythe-winged swallows
Dive and swoop,
Circle and flicker,
Loop the loop
And skim in the air:
There!
See them graze
The very grass!
The hours pass:
The dreams of the garden-god of stone.
The shining shears
By a flower-pot
Lie neglected—
Let me own
I OUGHT to use them:
I shall not.
I know that the grass is overgrown.
I meant to clip that grass . . .
But soon
There will be strawberries for tea . . .
And Nancy will call me lazy:
Me!
Why, I wrote all this in an afternoon!



THE POPULAR FRONT.

M. BLUM. "YOU SEEM TO BE DOING YOURSELF WELL."

M. DALADIER. "I AM—AREN'T YOU?"

M. BLUM. "WELL, YOU SEE, THESE TWO DISHES OF MINE ARE RATHER MORE AWKWARD TO TACKLE THAN YOURS."

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Impressions of Parliament.

Tuesday, June 9th.

"The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
Is lovely yet"

sang the poet WORDSWORTH, and many people are with him in this assertion; yet the House of Commons is beginning to wonder whether the innocent brightness of the Member for Southwark Central should not be equipped with some kind of dimming arrangement so that at Question-time it would not monopolise the illumination of the Chamber. This afternoon Mr. DAY confined himself to three questions, but elicited the important information that a soldier's food costs the Government about tenpence a week more than it did in 1912, that the runaway trawler the *Girl Pat* has not been rechristened at sea (which puts an end to the rumour that she has been masquerading in queer waters as the *Queen Mary*), and that two dramatic fates await tobacco confiscated by the Customs: if judged fit for human consumption it is presented to the criminal lunatic asylums, but if not it is sent to the Royal Botanic Gardens for fumigating purposes.



"BRITAIN SCORNS TO YIELD!"

[Song delivered with much éclat by Mr. ORMSBY-GORE (heir to the barony of Harlech) in his début as Colonial Secretary.]

poses. Mr. P.'s R. confesses that he had always imagined that the second category was consumed exclusively in the third-class carriages of non-corridor trains. Mr. MAXTON's pertinent inquiry as to who was the arbiter in cases of confiscation brought from Mr. W. S. MORRISON the admission that as yet



IN THE DEBATE ON IMPORTED BEER COLONEL GRETTON AND LADY ASTOR—NOT PERHAPS ALTOGETHER UNEXPECTEDLY—FIND THEMSELVES AT LAGERHEADS.

mercifully he has not been obliged to act in this capacity. All will agree that his is too useful a life to be lightly endangered by any experiment with the building-material with which we have seen foreigners bravely filling their pipes.

Question-time was also interesting for Mr. ORMSBY-GORE's first statement in his new position of Secretary for the Colonies, a firm declaration that the Government would not appoint the Royal Commission on Palestine until order had been completely restored; and for Sir JOHN SIMON's explanation that the question of whether criminal proceedings should arise from the Budget Tribunal's Report was entirely within the province of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who would shortly make an announcement.

When the House went into Committee on the Finance Bill it showed itself more vigilant than impressive. Mr. W. S. MORRISON disposed of the notion that the new Tea-duty was a wicked capitalistic imposition by pointing out that 35,000,000 people would pay it, and by asking if the average annual contribution of 1s. 6d. a head which it will represent (if the whole increase is passed to the consumer) could really affect the nutrition of the nation?

Discussion of the duty on lager beer produced a two-theme part-song in Bass and Treble, the performers being

Colonel GRETTON and Lady ASTOR. The deeper note appeared to have the confidence of the House.

Wednesday, June 10th.—It is interesting to note that so far men are leading conclusively over women in the motor-driving tests. In the year ending May 30th, 25 per cent. of the

women candidates failed to 17 per cent. of the men, Mr. HORE-BELISHA announced to-day; but against this apparent inferiority of women must be put the alarming number of men who are technically competent but criminally reckless. No driving examination can ever weed these out, but only ruthless vigilance on the part of the police and more encouragement to the public to take numbers and report.

No criminal proceedings are to result from the findings of the Budget Tribunal. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL explained that his chief reason for this decision was that as no deliberate communication of secrets had been proved, the accused would be entitled to acquittal.

The Finance Bill was again taken in Committee, and Mr. McLAREN pleaded for compulsory exemption from import duties for works of art or science not intended to be sold. He recounted the



OUR BACK BENCH WHO'S WHO.

Mr. LOGAN'S
Slogan 's
That Aldermen
Need not be bald men.



Guide. "THIS, SENOR, IS THE SITE OF THE ANCIENT CITY OF CUZKLAPETL. I CAN TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT, BECAUSE ONE OF MY ANCESTORS WAS TOWN CLERK."

absurd case of the artist whose Venus (a very lovely one, he said) was impounded, after appearing in the annual chorus at Burlington House, at the National Gallery on the ground that there was a tariff against the export of tombstones. Mr. BELLENGER added a sad story of a stork-lover who had had to pay fifty shillings for an imported stork and a shilling for a stork's egg, commodities which had all been bought in, one imagined, by Signor MUSSOLINI; but Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S heart was unmoved, and remained so when Mr. MABANE and others condemned the increase in income-tax as unnecessary.

Later the House took the Air Navigation Bill in Committee, and a new clause moved by Mr. SIMMONDS to provide for the illumination of new buildings within one mile of an aerodrome and more than fifty feet high was accepted in principle by Sir PHILIP SASOON, who promised that no charge would fall on the owner of the building.

It would be pretty cruel, as Sir FRANCIS ACLAND pointed out, if anyone already suffering from the unspeakable nuisance of aerodrome noises could be forced to stand the still graver racket of lighting the outside of his house.

Thursday, June 11th.—An embarrassed House listened this afternoon to what proved to be the political farewells of Mr. J. H. THOMAS and Sir ALFRED BUTT.

Mr. THOMAS, who spoke briefly and with dignity, declared that he accepted the finding of the Tribunal without challenge, although in any case he had no right of appeal, and that, while he had never consciously given away a Budget secret, he had decided to retire from politics in spite of the continued loyalty of his supporters in Derby. Sir ALFRED BUTT'S note was indignation at having suffered an injustice. He had had no intention of resigning, he explained, but Mr. THOMAS'S action left him no other course; and he said that he left the House with absolute knowledge of his innocence and a feeling of bitterness that he should have been the subject of such humiliation without trial, without appeal, and without redress. Both withdrew amid cheers as soon as they had finished their speeches.

In the discussion which followed, sympathy was predominant. Mr. BALDWIN said that in his view expiation had been made in full; Mr. ATTLEE congratulated the Tribunal on its efficiency and asked for a clean-up of City gambling; Mr. MAXTON spoke an eloquent little epitaph; Lieut.-Colonel

SANDEMAN ALLEN defended the honour of Lloyds; Mr. GALLACHER, the tame Communist, had a grand slam at capitalist corruption; Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS entirely disagreed with the ATTORNEY-GENERAL on the legal difficulties of a prosecution; and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN announced that at his request Lloyds would in future have a close season just before the Budget for Budget risks.

One of our famous cricketers declares that when he faced the fast bowler on the day he scored his first century he shook like a jelly. But apparently he soon got set. ★ ★ ★

An official of the Royal Mint states that the florin and the half-crown are about equal in popularity. We ourselves must confess a preference for the half-crown. ★ ★ ★

Harley Street says that it is conducive to good health to sleep with the windows wide open. Progressive burglars have been advocating this for years. ★ ★ ★

A London chemist estimates that nearly a quarter of a ton of face-cream is devoured by bluebottles every summer. That's the ointment in the fly.

Nosey.

(The original Nosey Parker is now said to have been a Tudor bishop.)

Of all the mysteries that men
Have long essayed to probe,
Leading the seeker now and then
Not to think much of JOB.
It has been justly held that few,
Take them all round, are darker
Than the arresting problem, who
Was the original and true
Undoubted Nosey Parker.

His station, be it this or that,
Men sought, and sought in vain;
His era and his habitat
Baffled the keenest brain:
His nosiness we knew, no more;
Whether he lived, or didn't,
The mongoose* of a hamlet or
A Higher Life inquisitor,
None fathomed; time had hidden 't.

Why could they not have left him thus
Unravished to the last?
What does this bishop mean to us
Dug from his Tudor past?
He should have been for aye unknown,
A thing of mind, not matter,
In outline vague, of shadowy tone,
No charnel thing of flesh and bone,
Especially the latter.

* An animal whose extreme curiosity equals his well-known dislike of cobras.

I who am wont, with half a chance,
In dreams to wander free
High in the realms of pure romance—
None of your facts for me.
The soaring mind must ever shun
Whate'er be dull and prosy,
And I, the poet, I for one
Shall mourn until my course be run
My oft-imagined Nosey.

DUM-DUM.

An Elementary Grammar for Dictators.

THE verb "To Go To War."

Future Simple.

I encroach.
Thou protestest.
That means war.
We negotiate.
You interfere.
They sell guns.

Present Indicative.

I hit an ambulance.
Thou committest an atrocity.
He complains.
We gas.
You wire Geneva.
They go into Committee.

Perfect.

I have won.
Thou hast been freed.
He was an emperor.
We rejoice.

You ask for justice.
They fear HITLER.

Pluperfect.

I pat myself on the back.
Thou art exiled.
That's all over.
We want more.
You are weak.
They had empires.

Imperative.

You keep out!

Harrow Boys, Please Note.

"WANTED."

NURSEMAID FOR ETON."

Notice in Registry Office Window.

Toc H's Majority.

THIS year Toc H comes of age, and from June 15th to July 5th is celebrating the completion of 21 years' unostentatious but invaluable service. The "Central Week" of the celebrations is from June 21st-28th, and events included are a Service of Dedication in St. Paul's Cathedral on Monday evening, June 22nd; a Reception by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House on June 23rd; and a Festival Evening at the Crystal Palace on June 27th. Mr. Punch sends his warmest congratulations and good wishes to a Movement for which he has always felt the keenest admiration.



A MANNEQUIN PARADE.
SUMMER FASHIONS AT THE ZOO.

J.A.S

At the Play.

"WINTER SUNSHINE" (ROYALTY).

THE great charm of a long voyage to Australia is that nothing can happen. Even sea-serpents are rare, and fellow-passengers offer, as a rule, but few and mild surprises. *Miss Sophie Lucas* (Miss ATHENE SEYLER) finds the life so restful that she lives on the *Southern Cross*, going backward and forward between Sydney and London; but she is not bored, for she has the talent of making things happen. She pretends to do nothing but knit, but she knits people together as well as wool, and before our evening is out the marriage statistics have been appreciably increased.

You would not think when you first met *Colonel Powell* (Mr. ARCHIBALD BATTY) that his life in the Indian Army as a pukka sahib tremendously keen on keeping fit was a good preparation for life as the third husband of *Mrs. Maggie Jones*, whose plump charms have just been released from hotel-keeping in Birmingham; but ships have a way of making past life seem trivial and irrelevant, and in that spirit the plunge is taken.

This sub-plot goes on while *John Trench* (Mr. NICHOLAS HANNEN) plies his profession as a blind man wheedling women's money from them. *Miss Lucas* takes him in hand and makes him devote himself to *Miss Anne Simpson* (Miss JANET BURNELL), who seems an almost hopeless neurotic in the First Act, but very quickly recovers her health and spirits.

Mr. HANNEN has a difficult part to play. He has to make us see that *John Trench*, while he is not so totally blind as he appears, is also very much less black-hearted. He shows to little advantage in his affair with *Mrs. Blake* (Miss CHARLOTTE FRANCIS), but it is quite obvious that *Mrs. Blake* makes all the running. And given the firm handling of *Sophie Lucas*, *John Trench* co-operates fully, though on his own terms, using his able gifts without agreed reward, just as any other psychologist or nerve-specialist might do.

It is a defect of the play that we see so much of *Miss Simpson's* hopeless gloom at the very beginning, so that the splash of her leap overboard is heard uncomfortably through the rest

of the piece, because, in fact, *Winter Sunshine* is a very light comedy, and that is the spirit in which it can, and should, be enjoyed. But it takes some little time before we realise that the light relief is in fact the play—that all

going friendships have a way of being hectic and intense at the time without the people really meaning them, and though the subject matter of *Miss Simpson's* trouble is serious enough, the cure is played out in an irresponsible milieu.

A ship would seem the ideal setting for a comedy were it not that this irresponsibility diminishes interest in the occasions and interplay of the characters. But Mr. HANNEN and Miss BURNELL both stand out in their portrayals of people whose characters are plainly not governed by the fact that they are taking a voyage, while Miss SEYLER makes a very attractive character out of *Sophie Lucas*, the woman who is not so much carried on the ship as a passenger as herself carrying the ship in her wake, propelling its life with her knitting-needles as she moves up and down between London and Sydney. D. W.

"MISS SMITH" (DUKE OF YORK'S).

It is always comforting to be reminded that human muddles are better solved by tact and compromise than by the ruder methods of pride and prejudice, so long of course as the demonstration is not conducted by a prig.

Miss Smith was anything but that, and from the beginning of this comedy she held our sympathy by her modest and patient bearing in the face of social adversity and a cruel run of bad luck. The top-drawer was her natural

habitat, but when its structure had been demolished for her by the death of an improvident father, she had decided to cut clean adrift and find her true economic level; and that this involved losing touch with a peer whom she loved she faced bravely, though very foolishly, it seemed, since he in his turn loved her.

To the *Mardens*, the wealthy Yorkshire manufacturers with whom we find her as governess-secretary, she is a sheer godsend, not only because for the first time in their lives the young *Mardens*, turbulent limbs of a family in the process of social transition, discover obedience, but also because *Mrs. Marden's* flowers and *Mr. Marden's* engagement-book take on a new grace of arrangement. All this the ubiquitous *Miss Smith* does very quietly and sweetly, not minding that she does it for eighty pounds a year,



EYES FOR THE BLIND.

John Trench . . . Mr. NICHOLAS HANNEN.
Katherine Blake . . . Miss CHARLOTTE FRANCIS.

the characters are as little anchored and set in their purposes as people usually are on voyages. *Miss Lucas* well remarks at the beginning that sea-



KEEPING WARM IN THE RED SEA.

Colonel Powell Mr. ARCHIBALD BATTY.
An Athletic Young Woman . . . Miss MARIAN WILSON.

or that *Mrs. Marden* in her uncertainty treats her as a kind of extra housemaid. *Mr. Marden* reminds one of a purposeful SYDNEY HOWARD, and is therefore worth working for, and *Vivian* and *Charles*, grown-up, are good friends to her.

Two serious problems confront the family, and it falls to *Miss Smith*, others having failed, to settle both. The first is that *Charles*, out of a mistaken sense of chivalry, has let himself in for marriage with a gold-digging chorus-girl; and *Miss Smith's* method with her, productive of a delicious scene of comedy, is to burst into tears at the *Mardens'* impending (and fictitious) bankruptcy, at the first hint of which the young woman begins to buckle on her furs. The second is a threatened strike at the family factory, and *Miss Smith*, guessing that a little intelligent sympathy may work wonders with the men's leaders, contrives by subterfuge to get them alone and talking. In the best-written scene of the play she counters effectively the arguments of the Communist agitator, and extracts from the decent old foreman a suggested basis of compromise to which eventually she persuades *Mr. Marden* to agree.

For so much selfless activity *Miss Smith* might fairly have expected a reward, if not in heaven then in the theatre; but all she gets at the last Curtain is the news that her peer has married another. Poor *Miss Smith!* We went home grieving for her. But things often happen like that, and makers of comedies seldom have *Mr. HENRY BERNARD's* courage in pointing it out.

His play has its faults. There is an inevitability about the heroine's diplomatic successes which make them a little unreal, and one cannot help feeling that such a confirmed habit of butting-in, however delicately, is alien to so gentle a lady and would in any case have earned her from most employers a swift sack instead of gratitude. But its virtues are much weightier. The background of a family which has only lately passed from high-tea to dinner is very well drawn, the characters are distinct and interesting, the comedy lightly handled, and the heroine made likeable in spite of her burden of charity.

And here, much later in my article than I had intended, let me emphasise how brilliantly the part is played by *MISS OLGA LINDO*, whose superbly

sympathetic acting could give authenticity to a character far less credible than this. To dominate a stage as quietly as she does is an achievement few actresses could accomplish.



"Or told, to make the time pass by.
Droll legends of his infancy."—*Bab.*

Miss Smith . . . *MISS OLGA LINDO.*
Mr. Marden . . . *MR. JULIEN MITCHELL.*

All through the cast the standard is high. Particularly good are *Miss PHYLLIS KONSTAM's* portrait of "refinement" in the chorus, which brought the house down, *Miss DORA GREGORY's*



COCKTAILS AND COCK-AND-BULL TALES.

Tricie Drew . . . *MISS PHYLLIS KONSTAM.*
Miss Smith . . . *MISS OLGA LINDO.*

Mrs. Marden and *MR. JULIEN MITCHELL's* rough honest *Mr. Marden.*

Knowing well the futility of theatrical prophecy, I predict a healthy run.
ERIC.

RUTH DRAPER (HAYMARKET).

MISS RUTH DRAPER is back in London with some chairs, a shawl and a background of rich curtains, and she is producing, for the delight of intelligent Londoners, the human race as it lives and breathes and talks—chiefly in England and in the United States. Her performance dispenses with scenery not as a gesture but because no scenery could live up to the level of devastating fidelity which she sets. The size of a stage is not the size of the room, a court or a station, and we should notice these calls on our tolerance at once if scenery was allowed to co-operate in building up these reproductions of life.

MISS DRAPER is no less a critic than a mimic. She watches and listens, and what remains to be built into one or other of her sketches emerges as the realism not of the photographer but of the great painter. It is the soul of the well-to-do Englishwoman that comes out as she describes her country-house party, and we see—in the little touches, the choice of words, the sort of incidents that arise naturally in her mind as she talks to a friend—exactly the limitations of her generosity and the horizons of her ideas.

MISS DRAPER can get inside, can see the world as her chosen character is seeing it, and can hold us spell-bound because she enables us to do the same.

Women have had no more searching critic, and no one has had more effect in ridiculing out of existence poses and phrases which are the outcome of thoughtless affluence. She has perhaps been fortunate in her generation; although she would have made great play with the *grandes dames* of the last century, she has had a richer harvest in this. And although she continues to add to her repertoire, its basic numbers hold their own and are studies of the play-acting which social life induces.

MISS DRAPER with her wide compass has deep notes to strike, but the delight of the audience is at its height when someone like *Mrs. Grimmer* is indefatigably giving herself away, describing her diet or the Purple Cure. D. W.

"Sorry I can't say definitely whether I will be on Saturday or not, as Dr. A— has made an appointment with Dr. S— at the Home to see about my ears, and I don't know how long they may be."

Extract from *Girl Guide's Letter.*

Would a foot-rule help?

"Phoh, Sir!"

(A reply to an American journal which desired the poet to send it some "quotable Boswelliana" about himself.)

FRIENDS, what an epoch we live in! Publicity
Coins a new catchword each wonderful day.
Here, with the snap of short-wave electricity,
Enters the latest from U.S. of A.
Texas, Ohio and fair Indiana,
Moose Jaw and Memphis and Medicine Hat
Clamour for "quotable Boswelliana";
Can you beat that?

'Tis not my wish to repel curiosity—
I'm in its favour; advertisement's fine.
Yet I can picture this verbal monstrosity
Bruising some tympanum frailer than mine:
I can imagine some petulant notable
Meeting deserving appeals such as these
For "Boswelliana" with wholly unquotable
Johnsonese. H. B.

The Captain's Saw.

Mr. Mohican saw the shadowy outline of a cringing figure when he was still some way away, and felt resignedly for some coppers. He had them in his hand, ready, by the time he and Mrs. Mohican got to the spot and were cautiously asked for them. But the beggar's first words were cut short, the cringing figure straightened up: "Why," cried the beggar in a cheerful hearty tone, "if it isn't you, mister!"

Mr. Mohican recognised the retired seafaring man of whom he had had some experience before. He said "Good—er—how—er—hullo."

"You oughtn't to be begging, ought you?" said Mrs. Mohican in a severe tone.

"Lady," said the retired seafaring man, gently prising the coins out of her husband's hand, "I oughta be ashamed. I am ashamed," he added, dropping the coppers into his pocket, wherein there sounded to be about a pound's-worth already.

"You don't look ashamed."

"That's me face. Me face belies me emotions—always did. I'll never forget what the Cap'n said to me once when we was going for our morning run round one of the funnels. 'I have a high regard for you, cully,' he says to me. 'Cap'n,' I says, 'your face belies your emotions.' 'So does yours, cully,' he says very handsome—'so does yours.' It gave me a new lease of life."

"How was that?" asked Mr. Mohican.

"It made me see things in a new light," the retired seafaring man explained airily. "Same's other things did. Ever read a book by that feller JOSEPH CONRAD, that we used to call 'Polish Joe'?"

"You knew JOSEPH CONRAD?"

"Met fellers that did. Ever read that book?"

"Which one?"

"Wrote more than one, did he? This was a yarn about a feller that was a sailorman. Founded on fact. Foreign parts came into it somewheres. A red book. Ever see it?"

"We wouldn't know," Mrs. Mohican said.

"I'm a great reader," said the retired seafaring man. "Sometimes I'll stay in bed all day long with the Sunday paper. The Cap'n used to chaff me about it. He used to come up to me as I sat readin' and readin' and let out a yell in me ear, 'Starb'd your hereinunderbefores'll!' and when I jumped up he'd say, 'Always readin' and readin'—"

I never see the like. What would you do if we was boarded by pirates?" he says. 'I'd put every shoulder to the oar, Cap'n,' I replies. He says 'What oar?' 'Do you mean to tell me, Cap'n,' I says, 'that there's no oar aboard for use in case of emergency?' That gave him pause, mister. 'We'll leave that,' he says. 'What's this about shoulders? How many shoulders have you got?' I replies, very quiet: 'Two, Cap'n. And I'd put 'em both to the oar. I wouldn't stint and scrape.' So that nonplusses the Cap'n and he goes aft roaring 'Disintegrate the top-gallant helm!'"

"What did he mean by that?"

"Seafarin' term, lady, seafarin' term."

Mr. Mohican said: "And do you mean that was another thing that made you see things in a new light?"

The retired seafaring man jingled his coppers deprecatingly. "Ah, well," he said, "in a way. But the chief thing was when the Cap'n's saw fell overboard in the Straits of Magellan. He jumps right after it, splash. 'All hands to the starb'd mainm'st!' he yells. 'Throw me a marline-spike!' There he was, all among the bits of ice with his red whiskers all spread out, looking like a tomato in a plate of lentil soup. All the third and fourth mates was along the rails, laying bets, about forty of 'em. Some said the Cap'n would sink, some said the saw would sink. But no."

"I take it the Captain was fond of his saw," Mr. Mohican said.

"Loved it like a brother," declared the retired seafaring man. "Now this was a ticklish situation. If a man falls overboard you throw him a rope. But if the Cap'n falls overboard after his saw, what do you do? See? Makes you look at things in a new light. In the end there was a little acting fifth mate by the name of Sting said the thing to do was to throw the Cap'n a ladder. So we threw him a ladder and it hit him on the head, biff. But that was unintentional and the Cap'n bore no ill-will afterwards."

"You got him back, then?" said Mrs. Mohican.

"Oh, yes, lady. We threw a rope with a hook on it after the ladder and pulled up the ladder, and then the Cap'n climbed up with his saw, and then we all sailed away out of the Straits of Magellan, with a yo, ho, ho, heave ho. With a yo, ho—"

"But tell me," Mrs. Mohican interrupted, "about the saw. Why was the Captain so fond of his saw? Weren't there other saws?"

"Ah, not so good. The Cap'n knew his saw. Often used to say to me: 'That saw's worth its weight in rolled gold to me, cully.' 'Cap'n,' I used to reply—"

"Was it specially sharp?"

"No, nor yet specially flat," said the retired seafaring man, "but he'd played it for years and he knew how to get the notes. Powerful fond of music was the Cap'n. 'Cully,' he used to say to me from time to time, 'pay particular attention to this passage; it has no fewer than thirteen poms and a tiddle.' 'Cap'n,' I said—Ah, well, good-night all."

He withdrew rapidly. Mrs. Mohican looked in a puzzled manner at her husband, who indicated an approaching policeman. "Made him see things in a new light," he explained.

R. M.

"Esme Vernon, secretary to Major Gladstone Murray, assistant programme controller of the B.B.C., was the attractive troller of the B.B.C., was the attractive Hour, was Mrs. Purdie, and the page boy both in real life and on the stage was Alfred Daultrey. Bruce Belfrage, who is attached to the B.B.C. Drama department, is to be congratulated on his production."—*Daily Paper*.

We would rather congratulate Miss VERNON on her versatility.



"I RANG THE BELL TO TELL YOU THAT THEM 'OOLIGANS ARE PICKIN' YER FLOWERS, ME LORD."

A Song of Conductors.

Our guardians of order, blue-coated,
By dint of their "wonderful" ways,
From strangers elicit full-throated
Expressions of lyrical praise.
For myself, to be perfectly candid,
I'm free to award alpha plus
To the heroes who serve single-handed
Both decks of a bus.

And it is not their physical fitness
That strikes the observer so much
As the scenes when we gratefully witness
Their human considerate touch;
For their punching is never symbolic
Of maiming or murderous strokes;
They are kind both to children who frolic,
And elderly blokes.

There is one on the route that I daily
Pursue as I travel along
Down the Strand, who serenely and gaily
Indulges in snatches of song.

Do they ever impair his devotion
To duty? The answer is, No!
For they lend his perpetual motion
A rhythmical flow.

In vehicles licensed to carry
Some fifty or more precious souls,
The command of a bus or a "charry"
Can't rank with the sinecure rôles:
For you've got to be civil and cheery,
Though cautious in playing the clown,
And no matter how footsore or weary
Can never sit down.

Conductors of scores operative
Make marvellous play with their beat
But, while in a sense acrobatic,
Remain firmly glued to their feet,
So, in spite of their florid exterior
And gesticulatory fuss,
I hold them distinctly inferior
To those of the bus.

C. L. G.

Smoke Rings.

As though to stamp with approval my recent remarks on the return of snuff, I have been given a new pipe. Not an ordinary new pipe, such as one has to break in; but a new pipe of the very latest design—a *Queen Mary* of a pipe—already broken in by the makers, with a metal tube within the wooden stem, and a wire cradle to hold the tobacco and keep it from getting wet, and all the rest of it. In short, an undergraduate's pipe: a young man's pipe; I might almost say a novice's pipe.

With no intention of doing anything with this gift-horse but to put it in the mouth, I have been reflecting on the pains that now go to the making of briar pipes and on what I fancy were the happy-go-lucky methods of the past; for when I first began to smoke, a briar was a briar, the swagger thing being to have a meerschaum, often fantastically carved, and to colour it in fine gradations of amber; while, if one was at all a blood, one sported a cutty and coloured that too—or hired someone else with a stronger system to cope with the initial stages.

Cutties, or short clays, were the regular pipes that one saw on all sides, a cigarette between a workman's lips being then as rare as a monocle in his eye. But the chief difference between the cutty of the blood and the short clay that the masses smoked was the mouth-piece; for whereas the cutty had a mouth-piece of amber, the short clay had either nothing or a smear of sealing-wax or a rubber-band.

Such special briars as any of us smoked had, like the meerschams, amber too, and they often gracefully drooped; and silver mountings were not despised. But to-day what changes we see! when silver-mounts and amber have almost disappeared; vulcanite has come in; and whereas the ordinary smoker of those days was satisfied with just a pipe, he now spends hours in selecting, from myriad shapes and sizes, the right one. Even a humble tobaccoist offers a large choice, while if you go to the West-End, where youth is served, you will find thousands (with little frivolous things called "Ladies' Pipes" among them), some of them, like vintages, dated, and all costing shillings where we once paid pence. And all have this characteristic in common, that no matter how dear, they are plain brown and black. Some day the meerschaum may return, some day the cutty, some day amber, some day silver mounts, for the wheel is always turning, but at the moment the fashion is for severity.

I seem to remember also that the great majority of us smoked ordinary brands, which we could get anywhere, and liked them. We went into the tobaccoist's and asked for an ounce of Shag or Light Returns or Bird's-Eye or Plug, and the tobaccoist took down a great tin and shredded the weed into shining brass scales, and with amazing deftness rolled it into a white paper cylinder and saw that all the debris was ours, and then we paid our fourpence or fourpence-halfpenny and went contentedly away. But all that seems to be over. We no longer ask for Shag or Light Returns or Bird's-Eye or Plug; we ask for a packet of this or that not unadvertised mixture—Colonel Blank's or Major Dash's: their names literally run to thousands, and we cheerfully pay three times the old sum for an ounce of them. But although, in rivalry, they have so many names, they are all alike in being the most fragrant, the coolest and the most thoughtfully prepared on the market.

But although there are briar and vulcanite pipes in so many shapes and sizes, and at so many prices, and although there are so many competitive mixtures, each unmistakably the best, the real fashion of the day is not for pipes at all but for cigarettes. And for that change the War, I think, is largely responsible. Who before 1914 ever saw a London navvy breaking up the road with gigantic blows of his hammer on a metal wedge and at the same time smoking a cigarette? Who before 1914 ever saw a ploughman smoking a cigarette while he turned a furrow? Who before 1914 ever saw a woman driving a car and smoking a cigarette as she did so? But such sights no longer call for comment. E. V. L.

Very Big Game.

In the old days the Colonel used to shoot lion, tiger, elephant, buffalo, water-buck, bush-buck, tree-buck, koodoo, voodoo, hartebeeste, wildebeeste, dirtebeeste, tsessebi, ellebi, wallaby, bongo and Grant's gazelle. Their heads, impaled on wooden shields, leer glassily at you from every inch of wall-space in his house.

Unfortunately, when he resigned his commission in the Sultan's Own Light Camel he could no longer afford these relaxations. Deprived of them, something died in him. Indeed a good many fellow-members of his club actually imagine him to be dead, but if they watch patiently they will see that he still breathes, albeit slowly, and that those rheumy eyes of his really observe what goes by in the street before them. At long intervals he even

talks. He tells of how in the old days he used to shoot lion, tiger, elephant, buffalo . . . bongo and Grant's gazelle.

One day last week, however, I noticed a strange new light in his eye. It gleamed with all the pristine fervour of the big-game hunter. Coming up behind his chair, I heard him muttering to himself.

"Bang!" he went. "Bang, bang! Got him, by Jove!"

Remembering the time-honoured advice to Humour Them Until You Can Get Help, I sat down beside him and watched. Every few moments he would make the motions of shooting and purr with satisfaction at his marksmanship.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

The Colonel paused for a right-and-left and then turned to me. "In the old days," he began, "I used—"

"I know," I told him hastily.

"It came to me quite suddenly," the Colonel said. "I was sitting here in this armchair, and over there, in front of that white building, there was an old lady standing. It must be about a hundred and fifty yards."

"Every bit of a hundred and fifty," I agreed.

"She stood there waiting for a bus or something, and against that white background she made a perfect mark."

"If you were an elephant," I said, "I'd have you in a moment." And before I knew what I was doing I had her, bang in the third wrinkle."

"Really?" I asked. It sounded so very serious.

"She never knew, of course. That's the best part of it. After that I spotted a fine brace of page-boy coming the other way. You have to aim for the fifth button of the uniform, you know; it's no good hitting the head, there's nothing in it. I popped the first one, and the second one went to ground in a theatre-ticket agent's. I waited and caught him as he came out. He made for cover in the Underground station, but I drilled him in the left epaulette."

He stopped abruptly and took aim at a blue uniform outside. But instead of firing he lowered his arm again and shook his head.

"Thought it was a policeman," he explained, "but it was a cow. I got a splendid policeman this morning. Finest head I ever saw. I got him in the helmet and dropped him and then finished him off through the notebook before he had time to recover. They're very numerous round here; I think they come down to drink."

"You must have quite a good bag," I suggested.

"Magnificent, my dear boy!" said



"I'VE 'AD TO OIL IT A BIT, MISS; IT WAS SQUEAKING SO BAD IT PUT BOTH ME TEETH ON EDGE."

the Colonel. "Let's see, one policeman"—he consulted his diary—"one policeman, a brace of page-boy, one bishop, a brace-and-a-half of stock-broker, four miscellaneous."

"What were they?"

"The old lady I shot first of all—I shouldn't have gone for a cow really, but the temptation was too much—a waiter and a brace of dog. . . . By Jove, there's another policeman! Did you ever see such a perfect specimen? Must be fifteen inches along the hoofs at least." He took careful aim and squeezed off. The policeman stalked

majestically by, serenely unaware that in the Colonel's mind's eye he had dropped like a stone and was now kicking convulsively in the dust.

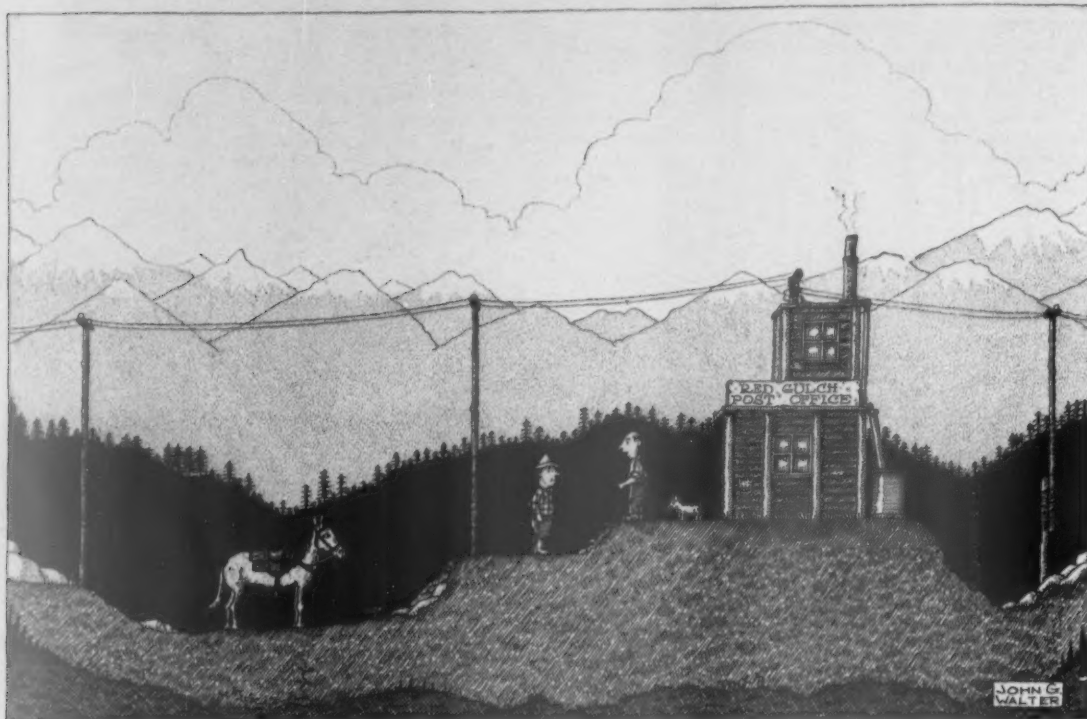
"A splendid bull," commented the Colonel. "See those V-shaped markings on the foreleg? By gad! that's two policemen in a day." He entered it meticulously in his diary.

I sat and watched him until tea-time. Shooting with great consistency, he added to his bag a bus-conductor, three errand-boy, a Regency-buck (advertising some film or other), a bookmaker and the Lord

Mayor of London. But after a time the sport began to pall, and at length even a whole pride of Guardsman failed to tempt him to a shot. He lay back in his chair with the old far-away look on his face and retired into that vague distance where he still shot lion, tiger, elephant, buffalo, water-buck, bush-buck, tree-buck, sable, mink, nutria, tsessebi, ellebi, wallaby, bongo, dingo and Grant's gazelle.

The Strong Arm of the Law.

"COURT UPHOLDS SIX SUSPENDED CONSTABLES."—Daily Paper.



"I HOPE THAT YOU WILL RECONSIDER YOUR DECISION TO HAVE YOUR TELEPHONE DISCONNECTED, SIR, AS IT MEANS THAT OUR OTHER SUBSCRIBER WILL BE LEFT WITH NOBODY WITH WHOM HE CAN COMMUNICATE."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

"Et Jehane, la bonne Lorraine."

It is recorded of a German Cardinal that, being in occupied territory during the Great War, he urged his military flock to emulate *Saint Joan of Arc* (COLDEN-SANDERSON, 10/-) and drive the English out of France. Yet, although we have twice had The Maid invoked against us, we have provided some of her best biographers; among whom I unhesitatingly place Miss V. SACKVILLE-WEST, who has written a vivid, generous, scholarly and sympathetic history of the Lorraine peasant who was inevitably a saint or a sorceress for her own age and as inevitably a saint or the victim of hallucination for our own. Gone is the day when JOAN could be considered a charlatan. Her character remains a standing challenge to the mystical and the scientific approaches which her biographer confronts with a deliberate, eloquent but indecisive verdict. There is perhaps an inclination to underrate JOAN's military competence—a competence emphasised by even Burgundian chroniclers; and Miss SACKVILLE-WEST's style, formerly so attractive, inclines to the colloquialism (I suggest it with diffidence) of broadcasting. But though she herself might have bettered the book, it is hard to see how anyone else could.

Twenty Years After.

It does not take long for legend to gather round the past. Mr. R. H. MOTTRAM discovered in his latest visit to the battlefields that his Flemish driver was anxious to show

him what he called the Monument to the Egyptians—which turned out to be a monolith, by the side of the Menin Road, on which was engraved the crest of the Gloucestershire Regiment, a Sphinx. This decided him to go over the old ground once more, before time had turned the War into something fabulous, and record what he remembered of the old landscape, now so completely reconstructed. Hence this *Journey to the Western Front* (BELL, 7/6), in which he takes us back into the "devastated area," now almost entirely replaced by the cleaned and recultivated land, the rebuilt villages and towns of the present day. He searches out the old billets; here and there he comes across traces of the old front-line trenches; and the sight brings to mind a flood of memories of the past, now twenty years old. The author of *The Spanish Farm* deals with the Second Army in the Salient, the First Army in the industrial district of the Lys valley, the Third round about Arras, the Fourth on the Somme, and the Fifth in Santerre—all in due order—and makes out of his record a story that must be of supreme interest for all who fought there. As end-papers are printed two sketch maps covering the ground from Passchendaele to St. Quentin, and there are twelve illustrations selected from the Photographic Section of the Imperial War Museum. I do not know whether his book will induce others to explore the same ground, but it should certainly be useful to the future historian.

Morisco-Spanish Underworld.

Dr. WALTER STARKIE's third volume of wanderings—this time over Barbary, Andalusia and La Mancha—is, to my mind, the best of the three. True, it discloses even greater depths of squalor; but dung-hills so rich in pearls of

melody and folk-lore cannot be left unraked. Moreover, as Dr. STARKIE points out, as between the primitive stench he encounters and the poison-gas and antiseptics of progress there is the difference between human nature and sophistication and (in the long run) between freedom and slavery. Who wants to hear *flamenco* in a music-hall? It is our wanderer's determination to discover traditional music where the audience is part of the performance and the performance part of their life that takes him into the brothels of Tetuan and Granada, among the Romany cave-dwellers of Gnadix, earns him an engagement in a circus and a reception as an itinerant fiddler by Spaniards from Algeciras to Quintanar. It is his friends the Romany who usher *Don Gypsy* (MURRAY, 10/6) on his way; yet he meets other entertainment as gentle as that of the old *guardia* on the Guadalupe—perhaps the happiest encounter of a delightfully human book.

Enter a Camel.

It may seem odd to suggest that Lord BERNERS has not made the most of *The Camel* (CONSTABLE, 6/-) which he causes to intrude on the peaceful life of the village of Slumbermere; for the animal could hardly have stirred up more trouble than it did stir up. After preparing the way, as it were, by a few trivial but effective thefts, it ends the little book by being responsible for a murder, a suicide and the disappearance—which the villagers must always have found just as inexplicable—of the Vicar's wife. It seems to me less in matter than in manner that Lord BERNERS has fallen short of the ideal. This book has been compared with the early work of Mr. DAVID GARNETT, but I imagine the author was more influenced by the more precious and less important little novels of Mr. ROBERT NATHAN; and the story is not quite carefully enough done to come well out of such comparisons. Bits of it could hardly be better; and that makes all the more obtrusive the occasions on which the author has taken the nearest phrase to hand instead of seeking for a new one. A fantastic story depends very much on style, and though there are many moments of quiet joy here for the attentive reader, there are also moments when he knows he would be feeling quiet joy if only the author had made more of an effort to give it him.

If Riches Increase.

Most of us whose speech is unhampered by prenatal silver spoons have sometimes wondered what we should do if suddenly dowered with great riches. MARGERY MAITLAND DAVIDSON, in *Town Mice* (DUCKWORTH, 7/6), boldly gives her heroine, a country doctor's wife, five hundred thousand pounds and invites her readers to sit back and watch developments. *Cicely* seemed to me to have such a pleasant lot, with an admirable husband and charming



"NOW ISN'T THAT JUST TOO CUTE THE WAY THAT LITTLE OLD CHURCH HAS BEEN LOCATED RIGHT AT THE END OF YOUR VISTA!"

home, and her delightful mother and family at hand, that mere money might have meant nothing to her; but she hungered for the gay life and found it among a crowd of harpies and in the arms of a philandering middle-aged bachelor. Meanwhile her sister, *Anne*, running away from an unhappy love-affair, embarked on a marriage with a very modern young man, which his death a week later saved from disaster; and *Colin*, their consumptive brother, died, indirectly through *Cicely's* wealth. Mrs. MAITLAND DAVIDSON has drawn a grim picture of a certain aspect of London Society, and, letting her heroine gain nothing from her money save experience, has left me quite unenvious.

A Cheat from Inside.

Although readers of any fastidiousness will feel inclined to fling aside *I'd do it Again* (SECKER, 7/6) for the coarseness of several scenes which have little bearing on the story,

they will find, if they persevere, that Mr. FRANK TILSLEY has discovered an original theme and treated it cleverly. A London clerk, of easy integrity but not naturally dishonest, holds a trusted position in an office which is sailing so close to the commercial wind that its profits are enormous. Recently married to a young wife whose ambitions are clothed in silk and mink, he finds his three pounds a week not only inadequate but intolerable, since he knows that his predecessor earned five; and when his request for five is rejected with a sneer by his bejewelled employer he deliberately embarks on a course of petty fraud from which he draws the two pounds he feels to be morally his. His wife never guesses whence it comes, and the story ends neatly and unexpectedly. It is written in the first person in the clerk's own language, and often ungrammatically. But its rough vivid style goes further than any psychological jargon in describing the changing mental processes of the subject as his plans succeed, and the subtle differences in his wife's attitude towards him which two small pounds effect. A rather remarkable book.

Naves and Apses.

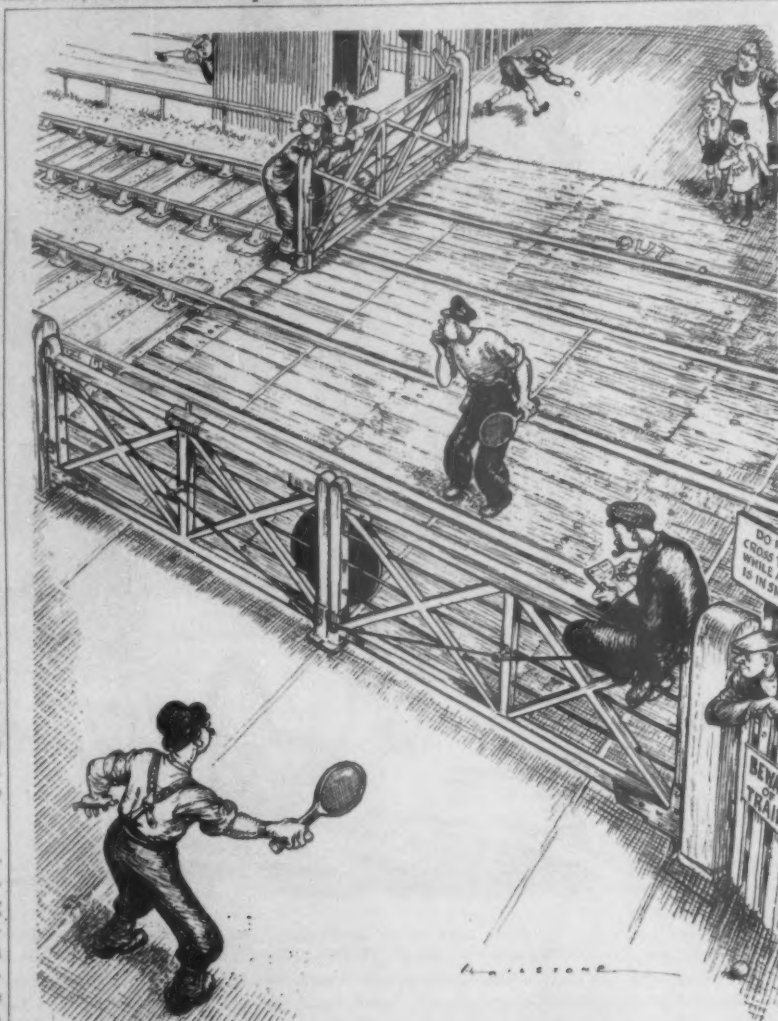
During the generation following the Battle of Hastings the Norman invaders of England laid down the plans of seventeen noble cathedrals. After the Great Fire of London six hundred years later, Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN had a hand in the rebuilding of no fewer than fifty-three City churches. From the pillars of Gloucester and Durham, through all intervening ebb and flow of reaction and inspiration, to the dome of St. Paul's, Mr. T. D. ATKINSON follows the development of the English sense of beauty expressed in stone, and he traces the pure strains of Grecian and Roman and Byzantine ancestry even into the marvelous hybrids of the present day. In *A Key to English Architecture* (BLACKIE, 5/-) he refuses to be ruled by arbitrary "periods." For him even Gothic architecture is not a manifestation without origin or continuation, but is linked with forerunner and successor. Mr. ATKINSON has

the proper touch of scorn for the caiffiffs who destroy to "restore" or who import pseudo-classical horrors into English landscapes, but is tolerant of honest effort, however expressed. For those of us who are a little weak in our clerestories, our corbels, podiums and modillions, he adds a useful enough glossary.

Expert Advice.

"First-class cricket cannot live," Mr. R. E. S. WYATT,

says, "without some measure of popular support," and, anxious about the future of the game, he has written *The Ins and Outs of Cricket* (BELL, 7/6) with the laudable intention of enlisting the sympathy and increasing the interest of spectators. No cricketer during the last years has borne the burden and the heat of the day more frequently than Mr. WYATT; no one has devoted more time to cricket. And what seems to me to be the most valuable part of his book is not derived from his views about the future but from his great experience on the field of play. Captains, especially school - captains, will be wantonly remiss if they fail to study the diagrams which are so abundantly provided. Mr. WYATT is no controversialist, but his opinion on various points, such as the size of grounds, the selection of captains and so



"VANTAGE OUT, DARN IT!—AND 'ERE COMES THE 5.15."

forth, is frankly expressed and will doubtless receive the attention of those who control our national game.

Mr. Punch on Tour.

THE Exhibition of the Original work of Living *Punch* Artists will be on view at the Whitechapel Art Gallery, E.1, from June 19th to July 25th.

The Exhibition of Prints depicting humorous situations between Doctor and Patient will be on view at the Public Library, Bootle, until July 18th.

Admission to both of these Exhibitions is free, and no tickets are required.

Charivaria.

OWING to a sudden indisposition on the part of his wife, a country squire has been asked to deputise at a forthcoming garden-party. Her fête is in his hands.

★ ★ ★

"Although only one country separates them, there is all the difference in the world between Germans and Russians," says a political writer. They are, in fact, several Poles apart.

★ ★ ★

A film star says that he is

anxious to add to his collection of foreign coins. How different from owners of cigarette machines!

★ ★ ★

A wealthy American is reported to have recently paid a colossal sum for an old English bed. In fairness to the proprietor, however, we should explain that it did include breakfast as well.

★ ★ ★

"Something new in cubist circles," says an item. Whirls that EUCLID never knew.

★ ★ ★

A would-be novelist who complains of loss of inspiration is assured that most writers have to persevere long after they have lost all pleasure in their work. Where they score over their readers is of course in having some to lose!

★ ★ ★

In Germany an irate lady hurled a custard at the rent-collector. He accepted it with philosophy as a trifle on account.

★ ★ ★

"Among cannibals," says a traveller, "the women-folk are usually very sociable." A chieftain's wife seldom objects when her husband brings somebody unexpectedly home for dinner.

★ ★ ★

A German in London has observed that English is the only language in the world that can be spoken with a pipe in the mouth. And American, he might have added, with an unlighted cigar.

★ ★ ★

A Hollywood film actress at a garden-party threw sugar at her rival. She wanted her r-r-r-revenge to be sweet.

★ ★ ★

The last war, as we were often told, was a war to end war. Can it be possible that the rumours of war we now suffer from are rumours

of war to end rumours of war?

★ ★ ★

Our fashion correspondent reports that nearly all the shirts put on the horses at Ascot were in pastel shades, with double cuffs.

★ ★ ★

The Chinese civil war between North and South is believed to have been postponed until arrangements can be made for the attendance of a Selection Committee, there being some talk of a challenge round.

★ ★ ★

There are indications that the B.B.C. is about to try the experiment of giving listeners what they themselves think they think they want, instead of what the B.B.C. thinks they think they think they want.

★ ★ ★

A campaign has been launched urging people to be kinder to insects. Oh, but honestly, we often pat gnats on the back.

★ ★ ★

According to a nature-writer, frogs have a better hearing than most people imagine. We must be more careful what we say about frogs.

★ ★ ★

"To obtain the best blooms, dahlias should be pinched," says a gardener. Where did

he pinch his?

★ ★ ★

A doctor says that if you walk ten miles every day you will never have a cold. A pity, really, as a good rousing cold now and again would just about vary the monotony nicely.

★ ★ ★

One great secret of beauty, says a woman-writer, is never to sit down. "Pray take this strap, Madam; I prefer to sit."

★ ★ ★

"In these hard times market-gardeners need plenty of grit," we read. Then why on earth do they give so much away on their lettuces?

★ ★ ★

"A thirsty man cannot measure the value of water in terms of gold," says a writer. Unless it's in quartz.



The Bogchester Chronicles.

An Epic Film.

"WHAT is this, Meadows—a letter from the 'Black Swan'? Strange, Meadows, very strange.

"Ah, but this is most gratifying! It is from the producer of the film. Come, come, Meadows! You are not going to tell me that you have heard nothing of the film company now visiting Bogchester? If you took more interest in the affairs of the neighbourhood you would know that they have already started work on Millicent Mainwaring's *Thou Shalt Not Bear False Witness*—perhaps Bogchester's finest gift to English literature. And if, as I suspect, you have not even read this great work, I suggest that you borrow it from the library and spend next Saturday afternoon in giving it your closest attention. For it is possible that even you will be invited to co-operate in the recording of this epic of Bogchester life.

"As you see, I have already been invited. This morning they are taking the market scene of *Thou Shalt Not Bear False Witness*, in which, as you will discover on Saturday, Gwendoline is falsely accused of hawking fish without a licence. In this courteous letter the producer asks for the help of the more distinguished residents of the district to represent the upper classes in the market-day crowds. He is evidently a man of some discernment, for certainly no one will be able to enter into the spirit of the book more adequately than myself. Fetch me my hat and coat, Meadows—the old one with the fur collar. I will carry the gold-mounted cane and a pair of lavender gloves."

THE PERFORMERS ASSEMBLE.

Indeed, when I reach the market-place it is clear to me that I am the only member of the district who has exactly



"SIR GEORGE HAS BEEN INDUCED TO PRESIDE AT A QUACK MEDICINE STALL."

hit off the appropriate costume for this scene. Sir George, with vague memories of the business attire worn during his youth, has appeared in a frock-coat and top-hat. Not without many indignant protests he has been induced to preside at a quack-medicine stall bearing above it the legend: "Professor Jones, Late of Harley Street." Mrs. Gloop is wearing a magnificently-flowered tea-gown; but Miss Stiggins is in tweeds. Only Captain Featherstonehaugh appears to have made no effort at all. He is dressed in a shapeless pair of flannel trousers and a filthy old coat.

"Well, it's what I wear on market days, isn't it?" he replies aggressively to my well-intentioned rebuke.

Meanwhile the producer has mounted the steps of the "Black Swan" and is now starting to address the crowd, which consists in the main of professional actors reinforced by the people of Bogchester. He describes in outline the forthcoming scene from *Thou Shalt Not Bear False Witness*—which for film purposes has been rechristened *Her Rustic Romeo*—and goes on to explain the attitude which must be adopted by the crowd. They must not forget, he says, that Gwendoline, played by that famous actress Miss April Flower, is a stranger in their midst, the daughter



"'SAY, WHAT'S BITTEN THIS GUY?' SAYS MISS FLOWER."

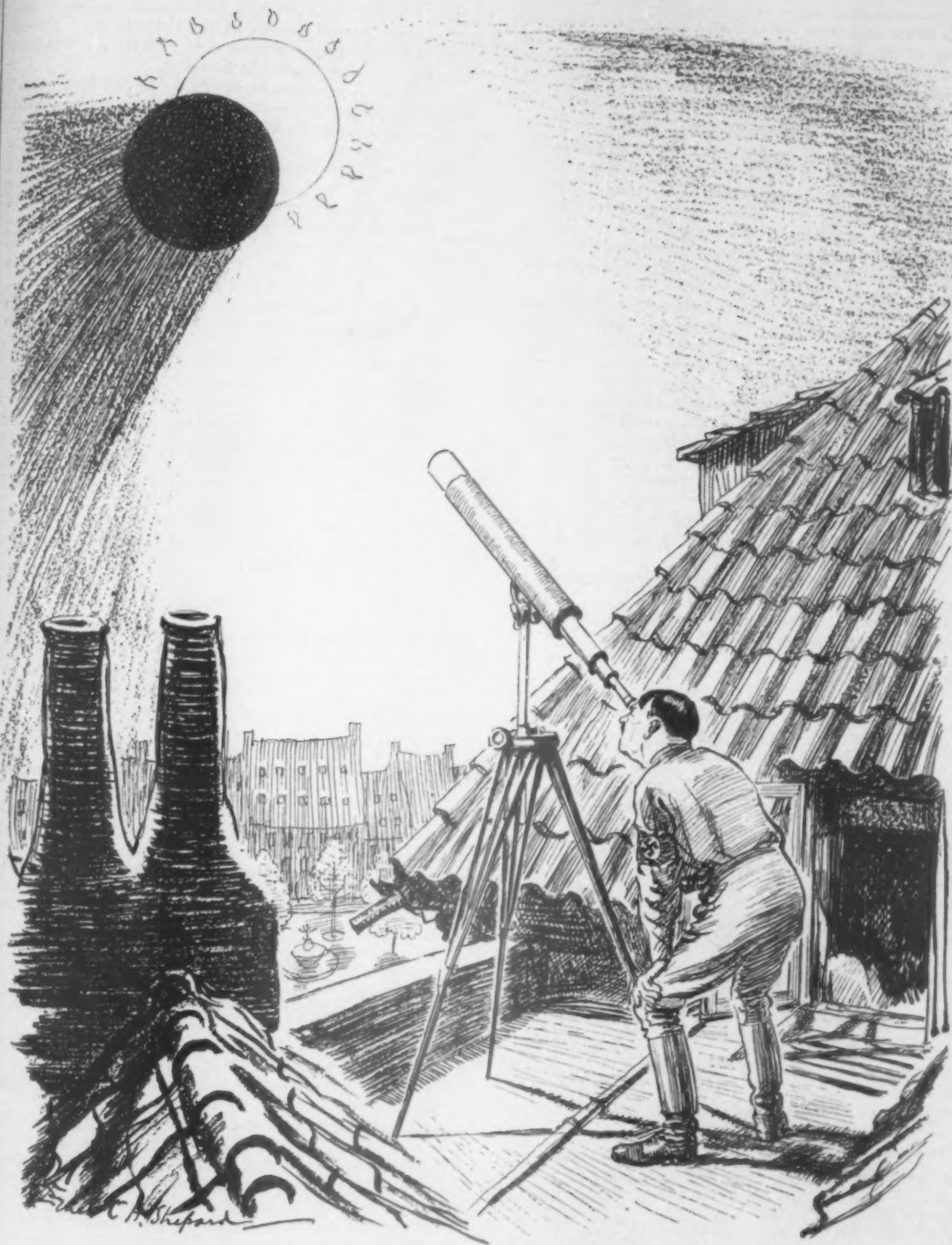
of a man whose name is already a byword in the town. They must express nothing but hostility towards her, and the professional actors will register vindictive pleasure when she is arrested by the police.

AN UNNECESSARY ADDITION.

He then goes on to add some singularly ill-judged remarks. One of the great features of the book, he says, is the servile respect shown by the people of Bogchester for the landowners of the district. Times may have changed since the book was written, but the crowd must remember to show extreme deference to those ladies and gentlemen who are representing the landowners.

I feel it is a pity that the producer did not consult me beforehand. I could have told him at once that a proper respect for the upper classes is still deeply rooted in the Bogchester soil. His remarks are not only unnecessary but they give an opportunity to certain deplorable elements in the crowd to express themselves with various vulgar guffaws, which erroneously suggest a very different state of affairs.

Some excuse for them, however, might be found when the action begins—with a general scene of the market-place. Captain Featherstonehaugh, over-acting in a ridiculous manner, struts delightedly about the square exercising his unwonted authority, waving people out of his way and acknowledging their deferential salutes in an altogether overbearing manner. For my own part, I am content to move quietly and slowly among the stalls in the company of Mrs. Gloop, nodding cordially to acquaintances in passing—a polished performance which will, doubtless, not pass unnoticed when the film is completed. A few more



AFTER THE ECLIPSE.

THE FÜHRER. "WHEN AM I GOING TO SEE MY NORDIC SPOTS IN THE SUN?"

shots follow and then, towards mid-day, there comes the taking of the big scene—the arrest of Gwendoline. Miss April Flower appears and takes up her place at one of the stalls, while we of the crowd gather in the background registering disapproval.

DEEPLY MOVING.

There is no need for me to describe in detail this moving scene from *Thou Shalt Not Bear False Witness*, which must already be engraved on the hearts of so many readers. It is sufficient to say that Miss Flower gives an exquisite and touching rendering of the part, and by the time the harsh and fateful words of the police-sergeant, "You come along o' me!" ring out, we in the crowd are having to work hard to conceal the sympathy we feel.

Not so Captain Featherstonehaugh, however. For some time he has been content to stride aggressively up and down the market-place, completely unaware of the progress of the film and of the fact that his own small part in it has long ago terminated. Now, however, seeing a crowd in the corner of the square, he wanders aimlessly over to investigate and arrives at the point where the shrinking Gwendoline is being brutally handcuffed by the Sergeant.

"Poor little girl!" he calls out loudly. "What's she done wrong, I'd like to know? Here, Sergeant, I'll pay her fine for her or whatever it is. Out of the way there!"

And with these words he plunges through the crowd, despite their efforts to restrain him, and confronts the Sergeant in a menacing attitude.

"Say," cries Miss Flower, turning in exasperation to the crowd, "what's bitten this guy anyway?"

There is now a pause in the performance, while many voices are raised to explain to the Captain the ridiculous nature of his interruption. But the Captain is quite unabashed.



"MRS. GLOOP INTRODUCES ME TO MISS FLOWER."

"That's all right," he says, ogling Miss Flower in what no doubt he considers a very fascinating manner—"that's quite all right. I just wanted to see that no one was being unkind to this little girl here. That wouldn't do at all, you know. No, we can't have that in Bogchester."

And with this he retires ungracefully into the crowd to watch with deep interest and occasional sympathetic remarks the retaking of the scene he has just spoiled.

A COURTEOUS SUGGESTION.

The producer now announces that the work is finished

for the morning. He thanks the crowd for their co-operation and is good enough to say that no other crowd in England could have reproduced so exactly the buccolic lack of expression necessary in this film.

As we disperse it occurs to me that Miss Flower might welcome the chance of seeing more of a neighbourhood which she has obviously studied so deeply, and I hurry over to the producer to suggest that he might like to introduce me. I have, however, already been forestalled by Mrs. Gloop, who is anxious to know if Miss Flower is interested in needlework. The Women's Institute is holding an exhibition of work and she would be most grateful if Miss Flower could attend to open it. "Tell the old dears I'll be there," says Miss Flower. "That's the first bit of gay life I've heard of in this town."

At this point I press forward, and Mrs. Gloop introduces me as someone whom she is sure Miss Flower would like to know.

"Pleased to meet you," says Miss Flower.

"No, no, the pleasure is mine."

"Have it your own way, if you want to."

I tactfully suggest that I should be most happy to show Miss Flower the objects of interest in the Bogchester district. There is, for example, the fine Norman parish church, and the unique collection of fossils assembled by the Archaeological Society.

"Well, I don't know," says Miss Flower cordially; "I should have thought the collection of fossils we have seen this morning was almost unique."

UNCOUTH INTERLUDE.

But this interesting discussion is cut short in a most unwelcome manner. Pushing his way forward with unwarrantable rudeness, Captain Featherstonehaugh bursts into our midst. "Well, if I'd been you, Gwendoline," he bawls, "I'd have given that policeman a sock on the nose. That's the way to treat them."

"Do they really allow him about loose?" asks Miss Flower, turning to me for assistance. But the Captain blunders on.

"Yes, they let me out to-day to see the hulking great policeman arrest the poor little girl who only wanted to earn her own living. Thought it would improve my mind; and so it did. And now I have come to take the poor little girl out to lunch."

"Miss Flower," I remark acidly, "wishes to be shown the parish church—by myself."

"Oh no she doesn't," retorts the Captain. "She wants to come to lunch with me. I'm going to tell her how to treat policemen."

"Kindly do not interrupt Miss Flower when she wishes to speak to me."

"And kindly go off and look at your parish church by yourself, if you've got to."

"Please remember your manners in the presence of a lady."

Most unfortunately during this ridiculous argument Miss Flower has been called away for some reason or another, and I turn round to find she has disappeared. Later I learn that the company has now decided to finish the film in the studio and is departing this evening. So the Captain is entirely responsible for depriving Miss Flower of her one chance of seeing the beauties of Bogchester.

Nevertheless, while sympathising with her disappointment, I cannot help feeling that it is perhaps as well that the company is leaving. Its presence has a far too unsettling effect on the more excitable members of the district.

H. W. M.



"AFTER YOU, SIR, WITH THE COSMIC RAYS!"

The Cuckoo.

UNTIL we bought the Mostyn-Moan last week, Edith and I had never really owned a car. There had from time to time been a sort of something in the garage with four wheels and a couple of axles, but nothing that we could go out in during daylight and really pretend was a car. But the Mostyn-Moan is new and shiny—the sort of car one leaves drawn up outside one's house in a careless and nonchalant manner.

I met a fellow at the club and told him what a marvellous car I had got. He said he had not seen one of the new Mostyn-Moans, and asked me a lot of rather personal questions about its entrails.

"How many cylinders?" he asked.

"I haven't counted them," I confessed, "but I should think there are dozens. I just peeped inside the bonnet and it seemed to be absolutely infested with cylinders."

"I don't think you know what a cylinder is," he said suspiciously.

"Perhaps not," I admitted; "Angus McHiggins looks after that sort of detail. But I know that the Mostyn-Moan has a Synchronesh Hydraulic

Carburettor, or something like that. You must pop down on Saturday and count the cylinders for yourself."

He said that he would, and on the Saturday I hurried home early to be in time to greet him. I had told him what a beautiful car it was to look at, but when I arrived home I wished I hadn't. The Mostyn-Moan was standing in the road outside the house, covered from top to bottom with mud. All the beautiful paint and shiny metal-work was hidden under a thick coating of filth.

I went into the house to tell Edith with appropriate sarcasm that if she wanted to drive through ponds she might have the goodness to choose nice clean ponds, but she appeared to be out, so I went back and surveyed the wreck.

It was a warm afternoon, not at all the weather for physical exertion, but after all my boasting to Beefy Cullender I couldn't let him see the Mostyn-Moan in that state; so I changed into an old suit and collected a lot of rags and set to work. I had been slaving for twenty minutes when Colonel Hogg came along and regarded me curiously.

"Do tell me what you are doing?" he said with a peculiar smile.

"I'm cleaning the car," I explained. He pondered.

"Why?" he said.

"Because," I told him with heavy sarcasm, "the car is dirty, as you observe, and I thought that if I cleaned it the car wouldn't be so dirty when I'd finished cleaning it as it was when I started cleaning it. I may be wrong. Judging by my progress so far, I should think it quite likely that I *am* wrong. But the intention is good."

He said that it was all very interesting, and did I mind if he just sat on the wall and watched? He said that he thought he might pick up some hints.

I went on rubbing and scraping, and the Colonel watched me closely, throwing a kindly word of encouragement and counsel from time to time.

He sat there until the job was nearly finished, and then suddenly pointed down the road.

"Here comes Edith," he said, and showed me another Mostyn-Moan that had just rounded the bend.

"Thanks awfully for cleaning my car for me," said the Colonel courteously as he drove off. "I just parked it in front of your place while I went to call on the Vicar."

Privacy.

"A sightseer from a London coach told me, 'I have been to Ferring every Sunday for the last three weeks. I shall continue to come every Sunday until I see Mr. Thomas in the grounds.'

This afternoon a motor-coach arrived from Yorkshire." *Daily Paper.*

BUT what sort of Britons or beasts are these? Where is the celebrated British sense of fairplay, reticence, reluctance to hit a man when he is down, and all the rest of it? And where is that old legendary place, the Englishman's castle?

"Throughout the afternoon there was a stream of cars to Ferring. The beach was packed with sightseers, who took picnic meals and sat eating them at the end of Mr. Thomas's garden within full view of the house."

The victim, I suppose, may think himself lucky that there were not Auto-giro Excursions, enabling the ghoul, the bat-witted and malignant to hover about the house and peer down the chimney.

It is time that we had a Law for the Defence of Privacy. If a citizen is suspected of "loitering with intent to commit a felony" he can be whisked away by a constable without a warrant. We may soon have to grant the same sort of powers in a case of mass-loitering with intent to commit a breach of taste or a private nuisance. The law is vigilant and firm to protect property or to prevent the obstruction of traffic. If anyone, for example, had held up that "stream of cars" for so much as two minutes, grim things would have happened to him. There is no good reason why Privacy should not be as well protected as Property or Traffic.

The moment is opportune. I have been writing about the reform of the law of libel for many years; and at last the "serious" people are beginning to think about it. A draft Bill has been publicly discussed, good, so far as it goes. It would discourage the bringing of "gold-digging" or semi-black-mailing complaints of libel against the Press. It does not go far enough: it does little for example, to relieve the particular grievances of authors; and one legislator, at least, could not support a measure which left Grub Street defenceless at so many points. But that by the way.

The Bill proposes that, except in certain cases, the plaintiff in a libel action must prove "actual damage"; and the basic assumption is that unless

one can prove material damage or loss of professional or sexual reputation one has no right to complain of what is publicly said about him (or her). All very well, if you are dealing with a genuine, professional, gold-digging plaintiff. But might it not take us a little too far along the path of freedom?

It may be that we have gone too far already. Is it never the case that a man may justifiably complain of things which are said about him, though every word is true and none of it is libellous? It is not libellous to say that Mr. — has taken a house at —, that he wishes to remain there in quiet seclusion, but that it is easy to see into the garden from the road. It is not libellous, but it is heartless and cruel, and, by every decent standard, offensive.

We now condemn the coach-loads of peeping asses: and soon—when they have ceased to be "news"—the daily papers will condemn them too. But who began it? Who thought it important to publish photographs of a certain house? Who printed the kind cartoons with that house in the background? Who sends those clouds of reporters (and they can but do as they are told) to infest the door-steps of bereaved families or citizens in trouble? Who announces that "Mrs. — is most anxious that her whereabouts shall remain secret. She is here at the Splendid Hotel"? The very people who complain that the "Freedom of the Press" is being foully diminished by the law which permits the bringing of bogus libel actions.

They may be right. But the Freedom of the Person is important too. The citizen who can, technically, complain of libel, and obtain damages where no damage has been done, may have too great rights—I am not sure. But the citizen who cannot complain of libel—as in the preceding paragraph—who can only say that his private life and feelings have been cruelly sacrificed to the great god "News," has neither right nor remedy.

And so I suggest a reasonable compromise: Let the "Freedom of the Press" (which, by the way, is not recognised by the British Constitution, and never has been) be protected, where proper, from the heartless private citizen in the domain of libel. But let a new right, the Right of Privacy, be erected and protected by the same measure.

It would not be an absolute right: that would make things too difficult. It could only be insisted upon, perhaps, after notice, and only enforced at law upon the fiat of the Attorney-

General. But it should be there in the background: so that at last the harassed victim could say, "This is a gross invasion of my private life; and if I cannot repel it I will punish it. Therefore let these reporters disappear from my door; and let these garden-gazers be dispersed as common loiterers." If this can be represented as a dangerous curtailment of freedom I shall be sorry, but I shall be surprised.

And there is another thing. I have recently learned (expensively, from "counsel") that no Briton has any rights in his own name. That is, he cannot complain (unless anything libellous is said) of the use of his name in the advertisement columns or anywhere else. If an aeroplane were to pass across London towing the message that "THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY USES — SOAP" his Grace would have no remedy (supposing the assertion to be true). A certain famous amateur golfer was only successful in a suit about a similar affair because he was able to show that the advertisement complained of might throw doubts upon his status as an amateur golfer. All this is odd. It is fair to add that most advertisers carefully avoid such offences, since good taste must be part of their appeal. But queer things have happened, and may happen again, and here is another point for those who frame the new Law of Defamation and Privacy.

Who is to do that? In the old days one would have said "The Government." But some of the questions to be answered will be difficult and even "controversial": so we must not expect anything from the Home Office yet. Meanwhile, I hear that there are many great brains not wholly occupied at the Temple to-day, and I suggest that my much more learned brethren direct their minds to this novel but not un-English conception—the Right of Privacy. *A. P. H.*

First-Class Colours for Aeronautics.

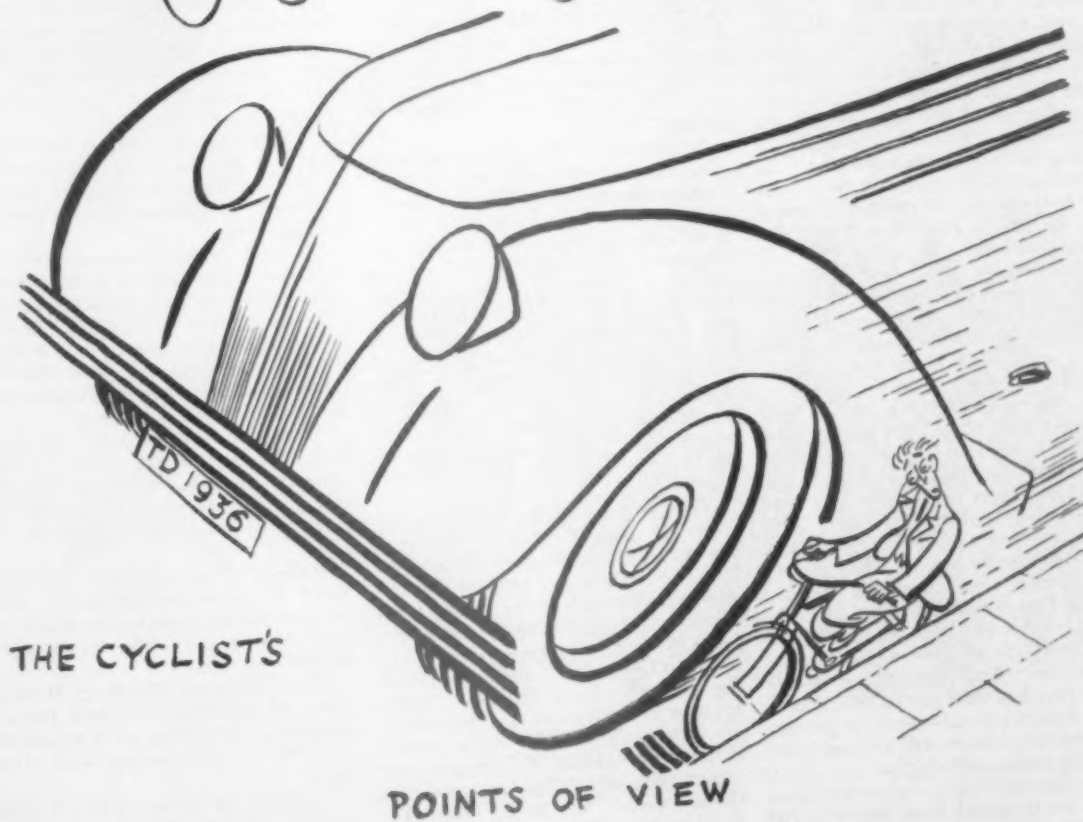
"Her happiness was complete when she realised how pleased he would be to hear she had passed her examination with flying honours."—*Woman's Paper.*

War Horrors Revived.

"Reference was made at the monthly meeting of the Central Council of the London Association to a scheme for inaugurating a mutual organization to deal with the waste fat and bones of members of the Association."

Meat Trade Paper.

"Under your pert little swing-back jacket you wear a gingham blouse, 12/6 (all colours) and a bowler hat of gummed string."—*Advt.* Doesn't it tickle?



Monsieur Paul Narrates.

Antidote to Love.

"SINCE nature," said Monsieur Paul, "has provided for every poison its anti-toxin and many diseases are now cured by the appropriate inoculation, it seems not unreasonable to suppose that there must also exist an antidote which will allay the malady of love. Such, at all events, is the view of my friend Monsieur Bourdon.

"This Monsieur Bourdon has a son called Jules, who is of a disposition excessively romantic. And instead of accepting as his bride the daughter of a rich neighbour whom his father has selected for him, he has set his mind upon a little dancer who has no fortune save her pretty face. The thought of this deplorable *mésalliance* naturally causes his father grave concern. In vain he warns his son of the rigours of love in a cottage. With useless eloquence he insists that a girl who can dance cannot necessarily cook, and that a pretty face does not inevitably imply an equable temper. With the pig-headedness of a lover Jules persists in his romantic dreams, and Monsieur Bourdon is at his wits' end.

"And then suddenly one day the affair reaches its climax. The young Jules comes to me in the little restaurant in the Rue St. Honoré of which I am at that time proprietor. He tells me with emotion that he will bring a lady to dine with him that evening. He reserves a table for two at eight o'clock and he begs me to prepare a repast such as will be conducive to the expression of love.

"As soon as he has gone I impart this grave news to his father. Monsieur Bourdon is in despair.

"Alas!" he cries, striking his brow, "what a thing it is to be a father! But listen, *mon ami*," he continues earnestly, "this declaration of love must not take place. Something must be done to prevent it." For a time he thinks and then he places his hand confidentially upon my knee. "If a good dinner," he says thoughtfully, "is a fitting prelude to a proposal of marriage, it must be supposed that a very bad dinner would have an opposite effect—that it would, indeed, engender an atmosphere so inimical to romance that any talk of love would become impossible. And since the choice of the repast has been left to you, it is in your power, my old friend, to provide such an antidote as will at least postpone this piece of folly."

"At first my feelings as a *restaurateur* cause me to shrink from this proposal

with horror. I spread out my hands. I express the extremity of reluctance and distaste. But in the end my affection for my friend overcomes my professional sensibility. I agree, and it is arranged that Monsieur Bourdon shall conceal himself in my private room to witness the experiment.

"In order to spare the feelings of my *chef* I decide myself to cook this dinner which is to shatter romance at a blow; and although such a desecration wrings my very heart, by the time that Monsieur Bourdon appears a few minutes before eight, I have contrived a meal with which LUCULLUS might have atoned for his sins.

"Monsieur Bourdon conceals himself as arranged; I give certain necessary instructions to Charles, my waiter, and shortly afterwards Jules enters with his girl. The girl to baffle whom all these preparations have been made proves to be a very pretty girl. She is tall and slender and her firm chin and red hair suggest an intolerant disposition and a quick temper. As I conduct them to their table I think with satisfaction that her patience is most unlikely to withstand the trials in store. But as soon as they have sat down Jules makes a boast which immeasurably improves the whole aspect of our plan. With untimely vanity he claims that he himself has most carefully selected all the dishes in advance, and I return to my desk relieved of many doubts.

"It is now the duty of my waiter to take charge of the affair, but for some time nothing happens. Charles appears to be very busy with the other customers. He bustles about among the tables and Jules seeks in vain to catch his eye. Conversation begins to flag and the girl grows visibly impatient. She taps nervously on the table with her fingers and I notice a heightened colour in her cheeks. But before the delay has become marked enough to justify Jules in leaving his place in order to complain to me, Charles suddenly recalls his duty and brings the soup.

"The soup is tepid and peppery, but it is not until the fish appears that romance receives its first serious setback. This fish has that naked and watery look which proclaims the work of an inexperienced amateur, and Jules looks at it with repugnance. He points it out to Charles with gestures indicating the extremity of distaste. Charles appears astonished at this discontent. He commends the fish. Jules persists in his condemnation. He becomes very angry. He orders Charles to summon the proprietor. I go to the table. The girl does not like this publicity. She is

biting her lip. Jules shows me the fish. I raise my eyebrows.

"I regret profoundly," I say, "that Monsieur is not satisfied with the fish. But the fish has been prepared exactly in accordance with the very precise instructions which Monsieur will remember having given me this morning. Myself, I would not have advised this method, but Monsieur was adamant."

"Jules is baffled. He looks at me with fury. But he cannot well deny those precise instructions about which he has boasted. 'There has been a misunderstanding,' he mutters wretchedly to the girl. 'Shall I order a different fish?'

"The girl looks at him with contempt. 'No,' she says coldly, 'it would take too much time. Let us have the next course.'

"The next course is the *pièce de résistance*. In origin it was a steak, but when Charles sees it he turns very pale. His knees knock together and his courage is so undermined that he dare not move it from the kitchen-table. I decide, therefore, that I will serve this steak myself. Stealing my heart, I pick up the tray and bear it boldly to the table of Jules, while Charles stands with a pallid face at the kitchen-door. The effect is instantaneous and even more dramatic than I had hoped. Jules' jaw drops and he stares at the dish with horrified fascination. The girl rises angrily to her feet.

"Monsieur," she says in icy tones, 'this may be your idea of a joke, but for me the humour begins to lose its freshness. You will be kind enough to take me home.'

"Joke!" replies Jules stupidly. 'I can assure you that it is far from a joke!' He waves his arms helplessly.

"Then if it is not a joke," cries the girl in a choking voice, 'it is evident that you brought me here with the intention of insulting me deliberately. And that, *mon petit monsieur* . . .'

"I wait to hear no more. In haste I run to my private room. I fling open the door and Monsieur Bourdon emerges just in time to see his son receive a resounding slap in the face.

"Voilà!" I cry joyfully, 'could anything be more satisfactory? Here we may see an experiment which has been carried out with the happiest results!'

"But the good Monsieur Bourdon does not embrace me with tears of gratitude. He stands as if transfixed, and then he turns to me with a loud groan.

"Alas!" he cries, 'what a tragic error is this! This girl is not the dancer but the daughter of my neighbour!'



ASCOT NOTES.

WHEN ALL THE WOMEN LOOK SO AMAZINGLY DIFFERENT IT SEEMS A PITY THAT ALL THE MEN LOOK SO EXACTLY ALIKE.

At the Pictures.

"SHOW BOAT" AND OTHERS.

If ever I were to write a film, which seems to be extremely unlikely, I should, on the strength of his *Show Boat* of 1936, invite Mr. JAMES WHALE



SMILES WITHOUT A MATE.

Captain Andy . . . CHARLES WINNINGER.
Parthy . . . HELEN WESTLEY.

to direct it. Because he knows his business; he knows what to emphasise and what to omit and whom to employ. But why he has added "of 1936" to the title of our old friend, I have no notion, unless there is to be an annual recrudescence. *Show Boat* alone would have been sufficient to indicate that, as we met them first in EDNA FERBER's novel, and then in her and JEROME KERN's musical play, the ingredients are here: Captain Andy the showman, and Parthenia, his wife, and Magnolia their daughter, and Gaylord Ravenal, the gambler whom she married, and Joe the negro.

Show Boat was one of the best of American novels, and probably, after *Huckleberry Finn*, the best long story of the Mississippi; as a musical play it was admirable; and as a film it is excellent too, with just enough of the familiar music to keep PAUL ROBESON company in his famous "Old Man River" song. But although the principals, of whom *Magnolia* (IRENE DUNNE) and *Gaylord* (ALLAN JONES) are chief, handle the prominent interest, it is not they who are the most moving. They do as they should on the high road of the plot, and do it very well, especially perhaps *Magnolia*; but there are bypaths too, and the

vivacity and energy of Captain Andy (CHARLES WINNINGER), who gets only small print, seemed to me to be of the first importance, while certain of the touches that make *Show Boat* so arresting and memorable are supplied by two or three of the minor performers, such as *Julie* the octoroon (HELEN MORGAN), whose song about her brainless lover should cause many of us to pay a second visit; and the variety-artist who befriends *Magnolia* and forces the audition; and the little vampir at the piano, who, directly he sees which way the wind is blowing, is on her side. These players, all behind the scenes of the Chicago theatre, seemed to me suddenly to make a quite ordinary but pleasant entertainment authentic.

I was referring just now to *Show Boat* as one of the best long stories about the Mississippi. As I was watching the film I wondered what a director like Mr. WHALE would make of one of the best short stories of that mammoth stream: *The Seven Demoiselles Plantation*, by GEORGE W. CABLE. He should look at it, for it used to be a beautiful and tragic thing.

WILLIAM POWELL is of course WILLIAM POWELL—suave and *soigné* and perfectly poised, ready for all and equal to all—and it is absurd not to accept him gratefully; but none the less, I found his new film, *The Ex-Mrs. Bradford*, so packed with plot as often to be exasperating where it ought only



J.H.D.

THE SUSPECT.

Corrigan JAMES GLEASON.
Lawrence Bradford . WILLIAM POWELL.

to amuse. Detective-stories, probably, should be subjected to a very severe simplifying process before they reach the screen. In this example we have bewildering incidents where we should prefer character and the neat dry epigrammatic comments that WILLIAM

POWELL can so ingratiatingly let fall. Not that there are none. Far from it; and indeed there must once have been even more, for, among the photographs that are displayed as attractions outside the Carlton Theatre, there are some, notably of WILLIAM POWELL after his head has been tied up, which



J.H.D.

ARCHITECT DOES A LITTLE SURVEYING.

Joyce Heath BETTE DAVIS.
Don Bellows FRANCHOT TONE.

are no longer in the picture and which undoubtedly had wisecracks to accompany them. In *The Ex-Mrs. Bradford* there may be more plot than I like, but certainly there is not more of JEAN ARTHUR, the alluring lady who is so determined to marry WILLIAM POWELL again and who, of course, with that smiling debonaire fatalist, has her way.

One of the curious occurrences incidental to the screen, and to *The Ex-Mrs. Bradford*, is the quickness with which a performer, after having been twice cracked severely over the head, rises unscathed from his cot; but this is nothing when compared with the lightning recovery of Joyce Heath (BETTE DAVIS) in *Dangerous*, who, after deliberately driving a car at full speed into a tree, growing, oddly enough, in the middle of the road, in order to kill herself, or her husband, or both, is able the next day to attend rehearsals of her new play and make a great hit in it. Considering that we hear first the threat, and then the smash, and see the car a wreck, this total escape is too incredible. For the rest, the film will do, if only to show how well BETTE DAVIS can act, and how stern and tender a leading man FRANCHOT TONE can be, and how wet-through they can both get; but the end is too foolish.

MICKEY MOUSE is to-day producing "Silly Symphonies" at such a speed that only the film-addict could keep up with them, and I am many behind; but I have seen the *Three Little Wolves* and can pronounce it only moderate. In the *Three Little Pigs* there was a certain comparatively steady movement; by means of a united front these very pink porkers progressed to victory. But in the new film, in which the same three are threatened by one big bad wolf and three small ones, there is so much rapidity, so much confusion, that the two pigs inside the wolves' kitchen—in fact actually in the stew-pan over the fire—would have been dead long before their rescue. WALT DISNEY would lose nothing by slowing down a bit.

E. V. L.

Lovedy Foan.

I SING a girl unknown to fame,
Who bears, incredible I own
As it appears, the magic name
Of Lovedy Foan.

Far from our modern dust and din
She dwells—or anyway she should—
Unflattered but respected in
The neighbourhood,

Her home a rectory—Queen Anne—
Wherein she moves with easy grace;
Old servants and a handy man
About the place

Have known "Miss Lovedy" from a
child
And ask no better than to stay
And bask for ever in her mild
And gentle sway.

It is a calm sequestered spot,
Where the untutored blackbird sings
And roses flourish with a lot
Of other things;

An ancient cedar breathes repose;
Hedges of centenarian yew
Adorn it, with a view for those
That like a view;

And there she keeps her quiet state
Content to see the long hours go,
With now and then a village fête
Or flower show,

Till some young lord will make her his
While the loud bells ring out in glee;
That is the sort of girl she is,
Or ought to be.

Sweet Lovedy Foan. In point of fact
Whether she really lives, or where,
Is news that hitherto I've lacked;
Not that I care.

Surroundings such as these would seem,
Given a name like that, to fit;
The rest is but the poet's dream;
That I admit. DUM-DUM.



"MUMMY, THERE'S A STAR LEFT OVER FROM LAST NIGHT."

The Dramatist and His Wife.

A Fable.

IN a Grim hour before Dawn a Dramatist woke his Wife and, in a manner inviting Full and Frank discussion, said that upon thinking Over their argument of two hours Ago, he was now More than half inclined to give his latest Apophthegm to the Butler in Act Three rather than to the Heavy Father in Act Two, as being More in character.

After weighing the matter Carefully in her mind, his Wife made reply: "Is it the Highest Wisdom to frizzle over a Problem that will Ultimately solve

itself? Unless my woman's Instinct is at Fault, the Actor-manager will Steal this Apophthegm from the Butler, and the Actor-manager's wife, the Leading lady, will want to Steal it from the Actor-manager, so that in the End this Apophthegm is fated, on the One hand, to be Inaudible or, on the Other, Fluffed. Moreover, I am Still of the opinion I expressed when you woke me up at Midnight, to Wit, that by the time your Drama is staged this Apophthegm will have long since ceased to be Topical."

Moral: The Right Kind of Wife is as Essential to a Creative Artist as the Right Kind of Muse.



Recipient of testimonial. "MOST CERTAINLY, HARRIET, AND IT'S NOT MY IDEA EITHER OF A PRESENTATION MARBLE CLOCK!"

The Latest Maltese Cross.

[“A chicken with four legs has been hatched in Malta. Healthy and energetic, with one pair of legs in the region of the chest and the other pair near the tail, it hops rather in the manner of a frog.”—*British United Press.*]

In this perturbed and topsy-turvy time,
When signs and wonders daily multiply,
When virtuous readers gloat o'er tales of crime
Unheeding of the menace of the sky,
Strange happenings convulse the inland seas
Where once the British Navy rode at ease.

No more a placid and pacific lake
Whereon eternal summer basks and smiles,
The whole Mediterranean is awake;
There is no safety on her bastioned isles;
And Malta is tumultuously agog
At the emergence of a bird-like frog.

Augurs of old in birds upon the wing
Discovered omens both of bliss and bale;
Or else they cut them up, discovering
Secrets that turned great kings and captains pale;
And I have yielded to the fond temptation
Of dabbling in the art of divination.

What bodest thou, O fell and fearsome fowl?
Is it another war, or is it peace?—
Athena trusted to her faithful owl,
Rome owed her grandeur to her sacred geese,

And Australasian scientists discuss
The glories of the duck-billed platypus.

Art thou a variant of the hippogriff,
Or the Chimæra, booming in the void,
Designed to scare the British Lion stiff?

Or a grim outgrowth of the School of
FREUD,
Bred by unholy chemists in a bottle
And looking like a feathered axolotl?

I cannot tell, nor do I greatly care—
Such problems are too difficult for me;
Nor can I conscientiously declare,
Had I the choice, whether I'd sooner be
A four-legged chick of the batrachian breed
Or change into a three-legged centipede.

Let Corsica cling to her old vendetta,
Rhodes of her great Colossus proudly
boast,
But Malta, linked with Gozo and Valetta,
May fairly claim to rule the hybrid roast,
Having produced, in this tremendous twenny,
A monster more malign than MUSSOLINI.

C. L. G.



ST. GEORGE'S DUSK.

THE CHAMPION. "THIS IS VERY HUMILIATING, BUT I SUPPOSE I OUGHT TO HAVE HAD A STRONGER SPEAR."



Impressions of Parliament.

Synopsis of the Week.

Monday, June 15th.—Commons: Finance Bill taken in Committee.

Tuesday, June 16th.—Lords: Education Bill read a Second Time.



CHIEF MOURNER.

Miss Megan Lloyd George. "ALAS, MY POOR BROTHER!"

Commons: Finance Bill in Committee.

Wednesday, June 17th.—Lords: Debate on the Reading of Speeches.

Commons: Finance Bill taken in Committee.

Monday, June 15th.—Mr. EDEN had the sympathy of the House when he was heckled this afternoon by Members who wanted to know what really was the policy of the Government in regard to Sanctions after Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S speech to the 1900 Club; and he promised to make an official statement in next Thursday's debate on Foreign Affairs.

Major TRYON'S announcement that a mobile post-office was under construction, consisting of a trailer-caravan towed by a motor-tractor, which would provide full telephone and telegraph facilities at special events such as agricultural shows, raised hopes that there will soon be a fleet of these creatures on the roads flaunting the exhortation, "Stop Me and Send One."

The accredited representative of Abyssinia to the Court of St. James is still Dr. MARTIN. Mr. EDEN told Miss RATHBONE. Rome, though he did not say so, has doubtless made ready its

plans for Dr. MARTIN'S retirement; and now that native titles are being distributed amongst the triumphant Gasmen there should be no difficulty in finding a Marquis of Wal-Wal or a Count of Awash who would consider the post.

Mr. DAY only asked five questions.

Later the House took the Finance Bill in Committee, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN caused considerable disappointment by his refusal, which he admitted was reluctant, to accept Mr. TINKER'S amendment to give income-tax relief in respect of children serving a technical apprenticeship.

Tuesday, June 16th.—The exemptions allowed in the Government's Education Bill (which raises the school-age from fourteen to fifteen) were thought by some Members of the Commons to defeat its purpose; and in the Lords this afternoon Lord SANDERSON described it caustically as an "Exemption from Education Bill." The PRIMATE said that he felt sympathy with this point of view, since it seemed likely that one out of every two children would be exempt.

Lord GAINFORD had hopes of the Bill, believing that the safeguards inserted by the Commons would prevent abuse of the exemptions; Lord FITZALAN expressed the doubts of the Roman Catholic Church, but he said he was confident that it would do its

best to work the Bill; Lord PONSONBY was sarcastic, and for the Government, Lord HALIFAX did his best to soothe the uneasy.

At Question-time Mr. HALL, Sir PERCY HARRIS and Mr. LANSBURY insisted that more notice should be taken of the increase of insulting behaviour of Fascists towards Jews all over the



Leander (returning to his former love). "RIGHT-O! I'M ALL FOR THE JOB—THAT IS, AS SOON AS I'VE TACKLED THIS HELLESPONT BUSINESS!"

LORD STANHOPE.

East-End, and Mr. LLOYD promised the further consideration of the Home Office. If every decent member of the public were to utter a loud laugh every time he saw a black-shirt, the ridiculous movement would quickly die out.

Mr. DAY only asked five questions.

The clauses in the Finance Bill which were designed to checkmate tax-dodging trusts are worded with such staggering complexity that the effort to make them clear to the House is obviously ageing the CHANCELLOR and Mr. W. S. MORRISON.

Discussion of the Treasury's appropriation of the Road Fund brought Miss LLOYD GEORGE to her feet to mourn what had been, as Mr. EDE pointed out, another child of the same distinguished parent.

Wednesday, June 17th.—Their Lordships spent an entertaining afternoon discussing Lord CRAWFORD'S motion that the growing practice of reading speeches was alien to the custom of the House and injurious to the conduct of its debates.

With real humour Lord SNELL described the sensations of a Socialist



Pyramus (Lord Snell).

"O WALL! O SWEET AND LOVELY WALL!"
"A Midsummer Night's Dream."
Act V., Sc. 1.

[During the debate on the reading of speeches Lord SNELL compared addressing the House of Lords with "speaking to a dead wall of countenances."]



"DAMNATION! THIS IS THE THIRD TIME SINCE CHRISTMAS THE FOOL HAS DELIVERED THE WRONG SUNDAY PAPER."

peer on first running the gauntlet of the Upper House, where the sound of his own voice made him feel almost like brawling in church. He said that it was by far the most difficult assembly he had ever addressed, on account of the boredom and resignation of the audience; he believed the ideal to aim at was a perfectly prepared speech delivered to an audience which was awake.

Lord MOTTISTONE modestly recalled how he himself had introduced the Army Estimates without a single note and without a single mistake. Lord HALIFAX agreed that it would be a tragedy if the House were to degenerate into a Prize-Essay Society, but he pointed out that many classic orators, such as BURKE and SHERIDAN, had read their speeches, and he asked, pertinently, where notes ceased and the written speech began. The great phrase of the new peer, asked what he thought of speaking in the Lords after the Commons: "It is like addressing tombstones by torchlight!" was recounted by Lord MIDLETON. The motion was carried, and it will be interesting to observe its effects, if any.

In the Commons the Finance Bill went a stage further on its desiccated path.

Thursday, June 18th.—A packed and excited House of Commons heard Mr. EDEN proclaim the doom of Sanctions this afternoon. Strong Mediterranean

defences, renewed friendship with Germany and a great effort in September to revise the League on the lines of the lessons of the last year are in essence to be the main channels of our foreign policy.

Mr. EDEN's own phrase: "If we cling



OUR BACK-BENCH WHO'S WHO.

The holes
In Mr. F. O. ROBERTS' armour are bowls.
Naturally one also mentions
He's been MINISTER OF PENSIONS.

to a course after the objective has become unattainable we may lose the greater end for which we are working—to keep peace," fairly summed up his attitude. He reminded his audience that the British Government has taken the lead every time at Geneva, and it was therefore up to them to take the lead again when it was clear that Sanctions had failed and that their continuation would endanger the League front, still well-ordered. In regard to Germany, Mr. EDEN said that a statement from her that she would respect the existing territorial and political status in Europe would be the signal for a return of European confidence. Italy he scarcely mentioned.

Mr. GREENWOOD followed in his usual bitter vein, but his effects were eclipsed by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, who, with all his old dash and fire, delivered a scathing indictment of the Government which brought cheer upon cheer from the Opposition, at last in possession of a real champion. The Treasury Bench housed a pack of cowards; a firm lead at Geneva would be followed by the new French Government, and the Italians, already economically embarrassed, could be brought to heel; Britain's prestige was lower than it had ever been—these were the motifs of his speech.

Afterwards Mr. EDEN's case was elaborated by the P.M.



"WELL, DARLING, DID YOU MAKE A DUCK, OR HAVEN'T YOU BEEN IN YET?"

Green Socks.

"A MAN bought twenty-five pairs of green socks and twenty-five pairs of blue, and mixed them all up in a drawer," Parsloe asserted, his spectacles gleaming with the fanatical light of the riddle-addict.

"He must have been mad," I said weakly, my eyes roving restlessly about the room in search of escape.

"He was," said Parsloe curtly.

I sat up and allowed my eyes to focus on the Parsloe pest. "Proceed Parsloe, proceed," I begged. "You interest me strangely."

"Twenty-five blue pairs and twenty-five green pairs of the same texture all jumbled up together in a drawer. Have you got that?"

"That's a hundred socks at a buying," I pointed out. "Are you talking about a man or a centipede?"

Parsloe ignored this sally and continued to develop his problem.

"One night he went up to change and found his light had fused. Now you must answer the question quite quickly. Not spend a lot of time on elaborate calculations."

"What question, you egg? You haven't asked me anything yet."

"The one I'm going to ask you. Now

remember the light has failed. The nearest light is down two flights of stairs. And there are twenty-five pairs of green socks and twenty-five pairs of blue mixed up—"

"Yes, yes, you said all that. Now what do you want to know? How long would it take the centipede to change its socks in the dark?"

"What is the least number of socks he must take downstairs to the light in order to make sure of having a pair when he gets there. He doesn't mind whether it's a blue pair or a green pair, but he must have two of one colour."

"One minute," I said. "What will be the good of getting only his socks right? What about the rest of his dressing? He'll obviously have to take a light up. I suppose he has another drawer with twenty-five pairs of green ties and twenty-five pairs of blue—"

"We'll take it he's only going to change his socks."

"Heavens, Parsloe!" I cried. "Be reasonable. What manner of man is this who dresses for dinner by changing into a pair of green socks?"

"I said he was mad," said Parsloe simply.

"Well, green or blue are practically indistinguishable by artificial light. He

couldn't even be sure if he had an odd pair or not."

"You're afraid to answer the question."

But I had been doing some hard thinking while throwing off the airy persiflage.

"Fifty-one," I said boldly.

Parsloe laughed harshly. "Three," he said. "At least two of them must be the same colour."

"What rot!" I said. "Suppose all three were green?"

"Then he'd have a green pair and one green over." Parsloe swelled with triumph while I blushed hotly.

"Do you know the one about the three men and the five discs?" the fiend continued, warming to his wicked work. "Three white and two black. And the men had all—"

"Stop!" I cried. "It's my innings. I refuse to listen to your colour problem unless you get this right. It's very easy, but it must be answered straight off without any pause for thought."

Parsloe gave me his attention with an air of supercilious confidence.

"The opposite of 'Not In,'" I flung at him. "Quick, quick—"

"Out," said Parsloe.

With a brutal laugh I turned and left him.

J. B. E.

At the Play.

"KIND LADY" (LYRIC).

Kind Lady, at the Lyric Theatre, is not a play to which aunts and great-aunts should be taken, unless they are as strong as *Betsy Trotwood*. It is exceedingly frightening for elderly ladies, especially if they have rather nice possessions. It turns on the thought that it is extremely unsafe, if you are a rich old lady, not to take care to have plenty of friends.

Mary Herries (DAME SYBIL THORNDIKE) is a rather selfish and foolish sort of old lady, with few close ties and a house full of El Grecos, Whistlers and other valuable portable things. She falls into the hands of *Henry Abbott* (MR. ROBERT DOUGLAS), who first gets a footing as a starving artist very much in need of a cup of tea, next sees what rich pastures he has stumbled on and then makes excellent hay while the sun shines. He is assisted by the *Edwards* family and a bogus doctor, and the play reaches its climax in a capital scene in which *Mary Herries* suddenly grows alarmed, becomes convinced she has been imposed upon, and asks the *Edwards* family to leave.

There is a tense pause, and the whole play swings over into a grimmer key, for the *Edwardses* refuse to go. It is then shown how easily, if the shutters are put up and the answer is returned at the front-door or over the telephone that the mistress is travelling, the domestic staff can seize a London house like a mutinous crew seizing a ship.

Mary Herries is a prisoner, doomed to watch her treasures being sold by *Henry Abbott*. Once the *coup* has taken place Dame SYBIL THORNDIKE has a splendid part, and she brings out very well both the desolation of spirit and the underlying tenacity which forbids despair. Well may *Henry Abbott*, calm, phlegmatic, morally detached, appraise his victim as "a fine woman." She knows she must not sign powers of attorney, and she holds out, but it requires more and more courage.

There is something more menacing in the contemptuous attitude of *Mr. and Mrs. Edwards* than there would have been in the excited threats of less assured criminals. *Mary Herries* does well not to sign. Her best hope of salvation lies not in the casual visits of relatives who are told she has gone round the world,

but in her financial links with the banks, and it is through the banks that the salvation, which rescues this play from being melodrama, eventually comes.

Mary Herries might have been made a more attractive kind lady, less



Henry Abbott (MR. ROBERT DOUGLAS).
"WE'LL BOTH GROW ON YOU IN TIME."
Mary Herries . DAME SYBIL THORNDIKE.

capricious in beginning and ending her small charities, less deserving to be plucked, but it is a great relief for those who like to enjoy their play not to find themselves enlisted too wholeheartedly on her side. *Mr. Abbott*, for his part, is not made too attractive either. He is good-looking and plausible, but there is an unfriendly look in his eyes.



KIND LADY AT BAY—ABOUT TO SPRING.

Mrs. Edwards . . . MISS ELFRIDA DERWENT.
Henry Abbott . . . MR. ROBERT DOUGLAS.
Mary Herries . . . DAME SYBIL THORNDIKE.
Mr. Edwards . . . MR. CHARLES MORTIMER.

Rose, the maid (MISS MARIE PAXTON), has no illusions from the first, and her suspicions cost her dear.

The play is a morality play for the times, inculcating the sovereign virtue of prudence, and it is intensely interesting not only for its actual story but for the attention it draws to the fenness of the links which connect so many people with their fellows. A few lies firmly told suffice in this play to quiet all outside inquirers, even the go-ahead young American bond-salesman, *Peter Santard* (MR. ALEXANDER CLARK).

Many people will sleep less securely for the thought that there is really very little to prevent resolute villains from walking into their houses, taking possession and telling the world that the owners have left, while, behind shuttered windows, in an atmosphere of permanent electric light, the legal owner is kept in a horrible servitude to new masters.

D. W.

"HEROES DON'T CARE"
(ST. MARTIN'S).

If you had been foolish enough to let yourself in for an expedition to places so bestially cold that bits of you would almost certainly drop off before your return, would you have the courage, once you had grasped the full horror of your plight, to go to the leader and tell him that a joke's a joke but a burst chilblain isn't, and that therefore you propose to withdraw from his party?

I take leave to doubt it. Few would be so unutterably brave, but amongst them must be counted *Tom Gregory* (MR. REX HARRISON), who did his best, on the eve of the departure of the *Pakenham Expedition* from the most northerly hotel in Europe, to convince *Sir Edward Pakenham* (MR. FELIX AYLMER) that his loathing of cold would be a positive danger to the party. Admittedly *Lady Pakenham* (MISS CAROL GOODNER) wasn't accompanying her husband, and *Tom* and she were in love; but all the same *Tom* meant what he said about the chilblains, though he had no success in getting his point across to *Sir Edward*, who, having selected *Tom* on account of the epic manner in which he had dealt single-handed with an Arab attack during the War, was so poor a psychologist that he imagined him to be proof against any odds in any circumstances. And this, as *Tom* pointed out pathetically, was a palpable error, for it was one thing for the instinct of self-

preservation to get you out of a tight corner into which you had been ordered, and quite another to choose deliberately to go off in the most boring company to the most uncomfortable latitudes. The first might be called a sort of bravery, but there was no doubt that the second was sheer madness; and *Tom*, desperate in the smelly little Norwegian hotel, surrounded by his barbarous comrades, had all our sympathy, except, of course, that he might have reached this vital conclusion a little earlier in the party's programme. This was a weakness in the play, and it must be bracketed with the unlikeliness of so volatile a creature as *Tom* ever having been selected; but this is the lightest of light comedy, and if *Tom* had known his own mind in London it would have had no excuse for being written. In the end, after a number of amusing alarms, the expedition went without him, but he formed a fresh one of his own with *Lady Pakenham* in a more civilised direction. And we all felt that *Sir Edward* had asked for it, since the only undeniable point in his favour as a husband was his almost continuous absence in parts too remote for communication.

Mr. AYLME played him magnificently, conjuring up with very little exaggeration the silliest type of pompous Englishman, a first-cousin to *Colonel Blimp* and the kind of man who calls his wife "old girl" (Miss GOODNER blenched beautifully at this), takes cold baths in the middle of the night, and has turned the endangering of his own person into a private religion. There was very good satire in this part.

Miss GOODNER's *Lady Pakenham* had charm and character; Mr. HARRISON's *Tom* was sparkling comedy; Miss CORAL BROWN as the flying woman who finally took *Tom's* place underlined the absurdity of professional record-breaking with deadly precision; Mr. HENRY LONGHURST as the cod-liver-oil magnate was as cheerful as the Aurora Borealis itself, but, like it, surely rather too nattily dressed for the frozen North; and Mr. BORIS RANEVSKY ran the hotel in an eccentric and agreeable manner. Several times during the evening members of the cast waiting to come on allowed clouds of smoke from their cigarettes to drift across the brightly-lit window of the hotel. This distracted our attention and could easily be remedied with a mild fan.

In places the fun wears a little

thin, but, take it for all in all, this is a comedy wittier than the average and one conceived in refreshingly new surroundings. Miss MARGOT NEVILLE *Eric*.



AIR-WOMAN IN HER HOURS OF EASE.

Connie Crawford . Miss CORAL BROWN.



HEROIC ADVICE.

Sir Edward Pakenham . . Mr. FELIX AYLME.
Tom Gregory Mr. REX HARRISON.

"AS YOU LIKE IT." (O.U.D.S.)

The O.U.D.S. performance of *As You Like It* was enlivened by the appearance of a variety of animals, including a goat, a horse, a sheep, and an exceptional number of gnats. The trees of Magdalen Grove make a setting even more delightful than those of Regent's Park, though they do not, unfortunately, conceal among their leaves the Regent's Park microphones, and some of the speakers remain inaudible. Exquisite care, however, has been devoted to the production. The wrestling is an attractive sporting event, the horses are excellently trained, even neighing at apposite moments, and the brilliant costumes by MOTLEY and SIMMONS are well fitted to the court of the "golden world."

The performance goes with a swing, the scenes dissolving into each other with the continuity which is a speciality of modern production. There is perhaps not enough emphasis on the contrasts which provide much of the attraction of *As You Like It*—between the urban and rural court, between *Silvius* and *Orlando*. But the actors maintain excellently the artificial and euphuistic note of the comedy, with which the formal back-cloth and the neat iron collars round the trees of Magdalen Grove are both in harmony.

Touchstone and *Jagues* are incontestably the most interesting characters of this play. *Touchstone*, that interesting blend of "motley fool" and "grave contemplative," is not fully interpreted by JOHN IRVINE, who overstates the fantastic side. VAL ROGERS gives an excellent rendering of *Jagues*; he speaks his lines distinctly and with relish, and carries his melancholy with an air. "All the world's a stage," however, would gain if spoken standing; there is a good deal to be said for the old-fashioned emphasis of soliloquies. Miss NOVA PILBEAM and Miss YVONNE RORIE are delightful as *Rosalind* and *Celia*, and avoid the pitfall of looking too like pantomime leads; among the minor parts JOHN CAIN is effective as *Hymen*. SHAKESPEARE made some of his best jokes in this play and they still give the actors excellent chances.

The songs and their accompaniment are very well managed, and the better because they do not have to depend on the idiosyncrasies of a professional tenor. As in last term's *Richard II.*, however, the production is of higher standard than the acting.

Not Poppy, nor Mandragora.

If we sufferers from insomnia have a fault it is that we take too much notice of what we read in the papers. Consider, for instance, what we saw the other day lurking among the correspondence:—

"When you go to bed at night put yourself in the position you always choose for sleeping, relax thoroughly and then say to yourself:

"I am still. My brain is still. My eyes are still. My ears are still. My throat is still. My solar plexus is still. My hands are still. My feet are still. I AM STILL."

"Repeat this three times . . . the eyelids will become heavy and the brain will become still."

When we went to bed at night we tried to put these precepts into practice; and, believe us, we have not had such a time for years.

In the first place, there was the matter of the position we always choose for sleeping. From the large number of positions available we made a quite arbitrary choice, using (if we remember rightly) a modification of the eeny-meeny-miny-mo system; for although there is of course a position we would choose for sleeping, just as there is a sort of weather we would order, we have for many a long year known better than to choose it. Long experience of the positions in which we wake up has convinced us sufferers from insomnia that no attitude we can assume in conscious and rational moments bears the slightest relation to any attitude we ever got to sleep in.

Thus, though we realised it was tempting fate to suggest that our position was at all deliberate, we hit on one and stuck to it unostentatiously. Then we relaxed thoroughly. Every fibre of our being, including all those extra ones we found in the meat at dinner, we handed over to the force of Gravity, with the injunction "Pull!" That is, we did our best in this direction. Actually it isn't so easy to relax thoroughly when you want to. The human frame is so constructed that when relaxed at one point it is apt to tighten up at another, like one of those scissors-and-trellis-work affairs with a feather on the end that you use (or are we wrong?) for tickling people at a distance.

It then became necessary to do the main job, or distillery. We lay there in our optimistically-chosen position and said to ourselves for the first time, with mounting irritability, the little piece set forth above, until the temptation to answer ourselves back became intolerable and we interrupted the last earnest "I AM STILL" with the peevish ejaculation "All right, all right!"

We still believe that the lady who wrote that letter to the paper, the lady who cured her own insomnia by the method outlined therein, must be a very docile and unargumentative type. The trouble with us is that we are just a set of terrible cynics who don't believe a single thing we tell ourselves. Once annoyed by our self-addressed remarks, we instantly began to pick them to pieces when we ought to have been saying them to ourselves all over again. In a bitter grating tone we questioned all our statements. We even questioned the statement that our ears were still, which it had never before occurred to us to doubt. We have never been able to waggle our ears; it seemed highly improbable, at the least, that our hitherto dormant ears should have begun to waggle on their own at such a moment as this; nevertheless, in our sceptical mood, we were ready to think they were wagging.

As for all those other personal memoranda, we recognised them as sheer absurdity. Consider the stillness of our

brain. How could our brain be still at that particular moment when the lady herself implied that it wouldn't be still until we had recited the passage three times? Moreover, it seemed that not until then were our eyelids going to become heavy either. In a sullen tone we pointed out to ourselves that if this were so, we were supposed to be keeping our eyes open until our eyelids became heavy.

Again, we were supposed to be keeping our throat still and our solar plexus still, although we were all the time supposed to be talking to ourselves.

Let us at this point review the situation of a sufferer from insomnia in the throes of getting to sleep. He is lying in a position he realises he was silly to choose. Grimly keeping his eyelids hoisted until he finds them getting heavy, he is remembering (without using his brain) a passage of thirty-five words, and saying it to himself three times without moving his throat or his solar plexus, at the same time keeping a firm grip on his ears in case they begin to waggle and at every moment on the look-out for the slightest twitch from his hands and feet. Moreover, while this battle is going on—look at the instructions—he is supposed to be completely relaxed.

Well, we sufferers from insomnia will try anything three times, and we tried this after we had finished arguing; but believe us, it was the sleep of exhaustion that we eventually slept. We repeat, we have not had such a time for years; since, to be exact, 1929, when there appeared in the same newspaper another letter which we cut out and saved:—

"Let your correspondent who suffers from insomnia form a mental picture of a tetrahedron—a solid figure enclosed by four triangles—and visualise four lines passing from the four corners and meeting at the centre of the tetrahedron.

"With this picture clearly before his mind's eye when he lies down to sleep, let him, as it were, 'withdraw' his consciousness along these four lines from extremities to meeting-point, and there rest it."

We tried this too at the time. It kept us awake for days. R. M.

To a Man Seen from the Car.

(With apologies to Frances Cornford.)

O WHY do you drive through the streets in curves,
Missing so much and so much?
O taxicab-driver without any nerves,
Why do you drive through the streets in curves
And frighten us all with your sweeps and swerves
And the things that you almost touch?
O why do you drive through the streets in curves,
Missing—by inches—so much?

An Impending Apology.

"Their mission was attacked by 50 armed bandits, who apparently were so anxious to carry off everything of value before the arrival of a rescue party of villagers that they ignored the women."

Daily Paper.

"FIRM BUST IN FOUR WEEKS."—*Adet.*

"Liquidated" is less slangy.

"Stuck was driving his 200 m.p.h. 16-cylinder, rear-engined Auto-Union, which has the engine at the rear."

Motor-Racing Report.

Not nearly?



"YES, DEAR, SHE'S GOT TO GO. SHE'S TOO 'IGH-ANDED IN THE KITCHEN. SEEMS TO ME SHE SUFFERS FROM SUPERIOR CONVEX."

Angler in Exile.

*VULTURES in a brassy sky,
Starving cur, and carrion-fly—
Theirs this aching land, where I
Nothing own save memory.*

The chalk stream slides through the old grey bridge
And swirls round the stones where a chestnut
bough,
Low hung, spreads shade for the dancing midge
And the dimpling trout—in England now;
But I'm here, when it's summer at Home.

From the ford below come children's cries
As they laugh in the shallows; and knee-deep kine
Swing restless tails at the teasing flies,
In England now. God! Why is it mine
To be here, when it's summer at Home?

The voices cease as the clear light dies,
And a mist creeps up. Shall I walk to the inn
Where warm lamps glow, or wait for the rise
Which may come with the dark? Ah! I'm here,
for my sin—
I'm here, and it's summer at Home.



More Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club.

From Writ and Scrivener, Solicitors, Roughover.

28th May, 1936.

Sir Eustace Goring-Gutty, Bart. (Deed.)

DEAR SIR,—We beg to advise you that our late client, Sir Eustace Goring-Gutty, Bart., of "The Elms," Roughover, in a codicil to his will dated 22nd November, 1932, bequeathed to the Roughover Golf Club the sum of two hundred pounds "for the humanising of the 17th hole."

Sir Eustace stated that "the present layout, with its multitude of bunkers, was a devilish contraption and had caused the loss of more tempers and the exhaustion of more vocabularies than any other hole in the U.K., and, as such, was only suitable for those golfers whose mental make-up was solid bone."

Kindly, therefore, confirm the Club's willingness to accept this money on the above terms, when in due course we shall be glad to forward you a cheque.

Sir Eustace also directed that "in the unlikely event of there being any surplus after the job has been completed, this be devoted to such object or objects, charitable or otherwise, as the Club Captain may direct."

Yours faithfully,
WRIT AND SCRIVENER

From Frank Plantain, Greenkeeper, Roughover Golf Club.

Saturday, 30th May, 1936.

DEAR SIR,—Having heard about the 17th, and its being altered, this Sir is to warn you that it would be better for us not to have anything to do with it. Twice has I done reconstructions on the Course—once in 1897 and once in 1913; and Sir, the times I had my face smacked and beard pulled along of what I done was terrible, for as you know right well Sir, in a Golf Club like ours there's no pleasing no one and no mistake.

Well, Sir, hoping you won't mind me speaking up and trusting it is not out of place. But what I say Sir is gospel, and it would be better to get someone else to do this and my suggestion would

be to have an advert in the London papers and others asking for tenders, etc., etc.

Excusing me Sir,
Yours obedient servt.,
FRANK PLANTAIN.

From Commander Harrington Nettle, C.M.G., D.S.O., Flagstaff Villa, Roughover.

30th May, 1936.

Gutty's Will.

DEAR SIR,—Could you not play the 17th so that the fairway is out of bounds? for if this were done it would greatly simplify the game for nearly all of us.

To my way of thinking it is high time a bit of novelty was introduced into golf, and this seems the sort of thing you want. Failing the above, might I suggest rebunkering the Course so that the good shot is always trapped and not (as now) the bad one? If this were done it would have the unanimous approval of 99·97 per cent. of Club members and life would be infinitely more tolerable.

Yours faithfully,
HARRINGTON NETTLE.

From Lionel Nutmeg, Malayan Civil Service (Retired), Old Bucks Cottage, Roughover.

Saturday, 30th May, 1936.

New 17th Hole.

DEAR SIR,—It has always struck me that by way of livening up the game there should be one hole on every course which has all its hazards on the green and not on the fairway. So why not do the new 17th like this?

You could, for instance, have the green laid out with open wells, beds of peonies, lengths of drain-pipe, sunk flower-pots, low brick walls, trees and the like; while the hole itself could be situated on the very top of a fairly steep conical mound, with a miniature moat two-thirds of the way round the base.

Let me know what you think about this.

Yours faithfully,
L. NUTMEG.

From Admiral Charles Sneyring-Stymie, C.B., The Bents, Roughover.

30th May, 1936.

DEAR SIR,—I have just heard about poor Goring-Gutty's bequest, but for heaven's sake don't let an outsider do the 17th, as I would be only too glad to give my services as architect for nothing.

I may say quite frankly that I can

guarantee a novel layout—something in the nautical manner, i.e., the bunkers being modelled like 'tween-decks or holds, and an old ship's funnel bang in the middle of the fairway to make you play dog-legged round it. The tee would be raised (situated in the poop) and the hole placed, rather like a port-hole, somewhere in the bows.

The fairway I would make fairly wide, as there would be water on each side from tee to green, while if an out-of-bounds fence was desired, this could be done by getting old taffrails from some firm of ship-breakers.

I once saw something of this nature in the grounds of a lunatic asylum in the Antipodes, and it struck me as being a rattling good idea.

Yours sincerely,
C. SNEYRING-STYMIE.

P.S.—I am sure Goring-Gutty would approve of my plan; his grandfather fought at Trafalgar.

From Angus McNacketie, I.C.E., Golf Architect, 4, Greenaway Street, London, S.W.1.

3rd June, 1936.

DEAR MR. WHELK,—In reply to your advertisement in yesterday's *Morning Gazette*, I beg to enclose herewith formal tender, etc., etc., for the reconstruction of the 17th hole on your links.

As you know, I am very familiar with the ground, and am quite sure I fully understand exactly what your members want.

Your early reply will oblige.

Yours very truly,
A. MCNACKETIE.

[Enclosure]

SUGGESTED RECONSTRUCTION OF THE
17TH HOLE, ROUGHOVER GOLF
COURSE.

In the first place I would suggest that several large bunkers be opened on the left-hand side of the green (close in) to prevent a player dribbling home a topped second. Next, the existing bunkers on the right and rear of the green should be tightened up, deepened and extended in area, while a pair of cross-bunkers thrown across the direct approach would make things infinitely more imposing.

The green itself, I would suggest, should have more movement in it (at present it is too flat), and this can be done by introducing several spurs from the right and one (a big one) from the left. In addition to this the back area might be stepped, with the fall going away from the line of play.

I estimate the contractor's charges—labour (including expert foreman), hire of scoops, tractor, etc.—at £175. My



"NOW, NOW, YOUR LADYSHIP, REMEMBER THE TIME-TABLE—KISSING FROM 5.30 TO 6."

own fee would be 20 guineas—Total £196.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., Captain Roughover Golf Club.

5th June, 1936.

SIR,—I am in receipt of yours of the 4th June, enclosing letters from all those drivelling fools, and *really*, for you to say that you consider McNacketie's the only reasonable plan is more than I can understand.

Surely you have enough intelligence left to see that Sir Eustace Goring-Gutty—in common with us all—found the hole too *difficult*, and yet you are more or less conniving at having it made a major hell-on-earth, and directly contrary to the terms of his bequest.

On receipt of this letter, therefore, you will get Plantain to fill up all the existing bunkers at the 17th wheresoever situated, and also to cut back the present rough at least 25 yards on both sides of the fairway. This will cost the Club nothing, as it can be done by

our own ground staff; but so that people will not talk and in order to qualify us to participate in the will you'd better give Plantain 1s. 3d. as a tip. The balance of £199 18s. 9d. you will spend as and when I shall direct; and to begin with you can buy some more armchairs for the Reading-Room, as I have recently been bayoneted by the springs of several, and it is getting past a joke.

Yours faithfully,

ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

P.S.—I suppose you had arranged a rake-off from McNacketie, as I have just observed his contract-price is £196. Presumably this will mean that you will be £4 worse off than you anticipated.

P.S.2.—No doubt you will be able to recover the amount when you buy the chairs.

From Frank Plantain, Greenkeeper, Roughover Golf Club.

Friday, 12th June, 1936.

DEAR SIR,—Now that I have the 17th finished the way the General said,

Admiral Stymie, Commander Nettle and *that* Mr. Nutmeg has all been at me over it, Mr. N. standing on my corns (deliberate), the Admiral shouting words at me I never heard afore, and Commander Nettle calling me a "mangy old goat."

Well Sir, I knew how it would be, but I am right thankful my beard moulted off when I had them measles last autumn.

Your obedient servt.,

F. PLANTAIN.
G. C. N.

Our Non-Committal Press.

"Weather will be mainly fair, with temperatures above or below normal."

Weather Forecast in Iraq Paper.

Hansard Relaxes.

"MOTIONS—The Reading of Speeches. Measurement of Gas."

House of Lords Report, Wednesday, 17th June.

"PORKS 149—6 Declared.

WORS 220—8."

Stop Press Column.

Can these be the Fat Stock Prices?



"WHAT A LOVELY SPOT THIS IS!"

"SO I'VE 'EERD FOLKS SAY. WE THINK NOWT ON 'T."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Detachment Found Wanting.

IF *Eyeless in Gaza* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 10/6) is in much of its detail typical ALDOUS HUXLEY, it is in essence and final resolution HUXLEY with a very big difference; for the answer to the enigma of life at which *Anthony Beavis* in the end arrives—an answer too complex for discussion here, though "peace on earth because of good will among men," individual men, is, so far as it goes, an accurate summary of it—is a complete revolt against the intellectual detachment, varied with a gratification of the senses unembarrassed by emotion, in which he has hitherto sought, without ever quite finding, his satisfaction. And *Anthony's* provisional philosophy is that to which Mr. HUXLEY himself appeared once to be content to subscribe. This record of a spiritual pilgrimage is set forth by a curious method. *Anthony* having discovered that "there was no chronology," his author has carried him back and forth, between boyhood and early middle-age, at apparent haphazard though no doubt with well-calculated intent. This technique, if a little confusing at first, is justified in the result: our knowledge of *Anthony*, his problems and associates grows by intensification rather than by extension, and we are simultaneously interested in the complete man and in his development. For the rest, while there are passages in this book by which some people will be offended—for Mr. HUXLEY recalls SWIFT in more than one particular—no one will be able to deny either its expected brilliance or its less expected humanity.

A Comrade for Sergeant Grischa.

Lively memories of *Sergeant Grischa* mingled with feelings of apprehension when I opened the second volume in Herr ARNOLD ZWEIG's great war-trilogy. Had he been well-advised to attempt a variation on that brilliant theme? It is but seldom that an author repeats a masterpiece. Moreover there were so many different kinds of *Education Before Verdun* (SECKER AND WARBURG, 8/6) that Herr ZWEIG might easily be forgiven if he had been mistaken in his choice of subject. It was not long, however, before I realised that Herr ZWEIG had achieved the seemingly impossible and created a second masterpiece worthy of being ranked beside his first. *Private Bertin* is *Sergeant Grischa's* equal in all but military rank. Moreover his is not the only suffering face that stands out in high relief from this grim story of human vengeance worked out against a background of pain and slaughter. If he had survived, *Lieutenant Kroysing* would have been numbered among the makers of the "Third" Reich no less certainly than *Father Lochner* would have stood in the ranks of its opponents and victims. Of this Franciscan monk turned Army Chaplain Herr ZWEIG has drawn a portrait not easily forgotten alike for its beauty and its strength. His greatest achievement, nevertheless, is to have written with understanding and pity rather than in anger and bitterness. A special word of praise is due to Mr. ERIC SUTTON for his translation.

Murder Will Out.

To addicts of crime—professional and amateur—I can unreservedly commend *Six Against the Yard* (SELWYN AND

BLOUNT, 7/6), an ingenious piece of collaboration between half-a-dozen novelists and a Scotland Yard expert. The novelists each invent his or her perfect murder, committed, the more to ensure our sympathy, on one of the "better dead." Then comes ex-Superintendent CORNISH of the C.I.D. and shows how the criminal would probably have been caught out after all. The "better dead" are miscellaneous: an insufferable *entrepreneur* is Miss MARGERY ALLINGHAM'S choice; Father RONALD KNOX soundly elects a Dictator; Mr. ANTHONY BERKELEY, with a breezy imitation of the American manner, yokes two would-be assassins in unholy matrimony; Mr. RUSSELL THORNDIKE and Mr. FREEMAN WILLS CROFTS each "do in" a blackmailer—the latter more convincingly. Miss DOROTHY SAYERS' elimination of an actor-manager, though highly satisfactory to its principal accessory, is only a murder in the Cloughian sense. It is a gratifying conclusion—emphatically voiced by the Yard and occasionally hinted at by the murderers—that all these crimes would probably have been found out and that no murder is ever justified. But wait till we get going with euthanasia!

Heresy by Halves.

Mr. PHILIP ALLAN has unfortunately fallen into the persecution complex that has ruined many promising heresies. It is a waste of time to argue in *Trout Heresy* (PHILIP ALLAN, 8/6) that the trout has no intelligence, or to attack "the Dry-Fly Man," a pedant who is almost extinct. This is a pity, for he has much to say that is worth saying, particularly on the importance of presenting the fly to the trout in the right way. I only doubt if he goes far enough. I used to know an angler of the Edwardian school, whose description of a bad day was, "I might fish all day and not catch more than twenty fish." Yet he fished with any "likely-looking fly," describing it as "a kind of a blue," dropping it just where the fish will always snap at it, when it is neither wet nor dry. Mr. ALLAN is sound in his view that a reasonable imitation of the natural fly is more needed than excessive accuracy of imitation. Still, a wide variety of patterns will make sure that we have one which in the constant changes of light will resemble the natural insect; in some conditions a Wickham's Fancy is the best imitation of a Pale Watery. If Mr. ALLAN will insist on appealing to the scientists, he should consider what psychologists have to say about attention as a factor in the subconscious mind; I doubt whether a fish feeding on a particular fly "sees" a different pattern, though a fish looking for food will take almost anything. Mr. ALLAN is always interesting, if unduly aggressive. But if he really thinks that East winds prevent insects from breeding he had better come and watch the aphids multiplying on my roses during the "polar currents" which sweep across England in May.

火氣嚴禁



CRUISING UNDER THE JAPANESE FLAG.

"WHAT'S ALL THAT MEAN IN ENGLISH?"

"IT MEAN THAT HONOURABLE CIGAR WILL BE PLACED UNDER ESTEEMED BOOT AND TRODDEN ON."

A Mediæval Repertory.

It is not often nowadays that you discover a book written with no eye whatsoever on the box-office. *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres* (CONSTABLE, 12/6), produced by Mr. HENRY ADAMS, with Ruskinian courtesy, for the delectation of imaginary nieces, was privately printed in 1905, published by the American Institute of Architects in 1912, and has been wafted across the Atlantic by Mr. RALPH ADAMS CRAM, who contributes an enthusiastic preface. It is a meditation and commentary on the mediæval genius exemplified in two marvels of Gothic—a pilgrimage-shrine and a cathedral—which reflect, Mr. ADAMS maintains, the values which for the greatest artists have always meant more than rules. To illustrate the convictions and tastes of the age which produced these masterpieces, he translates *chansons*, folk-tales and the

exempla that brightened the mediæval sermon, finally delving deep into the doctrine and history of ABELARD, BERNARD and AQUINAS. By this time he has rather outstripped the nieces whom he ushered so gracefully out on the *parvis* of Mont-Saint-Michel. But what of that? He has generously opened the treasury of a connoisseur and the reader may take it or leave it.

The Old "Maury."

Few ships under the Red Ensign have ever occupied quite the same place in the popular affection as that filled by the *Maurelania*, and her life-story, as told in full detail by Mr. HUMFREY JORDAN (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 10/6), is, if for that reason only, well worth the telling. The old "Maury," as all who served in her, from captain to black squad, were wont to call her, effectually refutes the theory that a steamship can never be regarded with a feeling like that a sailor formerly felt for a sail-driven vessel, and even her passengers were infected by the pride felt in her by her personnel. Mr. H. JORDAN's biography would have been all the better for a good deal of compression. There is much irrelevant detail; even for the sake of creating a "period" atmosphere there seems little point in mentioning that in a certain year a certain horse won the Derby or that Prince CHARLES of Bourbon was married to Princess LOUISE of France in what is strictly the life-story of an Atlantic liner, while there is a good deal of rather controversial matter which might well have been left out. Incidentally Mr. JORDAN's chronology is not unimpeachable. The Great McDERMOTT, for instance, was not synchronous with the Diamond Jubilee. All this extraneous matter apart, however, the book tells very completely a tale which is always good to read—the tale of a "long trick" stood well and faithfully. Mr. FRANK MASON, R.I., provides a number of attractive drawings.

Simple Annals.

A novelist's view of a class very far removed from his or her own often suffers queer distortions, and *The Sixth Beatitude* (HEINEMANN, 7/6), Miss RADCLIFFE HALL's picture of life in a slum street in a small town on Romney Marsh, is an example of this. There is perhaps nothing in the story of *Hannah Bullen* and her neighbours that is impossible, but there is much—particularly in details—that is very unlikely. *Hannah* is a kind simple creature, unlucky in that no decent man married her in time to prevent her from producing two children by different fathers, but, questions of conventional morality aside—they have little to do with the matter—I doubt whether she was so much one of the pure in heart as one of the poor in mental development. In spite of almost lyrical insistence on her strong body that "suggested a branch denuded of leaves," *Hannah* does not seem a sufficient reason for reading so many ugly words about so many unpleasant scenes.

A Schoolmaster's Memoirs.

Boys in the Making (METHUEN, 10/6) is at once a delightful and a provocative book. It will, for instance, give pleasure to anyone who supports Mr. T. PELLATT in his belief that small boys ought not to be crammed for examinations, and it may irritate schoolmasters who find no reason to protest against this system of forceful feeding. Of Mr. PELLATT's qualifications for entering the controversial field no doubt exists: during many years he and Mrs. PELLATT reigned at Durnford, and few preparatory schools can ever have gained more renown and success. The results of this reign are frankly set forth in a volume which tells not only of Mr. PELLATT's experiences at Durnford but also of his earlier years when, come what may, he determined to be a schoolmaster. Mr. PELLATT is a man of strong opinions, but, although I am far from sharing all of them, I find myself for the most part in sympathy with their holder. And now I hope that in another book he will produce a system by which inordinate cramming

will be avoided, for he tells us that it can be invented.

Strained Relations.

Several warnings can be gleaned from *Behold, Here's Poison* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6), and one of them is that economy, when carried to excess, may have fatal results. Another can be found in the danger of a flock of mixed relations living under one roof. "Too many people cooped up together," the housemaid at "The Poplars" said, and she was right. Even before the head of this household and his sister were killed by poison the various *Matthews* lived in a state of strife and tension, and after this

double event the remaining members of the family were an incessant source of interest to the police. Mrs. GEORGETTE HEYER's pen is perhaps rather deeply dipped in gall, but her study of these suburban people, and especially of the self-centred *Mrs. Matthews*, is always shrewd and often amusing. And the mystery which brought publicity to "The Poplars" is most cleverly concealed.

Water-Ways.

Mr. W. G. LUSCOMBE, in *Canoeing* (PHILIP ALLAN, 5/-), writes with the knowledge gained from experience, and both novices and experts will have reason to thank him. Even those of us who cannot claim to be canoeists will not withhold our applause when he states that "Canals are a typical feature of our landscape and, as such, are the concern of those who appreciate and love their own countryside." In an age given up to speed these words of wisdom deserve to be recorded and remembered. Mr. LUSCOMBE concludes with two especially useful chapters, "Some Canoeable Rivers" and "Foreign Tours," but the whole of this 16th volume in The Sportsman's Library will be welcomed by anyone who wishes to paddle his own canoe either in the British Isles or abroad.





THE PATRIOTIC HISTORIAN.

"MAY I so far presume upon your kindness," said the Historian, "as to solicit the favour of a few minutes of your valuable time?"

"You can come in," said Mr. Punch, "if that's what you mean."

The Historian coughed and sat down. "The fact is," he said nervously, "I'm at present engaged upon a short Contemporary History, and for this purpose I am particularly anxious to acquire a thorough grasp of the events of the last six months. I have of course carefully read all the daily papers since the beginning of the year—did you speak?"

"No, no. I made a little movement of sympathy. Nothing more."

"—but I confess there are still one or two small points upon which I am not quite clear. Time no doubt may shed a revealing light into corners that are now shrouded in darkness; but the contemporary historian, as you know well, Sir, cannot wait for Time. It occurred to me that possibly, with your wide experience and unrivalled knowledge of men and affairs——"

"Hum!" said Mr. Punch, trying to blush.

"—you might be able to help me. Take our own Foreign Policy, for instance."

"Hadn't you better ask Mr. BALDWIN about that?"

The Historian twiddled his hat and grew confidential.

"I did try, but—well, between ourselves, Mr. BALDWIN isn't answering many questions just at present. The fact is he has more or less given up speaking altogether. It's the responsibility, you know. Every time he opens his mouth there's a change in the Cabinet, and it's getting on his nerves. At least that's how it seems to me, and I must say I sympathise; but it does make things very awkward for the historian. It's so hard to know what we're all getting at."

"What exactly is your difficulty?" asked Mr. Punch, concealing a yawn.

"It's this Abyssinian business, I'm afraid. I simply can't make head or tail of it. You remember how shocked and horrified we all were at Italy's aggression, and how glad we were to see our Government taking the lead in pressing for the imposition of Sanctions, and what a pleasant surprise it was to see the League

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